

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

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Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c.,
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Corner Frame Building.

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&c., South Side of the Court House Green.

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Harness Maker, South West End of
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Court House.

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Office adjoining the Drug Store.

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BRYAN & BROS., Manufacturers of Bry-
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Retail Grocer, Corner of Green and
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and Jeweler, Corner of Pratt and
Commerce Streets.

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mission Merchants, No. 1, Bowley's
Wharf.

W. ANSLBY, Dealer in Shell Lime,
Baltimore, Md.

Poetical.

THE FAMILY MAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I once was a jolly young bean,
And knew how to pick up a fan,
But I've done with all that, you must know
For I'm a family-man!

When a "partner" I ventured to take,
The ladies all favored the plan;
They vowed I was certain to make
Such an excellent family-man!

If I travel by land or by water,
I have charge of some Susan or Ann;
Mrs. Jones is sure that her daughter
Is safe with a family-man!

The trunks and the hand-boxes round 'em,
With something like horror I scan,
But though I may utter, "Confound 'em!"
I smile—like a family-man!

I once was as gay as a templer,
But levity's now under ban;
Young people must have an exemplar,
And I am a family-man!

The club-men I meet in the city
All treat me as well as they can;
And only exclaim, "What a pity!"
Poor Tom is a family-man!

I own I am getting quite pensive;
Ten children—from David to Dan—
Is a family rather extensive,
But then, I am a family-man.

Choice Story.

THE PROUD MILKMAID.

It is more than a hundred years ago, upon a brilliant afternoon of September, a coach and four, covered with dust, had just stopped in front of the only tavern of a small village in the "merry county of France." The hostlers were busy taking horses, and the sundry ejaculations and impatient exclamations, were exchanging commentaries upon the rank or profession of the traveller. The latter had disappeared with the host in the bright and cheerful kitchen, where in those days guests and hosts used to partake, together of the same fare. After giving his orders for a bountiful repast, and adding that he wanted it in a hurry, as he wished to reach before night, a large town, somewhat distant he had sauntered along the street, gazed at by the children at play, and by the old woman spinning in front of their dwellings. All delighted to have such an event as a "traveller" to discuss. What a figure he would cut now, to be sure! with his carefully powdered hair, his three-cornered hat, his bright blue coat, with shining buttons, his buff knee breeches, and buckled shoes. His whole appearance denoted the rich man; the ruffles on his bosom were of the finest fabric, wide and undulating with rare old lace; his hands, white and small, showed no sign of hard work; his step even, had that saunter and ease which tell of no obligation to hurry and bespeak the owner of his time, subservient to no one.

He was a young man; perhaps not over twenty two. His clear, blue eyes and fair complexion showed, at a glance, his northern origin; his features were regular, his figure tall and straight, his whole appearance noble.

As we have already said, the stranger was quietly walking along the little village street, and soon had reached its last house, prettily inclosed by a little garden filled with the flaunting blossoms of the hollyhocks and sunflowers. Here the street was merging itself into a lane—a real old-fashioned country lane—meandering among meadows, and crossed by bubbling brooks, all fragrant with the many tiny flowers of the fields, and here and there overarched by the luxuriant wild pear trees. It was near sunset: the lowing of the cows and the tinkling of their bells was heard everywhere. The fields were alive with the boys and girls driving the cattle home. It was that cheerful hour of the day when every object is tinged with the brightest shades, and the sun, before disappearing, turns everything to gold. The traveller was enchanted. He had, five days before, left the noisy and busy city of Paris, and ever since hurried through scarcely less busy or less noisy towns. Here at least he could refresh eyes and mind; and he was feasting on that peaceful agitation of country life.

