

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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NO. 1.

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

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Nearly Advertisers.

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MCKENNEY & 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 HUGHLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., Two Doors from Corner, Frame Building.

W. J. HOPPER, J. W. WILMER,
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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.

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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 R. 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.

L. AMBERT 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.

SAMUELA. RICHARDSON, (Successor to John W. Tarman) Wheelwright and Blacksmith, at Ruthsburg, Queen Ann's co. Md.

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. E. TILGHMAN,
KENLY & TILGHMAN, Commission Merchants, No. 18 Bowley's Wharf.

T. V. BRYAN, EDWARD BRYAN,
BRYAN & BROS., Manufacturers of Bryan's Agricultural Mud Lifter, Corner of Potomac 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.

Poetical.

The following beautiful and affecting lines are from the pen of one of our favorite contributors, and cannot fail to touch a chord in the heart (?) of every old bachelor:

The Lament of the poor lone Bachelor.

BY MARIA.

Through weary years so cold so dark
My glance goes back,
And naught but wither'd roses mark
My life's lone track;
All sharp and thick their thorns appear,
And each bears on its point a tear.

Oh heart! where is the golden gleam
Of love's pure dawn?
The dove which brooded in thy dream
Hath wailing flown;
And hope, and faith, and truth,
The guardians of my youth, [gone?]

Where have they gone? where have they
O'er memory's wild impulsive tide
Low echoing murmurs softly glide
Like music of the dying swan

What tho' upon my lip oft plays
The smile it wore in other days?
What tho' the light of times gone by
Of glows within my weary eye?

No sunshine warms, no shadow chills
This apathetic heart, which thrills
No more at human joys or ills
If in my life some pleasures seem
They're but the wan and changeful beam
Of moonlight on the frozen stream.

These sparks of mind are but the flashes
Of embers in the cold dead ashes,—
The dying-taper's fitful gleam!

Choice Story.

THE CADET'S BABY.

I am a military man—not a private in the ranks, but an officer these many years. I have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the borders, and I bear of "honorable scars" a few.

When I was just seventeen, a cadet at West Point, I was on my way home for the first time within three years. Early in the morning I took my seat in the cars from New York to Boston. I wore my uniform, and (I may own up) was not so unconscious or indifferent as I seemed to the admiring glances young ladies bestowed upon it and the embryo child or general within.

Toward the middle of the forenoon an Irish woman got into the cars. They were crowded, and she, not having the respect for the military which others had, took what was almost the only unoccupied seat, and by my side. I am, or was, a Democrat. The woman was well clad and clean so I kept my place. In her arms she held a child—a young babe of some six or seven months. It was a plump beautiful happy little thing. I had a very unmanly and unacademical weakness for both babies and children, and it was so long since I had been so near to either that I petted and noticed this little creature not a little.

At noon the train stopped for five minutes most of the passengers got out. I meant to have the novelty of a six o'clock dinner in Boston, so I did not stir from my seat. Seeing that I did not the woman begged to know if I would hold her baby for a few moments while she got out. I assented. She put the child in my arms and vanished. The minutes passed away, by one the passengers returned; presently when the bell rang, a crowd came with a rush to resume their places; the locomotives started; we were off; and where, oh horror of horrors! where was that woman? My hair began to rise and the sweat to start from every pore; still I waited, hoping that the woman was trying to get through the other cars, and would come finally to assume her responsibility.

A quarter of an hour elapsed; everybody was quietly seated, and still I held that child. People began to stare, young ladies to titter. I felt myself as if as a lobster. The conductor passed through, I stopped him. With a shaking finger I pointed to the burden in my arms, and stammered out something about the mother having been left behind.

"What the d—!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell on the child. "Well, you're in for it, and no mistake. I saw that woman after she got out streaking it like mad away from the depot, but I thought she had her young one with her. You're nicely took in and done for, that's a fact."

"But what's to be done with this child I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. How far are you going?"

"To Boston to-night."

"Then I guess you'll have to carry it as far as there. Then you can take it to one of the hospitals or asylums where they attend to this sort of business and leave it. Perhaps some of these ladies will help you to take care of it till we get to Boston," and the conductor passed on.

