

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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BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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HOPPER & WILMER, Druggists,
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of Commerce Street.

ROBERT A. REAMY, Carriage and
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Commerce Street.

RICHARD W. LYNCH, (Successor to
Edward Hamilton) Wheelwright and
Blacksmith, South West End of Com-
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JOSEPH A. HALE, Brick Layer. Or-
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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and Collector, Office North of the
Court House.

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cessor to John W. Tarman) Wheel-
wright and Blacksmith, at Ruttsburg,
Queen Ann's Co. Md.

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Office adjoining the Drug Store.

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fice adjoining frame Hotel.

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KENLY & TILGHMAN, Commis-
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of Front and Plowman Streets.

THOMAS W. HOPPER, Wholesale and
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sion Merchant, No. 1, Bowley's
Wharf.

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

Choice Story.

THE STOLEN MARBLES.

"Now, where are my two marbles gone?" exclaimed Johnnie Lindsay to his young playmate; "I had six just now and here are only four. You've got them I know you have, Charlie Meadows, for I saw you put your hands in your pocket. Give them to me," he added, bursting into tears, as he saw Charlie turn to walk away; "give them to me, I will have them."

"I don't want your marbles," said Charlie, continuing to turn away.
At that moment Mr. Meadows turned the corner of the street, on his way home, at the dinner hour. Seeing Johnnie was in trouble he inquired into the cause.

"Why," said he, "Charlie has taken my two marbles and won't give them to me."

"Charles, have you taken his marbles?" asked his father.

"No, sir," said Charlie, assuming an air of indifference.

"I thought not," said Mr. Meadows. "There's some mistake Johnnie, my boy; they're rolled away among the grass look round you'll find them."

So saying Mr. Meadows, with his mind pre-occupied with what seemed at the moment of more importance than two missing marbles, took his son's hand, and walked homeward.

Charlie grew more and more thoughtful as the day wore on, and when by chance he caught the eye of any member of the family, he felt as if they knew something about him which he wished they did not. At dinner he cast furtive glances, first at his father, then at his mother, and felt very uneasy. This was only the effect of a guilty conscience, which inevitably produces cowardice.

In reality, everything went on as usual, and when the hour for the evening meal arrived, Charlie was quite himself again.

As they drew around the evening fire-side, Mrs. Meadows exclaimed, "Charlie my child, do come to me;" at the same time drawing him towards her, Charlie, without quite knowing why, felt timid, and shrank back. His mother, however, retained her hold, saying, "Why, my son, do you continue to fill your pockets in this unsightly way? I have often forbidden it. You quite disgrace yourself!"

Saying this, Mrs. Meadows drew from the producing pocket a variety of articles.—Last of all came his handkerchief, and with it two marbles.

Charlie sprang forward to save them from observation. In doing so he caught the eye of his father, who did not seem to notice them. In a few moments, however, Mr. Meadows rose and left the room. Charlie felt relieved and quietly pocketed the marbles. No sooner had he done so than the door of the adjoining room opened, and Mr. Meadows, in a very impressive tone, called, Charles, come to me.

It was then that poor Charles trembled, and again felt himself a guilty coward.—He entered the room with downcast eyes, while his father, in a calm voice, unmingled with any tone of anger, bade him sit down.

Mr. Meadows walked the floor in silence for a few moments. Then turning to his son, he said, "Charles, you have this day caused me more grief than in all your life before; a deeper sorrow than I felt when I saw you a sick infant, trembling on the verge of another world."

Charles asked no questions. He burst into tears. What would he not have given at that moment to have spared his dear father the pain he had caused him. But it was too late. The deed was done.

"Where did you get those marbles, my son?"

"I took them," said Charlie, "from Johnnie, this morning. And oh! papa, I am so sorry."

"That is not enough, my boy," said his father. "Come to me, Charles."

Mr. Meadows took the hand of his son, and looking him in the face, repeated with emphasis, "You took them!"

"Charles," continued he, "what is he called who takes what does not belong to him?"

"A thief," faltered poor Charles, trembling with agitation.

"And what is he called who denies what he has done?"

