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Editorial - State Rights

Centreville State Rights.

BY THOMAS J. KEATING. EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL—EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES TO NONE. $1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

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

SUBSCRIPTION:

TERMS:—$1.50 per annum if paid in advance; $2.00 if not paid in advance. Notice to discontinue must be accompanied by payment of arrears.

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No advertisement of any kind will be inserted without charge.

☞ *The above rules will be strictly adhered to.*

Poetical.

[*From the Hastings (Min.) Democrat*]

LINCOLN'S PICTURE.

Written in behalf of several leading republicans, and respectfully submitted to the party by JOHN QUOD jr.

Tell us of his fight with Douglas—
How his spirit never quails;
Tell us of his manly bearing,
Of hi s skill in splitting rails;

Tell us he's a second Webster,
Or, if better, Henry Clay;
That he's full of genial humor—
Placid as a summer's day;

Call him Abe, or call him Abram—
Abraham—'tis all the same,
Abe will sme ll as sweet as either
We don't care about the name.

Say he's capable and honest,
Loves his cou ntry's good alone;
Never drank a drop of whiskey—
Wouldn't know it from a stone.

Tell again about the cord-wood,
Seven cords or more per day;
How each night he seeks his closet,
There, alone to kneel and pray.

Tell us he resembles Jackson,
Save he wears a larger boot,
And is broader 'cross the shoulders,
And taller by a foot.

Any lie you tell we'll swallow—
Swallow any kind of mixture;
But, oh! don't we beg and pray you—
Don't for God's sake show his picture!

Choice Story.

THE UMBRELLA GIRL.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

From a new book just issued, we take the following interesting little story, which possesses the merit of being strictly authentic:—

A young girl the only daugh
poor widow, removed from the
to Philadelphia, to earn her liv
covering umbrellas. She was
handsome: with glossy black hair,
beaming eyes, and "lips like wet
She was just at that susceptible age w
youth is ripening into womanhood, whe
the soul begins to be pervaded by "that
restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union.

At a hotel near the store for which she worked an English traveller, called Lord Henry Stuart, had taken lodgings. He was a strikingly handsome man, and of princely carriage. As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was attracted by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the store, where he soon went to purchase an umbrella.—This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride, all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic; for she was as ignorant of the dangers of a city as were the squirrels of her native fields. He was merely playing a game for temporary excitement. She, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July — In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear in on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her emplyer. Could she take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens. he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke her more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly, and said: "My dear, are you an innocent girl?"

"I am, I am," she replied, with convulsive sobs. "Oh! what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me such a question?"

The evident sincerity of her words stirred the deep fountains of his nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me."

"What could I understand," said she "except that you intended me as your wife?"

Though reared amidst the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent.—The heartless conventionalities of the world stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done her no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her the wound was deep. In the solitude of her chamber she wept in bitterness of heart over her ruined air-castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh! what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break if she should ever know that her child was a thief?

Alas! her wretched foreboding proved too true. The silk was trace
she was arrested on her way
and dragged to prison.
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santly. On the
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silk, let n
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out of this difficulty.

After a long time spe
ate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out "Oh! I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can so manage that she never shall know it," replied he. Alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn.

He went immediately to her employer, told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he. "The girl is young, and she is the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman.—I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl if he had known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case," replied Friend Hooper. "By this kind of thoughtlesness, many a youny girl is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved,"

The kind-hearted man next proceeded to the hotel, and, with Quaker simplicity of speech, inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hooper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a strangeer, in the plain Quader costume, should thus intrude upon hls lnxurious privacy. When he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony" against the selfishness and sin of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence weighs on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. When Friend Hooper represented that the silk had been stolen for *his* sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home to avoid the danger of exposure—he took out a fifty-dollar note and offered it to pay her expenses.

"Nay," said Isaac, "thon art a rich man, I presume. I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the danghter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injustice. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty-dollar note and smiled as he said: "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied the the Quaker. "Though
this affair, thou, to
Mayst thou be h
and tri
girls
girl who stole the si
I now be, if it had not b

When her emotion was somwhat ca
she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a native of her State. Being on a visit in friend Hooper's vicinity she had again and again passed his dwelling, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I must return home to-morrow" said she," and I could not go away without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him:—"Look at that gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation to visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you!" she bade her benefactor farewell.