As he went forward, evidently he told the story, for heads began to turn, and then men and boys came sauntering in from the other cars to see the fellow that had the baby left with him. Plenty of jokes were cracked at my expense, for every now and then I heard a regular guffaw, and some such phrases as "Precious green eh?" "Looks fatherly!" ect.

I was in a rage. My blood boiled furiously. One minute I wanted to swear, the next to kick every person and thing in the car. I suppose in my passion I gave the poor little thing a gripe, for she uttered a quick, little cry. She stopped in a moment, and I looked at her. She lay in my arms so innocent, and helpless, and fair, and white, and looked up to me with such complacent placidity, that somehow I felt my anger dying out in spite of me—my embarrassment too.

"I may as well be a man as such a contemptible sneak," I thought. "I was an ineffable greenie to get saddled in this way, to be sure, but that's my fault, and not this poor little pussy's, and I may as well brave it through. As for these confounded fools, just let 'em laugh, that's all."

So I settled myself coolly to the care of my baby. People after a while grew accustomed to see her in my arms, and most of the afternoon she slept soundly.

But oh, how heavy she grew! I seemed to have a leaden weight tugging heavier and heavier upon me. How on earth do women lug about children day after day, in the way they do? For me I'm certain I'd rather mow though I never tried it.

However, to my story. Toward night my baby waked; and waked fretful, and hungry I suppose. She began to cry; a long, despairing, entirely uncompromising cry. People began to look again, curious to see what master nurse would do.

I tried every possible means to pacify the child; my watch, my eagle buttons, held it up to the window, I dandled it, nearly turned it upside down; no use.—Baby properly despised my miserable efforts to make it forget its needed and rightful consolation, and cried louder and louder till at last I seemed to hold nothing in my arms but an immense squall.

A man could stand it no longer, let alone a cadet, and I rose desperately from my seat determined to appeal to some lady or woman for assistance. As I passed through the car, some of the younger ladies broke into their senseless titter again, the older ones looked out of the windows and the men eyed with a knowing sort of leer, that had not my arms been occupied they would have had a hit straight out from the shoulder for. One motherly looking person whom I approached hopefully, transfixed me with a stony, virtuous sort of glare, that made me shake in my shoes as if I had committed the unpardonable offense. I gave up in despair, and was about to return to my seat, when a gentleman at the extreme end of the car beckoned me forward. It was a little family party, the gentleman, his wife, and colored girl with them, who held their babe in her arms. The gentleman and his wife were both young and evidently Southerners.

"We heard about this baby from the conductor," said the gentleman, as I came near. "My wife has been fidgetting ever since it began to cry. Can we do any thing for you?"

The lady leaned past him.

"Will you let me look at your baby, Sir, a moment?" she asked in, it seemed to me then, the sweetest tones I had ever heard.

She held out her arms, and I laid the baby in them.

"Such a young child—and so pretty, too! How it cries! What is the matter with it?"

"I don't know, madam, unless it's hungry," I answered. It has had nothing to eat since that woman got in this morning. I don't know what to do with it."

"Poor little love!" exclaimed the lady, "what a shame! no wonder it cries!"—She hesitated, glanced at her own baby in her servant's arms, at her husband, then, blushing like any rose, the sweet mother laid my baby on her bosom, beneath her shawl, and hushed its cries as if it had been her own—of her very flesh and blood.

Her husband smiled, and leaning forward as if to protect her from the gaze of others, made room for me on the seat with their nurse.

I explained the affair to him, told him my name, and found that my family was not unknown to him. As we talked, I saw that his wife, listening, examined the dress of the child on her lap, felt of its texture, and finally unclasped some chains that held up its sleeves. A little miniature was set in the clasp of each. She looked at them, then she said:

"I am convinced, Sir, that the woman who abandoned this child in your care is not its mother. In the first place, no mother could do such a thing; then this babe's clothing is of the most exquisite make and quality, and in these sleeves chains are two miniatures. See one a gentleman with epulets, the other a beautiful woman evidently, a lady. Depend upon it the child is a stolen one, or came into her hands by some unfair means.—What can be done?"