"A liar," answered Charles, almost heartbroken.

"These are hard names," said Mr. Meadows, "but they apply at this moment, and justly, to my son, to Charles Meadows. They are sins this day re-

corded against him by his God. Things should be called by their right names, Charles, though they may sound harshly in our ears, and especially crimes.—Imagine that at this moment you heard some one say to me, Charles Meadows is a thief and a liar."

"Oh! papa, papa!" cried Charles, "indeed I did not know I was half so bad. Do, do forgive me."

"Who can forgive sins but God alone?" Mr. Meadows impressively. It is against Him, my son, you have offended, and Him only can you seek pardon. As I believe you are penitent, I promise you my forgiveness, although the mortification and disgrace rest not only upon yourself, but upon all your family. Now having placed this matter before you in its true light, I will leave you for a whole hour to your own quiet meditation upon it. In the meantime, I charge you to remember that you stand in the presence of Him from whom no secret is hid."

Poor Charles? These quiet meditations were an agony to him. "Am I then, indeed," he said to himself, so fallen? and only since yesterday! Until then, I was an innocent boy. And now,—my poor mother! my dear sister! how can I ever look them in the face again?" Charles felt as if he would like to die, that no one might ever see him again. But then he thought of God, and words from his Sunday School lessons came rushing into his memory. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

Poor boy! He felt as if neither life or death offered a hiding place from his shame his disgrace.

These painful thoughts were interrupted by the opening of the door, and his father entered. Charles rushed into his arms, and wept like a very babe. His father held him to his breast, and quietly allowed him the relief of tears.

When he became more composed, Mr. Meadows requested him to kneel by his side and confess in his heart the sin of which he had been guilty. They knelt together, and with tearful eyes and faltering voice did Mr. Meadows ask of God forgiveness for his son through the "One Mediator," and fervently did he implore that for the future "all his doings, being ordered by God's governance, might be righteous in His sight."

Poor Charles, rose relieved and strengthened, the sure effect of heartfelt prayer.—From that hour he resolved to bear in mind that he was not his own keeper.—That in himself was only weakness and tendencies to error, and that he must seek his strength from God.

The next day his father walked with him to see the young friend whom he had wronged.

Charlie returned the marbles, though it was deeply humiliating, and begged of his friend that he would forgive him.—This request was readily granted, and Johnnie gladly and thoughtlessly pocketed his toys, little dreaming of the long, sad story with which they were associated, and which was to give a coloring to Charlie's future life.

Mr. Meadows affectionately spared his son the pain of exposure to the other members of his family, but he was doomed some times, with bitter pain to hear some school-boy warn another not to play marbles with Charlie Meadows.

Time, however, rolled on, and the events of school days were forgotten.—Years after Charles became an honorable merchant. The story of the stolen marbles was unknown to those with whom he was associated, yet it had made a lasting impression upon his own mind, and awakened a deep humility and sincere christian charity for every erring brother of the human family. Often his conscience prompted the thought, my early sin! My slight temptation! And with all the good instruction which I received, how I ought to pity those who are not blessed with such advantages.

As Charles advanced in years, he became more convinced that in truth we are not our own keepers, and that it is only by gaining up ourselves daily to God that we can hope to be preserved from sin. In prayer lies our strength, and by prayer was he enabled, through the remainder of his life, to "keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right; for that only shall bring a man peace at the last."—New York Observer.

Miscellaneous.

The Love Trance.

The following romantic incident in the life of a young girl is narrated by the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"Some time last August, a promising young lawyer of this city, while on a professional visit to Springfield, Illinois, met the daughter of one of the most prominent citizens of that place at the house of a mutual friend, and being charmed with her fine personal appearance, varied accomplishments, and what Mr. Demby would call "great good sense," made her an offer of his heart and hand, (fortune fortunately he had had none) and was promptly accepted.—

During the autumn and winter a regular correspondence was maintained between them, which was only interrupted by an occasional visit of the young gentleman to the house of his future bride. We need not here attempt to describe the joy they felt on meeting, nor the love that each suffered for the other. These things are pretty well understood already, and anything we might say would not heighten the effect of the picture.

