

# State Rights Advocate.

Published in Centreville, Queen Ann's County, Maryland, every Tuesday Morning, and Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Literature, Agriculture, Politics, Advertising, &c.

BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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\$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.  
In Centreville, Queen Ann's Co., Md.  
BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

**Subscription.**  
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## Humorous.

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### ALWAYS A CRISIS.

Judge Halburton, the original "Sam Slick," is amusing the people on the other side of the water with some very racy sketches in the Dublin University Magazine. We copy an extract:

"Wherever you go, people say the country is going to the devil. Well, I heard that cry to home, long before I saw England, and yet we go ahead, and England goes ahead in spite of such critics; we can't help prospering. The only difference between the two countries is, as I have said, people in England think they are going to the place all the time; we only think so once in four years. I shall never forget what Uncle Peleg said to me once; 'Neph,' said he, 'I used to take great interest in politics once, but I have given it up now. It don't matter a cent. I can see, who is up or who is down.—There ain't much to choose among our political parties—pelf, picking, and patronage, salaries, and offices, is all either of them care for. When Jefferson was elected, said I to myself, the country is ruined; here is a free-thinker, a slaveholder, and a southerner; who has beat John Adams, the new England candidate. He will spread infidelity through the land, he will sap the morals of our youth, he'll join in European wars, he will involve us with France, the British will slip in, conquer us again, and enslave us once more as colonists. We are done for, we are up a tree, our republican flint is fixed, we shall be strangled in the cradle as an infant nation, and the crowner will find a verdict, 'died by the hands of Thomas Jefferson.'"

"I sat up late that night at Springfield, with some patriots and heroes of Bunker's Bill and the battle of Mud Creek, to hear the result of the election for President, for we were all for John Adams.—We were all excited, drinking success to the nation, prosperity to religion, perdition to free-thinkers, infidels and southern candidates, with other patriotic toasts when in rushed Deacon Properjohn his hair blowing about like a head of broom-corn, and his breath a most gone. 'Halo,' said I, 'Deacon? what is the matter with you?' 'Why,' said he, striking the table with his fist, a blow that made all the glasses rattle again, 'I'll be darned if that old unbelievin' sinner, Jefferson, hasn't beat Adams by a majority of one!' and he burst into tears. 'Our great nation is ruined, swamped, founded, and done forever; there wasn't a word spoken for the matter of two minutes, we were so dumfounded. At last we all gave lip together: 'Oh, gracious!' said one, 'better we had never fought and bled!' 'Better, said another, 'if we had never resisted the British. Only think of that unprincipled man being elected over such a true patriot as Adams!' and then we all agreed the country was undone forever. Then we consoled ourselves with drinking perdition to Jefferson, and set up a howl, in chorus over the old Bay State, that took the lead, and bore the brunt of the revolution; being chiselled out of its President this way. At last I fainted, as if I had been knocked down, was carried home by four men, and put to bed.

"Are you sure you wasn't drunk, uncle, said I.

"Quite certain, said he, 'I might have been overtaken—I won't say I wasn't overcome, like, for a very little will do that, you know, when you are excited—but I am sure I wasn't sewed up, for I remember everything that happened.—When they brought me home, said your Aunt Nabby to me, 'Peleg,' said she, 'what on earth is the matter? Have you been runned over?' 'No,' said I, 'I have you had a fall, dear?' 'No, it ain't that.' 'Then what is it love?' 'The nation is ruined, Jeff—Jeff—Jefferson is elected, and the rep—rep—republic has gone to the dev—il.' 'Oh, I see,' said she, 'you are in a fair way to go to him yourself, acting in that preposterous manner. Who cares whether Jefferson is elected or not?' she continued. 'I am sure I don't care. What is it to the like of us?' 'It's only grief, Nabby,' said I, 'my heart is broke.' 'Is that all, you devil, said she, 'it's lucky your precious neck isn't broke,' and she called the nigger helps, and hauled me off to bed, and the way she tumbled me in wasn't the way she put up her best chimney tea set, I can tell you. Oh, I couldn't have been drunk, for I recollect every word that passed.

