

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, A Good Speech on Slavery.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,
In Centreville, Queen Ann's Co., Md.
BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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Yearly Advertisers.

CENTREVILLE MERCHANTS.

JOHN MCKENNEY, WILLIAM MCKENNEY,
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 HUGHEY, Dealer in Dry
Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., Two
Doors from Gorner, Frame Building.

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

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

W. M. H. DYOTT, Dealer in Ready
Made Clothes, Groceries, &c., opposite
the Brick Hotel.

L. ASTBAUM, 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. Orders
to be left with R. C. Baynard or at either of the printing offices.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. J. CIBSON, General Agent & Collector, Centreville, Md.

JOHN PALMER, Jr., General Agent
& Collector, Office North of the
Court House.

SAMUEL A. RICHARDSON, (successor
to John W. Tarmar,) Wheelwright
and Blacksmith, at Ruthsburg,
Queen Ann's Co. Md.

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

THOMAS B. QUIGLEY, Attorney at
Law and Solicitor in Chancery, office
adjoining frame Hotel.

JOHN F. POSTON, Brick Hotel Centreville Md.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISERS.

G. T. KENLY W. B. TILGHMAN,
KENLEY & TILGHMAN, Commission
Merchants, No. 18 Bowley's Wharf.

T. A. BRYAN, EDWARD BRYAN,
BRYAN & BRO., Manufacturers of Bryan'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 Mer-
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, Com-
mission Merchant, No. 1, Bowley's
Wharf.

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

EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL—EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES TO NONE.

\$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

CENTREVILLE, MD.—TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1860.

NO. 6.

unless it was required. There was a great deal of sentiment, rhetoric and pious declamation upon the sin and enormity 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 necessarily 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 Sabbath 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 itself to all conditions of human life; and it is just so with slavery. No man denies that there are evils in it; but that does not prove that the relation is necessarily sinful. We must arrive at that position 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 unwilling 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 compulsory labor in the State of Massachusetts, in the workhouse, compulsory labor which was rigorously demanded. It was enforced also in the case of minors; the person having one in charge has the absolute power of controlling and selling him into service until he is twenty-one; 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, under certain circumstances and under certain forms to compel labor from those who have not the disposition or capacity to labor without compulsion. The person having one in charge has the absolute power of controlling and selling him into service until he is twenty-one; 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 nevertheless, do 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 1,200 blacks, where as in the latitude of New York there are 1 to 250—showing that the negroes are not in morality and in health. Notwithstanding 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 commit 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 greatness? 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 products 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 pecuniary benefit from the institution of slavery. This loud cry against slavery by a great many brethren did not touch a particular 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 barbarism. They are barbarians; they are not equal to white men; they are an inferior

race, God has brought them into connection with white men for their elevation, and not for us to cast off our responsibility 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 thrashing out their heads and making faces at each other.

Choice Story.

THE LUCKY ADVERTISEMENT.

Twenty-one years ago, I was sitting by my fireside, footling up innumerable pages of my bachelor's house-keeping book, taking exercise in arithmetic on long columns of "penny cash"—comprising items for carrots and bath bricks, metal tacks and mutton chops—until tired and wearied, I arrived at the sun-tan, and jerked the books on the mantlepiece. Nearly at the same time I placed my hand in the pocket of my dressing gown, drew out a letter 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—"twas a wholesale business, then, 'tis a large business now—yet one morning's toings 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 toting up paupers, 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 superior power had seasonably sent the accident to remind me of helplessness.

The button settled my business; though as it slipped inside my shirt and passed with its mother-of-pearl coldness over my heart, it for a moment threatened to engulf my matrimonial resolution. I pinched my own lonely state, and pity, we know is akin to love. But how was the matter 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 little more would have remained to be done than to decide upon the day and lay hold upon the license. This, however, was not the case with me. I had been too much occupied, too idle, or too indolent 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 agreeable 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 we know 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 advertisement, yet with no practical desire of doing 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 principals 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 moderate 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 aware that a great many attempts to convert his honest intentions into an extravagant joke will be made, but he warns off rash intruders. If he finds a man hardly enough to make sport of his affections, he will thrash him—[a woman he will forgive her. He has a heart for the sincere, a horsewhip for the impudent.—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 coming 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 presentiment that it was not destined to be all a barren joke pressed upon me. On Saturday the advertisement appeared, and I heard its style canvassed by all my friends, and it was jokingly suggested by more than one that I was the domestically destitute individual who put it forth.

“Shall P. P. consider this the interview?”

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 one hour after the appointed time, but no one made her appearance. “Then,” thought I, brushing my hair and adjusting 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.

“Then,” said I, “since you designed to take me in, you must consent to make me happy.”

“And what did she say, papa?” asks my second daughter, who is now looking over my shoulder as I write.

“Why, you'll mix, and she kept her word.”

A Business Quaker.

The Quakers are in the main, as every one knows, a thrifty, kind-hearted, and undoubtedly honest people; but in some of them, even as among the “world's honest people,” love of liberty prevails predominates. In one of their forming communities 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 passing 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 he'll get them for less. Offer him \$800, and wait till morning, if he don't trade.”

Fidal Ben presented—made an offer in vain—went home with the old gentleman—slept—and next morning after caring for the stock, mounted his horse to buy 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 brought the lot.

“They will let me have my portion, will they not? asked fidal Ben.

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

“What isn't that a bold trick to play thy own son? and I waited to the last.”

“Ah, Eerny,” said pater familiaris, reprovingly, “the must be sharp and wide awake; trust nobody, Benjamin; watch everybody; watch thy father.”

Quite likely for young Benjamin the non-motion was not this therefore.

[P.M. Press.]

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 isn't very polite about here; to hum where I live, they always turn out for a funeral.”

“O, that's a part of the procession,” replied the Philadelphian gravely.

“Du tell! Yeou 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 document.