"Do not be troubled, madam, about the fate of this child. After the possibility or probability you have suggested, I shall not leave it in Boston. I will take it to my mother, and advertise the case: If the parents are found, I shall be glad; and if not I think my mother will care for the rest. Only," I added, "I wish the meeting were safely over."

"The lady's eyes sparkled through tears. 'I can't tell you,' she said, 'how what you have done, and are doing, seems to me, but I think you too noble to dread anything. I will answer for the mother who has such a son!'

"Softly, softly, if you please," expostulated the laughing husband; "don't be quite oblivious of the fact that exist."

She turned to him with a look that must have silenced the veriest grumbler in the world.

We reached Boston, took a carriage together, and only at the hotel entrance did my new friends bid me adieu. "God bless you!" said the beautiful, noble woman as she gave me back my baby. I should have knelt and kissed the hand of such a princess, but my arms were then so awkward at baby tending that nothing else seemed a possible accomplishment at one and the same time.

The clerk glanced suspiciously at me and my burden.

"We are full sir. Not a room to be had."

I sent for the proprietor and again my name vouched for me. What it is to have a family in the land! "But where in the world Mr. Edward he demanded, 'did you get that child?' I told the story. He shook his head but said nothing.

I sent for a chambermaid to come to my room. I begged her to take the child and care for it during the night. At first she would hear to nothing. I put my hand in my pocket. I gave her a ridiculous large bribe, but I was young and green.

She took the child.

"But shure an' ye're not a young gentleman that'd be after lavin' ye're baby? Holy Vargin! my carraher ud be ruined intirely!" I assured her of the rectitude of my intentions, and sent her off; but she was at my door in the morning before I had left my bed, and nothing would induce her to keep her charge another instant.

I took the stage for my country home. The driver recognized the lad he had driven over the same road so often.

"How you're folks, to be sure, Mr. Edward! Your folks won't know you, I'm thinking, specially with that baby in your arms. Seems to me you're getting to be a family man a little too early."

I laughed and took my seat. But as we began to near my home I grew terribly nervous and cowardly. The house stood back some distance from the road, and as I walked up from the gate I saw the whole family gathered on the piazza to welcome me. I think I should rather have walked up to the cannon's mouth!

My sister started down the steps to meet me, then stopped. I stepped up on the piazza. My mother, pale as death, sunk into her chair. My pretty cousin, Ella, on whom I had always, from round-jacket days, been sweet in a sneaking sort of way, darted an annihilating glance at me, and ran to support my mother.—My father advanced.

"What do you dare to bring here, you shameless young rascal? Is this a

place?" He broke down so angry that utterance was absolutely impossible.—At any other time I should have shouted with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle he presented; now I only hastened to tell my story. In a few moments my mother's arms were round me, my sister and cousin were contesting a *l'curi* for the possession of my baby, and my father recovered from his rage sufficiently to welcome his only son, though I did hear him growl through his white beard, "Confounded spooney!"

I advertised far and wide to no purpose. But my baby grew so into the affections of all the household that I had no other steps to take.

We named her Perdida, and I left her with my mother. When I returned year after year I found her each time grown healthier and prettier, and she each time manifested an affection for me charmingly legitimate—for was she not "My Baby?" As such I cherished her.

She was six years old when I left West Point for active service. After that I led a wandering and adventurous life for years "by flood and field."

"My Baby" wrote to me at first often. Her first letters were curious specimens—half written, half printed, and sometimes her meaning leaked out with rude drawings. In those days she was charmingly personal. "I do so and so—I think so and so—I love so and so." But years changed her caligraphy, and alas! the feeling of her letters. Now, in her charming girlish characters, stood, "Your Mother does so and so;" or, "Your Sister thinks and loves," ect.

My mother wrote: "We can't call Perdida your Baby any longer. She doesn't admit the title, and you, were you to see her could scarcely imagine that our fair young queen was ever a baby. I am old to be enthrilled, but our darling is surely the loveliest vision these eyes have ever rested on. She makes hearts ache, but as yet their pain is in vain. We tried to be cautious; but she has somehow learned about her finding, and it is bitter knowledge to the proud little heart. It may be that that makes her melt only to us. I will you never come home to see us and her?"