"Well next morning I woke up—none of the earliest I can tell you—with a

thunderin' headache, and my heart 'en a'most broke. I called, and called ever so loud, before I could make any one hear me. At last up came your aunt, lookin' as fierce as a cat facin' a dog.—'What's all that noise?' said I. 'The girls all at their spinin' wheels,' said she. 'Stop them,' said I, 'it's no use now; Jefferson is elected, and the country is ruined. Gracious, how her eyes flashin' at that; she stooped down, seized the bed clothes just under my chin, dragged them off, and threw them all into the corner of the room. 'Now get up this instant minute, and go and look after the spring work, or we will be ruined in earnest.' 'It is no use,' said I, if Adams had got in, the country would have been saved. He was the father of the country; but Jefferson! Oh dear the jig is up now. You thought I was drunk last night, but I wasn't; and you see I am not tipsy now. I tell you we are done for. Well she altered her course, and sat down on the bed alongside of me, and said: 'Dear Peleg if you love me, don't talk nonsense. Let us reason it out.—(And this, I think Paabody, you must have found out that woman though they like to sail before the wind, know how to tack too, when it's ahead.) 'Now,' said she, 'Peleg, dear, suppose John Adams, the mean, stingy, close-fisted, cunning old lawyer, had got in—you know you gave him fifteen cents a ton for the granite you take to Boston out of his quarry at Quincy; suppose you went to him and said, President, I did my possible at your election for you, will you let me have it for twelve cents?' 'No,' I don't think he would,' said I. 'Well, you owe neighbor Burford two hundred dollars, sponin you went to Adams and told him your claims, and asked him to lend you that amount to prevent Burford from suing you would he lend it to you?' 'No; I don't think he would, unless I gave him a mortgage, and paid ever so much expense.' 'Well, then, you see, he would do you no good. Now Jefferson is in, and I won't ginsay you about his character; for though he talks liberal about slaves, it's well known that he has sold some of his own half caste children. Captain Card, of Red Bank, who goes every year to Charleston, Virginia, with a cargo of omms and hams, said it's the common talk there. 'Aint that enough to ruin the risin' generation,' says I. 'No,' said she, 'but to ruin his own character. Well, now that he is in, what harm is he going to hurt you? Won't the corn ripen as usual?' 'Well, I suppose it will, if the early frost don't catch it.' 'Won't the cows give milk, and the sheep wool for shearing, as they used to did?' 'Well I can't deny that.' 'And won't the colts grow up fit for market, as before for every year we got more and more for our young horse?' 'Well I won't contradict you.' 'Won't our children grow up fast?' 'Ah, there,' I said, 'is the nib; they grow up too fast now; nine children in twelve years, as we have—'

"I couldn't finish the sentence. She gave it to me first—on one cheek, and then on the other, like 'wink, and then she went to the washstand, got hold of the ewer, swished the whole of the water into my face, and cut off out of the room leaving me shivery and shaky, like a feller in the ague. Well, it was the month of March, which, you know in New England, don't give the sun-stroke; the bed clothes had been off for some time, and then came this cold bath, I ups, dresses, and out in no time. When I came down stairs she was waitin' for me in the entry. 'Peleg, dear,' said she, 'I want to say a word to you, come into this room; here is a most capital break: fast for you, tea, coffee, smoked salmon, crumpets, doughnuts, preserved quinces, done by my own hands, and everything you used to like. There is one little favor, dear,' (and she put her arms round my neck and kissed me; and who in the world can stand that? for I never could.) 'Granted,' said I, 'before you name it.—What is it? Never bother your head about elections; a vote is a curse to man; it involves him in politics, excites him, raises a bushel of enemies, and not one friend for him, and makes him look tipsy as you did last night, though you warn't the least in liquor.' 'I thank you for that Nabby,' said I, 'for I wasn't I do assure you. 'Of course not,' she said; 'I see I was to blame in thinking you was. Let us mind our own business, and let others mind theirs.' 'I will,' said I; 'you will never hear me talk politics as long as I live I can tell you.' 'Ah,' said she, 'what a sensible man you are Peleg; your judgment is so good; you are so open to conviction; only place a thing before you—'pretty as you, Nabby,' said I, 'and it's all right.'

"Well we had a sort of courtin' breakfast that mornin', and parted on excellent terms. I was the most sensible man in all creation, and she the loveliest; and instead of fancying the country was going to the devil, we pitched both old Jefferson and old Adams to him. Since that, I have taken my wife's advice, and attended to my own affairs, instead of those of those of the nation; and I observe that bankers, lawyers, merchants, and farmers grow rich. Politicians are like caron birds always poor, croaking, and hungry, and not over particular as to the flavor of the food, or how they obtain it. If Jefferson had, after our independence, taken to cultivate the estate his father left him, he wouldn't have had in his old age to sell it, by a rascally lottery, as he did."

**The Game Dinner.**  
We heard an amusing story the other day of a novel feast, that we don't recollect to have ever seen in print. It is too good to be lost, and although it will certainly lose in our telling, we may succeed in giving the point.

Shortly after the war with Great Britain, an Aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his grounds with a high tight fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman, (one of the olden time) with the exception that none but the elite of the province and the officers of the garrison were permitted to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap who snattered terribly, was very fond of hunting, and who was always getting into every sort of mischief.

One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the rear of Fort George without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow in the enclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he sealed the high fence, fired, and brought down his game.

Colonel, or whatever his title might have been—we will call him colonel anyhow—witnessed the transaction, and advanced while our soldier was reloading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand gulped down his passion for a moment and merely asked him if he killed the crow.