"About a fortnight ago, some business in a town in Indiana, required the presence of the lover for a short time, and after it had been transacted, he determined to surprise his inamorata by an unexpected visit, so calling upon the gods to "annihilate time and space and make lovers happy;" he took the first train for Springfield, where, forgetful of everything but the sweet imprisonment of her white arms and the delirium of joy he felt in her delicious presence, he remained for several days. During this visit, it was agreed between them that their nuptials should be celebrated in April—what day we did not hear, but presume the fact that he had some business engagements to meet in this city the latter part of last week, and was therefore compelled to bid his "queen of hearts" a reluctant farewell, promising to return at the appointed time, and lead her to her new home, where they would be parted no more on earth.

The second day after his departure, the girl to the great surprise of her parents suddenly disappeared, and all efforts to ascertain whether she had gone were unavailing. After spending a day without learning anything of her whereabouts, they telegraphed the fact to her lover who immediately returned to assist in unravelling the mystery. To his great joy, he found her once more among her friends, and learned the particulars of her mysterious disappearance and recovery which are substantially as follows:

After their separation a few days before, she felt an accountable inclination to follow her lover, but knowing how imprudent such an act would be, she battled against it with all her will till next day, when some irresistible power impelled her this course. Hastily collecting a few articles of clothing, she made her way unobserved to the railroad depot and took the cars for Lafayette, Ind., where she knew her betrothed would remain two or three days on his way home. From this time till her arrival in Lafayette, she seems to have been in a state of partial unconsciousness and has no distinct recollection of anything that transpired. After walking about the streets of that town for some hours, the proprietor of the Bramble House, who had more than once observed her haggard appearance and singular manner kindly took her in and after partaking of some refreshments and a few hours' sleep, she returned to consciousness, and was at first not a little surprised to find herself among strangers so far from home. Suddenly she remembered what she had done, and informing Mr. Dale her protector, of the facts in the case, he placed her on the first train for Springfield, and notified her friends by telegraph that she was on her way home. Their joy on meeting her again was indescribable.

The lover, after hearing this strange adventure thought it best to prevent the possible recurrence of such events in future, by delaying the marriage no longer and therefore proposed to take her with him at once. To this the girl and her parents readily assented, and the ceremony was, therefore, performed with as little delay as possible. The happy couple reached this city a few days ago, and are now East spending a portion of their honeymoon, that delicious love trance from which we trust, neither will ever awake.

Two Pictures—Sunday in the Country and Sunday in the City.

What a contrast there is between Sunday in the country—or Sabbath, as it is there called, and Sunday in the city.—The little rustic church, half hidden by the foliage; a choir of nature's songsters, perched on tree top, and, as the old, homely anthems of praise rise to heaven, mingle with it their sweet warblings.

The streak of sunlight falls heavily on the rustic benches, and glances over the preacher's head. You note even his desires and attempts to prevent its inter-lapping him in his discourse—even the razy fly, that humming past you, lights on the widow sash, and flies hither and thither in its futile attempts to escape.—All these are noticed. Even the coy little maiden, who sits across the broad, old-fashioned aisle. You feel as though, she were looking at you over her book, and are nervous, for you a modest man. Foolish fellow! Do you think that grave little face, and those meek innocent eyes, were ever turned towards you, from the preacher. Silly man!—And yet there is a coquetish smile about that mouth, as if she were not so busily engaged with the sermon. And church is out; the clustering about the door, hand is clasped in hand, in friendly ardor; bonnet, and a real kiss, with heart in it, is given; a promise to come tomorrow, and spend the whole day; the country beau; a gallon, and home.

What a contrast is a Sunday in the city!—the second picture. Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding! and the ringing and echoing of the church bells break on the morning air; ding-dong! and little children are hastening on their way to church. The tied rolls on; each corner, as it were, adds its rivulet, until it is swollen to a mighty riser, pouring to the house of worship. Shall we join the crowd?—Here we pass a group of idle neglected boys; boys whose lips should have scarcely forgotten the prattle of infancy, and yet from them issue oaths and blasphemies that sicken the heart, and make angels weep. We enter the church, whose lofty dome seems almost hidden in the misty air. The organ swells in majestic tones, till the sounds vibrate and revibrate through our hearts, like music echoing through lofty corridors.