Just as he was turning from the main road into a narrow path running along the laughing brook, he saw, coming across the meadow, a young girl, carry-

ing on her head a pail brimming over with milk. She must have been wonderfully fair and lovely, that rustic milkmaid, to attract and rivet the attention of the somewhat blase young man, used to the beauties of the unrivalled city. Never had he seen such perfection of features and such gracefulness of form. Her bare arm, raised to steady the pail poised on her head, though sunburnt, was faultless in shape. The rounded outline of her bust, and the beauty of the ankle and foot, which neither shoe nor stocking concealed; the noble and graceful head, the bright red lips, and beaming eyes—nothing escaped the attention and scrutiny of the stranger. He was at first spell-bound, little thinking he should meet with such rare beauty in such a rustic garb; but soon recovering thought and speech, he jumped over the low fence that divided the path from the meadow, and coming up to the young girl he addressed her as, in those days, one of his class in life thought fit to address a pretty country lass. His first words were not heeded, only the girl gave him an astonished and somewhat scornful glance, which must have enhanced her beauty tenfold, for the young man expressed his admiration in warm and plain language, and ventured on some proposals which, in his gay life in the capital, he had never known to be refused. What must have been his astonishment when the young girl, who had not uttered a single word yet, took the milk-pail from her head, and throwing its contents into the young man's face, exclaimed: "That's your answer, impertinent fellow!" And leaving him thus deluged, she quickly walked off.

There was no further travelling that night nor the next day, nor for many days after. The energetic answer of the insubstantial girl had touched a vibrating chord in our young man's heart. From a mere amateur's admiration his feelings had turned to respect. It was so novel an adventure that he resolved to follow it to the end.

On that very night, after he had announced his wish to stay at the inn for a few days, he made inquiries about the "beautiful Petronella," and better known as the proudest girl of the country; one to whom no one dared to offer the least familiarity, and whose low birth was hidden under her noble and faultless character.

Our traveller went to the small farm house where she lived with her old parents, the youngest of four children, and the only daughter. He saw her there; he apologized to her; he spoke to her; he spoke to her with the respect he felt; and, at last, after many a parley and discussion with the old people, the young girl was taken to the school of the neighboring convent, there to be educated, taught to read, and write, and embroider on satin—the three requisites of a lady's education in those plain and easy times.

Three years did she stay there, until the day she became twenty. On that day, and by the pastor of the village church, she was married to the young man whom she had once so bravely repulsed, and whose patient waiting and deferential courtship were fully rewarded by the loveliness and rare beauty of his rustic bride; they had lost nothing of their perfection by being taught how to shine.

The milkmaid became the wife of the rich banker, and for many years adorned his princely mansion, and did the honors of her husband's table, with a native and striking grace that every one noticed. But very few were made acquainted with her early life and rather novel courtship: she did not wish to become a wonder and curiosity to her husband's friends, but to those who had become intimate enough to be told of her native place and avocation, she used to say that when she carried the milk-pails and milked her father's cows, she felt as high bred, if not as high-born, as the first lady of the land. Nature had made her a lady, and circumstances had only given her the lady's attire.

Political.

Macaulay's Opinion of our Government.

The Southern Literary Messenger for March contains a letter from Lord Macaulay, addressed to Henry S. Randall, Esq., author of the Life of Jefferson, which cannot fail to command the serious attention of every thoughtful American citizen. The letter is dated "Holly Lodge May 23, 1857," and embodies the matured opinions of one of the foremost, if not the very first, historians of the age, touching a form of Government in which the hopes and the interests of mankind are perhaps more deeply involved than in any other form whatsoever. In a preface to this letter, a writer states that the published writings of Macaulay, though they treat largely of political science, contain so many direct or incidental expressions of their author's estimate of other Governments besides his own, no where give his views, with any fullness, of the democratic institutions of our own country. This is the more surprising from the well known fact, that Macaulay was imbued with the most ardent love of liberty, was during his whole life attached to the Liberal party, and must of necessity have felt the liveliest concern in the welfare of that lusty Republic whose blood was drawn immediately from British veins, and the spirit of whose laws and institutions reflected so accurately the best features of the English Constitution.

