

# 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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## Yearly Advertisers.

### CENTREVILLE MERCHANTS.

JOHN M'KENNEY, WILLIAM M'KENNEY,  
G. KENNEY & CO., Dealers in Dry  
Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., Cor-  
ner Store, Brick Building.

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

THOMAS HUGHEY, 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 Clothing, Groceries, &c.,  
—opposite the Brick Hotel.

L. MASTBAUM, Dealer in Ready-  
Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats,  
&c., South Side of the Court House Green.

### 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.

JOSEPH A. HALE, Brick Layer. Or-  
ders to be left with R. C. Baynard or  
at either of the printing offices.

LAMBERT T. COBURN, Fashiona-  
ble Tailor—Shop on Main Street,  
opposite the Court House.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

W. I. CIBSON, General Agent & Col-  
lector, Centreville, Md.

JOHN PALMER, JR., General Agent  
and Collector. Office North of the  
Court House.

SAMUEL A. RICHARDSON, (suc-  
cessor to John W. Tarman.) Wheel-  
wright and Blacksmith, at Rutledge,  
Queen Ann's Co. Md.

T. TWILLEY, Surgeon Dentist;  
Office adjoining the Drug Store.

THOMAS B. QUIGLEY, Attorney at  
Law and Solicitor in Chancery, of-  
fice adjoining frame Hotel.

JOHN F. POSTON, Brick Hotel Cen-  
treville Md.

### BALTIMORE ADVERTISERS.

G. T. KENLY, W. E. TILGHMAN,  
KENLY & TILGHMAN, Commis-  
sion Merchants, No. 18 Bowley's  
Wharf.

T. A. BRYAN, EDWARD BRYAN,  
BRYAN & BRO., Manufacturers of Bry-  
an's Agricultural Mud Lifter, Corner  
of Front and Plowman Streets.

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

Z. TARMAN, General Commission Mar-  
chant 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 Ma-  
ker and Jeweler, No. 10 Light Street

W. M. EMERSON NICHOLSON, Commis-  
sion Merchant, No. 1, Bowley's  
Wharf.

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

## A Good Speech on Slavery.

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY  
Discussed in the New York Conference  
of the Methodist Church.

Speech of the Rev. Mr. Kettel.

At the New York Conference of the  
Methodist Church held in that city  
lately the following resolutions were  
called up as the special order of the day.

### THE ERIE RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were adopted  
by the Erie Annual Conference, at its  
session in Brockville, Pa., July 13 1859:

Resolved by the Erie Annual Confer-  
ence, in conference Assembled, That the  
Annual Conference be requested to con-  
cur in so amending the general rule on  
slavery, that it shall read as follows:—  
"The buying, selling, holding or trans-  
ferring of any human being to be used  
in slavery."

Resolved, That we recommend the  
suspension of the fourth restrictive rule,  
for the purpose specified in the fore-  
going resolution.

Resolved, That our bishops be, and  
they are hereby, respectfully requested  
to present the foregoing resolutions to  
all the annual conferences of the Metho-  
dist Episcopal Church for their concur-  
rence.

L. D. WILLIAMS, Sec'y  
of the Erie Annual Conference.

Meadville, July 25, 1859.

On a motion to concur in the above  
resolution a debate then arose between  
the leading men of the conservative and  
ultra on the slavery question in the  
course of which Mr. Kettel delivered the  
following admirable argument:

"Rev. G. F. Kettel said he did not con-  
sider that any of the rules that had been  
presented embodied any stronger or more  
emphatic declaration against slavery than  
was already contained in the Discipline.

All the resolutions passed by other con-  
ferences were ambiguous, and incapable  
of general comprehension. The lan-  
guage of the Discipline was simple and  
emphatic and distinct. The brethren  
said a man must buy and sell men, women  
and children, with the intention to en-  
slave them, and that those things must  
combine before the slaveholder could be  
arraigned under the rule. He (the speaker)

really thought that that construction was  
an invention. He never heard any body  
put such a construction upon it.—  
(Laughter.) The plain, emphatic mean-  
ing of the rule was, that the buying or  
selling of anybody was against the Dis-  
cipline; and what he asked, was to be  
gained by a change of the rule? They  
could not make the sense of the church  
or the Discipline any clearer by altering  
it. Last year, said he, we had a very  
singular piece of logic presented, and  
which was supposed to have had consid-  
erable influence. Dr. Clark has said  
that the object of the Cincinnati rule was  
to change the Discipline. It was a con-  
servative measure; it had been put for-  
ward by conservative men, and was in-  
tended simply to let it be known that the  
church reaffirmed her declaration against  
slavery, and was not intended to change  
the Discipline. If we want a new rule  
it must express something more em-  
phatic."

