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State Rights Advocate.

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BY THOMAS J KEATING

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Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual advertising rates, and persons handing them in will be held responsible

Yearly Advertisers.

CENTREVILLE MERCHANTS

JOHN M'KENNEY. WILLIAM M'KENNEY.
M'KENNEY & CO., *Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c.*, Corner Store, Brick Building.

WILLIAM F. PARROTT, *Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c.*, No. 3 Brick Building.

THOMAS HUGHEY, *Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceris, Wares, &c.*, Two Doors from Corner Frame Building.

W. J. HOPPER. W. WILMER.
HOPPER & [illegible] *Goods*, Corner Fram[illegible]

JAMES A. DICK[illegible] *Druggist;* Store lately occupied by Wm T. Dunbraccо—opposite the Brick Buildings.

WM. H. DYOTT, *Dealer in Ready Made Clothes, Groceries, &c.*—opposite the Brick Hotel.

CENTREVILLE MECHANICS.

WILLIAM STINSON, *Carriage and Harness Maker*, South West End of Commerce Street.

ROBERT A. REAMY, *Carriage and Harness Maker*, North West End of Commerce Street.

RICHARD W. LYNCH, (Successor to Edward Hamilton) *Wheelwright and Blacksmith*, South West End of Commerce Street.

JOSEPH A. HALE, *Brick Layer*, Orders to be left with R. C. Bayard or at either of the printing offices.

LAMBERT T. COBURN. *Fashionable Tailor*—Shop on Main Street, opposite the Court House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. GIBSON, *General Agent & Collector*, Centreville, Md.

JOHN PALMER, Jr., General Agent and Collector. Office North of the Court House.

SAMUEL A. RICHARDSON, (successor to John W. Tarman.) *Wheelwright and Blacksmith*, at Ruthsburg, Queen Ann's co. Md.

J. T. TWILLEY, *Surgeon Dentist* Office adjoining the Drug Store.

THOMAS B. QUIGLEY, *Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery*, office adjoining frame Hotel.

JOHN F. POSTON, *Brick Hotel Centreville Md.*

BALTIMORE ADVERTISERS.

G. T. KENLY. W. B. TILGHMAN,
KENLEY & TILHMAN, *Commission Merchants*, No. 18 Bowley's Wharf.

T. A. BRYAN, EDWARD BRYAN.
BRYAN & BRO. *Manufacturers of Bryan's Agricultural Mud Lifter*; Corner of Front and Plowman Streets.

THOMAS W. HOPPER, *Wholesale and Retail Grocer*; Corner of Green and Saratoga Streets.

Z. TABMAN *General Commission Merchant and Grocer*, No. 5 Cheap Side between Lumbard and Water Streets.

WILLIAM S. JUSTIS, *Watch Maker and Jeweler*, Corner of Pratt and Commerce Streets.

WILLIAM B. LARMOUR, *Watch Maker and Jeweler*, No. 10 Light Street.

WM. EMERSON NICHOLSON, *Commission Merchant*, No. 1, Bowley's Wharf.

C. S. MALTBY, *Dealer in shell Lime* Baltimore, Md

Poetical.

Written for the "Advocate."

Nothing at all.

Oh she was a mischievous maiden,
My beautiful Genevieve May,
She teazed and tormented and vexed me
Whenever I came in her way;
And when I once asked her the reason
She flouted a lover so tall,
She pouted her red lip and answered
Nothing at all.

Oh her's was a happy young spirit,
As calm as a summer day's close,
And her heart was as pure as the dew-drop
That shines in an opening rose;
Her laugh was as glad as the murmur
Of the musical water fall,
And to me there was nothing dearer—
Nothing at all.

One eve when the new moon was shining,
I said to my lady so bright:
"Just see how the daylight is blended
With the holy, beautiful night,—
May so be our lives, my darling,
My sunny-haired Genevieve May,
Till they merge in the cloudless glory
Of endless day."

She was mute, but the hand that rested
On my arm, like a snow drop fair,
Was trembling—"O Genevieve tell me,
What have you to say to my prayer?"
I heard but my heart's wild beating,
And the splash of the water fall;
She lifted her face and whispered—
Nothing at all.

For the "Advocate."

A SONG.

BY MARIA.

The birds are mute, the sunset goes;
But in thy home are sounds of mirth,
The rosy firelight warmly glows,
And Love sits smiling at our hearth;
Come home, come home,
For Love sits smiling at our hearth.

