

Just issue after papers name was changed

# Centreville State Rights.

VOL. 4.

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BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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The Centreville State Rights, IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY In Centreville, Queen Ann's County Md., BY THOS. J. KEATING, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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### Poetical.

[For the State Rights.]

#### SONG—BY MARIA.

Mary, the rose by the burnie-side,  
Is blooming now as it did lang syne;  
Its blushes play in the crystal tide  
As they play'd in the angel face of thine;  
But, oh, in the bloom of the summer flowers,  
In the summer sunset's soften'd glow,  
Where is the spell of the vanished hours?  
Where is the charm of long ago?

Mary, the star in the twilight skies  
Is shining now, as it did lang syne,  
As pure and bright as the soft brown eyes  
That smiled on me with thier light divine,  
As merrily still with the vesper chime  
Are singing the breezes, soft and low;  
But 'tis not the song of the olden time;  
It is not the music of long ago.

Mary, come in this sacred hour;  
The tears of night as the moments glide  
Fall in vain for the fairest flower  
That bloom'd at morn by the burnie-side,  
Ah, the haunts of yore, in their beauty are  
But cold and dim, that we used to know;  
Come, Mary, come, as the morning stars,  
Come with the spirit of long ago.

### Choice Story.

#### MY COUSIN HORACE.

BY KATE CLARKE.

"She is a woman; that is enough to make me dislike her."  
The words fell upon my ear, as I lay just waking from my afternoon nap, upon my sofa.  
"Horace?"  
My aunt's gentle voice uttered the word in a reproachful tone and I knew that her son, whom we had been expecting home from his French trip for some days had arrived.  
"I did not mean to grieve you mother," said the first voice; "I do love you, you are a woman; but, oh! mother, I know!"  
"Knew what, Horace?"  
"I wrote to you all about Amy—how I loved her—how gentle true and fair she seemed, and how she made me believe she was the only one she loved."  
"Well, Horace, you wrote that she promised to be your wife next year."  
"She was married to another one week before I left Paris; and she had deceived me. She loved him all the time, but they quarreled, and while they were parted she met me. They met again, were reconciled, and I—"  
"is over!"

ded the black hair, and looped it near my cheek. "Well, it won't break my heart I dare say!"

I came into the parlor with quiet self-possession, and was introduced to my cousin. He started to find the little girl he remembered a tall woman, but I think felt relieved that I did not in any way resemble the lost Amy.

Coldly, distantly polite was his greeting; and mine matched it. We chatted on different subjects till dinnertime, and I took the earliest opportunity to retire, and leave the long parted mother and son together.

We were in a pleasant country-house on the banks of the Derwent passing the summer; but we knew none of the neighbors, and Horace and I were forced to become friends. We walked and rode together, but always chatted on general subjects, and with the formality of perfect strangers.

It was exceedingly tiresome! All my other cousins when I had occasionally visited them, had treated me like a sister—and I enjoyed it; but this iceberg of a man talked in his stately composed way, as if we were entire strangers meeting in a crowded saloon. And yet—strange as it may seem—I looked forward with impatience to our walks or evening chats—longed, wished for them. My cousin was talented, and had traveled—not returning to prate idly of the wonders he had seen, but to profit by them and improve the great mind God had given him.

He never referred to Amy; but sometimes, when speaking of his stay on the Continent, a bitter smile would flit his face, as the reminiscence he spoke of were connected with others buried deep in his own breast.

One morning while we were at breakfast a van drove up; and from it was hoisted a large package containing a piano.

"Cousin," said Horace, "you were lamenting the absence of a piano last week—will you use this one?"

The delight and gratitude I felt at his kind thoughtfulness were chilled, crushed by the business-like tone of his voice. I bowed, tried to speak and finally ran up-stairs and cried. I could not tell why; it was very kind for him to indulge me in my favorite pleasure, but he evidently hated me all the while—else why that chilling tone? It was merely a polite attention offered by a gentleman to a lady—nothing more!

"He has no heart, no feeling!" I thought as I dried my eyes; but before night I changed my opinion.