Dr. Clark rose to correct the state-  
ment, which was unintentionally wrong.  
He (Dr. C.) said on the occasion allud-  
ed to by Mr. Kettel that as he under-  
stood the Discipline that rule gave ex-  
pression to his (Dr. C.'s) understanding  
of it.

"Mr. Kettel resumed his speech. He  
took a pro-slavery man to be a person  
who thought slavery was just for itself,  
while a conservative man was one who  
considered it justifiable to allow it to re-  
main under the circumstances until they  
could do better. He pronounced him-  
self a conservative man. Was a man to  
be turned out of church because of his  
connection with slavery? If it was a sin  
to hold slaves, then they had no election  
but to turn every man out of church who  
commits this sin; and yet brethren who  
assumed it was a sin said they did not  
wish to emancipate all the slaves at once.

The admission that they might remain  
unemancipated was to his mind the ac-  
knowledgment of no sin. They have got  
to decide one way or the other. The  
consequences must be taken into account,  
whether it is right or wrong in us to set  
ourselves up in the face of this insti-  
tution, existing in the land, and turn a man  
out of church that was connected with it?  
That was the real question before them.  
They wanted no change in the Discipline

unless it was required. There was a  
great deal of sentiment, rhetoric and  
pious declamation upon the sin and e-  
normity of holding slaves. It seems to  
be everywhere assumed, because there  
are moral evils connected with slavery,  
that the possession of slaves is sinful—  
I assume that there may be sin neces-  
sarily connected with an institution, and  
it does not follow that that is sinful. Take  
the marriage relation. Who can deny in  
the imperfect condition of society and of  
the human, life that there are not evils  
growing out of it? The Christian Sab-  
bath is necessarily the cause of sin in a  
great many cases—such as idleness,  
drunkenness and gambling. The whole  
question lies in the moral character of  
slavery itself. There is sin attaching it-  
self to all conditions of human life; and  
it is just so with slavery. No man de-  
nies that there are evils in it; but that  
does not prove that the relation is neces-  
sarily sinful? We must arrive at that po-  
sition before we turn a man out of the  
church.

"The oft repeated platitude, that the  
world owes a man a living, was false.—  
On the contrary, there was an original  
right in society to demand a man's labor  
on compulsion from many who were un-  
willing to labor for themselves. In all  
Christian lands there resided in society  
a right to demand labor from those who  
are incapable or indisposed to labor for  
themselves. It is claimed in the case  
of vagrants; in the system of compul-  
sory labor in the State of Massachusetts,  
in the workhouse, compulsory labor which  
was rigorously demanded. It was en-  
forced also in the case of minors; the  
person having one in charge has the ab-  
solute power of controlling and selling  
him into service until he is twenty; and  
the master has the right by force of  
law to bring him back and compel him  
to labor if he runs away. I do not mean  
to say that they embody this principle—  
the recognition of the original right, un-  
der certain circumstances and under cer-  
tain forms to compel labor from those  
who have not the disposition or capaci-  
ty to labor without compulsion. The  
question is whether there are among us  
four millions of persons belonging to a  
class whose capacity and disposition to  
labor are, to say the least doubtful—  
whether we have it in our power to still  
continue a system that imposes compul-  
sory labor upon them? All the rhetoric  
that is expended is against the system of  
American slavery. The speaker demed  
the assertion that slaveholders owned the  
bodies and souls of men. It is a false-  
hood. All they own is a right to make  
them work. Under ancient systems of  
slavery they did own the bodies of the  
slaves, and the Romans used to cut them  
in pieces for their fishes. The young  
men of Athens cut them up for amuse-  
ment, leaving them in their streets. The  
question only arises as to the original  
morality of slavery—as to the proper ap-  
plication of the master's rights to the  
slave; that is to say whether they are a  
race who have the capacity and disposi-  
tion to labor, and whether they are a race,  
if set free able and willing to render soci-  
ety a return for that which will fit them  
for civilization; whether they are a race  
which, if liberated will not be a curse to  
the land and impose upon us the neces-  
sity of supporting them without labor?—  
I am not justifying the institution of slav-  
ery—I am not a pro slavery man—but  
I say that, in the face of the consequences  
which must result from setting free four  
millions of paupers, is of very grave mo-  
ment. Are we committing sin by al-  
lowing them to remain as they are? The  
history of Africa itself is a sufficient an-  
swer. The negro has never taken one  
step towards his own civilization, nor  
to his elevation—morally, socially or in-  
tellectually. Other nations have their  
golden ages; but Africa lies slumbering  
in night, and through her vast domains  
there is no mark of a former civilization  
nor of present activity. What can we  
do with four millions of such persons in  
our midst? If we could send them back  
let us do it. The question is, shall we  
transport four millions of Africans into  
the bosom of a civilized land, and let  
them be the same barbarians as they are  
in their own land? The sin of trans-  
porting them rests upon others. The  
negro is the same lazy being in other  
countries. All the statistics show that  
the negro is incapable of taking care of  
himself. I could quote figures to show  
the effects of emancipation in the West  
Indies. The testimony laid before the  
British Parliament, and acknowledged by