Come to the yearning heart that heaves
At thy low step and murmur'd words,
Whose echoes haunt it, as the leaves
Are haunted by the song of birds,
Come home, come home, [words!
With tender smiles and household

Come home there is no shadow here
Though shadows darken all the earth;
Our youth's glad hope still lingers near,
And Love sits smiling at our hearth.
Come home, come home,
For Love sits smiling at ur hearth!

Miscellaneous.

DEACON JONES UP FOR CUSSIN.

Rap, rap, rap!

'Come in, Sister Shaw.

'No, thank you, Sister Grimes, but I haint got time.'

'Haint you?' Then I'll go out in the garden and pick you a bunch.'

'Ha, ha, ha! I'll try and call in as I come back. Was just a passing, and thought I'd stop at the door a minute, and see how you all come on. Say, Sister Grimes, have you hear'n the news?'

'News! no—*What* news.'

'Why, Deacon Jones has been a cussin.'

'Deacon Jones a cussin! Can't be, possible!'

"True, every word on't. Pete French he was a comin' home from Louisville this mornin', and just as he got to the ford of the crick, he seed Deacon Jones thar with his wagon stuck fast in the mud and he hear'n him a cussin' like a trooper.'

'Sister Shaw, you shock me! Oh, me oh! what could a got inter Deacon. If any one but you'd a told me, I wouldn't a believed it, for I allers thought Deacon Jones was sich a dear old soul!'

'So did I, Sister Grimes, but the old boy is sure to show his cloven foot sometimes He's gone and cussed, certain; for Pete French hearn him; and what Pete says he'll stick up to. Somethin' must be did about it right away, or the church is ruinated.'

And without further parley, Sister Shaw hurried on to the next door to break the news to Sister Taylor. Sister Grimes doused a pail of water into the cooking stove to lower the fire, and then tripped across to tell Sister Elliot, and Sister Elliot and Sister Taylor and Sister Shaw and Sister Grimes, they all by different routes bent their steps toward the parsonage, each resolved on being the first to impart the shocking bit of intelligence to the minister. They were evidently, 'striving' for the championship.' To whom it should have been awarded, I know not, but certain it is, the minister soon received the report from one of them and ere he had time to make up his mind as to the truthfulness, the others were at hand to substantiate it.

Here was an awful state of affairs!—Wiggletown in a stir from centre to circumference, a church disgraced, and a Deacon who had been 'cussin.'' Fortunately the regular meetin' in course, was but a few days off, and it the piously-disposed portion of the populace expected to wipe out the stigma.

From the short time intervening between the time above mentioned, and the next regular meeting day, Deacon Jones' 'cussion' formed the principle topic of couversation in Wiggletown. The good brothers, after discussing the matter at length, generally came to the conclusion, that the morning on which the great event took place was slightly cool for the season, in consequence of which the Deacon had probably, taken a nip too much of whiskey. If that turned out to be the true state of the case, and Deacon Jones would make due acknowledgements, they felt somewhat inclined to forgive him, even were it the 'ninety and ninth time.' The good sisters were less charitable, however. They believed it to be a show of evil one's cloven foot, and they believed the evil one had always been there.—Most of them had been noticing the Deacon for a long time, and though they were too charitable to expose him, they had repeatedly seen, to their satisfaction, that something was wrong. They had withheld any remarks on the subject, in hopes he would reform; or, at least, they perferred the Church should find it out through some other channel.

At length the day of 'general meeting' rolled around, and the Church was jammed full of spectors, all waiting impatiently to hear what excuse the Deacon had to offer for 'cussin.' A charge was preferred in due form, to which—unexpectedly to all—the Deacon plead 'not guilty:'

'Brother Pete French!' shouted the presiding officer.

'Here.''

'Get up, Brother French, and tell the congregation what you knew about this cussin' of Deacon Jones.'

'Wal—ahem:—I'd been to Louisville over night—ahem;—and was a comin' home in the mornin' tolerable airly; jest as I got nigh onto the ford of the crick, I hear'n some one in thar, a splashin' about and a cussin'. Think sez I to myself, that's some poor wicked critter mired up, a trying to cuss himself out, but think, sez I to myself, he'll only cuss himself in furder. Just then, I got to the top of the bank and looked down, and who do you thiuk it war but Deacon Brother Jones, thar. He was up on top of his wagon a skippen' about and a lammin' his horses, and a cussin. It made my hair fairly go up on end to hear him. I felt dreadful bad; I jest turned my hoss back, and went clear around by the lower ford, afore I'd let sich a wicked man look me in the face.'