The soldier replied that he did.

"I am sorry," said the colonel, "for he was a pet. By-the-by, this is a very pretty gun. Will you be so kind as to let me look at it?"

The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun, stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized, entreated. It was of no use. The colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and he sternly repeated the command.

There was shot in the Englishman's eye—there was no help for it—and the stuttering soldier stooped down and took a bite of the crow, but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast, his dinner the day before, and it really appeared as if he would throw up his toe nails. The Englishman gloated on the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional beave.

When he had got through vomiting, and wiped his eyes, the Colonel handed him the gun with this remark:

"Now, you rascal, that will teach you how to poach on a gent loman's enclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the Colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry exclamations, prayers, and entreaties were useless things. There was shot then in the American's eye, as there had been in the Englishman's eye before.

There was no help at hand, and he

took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough to send all the good dinners he had lately eaten on the same journey with the garrison fare of the soldier, and while the Englishman was in an agony of sickness Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early the commandant at Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters when the Colonel was announced.

"Sir," said the Colonel, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have three hundred men here, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the American officer.

The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered devil.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said the officer, "he is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a moment Tom entered and stood all attention as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said his officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I, I, I," said Tom, stuttering awfully, but regaining the grave expression natural to his face. "I di-did-did-did with him yesterday."

We believe Tom was not punished.

**The Best Speech.**  
One of the speakers at a late public meeting in Boston, revived the following story:

In the days when General Jackson was President, he was making a tour to visit the Northern portion of his dominion, and was received at every city and at every village by a ceremonious welcome. Committees were appointed and every man had a little speech of his own to make. It happened that in the city of New York, the arrangement was to have the Committee of the city government go to Amboy and meet the General on board the steamboat, and there welcome him to the hospitality of New York, and escort him to the city. The Chairman of the Committee was an alderman, distinguished for more soundness in the Democratic faith than for shining talents as an orator, one of the very few persons in our country who really are unaccustomed to public speaking. When the committee reached Amboy, the General came on board the boat, and they stepped forward and were presented: The alderman, making a most profound bow and having prepared himself most elaborately, began:—"May it please your Excellency"—then suddenly seemed struck with convulsion. He looked around to his brethren for help, but none was suggested, and again he began with a profound bow—"May it please your Excellency"—and again he stuck. The General stood waiting with a bland expression of countenance, and he began in the same way the third time, and with a like result, and then, holding out his hand to the President, human nature burst forth: "Hang it all, I have forgotten my whole speech! We're glad to see you, General." The General shook his hand and said it was the pleasantest as well as the shortest speech he had heard since he had left home.

Miss Mollie and Miss Peggie are two sisters. Miss Mollie is the eldest. She is not a member of any church, but like all well bred young ladies, says her prayers before retiring. One night she carried with her to her room, a pickle, and laid it upon her bureau, thinking she would eat it after her devotions. She knelt at the foot of her bed for that purpose. Peggie entered the room, and seeing her deeply absorbed, thought to improve the opportunity by appropriating the pickle to her own use. She had bitten off a piece, and in chewing it, made a noise, which her sister heard who, wishing to know the cause, looked up, and beholding Peggie devouring the pickle, hurriedly arose, exclaiming: "O Lord! excuse me a moment; Peggie is eating my pickle!"

Sam—Julius, what am irrepressible conflicts?

Julius—You wishes de dissolution ob dat?

Sam—I does, black man.

Julius—It's Massa Seward and his friends bitten dar, heads agin de Constitution, tryin' to make a new in dent-re-out ob it, dat's all.

It's the world without woman would be a shift-less affair.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**ASSOCIATION OF THE SEXES.**—The natural and the only safe mode of enjoying amusements is in common. When one sex or any one particular class enjoy their amusements alone, they are sure to run to excess. The division of the human family into man, woman, child, father, mother, brother and sister; is the only conservative principle of society.—They act and re-act upon each other like the different seasons of the earth. Each age and sex has its peculiar characteristics that serve to modify and check certain mischievous tendencies in the other sex, and in others of different ages. For one sex to attempt to amuse agreeably and innocently alone, is like trying to make music on a one stringed instrument; it has about it a sameness that is odious and annoying. The union of the aged with young, the fair and the manly in our diversions, brings every source of social improvement and enjoyment together—age with its gravity and experience; mid life with its energy and its cares, and youth with its vivacity and its hopes. Is it right for the aged to censure and discourage the innocent amusements of the young, merely because they fear they may be carried to excess, when by presiding at these diversions they may effectually prevent it?