the highest authorities in various docu-  
ments, all goes to show that one half of  
the civilization of the West Indies was  
in a state of bush. It was also shown  
that the free negroes were lazy in Jamaica  
and St. Domingo. Touissant l'Overture,  
who was an able colored black man, in-  
stituted a measure to re-enslave the  
whole of the liberated. The effect, at  
least, was to do that. The measure  
provided that if the negro did not own a  
certain piece of ground he would be  
compelled to hire himself out to com-  
pulsory labor. Mr. Bigelow in his  
work, clearly shows that the negroes  
were incompetent to labor. The pos-  
session of five acres of land in Jamaica  
entitled a man to vote but there has not  
been a vote cast there by them for the  
last five years; the same thing appears in  
this country.

"The negroes are an idle race; they  
are hanging around our villages, in the  
back streets of our cities, a miserable  
remnant of a pauper race. It is said that  
slavery has degraded the black man, and  
that was the reason of his improvidence.  
If that is so, why does not freedom e-  
levate him? Because a man has been de-  
graded by slavery does he become more  
degraded when he is set free? The sys-  
tem of American slavery was the only  
system that has done anything to elevate  
the negro race. It has brought him into  
contact with the influences of the Gos-  
pel. There are more members of the  
Christian church among slaves in this  
country than any other people in the  
world and the facts show that as soon as  
they are set free they relapse into barbari-  
an. It is remarkable that in the State  
of Massachusetts, where more has been  
done towards fostering and elevating the  
black man than in any other part of the  
world, the population of free blacks has  
declined by one thousand in fifty years—  
showing that they nevertheless die, no  
matter what can be done. The morals  
of the slave are far better than those of  
the native African. In the latitude of  
Louisiana there are among the blind and  
deaf and dumb 1 to 1,200 blacks, whereas  
in the latitude of New York there  
are 1 to 250—showing that the negroes  
sunk in morality and in health. Not-  
withstanding all that has been said about  
American slavery, it is the mildest form  
of slavery that has ever existed. When  
Wesley said that American slavery was  
the vilest system he must have been  
blinded by prejudice. Every man knows  
that in Rome forty thousand negroes a  
month were thrown to the wild animals.  
The same thing occurred in Greece, and  
in Russia the punishment of offenders  
was still more severe. When we stand  
up here and vote it is a sin to keep slaves,  
we ought to know what we are talking  
about. My view is that we could com-  
mit a greater sin by setting them free.—  
What was it that contributed to elevate  
this country in the scale of civilization  
and all that contributed to social great-  
ness? What was it but the influx of  
wealth continually pouring out of the  
cotton field? (Great laughter.) Brethren  
may laugh; but it is so. When they  
laugh in the face of facts and in the face  
of statements which are based upon the  
official reports of the land, they  
ought to inform themselves before they  
laugh. There are 1,800 millions of  
property in the South; 450 millions of  
that cotton is manufactured in the North  
supporting one hundred thousand families  
in the New England States. I think  
there are something like 150 millions  
transported in Northern ships; so that  
nearly all the commercial interests of the  
North are dependent upon the South.—  
A great deal is said about the poverty  
of the South. But the agricultural pro-  
ducts of the south are greater than those  
at the North. The South was working  
for the benefit of the North, and it was  
the North that derived the great pecuni-  
ary benefit from the institution of slavery.  
This loud cry against slavery by a great  
many brethren did not touch a particu-  
lar tender spot. Did they not love coffee  
and sugar, and too many of them, he was  
sorry to say love tobacco. It was a  
curious fact that men should stand up  
and make anti-slavery speeches with tobacco  
in their mouths and cotton shirts on their  
backs. Are we to blight all the interests  
of this glorious land by improper action  
upon the slavery question? What do we  
gain by setting free four million of slaves?  
We turn them into paupers and sink  
ourselves down to paupers alongside of them.  
It is said that slavery is a relic of barbari-  
an. They are barbarians; they are not  
equal to white men; they are an inferior