An audible groan passed through the congregation.

'Then you actually hearn Deacon Jones a cussin?'

'Cussin;' *you'd* a thought so, if you'd a bin in half a mile of the ford!

'Deacon Jones, you hear the testimony. Now, what have you got to say to the charge?"

'I'm not guilty,' said the Deacon, rising to his feet, and turning up his eyes in a manner intending to make himself look solemn. I never cussed a word in my life. Brother Pete French is mistake—'

'You can't come that ove'n *me*, old scape-goat; sang our Brother Pete French, rising to his feet, and displaying a fist on the end of each arm. 'Don't you s'pose I know cussin, when I hear it? And don't you s'pose I know you when——'

'Order,' shouted the official. 'Let us hear what Deacon Jones has to say, and then we'll take it for what we think it's worth. Go on, Brother Jones.'

'Well. to tell you the whole on it, I went down to Louisville with a load of market truck, and I had mortal good luck with it, too, for I lumped it all out to a fellow in the evenin' and so didn't have to tend the market next mornin' to git rid of it.'

'Well, arter I'd disposed of my market truck I filled my wagan bed with loose straw, what another marketer gin me, as I thought I mout want to ride in it part my way home and then I began to look about for some place to stay all night—Party soon I seen a big house all lighted up, and I thought it must be a tavern, so I axt a feller if it wasn't.

'No, sir,' said he, 'its the place where the Votaries of Temperance hold their meetings.'

'Thinks I, this is a Temperance house, I couldn't find a better place whar to leave my wagon a standin' for safe keepin,' cause Temperance men are allers honest, moral, good sort of fellers. Then I told the feller that and laughed and sad it was true; and then he went up stairs, and that made me know he was one of them. Then I jest onhitched, and left my wagon there a standin' there by the place where the Votaries of Temperance met.

'Next mornin' I came out bright and early and found my wagon and everythin' all right jest as I'd left it. Not even a straw seemed to be missin.' I hitched my hosses in a jiffy, and mountin' on the lead one, was off; but somehow another, I noticed they couldn't hardly start the empty wagon. In a moment it struck me that the tar in the hubs had got stiff, and then I thought no more about it. I went on thinkin' what a nice set of fellers them Votaries of Temperance must be, and a makin' purty good time, till I came to the ford—where Brother French seed me—where all my hosses could do they couldn't pull the wagon out. Thinks I, this is rather strange work, to have no load; there must be somethin' wrong; so I got off'n the nigh hoss and jumpt up in the wagon; a thinkin' I must make them pull better up there. Instead of goin' up to my knees in the straw, as I expected to do, I lit kerflim on somethin' solid, which held my feet nearly on a level with the sides of the wagon body. This astonished me dreadfully, so I began to dig down in the straw; and, peradventure I found the wagon was loaded smack full of grindstones. At first, I thought I'd made a mistake and took some other man's wagon, bnt arter I look't around 'a spell, I seed it was mine and no mistake. While I was standin' there tryin' what to think, I happened to look up the crick, and there I seed two chaps a standin' with their thumbs agin their noses, and their fingers a wigglin' at me. One of them I took to be the very feller who had told me about the Votaries of Temperance.

'Votaries of Temperance!' hollered they still a wigglin' their fingers and laughin'.

'Then I seed inter it all like a flash.—Them Votaries of Temperanca, as they call themselves, had bin playin' off a trick on me, so says I to them putty loud:

"Votaries of Hell, more like! A purty set you are to be servin' the devil under a false name. Sneak back home, and the next feller what axes the name of your Society, hit the truth, by tellin' him, Votaries of *Hell!* That's all I said."

'That's so. That's jest what I hearn him a say in,' said Brother French, 'and I thought it was rale cussin'; I'd never hearn anything like it afore. Here's my hand brother Jones, I'll take it all back. You're not one of the lost sheep yet, by a long shot.'

I need not tell there was a general rush to get the Deacon by the "bread hook," now that the matter of this cussin' was settled to the entire satisfaction of all.

Next day several brothers called on the deacon to assure him that they had always known he was innocent of the charge, and to ask him for a grindstone; but to their disappointment they learned that he had taked them back to the city and sought out the owner.