No harsh sunlight here to cast its splintered rays across the floor. It steals through painted glass, and falls with lazy softness on cushioned seats. In vane we look to our little neighbor across the aisle. She sits in stately "starchedness," conscious that she has on her Sunday clothes, and last new bonnet.

The hymn is given out, the prelude is played, but in vain do we listen for those old airs that were wont to wake a holy inspiration in our hearts.—we are forced to confess that the music was beautiful, but it does not fill that vacancy in the heart, nor turn our eyes within us, like those old tunes sung by our fathers and grandfathers.

Church is over. See how the crowd moves to the door; the organ peals forth at their going; friends meet at the door—where is the hearty clasping of the hands?—a cold bow, a Sunday bow, a smile at fatherest, and the crowd is scattered homeward, neither looking to the right nor left; and every one looks as if they were exercising funeral manners in Sunday costume.

"Don't like the pictures?"

How to Win Woman's Favor.

It's very easy to make yourself popular among the ladies. Don't stand back and tremble, and think because you haven't the figure of Adonis or the face of Apollo, you stand no chance at all. It is not mustaches and straight noses that do the business. Woman, bless their souls, don't care a fig for such things. Only remembered a few little preliminaries and you can make them like you if your hair is red and your mouth wide!

When you go to make an evening call, don't start too early. Ladies are not well pleased to be caught before their curls and basques are arranged. Be particularly careful not to sit down on the cat nor kick the dog across the floor—the girls are sure to appreciate any one who knows how to be polite to their pets. If there's a piece of worsted work, admire it; don't forget to mistake the artificial flowers in the vases for real; if the young lady is doing crochet-work, ask her if she can't teach you. Beyond everything, don't tip back in your chair, for every crack in the fragile furniture there'll be a worse fracture in your friendship! And

when she begins to yawn behind her pocket-handkerchief, take up your hat and go. "Short and sweet, long and bitter," is a good motto for evening visits.

When you are out walking with a lady, don't go striding along until she is forced to run to keep up with you—the first you know she will run off. Notice just how she walks and modulate your pace accordingly. If she meets a feminine acquaintance and stops for a nice little chat, it is essential that you should not manifest impatience by balancing first on one heel and then on the other. If she wants to look into a shop window, stop and admire too, though you may not know a ribbon from a railway-station. When you come to a crossing give her the whole of it, and go meekly in the mud! Tell her how becoming her new bonnet is, and implore her to wear it the next time she goes to the opera with you.

If you meet a rival young gentleman at her house don't be rude to him—it is the worst policy in the world. Be as polite as possible to him; crush him, if you can, with courtesy. Never laugh loud in a parlor, and remember to speak low. It's just as well not to talk very much yourself, let the ladies have the preference, and they will prefer your society accordingly. Be blind and deaf to whatever they choose to keep from your sight and hearing—a steel spring escaping from a crinoline for instance, or papa in the hall wondering "whether that young fellow means to go home to-night or not!"

Nothing easier than to be favorite with the ladies. Humor them, wait on them, study their little peculiarities, be always ready to escort them anywhere, amuse them when they are dull and laugh with them when they are lively, and though you may be as homely as a hedge fence, they will like you ten times better than the handsome blockhead who thinks his looks are going to do everything for him.

Reminiscences of the Marriage of Henry Clay.