Political.

EXTRACT FROM MR. BRECKINRIDGE FRANKFORT SPEECH.

Mr. Breckinridge has been speaking of the Dred Scott decission and continues as follows:

Well, that being the case, and it having been authoritatively determined by the very tribunal to which it was referred, that Congress had no power to exclude slave property from the Territory, and judicially determined that the Territorial Legislatures—authorities created by Congress—had not the power to exclude or confiscate slave property, I confess that I had not anticipated that the doctrine of unfriendly legislation would be set up.—Hence I need not say to you that I do not believe in the doctrine of unfriendly legislation; that I do not believe in the authority of Territorial Legistures to do by indirection what they cannot do directly. I repose upon the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, as to the point that neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislature has the right to obstruct or confiscate the property of any citizen, slaves including, pending the Territorial condition. (Applause.)

I do not see any escape from that decission if you admit that the question was a judicial one, if you admit the decision of the Supreme Court, and if you stand by the decision of the highest court of the country.

The Supreme Court seems to have recognized it as the duty of courts of the Union in their proper sphere, to execute this constitutional right, thus adjucated by the Supreme Court in the following language: In speaking of the acquisition of Territory, they pronounce it a political question for Congress to determine what Territories they may acquire and how many. Now mark the words of the court:

(Here follows a quotation from the decision.)

So that in regard to slave property, as in regard to any other property recognized and guarded by the Constitution it is the duty according to the Supreme Court, of all the Courts of the country to protect aud guard it by their decision whenever the question is brought before them. To which I only add, that the judicial decision in our favor must be maintained—those judicial decisions must be sustained. (Applause.)

If present remedies are adequate to sustain these decisions, I would have nothing more done. I, with many other public men in the country, believe they are adequate. If they cannot be enforced for want of the proper legislation to enforce them, sufficient legislation must
ssed, or our government is a fail-
e.)
no escape from that
life! You told me
Plumer, if you
never should
to-day.—
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wives.
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k?

Miscellaneous.

MRS. PLUMER'S FOURTH OF JULY.

IN THE MORNING.

"Coffee's nice and hot this morning, isn't it, Plumer? I thought so—I took pains enough with it—and I made the soda biscuits myself. I always *do* study your comfort, don't I, dear? And you are willing to study mine, occasionally, ain't you? What do I want now? Well, you needn't speak quite so snappy, Mr. Plumer—I'm sure it isn't very often that I ask anything of you. I was only thinking what a splended day it was for me and the children to see the Fourth of July procession. Your store windows would be the very place, dear, and—*what* did you say? Am I crazy? No, sir, I'm not crazy—but I suppose you think I'm willing to stick in the house all the days of my life. Pretty life it is, to see nothing but gridirons and scrub-brushes from morning till night. You needn't have got me the new bonnet, if you hadn't meant me to go out. You need't make any apologies, sir; I don't want to hear a single one. You're not going to make any? Well, if ever a woman was persecuted in this way—but I might have known it! What under the sun *will* I have then? Nothing, of course, nothing! Broadway is no place for women and children on the Fourth of July, did you say? Yes. I understand; why don't you say at once that you're ashamed of me? that you don't want me nor the children even to have a bit of pleasure? *Some* men would be proud to take their wives out—*some*, with seven as pretty children as you have got, would like to have other persons see 'em! But *you* don't care. O, if I could only have known as much in the courting days as I know *now*." (Sudden change of tone from sour to saccharine.) "Now, Plumer, don't be so unreasonable! The little darlings would so enjoy the procession, and I want to catch a peep at the dear, barelegged Highlanders and the Seventh Regiment. I'm just dying to go; do be a darling for once. Willie and Tom have new Panama hats, and Iv'e made up the pink flounced muslins for the little girls, and dady looks like an angel in his new cashmere cloak. There isn't a cloud in the sky, and my lace shawl has never been worn before!"—(Coaxingly.) "*Now*, Plumer!"