☞ A Paris letter writer thus describes Louis Napolen on one of the spacious avenues of that imperial city:

"Driving a pair of splendid bays attached to a box wagon, with the reins in his own hands, and handling them as though he were accustomed to it, without any outriders, equerries or gaurds, the Emperor Napoleon came along the avenue. He was dressed with a black overcoat, and a hat which was of a fashion of its own. The points of his moustash looked particularly sharp, and his 'imperial' as though it had just come from the barber's. It required a steady hand and a quick eye to guide those dashing horses through the immense throng of vehicles of every description which filled the avenue, particularly as the driver, while keeping one eye upon the steeds, was obliged with the other to acknowledge the salutations which he received on every side, and he kept up a continual bowing. The Emperor gives as yet no signs of age—he will be fifty two on the 20th of April next—but looks as fresh and young, I think, as when I saw him five years ago.

☞ Daniel Webster penned the sentiment: If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if [illegible] rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow men, we engrave on the tablet some thing that will brighten all eternity.

Speech of President Buchanan at the Raising of the Statue of Washington.

The President made the following address at the ceremonies in Washington City on the 22d:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I accept the auspicious omen now presented to us in this calm sunset almost without a cloud. The early part of the day was boisterous.—Many accidents also occured to delay the progress and the completion of these ceremonies. But these occurrences have terminated as, thank God, always has been the case in the history of our country. If storm and tempests beset us in the morning, the end of the day is still clear, bright and animating. Such, I trust will ever be the issue of the gloom and darkness that for a season appear to envelope us. (Applause.) The honorable and important duty has been assigned to me of dedicating this statute of Washington, which is a noble production of native American, genius. This welcome and greateful task I now proceed to perform. Standing here on this beautiful and commanding position, surrounded by the Senators and Representatives of all the States of the Confederacy; by a vast assemblage of our fellow citizens, civil and military, and in full view of the noble Potomac, which Washington loved so well, and of the shores of the ancient Commonwealth which gave him birth, I now solemnly dedicate this statue to the immotal memory of the Father of his Country. (Applause.) I perform this act of pious devotion, not in the name of the people of the North, or the South, the East, or the West, not in the name of those who dwell on the waters of the Atlantic or of the Pacific, but in the name of the whole American people of the United States one and indivisible, now and forever. (Loud applause, and cries of "Hurrah for Old Buck.") May the God our fathers preserve the Constitution and the Union for ages yet to come. May they stand like the everlasting hills, against which the tempests from every quarter of the heavens shall beat in vain. In a word, may they endure so long as the name of Washington shall be honored and cherished among the children of men. (Renewed and prolonged applause.) May Washington city, which he founded, continue throughout many generations to be the seat of government of a great, powerful and united confederacy. Should it ever become a ruin by a dissolution of the Union, it will not, like the ruins of Balbeck and Palmyra, be merely a monument of the vanity of human greatness; but it will teach the lesson to all the dwellers upon earth that our grand political experiment has failed and that man is incapable of self-government. May such a direful disaster to the human race be averted, and, in the language of Solomon, at the dedication of the Jewish temple, "May the Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers. Let him not leave us, or forsake us." (Applause.)—May this be the prayer of all present and may each one return to his home in heart more ardently patriotic and more determined to do his whole duty to God and his country than when we assembled here to-day.

The distinguished speaker took his seat amid general and most enthusiastic applause.

AN EAGER SPORTSMAN.—Once upon a time there lived somewhere "out West" an eager sportsman, noted alike for his love of the chase, and his quality of hounds. One day he was hunting with a favorite dog, and soon started a large black wolf. Away they went, over hills, through tangled brush, and into deep sloughs, while the excited hunter came thundering in the rear, but pulled up near where a tall, gangling Yankee was busily "hoeing taters"

"Hello, mister; did you see a dog and a wolf pass here?"

"I guess I did."

"How far was the wolf ahead?"

"'Twas nip and tuck, stranger, I tell ye. Was that your hound?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was powerful tight, sartain, indeed it was."

"But whuch was ahead?"

"It's hard tellen, stranger, for it was the closest race I ever seed, but if anything, the dog was a *leetle before the wolf!*"

Hunter left.

☞ A young lady out W[illegible] with putting on airs, because [illegible] go to a ball barefoot.