The letter, now made public, supplies the omission, if it may be so called, of the historian's published writings. It is impossible to condense the arguments adduced by Macaulay in support of his opinion that our government must prove a failure, and we beg leave therefore, to refer the reader to the letter itself as the only means of obtaining a satisfactory estimate of the noble author's views, and as eminently worthy of perusal, apart from any personal considerations. We are told that Lord Macaulay never had a high opinion of Mr. Jefferson, and he "never wrote a line or uttered a word in conversation or on the hustings, indicating the opinion that the supreme authority of a State ought to be entrusted to the majority of citizens told by the head, in other words, to the poorest and most ignorant part of society." We are told further, that he has "long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must sooner or later, destroy liberty and civilization or both."

Upon the assumption that ours is and purely democratic government, he goes on to show, with great force and very positive logic, how the natural working of such a government must inevitably eventuate in the downfall of liberty and the destruction of civilization. He says to Mr. Randall: "You may think that your country enjoys an exemption from these evils. I will frankly own to you that I am of a very different opinion—

Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause; that namely of a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, to which the laboring classes may, for many years to come, repair, and so prevent the pressure of population upon subsistence—the true test of the strength of a government—

Macaulay continues: "The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a Legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith—On the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and ride in a carriage, while thousands of honest folks are in the want of necessaries. Which of the two candidates are likely to be preferred by a working man who hears his children cry for more bread?"

A pertinent question, truly, and one that deserves additional and grave importance from the events of the passing hour—the strike at Lynn, with its constantly increasing accessions in the towns and villages of New England and in the great cities of other States.

The extracts given above suffice to show the drift of Macaulay's reasoning on a question which should be the most momentous of all others to every educated man and every man of property in the

Republic. Whilst realizing the force of much that he says, we think that in the substantial results predicted he is entirely wrong. We have a better hope in the ability of our free institutions to adapt themselves to the coming exigencies of the country, a sure confidence that there will always be enough of conservatism in the Republic to meet and overcome danger when it becomes formidable, and to render the very trials which most sorely test our institutions the proof that a free people, educated in the enjoyment of free institutions, whilst they may carry their liberty to the verge of anarchy, yet possess within themselves those attributes that will insure a safe deliverance. But whilst the intelligent American citizen, better acquainted than Macaulay could be with the genius of the Republic, sees the inherent strength that is to meet the catastrophe which he predicted, it must be confessed that there is much in the present condition of our politics and government which make it no cause for wonder that our future should have presented itself in so sad an aspect to Lord Macaulay.—*Baltimore American.*

Miscellaneous.

Taking The Census.

In endeavoring to take the census for the government, the marshals occasionally met with difficulties as well nigh to deprive them of their senses. This colloquy is said to have taken place in a canal street—

"Who is the head of this family?"

"That depends upon circumstances."

"If before 11 o'clock, it's me husbands—

If after 11 o'clock it's meself."

"Why this division?"

"Because, after that hour, he's had as a piper, and unable to take care of himself, let alone his family."

"What is his age?"

"Coming next Michaelmas he will lack a month of being as old as Finnegan."

"You know Finnegan?"

"No, I don't know Finnegan; and if I did it would not help matters. Is your husband an alien?"

"Och, thin he's sitting in the chair. He has rheumatism worse than owd Donnelly, who was tied double with them."

"How many male members have you in the family?"

"Niver a one?"

"What no boys at all?"

"Boys is it? Ah murther, go home—

We have boys enough to whip four loaves for breakfast."

"When were you married?"

"The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for Ameriky. Ah, well I mind it. A sunshiner day niver gilded the sky of owd Ireland."

"What was the condition of your husband before marriage?"

"Never a man more miserable. He said if I did not give him a promise within two weeks, he'd blow his brains out with a crowbar."

"What was he at the time of your marriage, a widower or a bachelor?"