It was in the spring of the year 1856, I was on my way home to America. An elderly gentleman, who had evidently been a soldier, occupied the state room next mine. A similarity of taste and feeling brought us much together during the voyage.

He had been absent from his country many years. "When I left it," said he to me, "I meant never to revisit the shores that had been accursed to me. I lost there my wife and child under the cruellest circumstances; and I could not remain, I thought then I could never see again spots that had been so fatal to me. And yet I return now, impelled by some feeling which I can neither account for nor resist. I dream that I am going to see my child—sometimes, even in waking moments, I am fully convinced that I shall find her."

"How," I interrupted in spite of myself "is not your child dead?"

"Alas! I do not know."

"You do not know! did she not die before you left America?"

"No. Three months ago I should have said I wished she had, rather than live lost to me exposed to fetes I shudder to think of. Now I am hopeful!—More—trustful. It seems to me she has been kept pure, and that I shall know her. And yet"—and he sighed heavily—"I haven't the shadow of a reason for such hope and trust."

I was excited—I compared my remembrance of the miniature on "My Baby's" sleeve-chain with the figure before me. I made him explain all. He told me of the child's birth—the delicate health of his wife afterwards, his taking her to Cuba, leaving the child in, as he supposed, trusty care, the death of his wife in Havana, and while he was still in the first anguish of her loss, news from his child's nurse of its death, and of her own speedy return to Ireland.—He came to New York too late to find her, and left America at once—forever as he supposed. In Europe, years afterward, he had met a servant who had been with him during his brief married life, and who declared to him positively that his child was not dead at the date on which the woman had written him, but further that he could not say, as he had followed the fortunes of another master.—The unhappy father sought vainly for the woman, and now returned as a last means

to America. He described the child's nurse. It was the woman who had abandoned her charge in my arms, and the face was the changed, aged one of Perdida's miniature. Not many days there after I restored to my friend his so early lost child, and gave up "My Baby" to her rightful father.

Without a pang? Yes. Did I console myself with the pretty cousin aforementioned? She hadn't had patience to that I might—a husband, and several olive branches precluded that. How then?

I saw "My Baby" a stately, radiantly beautiful woman. She called me Major —, she treated me in the most precise and formal way—the utmost favour she bestowed upon me, was the lightest possible touch of the fingers as she bade me good night or good morning, and I saw her hourly in her idolizing fathers arms, lavishing the tenderest caresses upon him. Would I have it otherwise? No. there was a dearer delight in the reserve with which I was treated—the faintest flush that colored her cheek when I was near her, or addressed her, had for me and inexpressible sweetness that I wouldn't barter for aught on earth short of what eventually obtained. What you don't mean that you a scarred old veteran between thirty and forty dare—, Didn't I? Hum! And this was the way of it. In my military capacity I was invited to West Point. I went, and my friend and his daughter accompanied me. I sat beside her in the cars. The happy old gentleman, at a little distance, read diligently. I said: "Perdida! you have traveled this route before with me, do you recall this scenery at all?"

She blushed scarlet, and looked at me beseechingly.

I went on.

"To think what a heavy, hungry, unpalatable baby I carried that day, and the way that poor Cadet's humanity was ridiculed!"

The tears started and the young lady at my side bowed her haughty head.

"And the worst feature in the case is that he has never had any suitable recompense. A good deed is its own reward, to a certain degree of course; but in this case every feeling of my soul every fibre of my heart demands something more, and a great something more.—Perdida! my darling, these seventeen years, I lost you to your father; but I cannot bear it. Be generous. Here, here where I found "My Baby" give O give her back to me!"

She raised her head.

"If she were as much trouble now as then?"

"My darling, don't trifle! Am I to have you?"

My young lady answered not. Instead she occupied herself with deliberately drawing off her glove. Then turned to me.

"Since you will be troubled," and she laid her bare hand in mine. mine a gain.