Plumer, gives up; unlike most men, he is wise enough to know that, in some cases, discretion is the better bart of valor. What a pity that all husbands were not equally judicious.

IN THE EVENING.

"How *could* you let me come into such a crowd, Plumer? I declare, I shall faint in a minute. Do push through and give a chance to get out some way other. There goes my shawl, torn clear across, and cost forty dollars. I never
as so
life! You told me
Plumer, if you
never should
to-day.—
the blame
wives.
were
that.

ewis and Sam D—
Democrats in the State
here is no cause for
ly exist in the Democra

TIM STOOPS.

I never undertook but once, said Tim, to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was nice and cozy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning. She finished breakfast before me one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream and set it down just where I couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold readily enough, and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt paid.

Well, when the next churning day came along, she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter.—Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly set for it every time. Not a word said, you know, of course.—Well, by and by this began to be rather irksome. I wanted her just to ask me, but she never did, and I wouldn't say anything about it to save my life. So on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time until she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed there stood the churn. I got up, and standing for a few minutes, just gave her a chance, I put on my hat and walked out of doors! I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me, but never a word she said, and so with a palpitating heart I moved on. I went down town, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong. I did not exactly feel how—but there was an indiscribable sensation of guilt resting on me all the forenoon.

It seemed as if dinner would never come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon have cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around till dinner hour came.—Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must, when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me—but some kind of storm I expected. Will you believe it—she even greeted me with a smile—never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn just where I left it. Not a word was said; I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just exactly as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over, I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn and went at it, just in the old way! Splash, dip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter was never so long in coming! I supposed that the cream standing so long had got warm and so redoubled my efforts.

Obstinate matter the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time.

"Come, Tim, my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk long enough—it is for fun you are doing it!"

I knew how it was in a flash! She had
ht the butter in the forenoon, and
buttermilk for me to exercise
I never set up for myself in house-
that.

SIMPLE DIVISION.

A Southern planter named P., pretty well to do in the world now, was some twenty years ago a poor boy on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. One of the the most marked traits of his character was an inordinate love of money. In the course of time P., was of age, and thought it was most time to get married. He went to a neighboring village and was introduced to the daughter of Judge B.

"Fine gal," said the embryo speculator to his friends, who were gaining him an entrance among the elite.

"Very."

"How much might Judge B. be worth!"

"About ten thousand dollars," was the reply

"And how many children has he got" continued P.?

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes *goes three times and a third over* mentally ciphered P.

Here was a chance, and he improved it too. He made love to the beautiful and unsophisticated daughter of the Judge and all his possessions. Strange to say, for he was as uncouth looking cur as ever went unlicked, his suit prospered and they were married. The honeymoon passed off as honeymoons do, and they were happy. The bride was lively and chatty and alluded to her brother and sisters. Startled at so many names he thought should not be in the catelogue of relations, one evening at tea he said:

"My dear, I thought there was but three of you."

"So there are, but pa's first wife had eight more."

"Eleven into ten *no times and none over*," said the astonished P., who had jumped up and kicked over a chair and groaned in perfect agony, "I'm sold!"

LOOK OUT FOR THE WOMEN.—Young man, keep your eyes open when you are after the women. If you bite at the anker hook, you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive; or a pretty face, even? Flounces, boy, are no sort of consequence. A pretty face will soon grow old; Paint will wash off. The sweet smiles of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagent. Another and a far diffierent being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles and eats your sugar candy. The coquette will shine in the kitchen corner, and with the once sparkling eye and beaming countenance will look daggers at you. Beware! Keep your eyes open, boy, when you are after the women. If the dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure you will get particular fits all over the house. If she blushes when found at domestic duties, be sure she is of the dishragaristocracy—little breeding a great deal less sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman laughter on the piano, you have got the poorest music ever got up. Find one whose mind is right, and then pitch in. Boy, don't be hanging round like a sheep-thief, as though you were ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough pile, and ask for the article like a man. That's the way to do it.

LOUISIANA CANEBRAKES.—Canebrakes form a prevailing feature in many of the marshy regions of Louisia
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It is w

☞ Three more papers in New Jers
have abandoned their leaning for D
and joined the movement for B
ridge and Lane.