race, God has brought them into con-  
nection with white men for their elevation,  
and not for us to cast off our responsi-  
bility and turn them back to the wildness  
in the savage state. In conclusion he  
said that the only result of passing any  
resolution changing the Discipline was to  
irritate the South. It seemed to him that  
at every annual Conference those who  
agitated the slavery question were thrust-  
ing out their heads and making faces at  
each other.

## Choice Story.

### THE LUCKY ADVERTISEMENT.

Twenty-one years ago, I was sitting  
by my fireside, footing up innumerable  
pages of my bachelor's house-keeping  
book, taking exercise in arithmetic on  
long columns of "petty cash"—compris-  
ing items for carrots and bath bricks,  
metal tacks and mutton chops—until  
tired and wearied, I arrived at the sum-  
total, and jerked the books on the mantle  
piece. Nearly at the same time I placed  
my hand in the pocket of my dressing  
gown, drew out a leather case, and lit a  
principle. Well, having lit the principle  
I placed my feet on the fender and sighed  
exhausted by the long job of domestic  
accounts. I was then in business—"was  
a wholesale business, then, is a large busi-  
ness now—yet one morning's toiling of  
carrots and bath bricks, of metal tacks and  
mutton-chops, would tire me a thousand  
times more than twenty-four hours of  
honest ledger work. I sighed, not from  
love, but from labor, for to tell the truth  
I had never been in love. Is this to go  
on forever!—thought I, as I took my  
third whiff and looked dreamily through  
the thin smoke as it ascended between  
me and a large print of the capture of  
Gibraltar which hung over the chimney  
piece. Am I to spend my prime in tot-  
ter-pole parsnips, and computing carrots  
and controlling washing bills? I sighed  
again and in the act, off flew the button  
of my neck band, as though some super-  
ior power had seasonably sent the acci-  
dent to remind me of helplessness.

The button settled my business; though  
as it slipped inside my shirt and passed  
with its mother-o'-pearl coldness over  
my heart, it for a moment threatened  
to chill my matrimonial resolution. I pitied  
my own lonely state, and pity, we know  
is akin to love. But how was the mat-  
ter to be accomplished? Most men of  
my age would already have adjusted their  
inclination to some object; so that having  
made up their mind and counted the cost  
I little more would have remained to be  
done than to decide upon the day and  
lay hold upon the license. This, how-  
ever, was not the case with me. I had been  
too much occupied, too idle, or too indol-  
ent to devote the time or make the effort  
to "form the attachment." It was through  
no disinclination or difficulty to be pleased  
for had any young lady of moderately ag-  
reeable powers taken the trouble she  
might have married me long ere then. I  
should even have been grateful to her for  
taking the trouble off my hands; but I  
was a bashful man. This weakness  
came from the same cause as my uncle  
"Toby"—namely, a want of acquaintance  
with female society, which want arose  
from another cause—namely, too close  
an application to business.

Accordingly I thought of an advertise-  
ment; yet with no practical desire of do-  
ing business, but as I persuaded myself  
for a joke. So, I scratched with a pencil  
on the back of a letter the following:  
"WANTED A WIFE.—None but prin-  
cipals need apply. The advertiser does  
not require cash but a companion. He  
is six and twenty, and tired of single, he  
thinks he can settle down to married life.  
As men go, he believes he has a moder-  
ate share of temper, and want of time is  
his only reason for having recourse to  
the newspapers. He has enough means  
for himself and a second party and is  
willing to treat at once. He is quite a-  
ware that a great many attempts to con-  
vert his honest intentions into an extrava-  
gant joke will be made, but he warns  
all rash intruders. If he finds a man hard-  
y enough to make sport of his affections,  
he will thrash him—"a woman he will  
forgive her. He has a heart for the sin-  
cere, a horsewhip for the impertinent.—  
In either case all application will be  
promptly attended to if addressed to P.  
P., to the office of this paper."