We were seated in the parlor, with no light but that given by the moon, as it poured in at the open windows; and I opened the piano. It had a sweet tone; and after my fingers had played upon it I forgot every thing else, and my aunt went to her room some time, when I looked up, and sat upon the sofa, and his face

his cold indifference to myself, till I grew nearly frantic.

Then my thoughts turned to that silly girl whom he had loved—false, deceitful as she was—and I hated myself that I had no power to efface her image from his heart. I, dark and tall, disgusted him, when her angel face rose before his mind's eye. I was handsome, and did not want admirers to tell me so. My heart full of bitterness and sorrow, I dashed on, hearing the ripples of the water kiss the bank below me; and sometimes looking down half tempted to end my misery like Sappho.

I was standing, exhausted with my passionate haste, leaning against a tree, when a deep manly voice called out, "Kate! Kate! where are you!"

I started, lost my balance, and fell down the bank. There was a rushing sound in my ears, and then I lost consciousness. I was lying on the sofa when I recovered my senses. I felt strong arms around me as I lay there, too bewildered to open my eyes, I felt, too, hot tears dropping on my face; and I heard—oh, music!—a deep, rich voice, broken with sobs, saying, "Kate! darling! my own Kate!" speak to me! Do not lie so still like death! Kate!" and then, "Oh she is dead! I shall never be happy now!"

I opened my eyes and then as of old, afraid to trust his own heart's choice, he started to draw back.

"Horace!" I whispered "love me—trust me!"

Well, I can't write any more, because I am employed in twisting orange flowers into the most becoming shape for a wreath; and to-morrow my cousin Horace becomes somebody else—to me!

### Humorous.

#### HOW BOB SOLD HIS HORSE.

Those persons who are familiar with Boston as it stood some fifteen years since, will recollect that it was entirely connected with other parts of the known world by bridges. Those not familiar with it must take the avowment of this relator as a sad and sober reality.

In a Boston paper of blessed memory, at said aboriginal and mediæval period of Bostonic existence, the following advertisement appeared one morning:—

HORSE FOR SALE.—A fine sorrel horse sixteen hands high; excellent for carriage and broken to the saddle, is now on advantageous terms for sale, by applying to purchase at the city.

"Well, Bob, he goes very well till he comes to a bridge, and then he stops.—'Pon my word, I've done everything but prying him over with a fence rail."

"And he won't stir?"

"Not a step."

"I knew it," said Bob, calmly.

"Knew it? Then what becomes of your warranty? Knew it? And yet you called him a good horse?"

"I didn't warrant him on that point, though. In fact I assigned it quite plainly in the morning paper as a reason for wishing to part with him, that he would never cross a bridge."

"I have a copy here. Read such a clause if you can, and I'll submit to the loss with pleasure. Would not cross a bridge, eh? Why, ther's not such a word in the advertisement."

Bob took the paper from his hand, and read slowly and distinctly, with a curious twinkling of the eye—

"Sole reasons for the sale, that the owner wishes to leave the city." \* \* \* As the last rays of the setting sun tinged the high chimney tops and clothed the dark, dead walls with golden splendor, a quivering little voice was heard to respond— "That's so."

#### WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Careful, money-saving little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when the times were good. He called at the counting-house during a financial panic, in a state of agitation not easily described.

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.

"Sick—ver sick," replied the little Frenchman.

"What's the matter?"

"De times is de matter."

"Detimes?—what disease is that?"

"De Maliade vat break all de chants, ver much."

"Ah—the times, eh?"

"Bad very bad sure enough, effect you?"

"Vy, Mr. Morris, de dance."

"In de dance?"

"In de dance, yes."

#### A CALIFORNIA TRIAL.

A fellow named Donks was lately tried at Yuba city, for entering a miner's tent and seizing a bag of gold dust, valued at eighty-four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner kept his dust; that on the night of Oct. 19th he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off.

Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away.

"I put him on once," continued the witness, "but when I cotched him I didn't find Bill's bag; but it was found afterwards where he had thrown it."