"A which! A widower, did you say? Ah, now go way wid your nonsense. Is'th the likes of me that would take up with a second-hand husband? Do I look like the wife of a widower? A widower! May I never be blessed if I'd not rather live alone and bring up a family on buttermilk and praties."

Here the dialogue finished up, the marshals coming to the conclusion that he could "make more" next door.

DISINFECTANT.—The Rev. Mr. Seelye, who has been preaching at Paris, France at the American Chapel, gives to the Springfield Republican an account of a new "Disinfecting Power" lately discovered in France by Messrs. Corne and Deaux.

It is produced from a mixture of ordinary plaster of Paris and coal tar. The mixture must be made in a hand-mill; and the pounding continued until the two ingredients are thoroughly mixed. It is sold in Paris at ten cents a pound. For preventing the disagreeable odor of sinks, &c., the effect is instantaneous, and it is much cheaper than chloride of lime for this purpose. A small piece not bigger than a pin's head will render fit for use a pint and a half of water that is beginning to grow putrescent. It can be used in agriculture as a fertilizer, which will purify a heap of manure, and enrich the soil. It has been employed in hospitals as a disinfectant, and by the surgeons on putrid, bad smelling sores.—It is well worth trying in this country.

Rustic Simplicity.

Day before yesterday a trio of newly wedded couples from the interior of Kentucky arrived at the Burnet House, and took apartments for the night in that well-ordered hotel. It was quite evident that the entire party was unfamiliar with metropolitan sights. The roomy corridors, marble floors, gorgeous drawing room, and well spread tables of the hotel, drew from them the most ingenious remarks of surprise. In the evening they visited the Opera House, and were so astounded by its magnificence, that even Mrs. Waller's wonderful impersonation of 'Meg Merrilies almost failed to interest them.

Nothing more was thought of the verdant trio till about one o'clock yesterday morning, at which hour the boot black of the Burnet House, in making his customary round, observed one of the bucolic Benedicts seated in the hall, near the door of his room. He naively asked the possessor of understandings if he was the clerk. Receiving a negative answer, he informed the boot black that he would like to see that individual. In a few moments, one of the attentive office men was at his side, and politely asked him what was needed:

"Couldn't you make me a bed in the parlor?" said the disconsolate looking individual.

"In the parlor?" echoed the clerk, "I am afraid not."

Well, I'd like to have one spread down, somewhere."

"Why don't you go into your own room?" asked the clerk.

"I don't like to," said the bashful young man.

"Why what's the matter?" continued the clerk. "Has your wife turned you out?"

"No," said he, drawingly, "but you see I've never been married before, and I don't much like to go in pertickler in a strange place."

"Oh, go right in," said the clerk, smiling audibly. "She won't think it wrong."

Here the door of the room opened about an inch, and through the aperture came a coaxing voice saying—

"Do come in, John; I won't hurt yer. I knowed they'd think strange of your standing out there. Come in, won't yer? I've blowd out the gas, and it's all dark."

The odor from the room assured the clerk that she had indeed, "blowd out the gas," so, pushing open the door, he stopped the flow, raised a window, and returned to the hall to persuade the verdant husband to retire with his wife.—

All argument was fruitless however and he was compelled to assign the simple individual room for the night.—*Cin. Enq.*

CALLING THEIR NAMES.—A custom prevails among many congregations, of persons taking upon themselves the onerous duty of noticing all who chance to come in late during service. Of course, one cannot carry home intelligence whether the Browns, Smiths and Joneses were out and what they had on unless a good look-out is kept. "But do not such lose in piety what they gain in information? Squeak goes the door and around twist the necks of some dozen persons who ought to be looking on their books. Now what the late comers may think of this special attention, we cannot say, because we are there at least five minutes before the voluntary. But it strikes us that he was at least a wise minister who compromised the matter with his congregation thus:—

"Now," said he, "to save trouble, you all look at me, and when any one comes in late I will announce it during services."

(It is the eleventh day evening prayer.)

"They go to and fro in the evening, they grin like a dog, and run about through the city."