I felt proud of my composition and  
puffed away at my principle with a vague  
glee and anticipation of something com-  
ing of it. I had no great idea that any-

thing but fun would result from it; and I  
certainly had not the slightest notion of  
involving myself in a personal collision  
with any one. Still the presentation that  
it was not destined to be all a brown joke  
pressed upon me. On Saturday the ad-  
vertisement appeared, and I heard its  
style canvassed by all my friends, and it  
was jokingly suggested by more than one  
that I was the domesticated devotee of an  
individual who put it forth.

"On Monday morning, I sent a boy to  
the newspaper office for P. P.'s letters. I  
expected he might be followed by some  
curious and inquisitive persons; so I told  
him that on his way back to call on a  
bachelor neighbour of mine for a book.  
The trick told. The lad was followed  
by some persons who never lost sight of  
him until they ran him to my friend's, and  
then they announced that he was the ad-  
vertiser. I thus discharged in full one  
or two practical jokes which my neigh-  
bors had played upon me. The answers  
were of the usual character—several seek-  
ing to elicit my name, and still more sug-  
gesting places of meeting where I was to  
exhibit myself with a flower in my  
button-hole and a white handkerchief in  
my hand. One only looked like business.  
It was from a lady, who proposed an in-  
terview in a neighbouring city about forty  
miles north. She said "there was  
something so frank and straight forward  
in my advertisement that she was con-  
vinced it was real, and she could rely  
on my keeping her name a secret, if after we  
met, nothing came on of the meeting.—  
She would therefore see me at the  
at—, on a certain day, and if mutual  
approbation did not follow the interview,  
why there was no harm done."

Most people would have put down  
this as a trap to give me a journey for  
nothing. I did not. A presentiment im-  
pelled me to accept and keep the engage-  
ment.

This was in the old coaching days,  
when a man had time to make an ac-  
quaintance in forty miles, and now,  
when you are at your journey's end be-  
fore you have looked round your com-  
pany in a railway carriage. There were  
but two inside—myself and a pleasant,  
talkative, honest-faced elderly gentleman.  
Shy and timid in female society, I was  
yet esteemed animated enough among  
my own sex. We had no trouble, there-  
fore, in making ourselves agreeable to  
one another, so much so that as the coach  
approached G—, and the old gentleman  
learned that I meant to stop there that  
night, he asked me to waive ceremony  
and have a cup of tea with him after I  
had dined at my hotel. My "fair engage-  
ment" was not till next day, and as I  
liked the old gentleman, I accepted his  
offer.

After my pint of sherry, I brushed my  
hair and went in search of my coach  
companion and my promised cup of tea.  
I had no difficulty in finding him out, for  
he was a man of substance and some im-  
portance in the place. I was shown in  
to the drawing-room. My old friend  
received me heartily, and introduced me  
to his wife and five daughters. "All  
spinsters, sir," said he, "young ladies  
whom an unfortunating world seems  
disposed to leave upon my hands."

"If we don't sell, papa," said the el-  
dest, who with her sisters seemed to re-  
flect her father's fun, "it is not for want  
of puffing, for all your inductions are  
advertisements."

At the mention of the last word I felt  
a little decomposed, and almost regretted  
my engagement for the next day, when  
that very night, perhaps, my providen-  
tial opportunity had arrived.

I need not trouble my readers with all  
my sayings and doings during tea; suffice  
it to say that I found them a very  
pleasant friendly family, and was sur-  
prised to find I forgot all my shyness and  
timidity, encouraged by their good tem-  
pered ease and conversation. They did  
not inquire whether I was married or  
single, for where there are five unmarried  
daughters, the question might seem invidi-  
ous. I however, in the freedom of the  
moment, volunteered the information of  
my bachelorhood. I thought I had no  
sooner communicated the fact than the  
girls passed round a glance of arch intel-  
ligence from one to the other. I cannot  
tell you how odd I felt at that moment.  
My sensation was between pleasure and  
confusion, as a suspicion crossed my  
mind, and helped, I felt, to color my  
cheek. Presently, however, the eldest  
with an assumed indifference which cost  
her an effort, asked where I was staying.