Counsel for the prisoner.—How far did he get in when he took the dust?

Buller.—Well, he was stoopin' over about half in, I should say.

Counsel.—May it please your honor, the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony is clear, that he made an opening, through which he protruded himself about half way, and stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now your honor, can a man enter a house, when only one-half of his body is in, and the other half out?

Judge.—I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved.

The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," as to one-half of his body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half.

The judge pronounced the guilty half to be "not guilty."

Two points of undergrowth, near a river, where I intended to cross the river, I found some one just before me talking loudly.

"My horse to listen, I heard say that Peter Cartwright was here; and so were all the Methodist preachers; they would all steal horses, and that it was a scandal to the country that such a man as Cartwright should have been here."

"I intended to whip him for his sins," said the man, "but he was so fat that I could not get through with my whip."

"I saw him behind the palm tree, and spoke to him, and he said, 'I am a Methodist, and I will not steal horses.'"

tion that he was dead, and earnestly begged his friends to bury him. They consented, by the advice of the physician.

He was laid upon a bier, and carried upon the shoulders of men to church when some pleasant fellows, up to the business, met the procession and inquired who it was; they answered; "And a very good man."

"For the world is well rid of a very bad character, which the gallows must have had in due course."

The young man now lying dead hearing this popped his head up, and said they ought to be ashamed of themselves in thus traducing his fair fame; and if he was alive he would thrash them for their insolence.

But they continued to utter the most disgraceful language. "Flesh and blood could no longer bear it; up he jumps they run, he after them, until he fell down quite exhausted. He was put to bed; the violent exertion he had gone through promoted perspiration, and he got well.

#### THE REV DR. CARTWRIGHT AND ABE LINCOLN.

Our contemporary, the Democrat, the other day, in announcing the fact that Dr. Cartwright, the pioneer Methodist clergyman of the West, was to lecture here, gave the following anecdote, as related by him, and added that it would "bear repetition." In view of a certain fact we think "it will bear repetition," and here it is from the Democrat, as Dr. C. related it.

The first time I ever run for office in Sangamon county, I was on the north side of the Sangamon River, as we say in the West, electioneering, or rather trying to get acquainted with the people for I was at that early day a great stranger.

There were many of them. Passing through a point of undergrowth, near a river, where I intended to cross the river, I found some one just before me talking loudly.

"My horse to listen, I heard say that Peter Cartwright was here; and so were all the Methodist preachers; they would all steal horses, and that it was a scandal to the country that such a man as Cartwright should have been here."

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subjoin an ex-

Not a bird fans

Stones and sand, and sand and stones, are all and everywhere stretched out dead and hard under the blue sky and the relentless sun. The rail which conveys through this desolation, is single; and the line is said, by the English engineers to be very badly made, as the French engineers who laid it out, took it over a ridge 1,100 feet high instead of following a low level near the river, which would have greatly diminished the expense and cost of working. The water and coal for the engines, are to be carried by the trains out to the various stations. So they are like commissariat animals in a barren country which have to carry their own fodder and diminish the public burthens.

The stations are helpless, hot, oven-like erections generally eked out by old Crimean wooden huts, within the shade of which may be seen an undoubted Englishman, smoking his pipe. At the twelfth station we coaled; the train ended in the desert here; but at long intervals, for miles in advance, we could see the encampments of Arabs, who for the time had become navies, and were engaged in picking, burrowing and blasting through the rocks a way for the iron horse. In a long wooden shed—the centre of the groups of tents—were laid out long tables, covered with hot joints of recondite animal, papier mache chickens, and lignite vegetables. This was our dinner—it had come all the way from Cairre—so had the wine, the beer, and spirits. If manna and quails were at all eatable, we had envied the food of the Israelites.

#### A VERY DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED.

"Can any reader of this paper tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her."

We can easy! Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a pair of stockings to be darned, a collar to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended away quick now!"

For read the newspaper, and you will find behind the palm tree, and spoke to him, and he said, 'I am a Methodist, and I will not steal horses.'"