**A NOVEL PROCEEDING.**—The Detroit papers notice a new establishment just opened in that city for the purpose of enabling fugitive slaves in Canada to return to their masters. The agent who has undertaken this charitable enterprise is evidently in earnest. He states that he has made such investigations in Canada, especially at Chatham and other places where Africans most congregate, as satisfy him that large numbers of them are anxious and ready to return to their masters at the South if they only had the means, and he proposes to furnish them with transportation tickets and to send them in company with an agent, looking to their owners for remuneration for his benevolence. His offices in Desnoyers' block, in Detroit. The man's name is Brown, and his advertisement makes the following statement: "Arrangements entered into with parties will be guaranteed beyond question as to strict fulfillment of all obligations. Parties desirous of returning can communicate with the undersigned, either personally or by letter."

**MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.**—Growing out of the facilities for reading which exist now-a-days, there is to be observed a mania for "making things pleasant" on the road to knowledge; and hence amusement and excitement are among the most popular methods employed to inculcate knowledge and inspire a love for reading. Dr. Arnold, speaking of the same evil, once observed: "Childishness in boys, even of good abilities, seems to be a growing fault, and I do not know to what to ascribe it, except to the great number of exciting books of amusement. These completely satisfy all the intellectual appetites of a boy, which is rarely very voracious, and leave him totally palled, not only for his regular work, which I could well excuse in comparison, but for good literature of all sorts, even for history and poetry." John Sterling also in a like spirit, said: "Periodicals and novels are all in this generation, but more especially to those whose minds are still unformed and in process of formation, a new and more effectual substitute for the plagues of Egypt—vermin that corrupt the wholesome waters and infect our chambers."

[Self-help.]

How many times young people wish they were born rich. But this is not a wise desire. We happen to know quite a number of rich men, but nine out of every ten of these persons were the children of poverty.—The fact is, that it requires just that kind of discipline, which struggling with poverty in early life gives one, to develop those habits of self-reliance, activity, economy, and energy which will carry a man forward to a position. This certainly is so—quote the example of nearly every man we know, to prove it. Friends who have often wished to be wealthy, and they were consoled themselves with the thought that they will in the end be rich, and they were disappointed.

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**KIND WORDS.**—They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will.—Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make the blaze more fierce. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words among them.—There are vain words, and idle words and profane words, and warlike. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

**DEMOCRATIC APOSTLE AND A CONVERT.**—Down in Egypt, Illinois, Deacon Smith one day was called upon to marry an old couple not less than sixty years of age. The crowd assembled at the old log school house to see the happy couple joined together. The deacon and the marital candidates rose.

"Mr. Jones," said the deacon, "and Sarah Long stand up. Do you, Mr. Jones take Sarah Long, whom you hold by the right hand, to be your lawful and wedded wife so long as you both shall live?"

"No, sir, Deacon Smith," said Jones, "so long as we both shall agree."

This matter being understood the deacon proceeded:

"Do you, Sarah Long, take Mr. Jones, whom you hold by the right hand, to be your lawful and wedded husband so long as you both shall live?"

"No, sir, Deacon Smith; so long as Mr. Jones shall vote the Democratic ticket," replied the patriotic female.

The happy couple were joined together, and went on their way rejoicing.

**WHY LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.**—The Albany Times says it is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about, give her education with the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain intelligent conversation on the mental, moral and religious improvement of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the centre table be kept part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family, men, women, children read the newspapers.

**GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.**—The following lines were written in an envelope enclosing a dollar sent from one of the patrons of the *Sentinel*:

"The little sum enclosed I send to a worthy printer, for work he did and trusted on. A year ago this present winter Let not the message be delayed. God knows 'tis time the world should know that all our arrears may not be poets, occasion to state that any letter a remittance will be just as good without verses as with them the gold dollars being more pleasant paying our expenses than the jingling poetry."

"Oh, marry the man you love if you can get him at all, if he is Cressus, or as poor as Job's servants, do not marry."

## Nearly Advertisers.

### CENTREVILLE MERCHANTS

MCKENNEY & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., Corner to, Brick Building.

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

THOMAS A. HUGHES, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., Two Doors from Corner, Frame Building.

W. J. HOPPER, J. W. WILMER, HOPPER & WILMER, Druggists, Corner Frame Building.

JAMES A. DICKSON, Druggist; Store lately occupied by Wm T. Dunbrack—opposite the Brick Buildings.

W. M. 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. Baynard or at either of the printing offices.

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

### MISCELLANEOUS.

W. I. CIBSON, 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, KENLY & TILGHMAN, Commission Merchants, No. 18 Bowley's Wharf.

T. A. BRYAN, EDWARD BRYAN, BRYAN & BRO., Manufacturers of Dry Goods, Agricultural and Lifters, Corner of Front and Plowman Streets.

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

Z. TARMAN, General Commission Merchant and Grocer, No. 5 Cheap Side between Lombard 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.

W. M. EMERSON NICHOLSON, Commission Merchant, No. 1, Bowley's Wharf.

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