The delivery of the statue of Henry Clay, in New Orleans, and its proposed inauguration in April, is exciting a proper degree of interest both in and outside of that city. Kentucky is to be formally represented at the inaugural ceremonies. A representative has already been designated in the person of Mark Hardin, Esq., who was selected last week, by a meeting held at Shelbyville. How singularly appropriate this appointment is, will appear by the following paragraph from an exchange: "An interesting incident occurred a few days ago at Louisville, Kentucky. It was the meeting of the only two persons now living who were present at the marriage of Henry Clay. The parties were Mark Hardin, of Shelbyville, a noble relic of the old time generation of Kentuckians, and the venerable Mrs. Price, mother-in-law of Judge T. A. Marshall, of the court of appeals of that State. At the time of the marriage, Mr. Hardin was clerk for Col. Hart of Lexington, whose daughter Mr. Clay married, and Mrs. Price was one of the most admired belles of the State.—Col. Hart was a merchant, and a rich one for that early time, full of the whole-hearted hospitality which characterized the pioneers of the West, and proud of the brilliant promise of his new son-in-law. The wedding, therefore was a sumptuous affair; invitations were sent to every family of respectability within the settled portions of the State, and the mansion of the bride's father was thronged with guests from the gayest youth to the gravest age. The visitors varied in costume as much as in years. Honest tanbarked dyed homespun was there blushing beside the European friberies of laced coats, ruffles, and small swords.

"The venerable couple I have named had not seen each other for a long period until their late meeting. They recalled the incidents of the wedding, and revived memories of friends and companions among the large company there gathered together, some of whom had died in riches and honors, others in disgrace or destitution; all were gone—sixty years had swept all but themselves from their places among the living."

Question.—Who settled Virginia?
Answer.—John Smith.

Ques.—Who unsettled Virginia?
Ans.—John Brown.

We find the above going the rounds of the Republican papers. We subjoin the following in addition:

Ques.—Who settled John Brown?
Ans.—Virginia.

ORIGIN OF THE TWO-THIRDS RULE.

—The two-thirds rule in Democratic National Convention for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice President was adopted at Baltimore, in 1832, when Andrew Jackson was nominated for President, and Martin Van Buren was designated Vice President. That was the first Democratic National Convention ever held. The Democratic members of the Legislature of New Hampshire made the suggestion that led to the Convention. Their argument was to let the Districts and States that did not have Democratic members of Congress but still had a large Democratic popular vote, have a voice in the selection of candidates. Under the old system of Congressional causes they were excluded.

The two thirds rule was reported in 1835, from a committee, of which the late Vice-President King, of Alabama was Chairman. An attempt was made to substitute the majority principle, but it was voted down. In 1835 the second National Convention was held at Baltimore. The two-thirds rule was adopted after a long discussion. The majority principle at first carried, but was finally stricken out. In 1840 no action was taken on the two-thirds rule, as Mr. Van Buren was renominated for President by acclamation. In 1844, at the fourth National Convention, the two-thirds rule was adopted, by a close vote, after a long discussion. At the National Conventions since held it has been adopted without opposition. The two-thirds rule has never defeated a candidate for President who had a majority of votes in a Convention, save the case of Martin Van Buren, in 1844.—Baltimore Republican.

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?"

"Was nup and tuck, stranger. I tell ye. Was that your hound?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was powerful tight, sartin, indeed it was?"

"But which was ahead?"

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

Hunter left.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

—A neighbor of mine missed corn from his garner, and his suspicion rested upon a reckless fellow whom everybody called "Sam." The corn was kept in a chamber over the kitchen, adjoining the wood-house; to ward which the chamber was left open and accessible by a ladder. The victim of this midnight "heffery," as another neighbor calls it, determined to satisfy himself concerning the identity of the thief, made a temporary bed upon the kitchen floor and lay down to watch.—About the hour when "church-yard yaw," he was aroused from a paralytic slumber by the rattling of the corn overhead, when he suddenly called out at the top of his voice—

"Sam!"

"Hello!" responded the thief, taken entirely off his guard by this sudden call.

"Don't take more than a bushel!"

"Then I shall have to poor it out; for I've got two in the bag already!"

The following notice is said to be posted at a railway station:

"Travelers should be careful to deliver baggage to proper persons, as a gentleman, a few days since, entrusted his wife to a stranger, and has not heard of her since."

The proprietor of a hotel in the capital of a Western State posted the following notice in the hall way leading to the dining room.

"Members of Assembly will go to the table first, and gentlemen afterwards."

"Nota Bene—Rowdies and blackguards will please not mix with members, as it is hard to tell one from the other."