(There comes one of the Simkisses.)

"Behold they speak with their mouth, and words are on their lips, for who doth hear?"

(That's Jones, the deaf man!)

"But in the evening they will return, grin like a dog, and go about the city." (Mr. Fish the soap boiler!)

"They will run here and there for meat, and crudge if they are not satisfied."

(There comes a man with a white hat and a brown coat—don't know who he is!)

By this time the congregation could stand it no longer, but laughed heartily. They got cured, however of unmanly turning to see what old man and old woman had overslept themselves,

Lyman Beecher's Courtship.

An eminent divine, who is well known as he is universally respected, many years since was led to the conclusion that "it is not well for a man to be alone." After considerable pondering he resolved to offer himself in marriage to a certain member of his flock. No sooner was the plan formed than it was put into practice; and getting out his cane, he speedily reached the dwelling of his mistress.

He chanced to be on Monday morning, a day which many New England readers need not be told is better known as washing day.

Unconscious of the honor that was intended her, the lady was standing behind the tub in the back kitchen, with her arm immersed in the suds, busily engaged in an occupation which to say the least of it, is more useful than romantic.—

There was a loud knock at the door.

"Jane go to the door, and if it is anybody to see me, tell them I am engaged, and cannot see them."

The message was faithfully rehearsed.

"Tell your mistress that it is very important that I should see her."

"Tell him to call this evening," said the lady, "and I'll see him."

But it was unavailing.

"I must see her now," said the minister, "tell me where she is."

So saying, he followed the servant into the kitchen to the great surprise of her mistress.

"Miss —, I have come to the conclusion to marry; will you have me?" was the minister's opening speech.

"Have you?" replied the astonished and astonished lady. "This is a singular time to offer yourself. Such an important step should be made a matter of prayer and deliberation."

"Let us pray!" was Mr. B's only response, as he knelt down beside the tub and prayed that a union might be formed which would embrace the happiness of both parties. His prayer was answered, and from this union thus singularly formed, has sprung a family remarkable for talent and piety.

The Greatest Duel on Record.

An old Mississippi furnishes the following to the Woodville (Miss.) Republican:

The famous duel in which forty or more gentlemen were engaged, in 1828, is still remembered in Natchez. Col. Jim Bowie, the famous fighter and inventor of the knife which bears his name, used to spend a great deal of his time in Natchez. He was challenged by a gentleman from Alexandria, La., whose friends to the number of twenty or more, accompanied him to Natchez to see fair play, knowing Bowie was a desperate man, and had his own friends about him. All parties went upon the field. The combatants took their places in the center, separated from their friends in the rear, or enough not to endanger them with their balls. Behold the battle array thus: Twenty armed Louisianians fifty yards behind their champion and his seconds and surgeon, and opposite them, as far behind Bowie and his seconds and surgeon, twenty armed Mississippians. Behold the heights of Natchez thronged with spectators, and a steamer in the river rounded to, its decks black with passengers, watching with a deep interest the scene.

The plan of fight, was to exchange shots twice with pistols, and to close with knives, Bowie being armed with his own terrible weapon. At the first fire both parties escaped. At the second the Louisianian was too quick and took advantage of Bowie, who waited the word. At this Bowie's second cried "foul play!" and shot the Louisianian dead. The second of the latter instantly killed the slayer of his principal. Bowie drove his knife into this man. The surgeons now crossed blades, while with loud battle cries, came on the two parties of friends, the light of battle in their eyes. In a moment the whole number were engaged in a fearful conflict. Dirks, pistols and knives were used with fatal effect, until one party drove the other from the field. I do not know how many were killed and wounded in all, but it was a dreadful slaughter. Bowie fought like a lion, but left covered with wounds. For months he lingered at the Manassas House before he fully recovered.

"Sam, why am de Senators like de fishes?"

"I don't meddle wid de subject, Pomp."

"Why, don't you see, nigga, because dey are so fond ob de bate."