"At the—hotel," I answered, with  
some embarrassment.

It was with difficulty they restrained a  
laugh. They bit their lips, and I had  
no longer any suspicion—I was certain.  
So, after having some music, when I  
rose to depart I mustered courage, as I  
bid them good-bye; to say to the el-  
dest—

"Shall P. P. consider this the inter-  
view?"

A blush of conscious guilt, I should  
rather say innocence, told me I had sent  
my random arrow to the right quarter; so  
I had pressed the matter no further at  
that moment, but I did her hand.

I remained at my hotel next day until  
an hour after the appointed time, but no  
one made her appearance. "Then,"  
thought I, brushing my hair and adjust-  
ing my cravat, "since the mountain will  
not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must  
go to the mountain," so I walked across  
to my old friend's. The young ladies  
were all in. The eldest was engaged  
with some embroidery at the window. I  
had therefore an opportunity as I leaned  
over the frame, to whisper—

"S. S. is not punctual."

The crimson in her face and neck was  
now so deep that a skeptic himself would  
no longer doubt. I need say no more;  
that evening in her father's garden, she  
confessed that she and her sisters had  
conspired to bring me up to G— on a  
fool's errand, never meaning, of course,  
to keep the engagement.

"I am," said I, "since you designed  
to take me to your music concert to make  
me happy."

"And what did she say, papa?" asks  
my second daughter, who is now look-  
ing over my shoulder as I write.

"Why, you little mischief, she promised to  
be your mamma, and she kept her word."

A Business Quaker  
The Quakers are in the main, as every  
one knows, a thin, hard-hearted, and  
undoubtedly honest people; but in some  
of them, even as among the "world's hon-  
est people," love of money was predom-  
inate. In one of their farming commu-  
nities lived friend Benjamin and his son.  
It was their custom to buy up cattle to  
fatten for sale. On one day Benjamin, jr.,  
had selected a choice portion from a pas-  
sing drove, and was about to buy, when  
Benjamin, sen., came along.

"Father, I am about to buy these cattle,  
what dost thou think of them?"

"What does he ask? So much? I  
guess thee'll get them less. Offer him  
\$800, and win'tt'ill morning, if he don't  
trade."

Friend Ben assented—made an offer in  
vain—went home with the old gentle-  
man—slept—and next morning after ear-  
ring for the stock, morticed his horse to  
go again to buy the cattle. But on the  
way he met Benjamin, senior, returning  
home with the whole herd in question—  
Benjamin, senior was wealthy as well as  
smart—he had taken an early start and  
bought the lot.

"Thee will let me have my portion,  
will thee not asked friend Benjamin?"

"No, sorry, of course not; I've bought  
the whole—want em' all."

"What! Isn't that a head trick to play  
thy own son? and I used to thee!"

"Ah, Benny," said pater familias, re-  
provingly, "thee must be sharp and wide  
awake; I trust nobody, Benjamin, watch  
everybody; watch thy father, Benjamin;  
watch thy father?"

Quite likely for young Benjamin the  
admonition was needless and unfor-  
ward.

RATHER POOR SOIL.—An inquisitive  
Yankee was standing at a tavern door,  
in the lower part of Jersey, watching a  
funeral pass by. At the head of it was  
a large manure cart, moving along very  
slowly, and making no effort to turn out  
for the procession. The Yankee was  
astonished at this want of attention on  
the part of the driver of said cart; and  
turning to a Philadelphian, who was  
standing by remarked—

"I guess the folks ain't very pertle  
about here; tu hum where I live, they  
always turn out for a funeral."  
"O, that's a part of the procession," re-  
plied the Philadelphian gravely.  
"Du tell! You don't say so! How!"  
exclaimed the Yankee.  
"Why, you see, it is a very poor, sandy  
soil about here, and nothing comes  
up they plant, unless they manure it  
well; so when they bury a fellow they  
throw a whole cart load of manure in  
the grave to make him rise at judgement  
day."

Helper is getting up a new book,  
intended for a republican campaign doc-  
ument.