Shortly after we were married. I carried Perdida during our wedding tour to the friends I had found for her and me in the cars seventeen years before; and this time right reverently I kissed the gracious hand that had then so sweetly tendered what was now become my earthly all.

Miscellaneous.

CONDREMS.—What is the difference between one who walks, and one who looks up a flight of stairs? One steps up stairs, and the other stares up steps.

Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Because they correspond, but never meet.

What kind of fruit is never sold single? The pear.

Why is an Englishman like a bee? Because he is ruled by a Queen.

Why is a man paying his note at the bank like a father going to see his children? Because he meets his responsibilities.

Why is a promise like wine? Because it improves by being kept.

If you saw a pretty girl entering a convent and you wished to prevent it, what would you wish her? A nun-a-veiling (an unavailing).

—If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her.—Sure cure—and no quack medicine.

GENERAL JACKSON AND THE BULLY.—On his returning from legislating, Jackson was elected a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and his conduct in that capacity gave rise to various myths, one of which, known apparently in the State as "the Russel Bean anecdote," (under the name of our hero;) has assumed, after many variations, the following shape, which is amusing enough to deserve to be authentic: Once during the court, a great hulking fellow, armed with pistol and bowie-knife, took it upon himself to parade before the slanty court-house, and cursed the judge, jury, and all there assembled, in set terms.—"Sheriff," sang out the judge, "arrest that man for contempt of court, and confine him." The sheriff found it impossible "Summon a posse," said the judge. The posse did not like the job, as the fellow threatened "to shoot the first skunk that came within ten feet of him."

"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "summon me." "Very well judge," said the sheriff, "I suppose I must." Jackson walked up with his pistols, and said, "Now surrender, you infernal villain, this very instant, or I'll blow you through." This

KEEPIING A SECRET.—The Newbury Mercury relates a capital story of Stuart the painter, which illustrates finely the power which a secret has to propagate itself, if once allowed a little airing, and to reach a few ears. Stuart had, as he supposed discovered a secret art of coloring—very valuable. He told it to a friend. His friend valued it very highly, and came soon afterwards to ask permission to communicate it, under oath of eternal secrecy, to a friend of his who needed every possible aid to enable him to rise.

"Let me see," said Stuart, making a chalk-mark on a board at hand: "I know the art and that is—"

"Oue," said his friend.

"You know it," continued Stuart, making another mark by the side of the one already made; and that is—"

"Two, cried the other.

"Well, you tell your friend, and that will be making a third mark—"

"Three only," said the other.

"No," said Stuart, "it's one hundred and eleven!" (111.)

SUPERSTITION REGARDING FRIDAY.—In England it is generally considered unlucky; many people will not commence any undertaking on that day, and most sailors believe that a vessel is sure to be wrecked that sails on a Friday.—If a marriage takes place on that day, the old wives shake their heads and predict all kind of misfortune to the bride and bridegroom. Nay, they even pity all children who are so unlucky as to be born on a Friday. In Germany, on the contrary, Friday is considered a lucky day for weddings, commencing new undertakings, or other memorable events; and the reason of this superstition is said to be the ancient belief that the Witches and sorcerers held their weekly meeting on this day, and, of course, while they were amusing themselves with dancing and riding on broomsticks round the Blackburg, they could have no time to work any evil. And by all sensible people Friday is regarded no better no worse than any other of the six.

FEMALE DICTATION IN CONGRESS.—During the progress of the balloting for Speaker, in the House of Representatives, many ludicrous scenes transpired. One, in particular, excited a great deal of mirth. As Barksdale was urging all the Opposition elements to unite on McClelland, a lady in one of the front seats in the gallery was observed to become very much excited. She coughed, made signs, and by other means, attempted to attract the attention of a member below.—Not succeeding, she leaned far over the balcony, and in an audible whisper exclaimed—"David, David, change your vote, you booby!" The honorable member looked up, recognized his better half, colored, hesitated, stammered, and then instantly changed his seat. A small delicate fist was shaken at him from the gallery, amid the suppressed mirth of the spectators.—Boston Courier.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—If four dogs, with sixteen legs, catch twenty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs with thirty-two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half?