CLOSED FOR REPAIRS.—A good one is told of old Judge L———. His Hon[illegible] or kept a demi-john of good old Jamaica in his private office, for his own comfort and the entertainment of particular friends. The Judge had noticed for some time that on Monday morning his Jamaica was considerable lighter than he left it on Saturday nights. Another fact had gradually established itself in his mind, his son Sam was missing from the paternal pew on Sundays. One Sunday afternoon Sam came in and went up stairs rather heavily, when the Judge hailed him:

"Sam, where have you been?"

"To church, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What church Sam?"

"Second Methodist, sir."

"Had a good sermon, Sam?"

"Very powerful, sir; it quire staggered me, sir."

"Ah! I see," said the Judge, "quite powerful, eh, Sam?"

The next Sunday morning the son came home earlier than usual, and apparently not so much "under the weather." His father hailed him with:

"Well, Sam, been to the second Methodist again to-day?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Good sermon, my boy?"

"Fact was, father, that I couldn't get in; church shut up and ticket on the door."

"Sorry, Sam, keep going—youmay get good by it yet."

Sam says on going to the office for his usual refreshment he found the "John" empty, and bearing the following:

"*There will be no service here to-day, this church being closed for repairs!*"

☞ A Story is told of a very eminen lawyer in Ohio receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand, whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A—— should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued,

Lawyer—How old are you?

Witness—Seventy-two years.

Lawyer—Your memory of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years; ago is it?

Witness—I do not know but it is.

Lawyer—State some circumstances which occurred, say twelve years ago and we shall be able to see how you can remember.

Witness—I appeal to your Honor if I am to be interrogated in this way; it is insolent!

Judge—You had better answer the question.

Lawyer—Yes, sir, state it!

Well, sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B———'s office did you not?

Lawyer—Yes.

Witness—Well, sir. I remember your father came into my office saying to me, "Mr. D———, my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothes," I remember also, from that day to this he has never paid me that sum, That, sir, I remember that as well though it was yesterday.

Lawyer (considerably abashed)—That will do, sir.

Witness—I presume it will.

☞ An editor out West pens th[illegible] lowing humorous ditty wit[illegible] his domestic increase:—

Sound the stage-horn [illegible]
That the writin [illegible]
Publish it throu [illegible]
Even to M[illegible]
Seize your p[illegible]
And in [illegible]
Spread af[illegible]
Betsy's [illegible]

☞ A [illegible] proprieto[illegible] that city, [illegible] ages at a [illegible] they have [illegible] formance [illegible] down, at [illegible] It is [illegible] who [illegible] mak[illegible]

The House Wife.

As a general rule, it is mos[illegible] cal to buy the best articles [illegible] is, of course, always a litt[illegible] good articles spend best [illegible] of money to buy poor flour, [illegible] molasses, butter, cheese, lard, [illegible] nothing of the injurious effect [illegible] health.

Of West India sugar and mola[illegible] Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are c[illegible] ed the best. The Havana is seldom [illegible]n. White sugar from Brazil is sometimes very good. Refined sugars usually contain most saccharine substance, therefore, there is probably more economy in using loaf, crushed, aud granulated sugars, than we should at first suppose.

Butter that is made in September and October is best for winter use. Lard should be hard and white; and that which is taken from hog not over a year old is best.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor healthy. To keep one that is out, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies. and hang it in a cool dry place. If mold appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

The best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

The small white sago, called peal sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthly taste. These articles and tapioca, ground rice, &c., should be kept covered.

The cracked cocoa is the best; but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good.

A DRUNKARD'S BRAINS.—The startling doctrines taught in "Youman's Basis of Prohibition," are fully corroborated by the following passage from the Boston Medical Journal:

"Hall, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say, that he could distinguish, in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalp the brain of an inebriate from that of of a person who lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration.—When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft, pulpy substance it then becomes comparatively hard; but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul—while its delicate and gossamer tissues still throb with the pulse of heaven-born light. Strange infatuation thus to desecrate the godlike! Terrible enchantment, that dries up all the fountains of generous feeling petrifies all tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only the brain of lead, a heart of stone."

☞ Pat was dry, and got out of [illegible] for his refreshment; the cars very [illegible] lessly went on without him [illegible] was up. "Ye spalpeen [illegible] starting on a run, an[illegible] lie flew after the [illegible] ould stame [illegible] injine [illegible] th[illegible]