

State Rights Advocate.

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BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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Pearly 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 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. Dubracco—opposite the Brick Buildings.

W. M. H. DYOTT, Dealer in Ready Made Clothes, 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. Orders to be left with R. C. Baynard or at either of the printing offices.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

SAMUEL A. RICHARDSON, (successor to John W. Tarran,) Wheelwright and Blacksmith, at Rutherford, 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. D. TILGHMAN, KENLEY & TILGHMAN, Commissioners, 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 Merchant and Grocer, No. 5 Cheap Side between Lombard and Water Streets.

WILLIAM S. JUSTIS, Watch Maker and Jeweler, Corner of Pratt and Commerce Streets.

WILLIAM B. LARMOUR, Watch Maker and Jeweler, No. 10 Light Street.

W. M. EMERSON NICHOLSON, Commission Merchant, No. 1, Bowley's Wharf.

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

Poetical.

Broken Friendship.

When trials surround us,
And fortune's dark frown
Shall drive from the heart
All the sunshine it has known.

Then those we thought true
From former bonds break,
Whose voices speak coldly
And our friendship forsakes.

Tis then we shall know
Whom the true ones may be,
Friends will stand by us,
All others will flee!

Choice Story.

MR. BLIFKINS CHANGES DOCTORS.

Mr. Blifkins in his domestic economy for many years has retained the allopathic system of medicine, and by his liberal encouragement of apothecaries has established quite a reputation with that class. As, in the event of sickness, each application required new bottles and small pill boxes, it may be supposed that during the twenty years of his existence there was about his house a formidable aggregate of half used prescriptions, reminders of several moderate fortunes that had been thrown to the dogs in the form of physic, about the use and effect of which the memory of Blifkins ceased to be cognizant. Mrs. Blifkins, however, insisted upon keeping them, from an economical desire that nothing should be wasted; for she is a great economist, and there is not one in the neighborhood that excels her. Her house is a curiously shop of relics of past economies, that have survived all earthly uses, and lie moulder in a hundred nooks around the house, and bottles and boxes are numerous enough in a closet, handy to set up a druggist of inordinate desires.

She pretended, and actually thought, probably, she knew the difference between a cough mixture and a wash for weak eyes, could discriminate between rheumatic and dyspepsia pills, and knew castorides from Dover's powders readily.

Blifkins had long been doubtful about this, through which doubt recently brought about an entire he revolution in his household pharmacy. But Mr. Blifkins tells his own story best, and we leave its recital to him:

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, suddenly starting up in the bed and looking wildly into the face of little Tommy; I believe this child is going to have the crop, or the scarlet fever, or something Mr. Blifkins?"

"I had got to the stage of sleep when one is conscious of sleeping and waking at the same time—the sense stepping in the somnolent poppies, but not quite naturalized into forgetfulness.

"Mr. Blifkins?" repeated my wife, giving me this time an unmistakeable punch.

"What in the name of tribulation is the matter?" I cried in something like a fit, "is the house on fire?"

"No, but something is the matter with Tommy," she replied, "perhaps he'll go to have the crop—may be he'll have a fit—he's very restless."

I started up and looked in the face of that little innocent. They always said he looked just like me, and certainly that midnight inspection gave very little encouragement to self vanity, for a more disagreeable looking little cub I thought I had never seen. He was evidently in trouble for his features worked, his tiny fists were clenched hard, his eyes were partly unclosed, and his skin seemed quite dry and hot. I immediately took my wife's alarm,

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"Mr. Blifkins," said she, "we must give him something."

"Exactly," I responded, "but what shall it be? You, who are such an excellent nurse, shall decide."

I arose, and "accousted" as I was, stood ready to execute her command. I signified this to her by saying—

"Now, my dear, say the word."

"Let me see," said she, "if it is the crop, the medicine in the bottle on the left hand side of the closet is the one.—It was bought for Mary two winters ago

I immediately proceeded to the closet adjacent to our room, the interior of which was revealed by the dim light of the gas. There were long rows of phials on the shelves; backed by bottles of hair dye and boxes of undefinable articles in the domestic dispensary.

I saw what I supposed was the needed bottle,

but in extricating it from its position, I threw down some half a dozen of the intervening phials that rattled and clattered upon the floor in a manner that sounded fearfully, some of them breaking; and the glass scattering around to the dismay of my bare feet.

"Do break everything to pieces!" said my wife, in a tone not very sweet, considering her amiability of temper, but I imputed it to her anxiety. I brought the bottle and placed it in her hands.

"Good heavens, Mr. Blifkins!" said my wife, "would you kill the child? This is volatile liniment."

"The d—l it is," cried I, with unwarantable heat. My wife sobbed out—

"Oh, Mr. Blifkins, suppose we had him some of this by mistake!—you never would have forgiven yourself."

I thought the change of person in her remark a little invidious and somewhat unkind in view of the fact that she had command of the medicine chest.

"I took the bottle from the place you told me," said I almost fiercely.

"You couldn't have done so, Mr. Blifkins," replied my wife, "I saw it on the right hand, just inside the door, no longer ago than Tuesday week, when Mrs. McGonigal cleaned the paint."

"Right hand?" I repeated after her, "you said the left just now?"

I heard her sigh out something about "cruelty" and "unfeelingness" as I went to make another plunge among the army of bottles.

"This must be it, then," said I, seizing a four ounce, nearly full of a dark fluid by the neck, and bringing it out to my wife.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed she, "are you determined to kill the child? That's arrica, for the rheumatism. Mr. Blifkins, are you awake?"

Without replying this time, I made a dive for the closet, taking down phial after phial and reading the smeared inscription as well as I could. What an ocean of lotions and mixtures and vermifuges and preparation and washes! At length I got hold of one that I felt sure must be it, because I could not by any ingenuity decipher the label. I accordingly carried it to Mrs. Blifkins with the confident air of one who has achieved an immense exploit, holding it out to her with a "There!" expressive of my satisfaction.

"That?" said my wife, "that's not it; that is the Chalk mixture bought for Bob two summers ago,

I broke down at this, and with a voice tremulous with cold, though my wife always wrongfully said it was with anger, I asked her why, in the name of some deity or other, she didn't get up and find it herself! She immediately arose to the occasion, like a speaker at a fourth of July dinner, and sublimely strode towards the closet, returning a moment thereafter, with two bottles that had escaped my notice, which she held up before me with the simple but comprehensive remark,

"Stupid!"

I felt that I was stupid, and was ready to admit the fact when I was struck by the puzzled look that appeared upon my wife's face.

"Let me see," said she.

I made a motion to turn up the gas, so that she might see, but found that she required a clearer vision regarding some mental problem that she was solving, so I let her see as best might.

"I declare," said my wife, "I don't know whether this is the bedbug poison or the crop specific; they are so much alike."

"Perhaps he hasn't got the crop," said I, as I stooped over the bed, and there lay the little fellow, wide awake, threshing the air with his two tiny fists and making up all sort of faces at the shadows upon the wall. I saw in a moment that we had deceived ourselves, as most parents will, and turning away I wickedly said—

"Give me the medicine; I think he's going to have a fit!"

My wife shrieked.

"Of laughter!" I immediately added, and received a box on the ear for my reward. I addressed my wife solemnly—for I felt serious—

"What's to be done?" I asked.

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I saw what I supposed was the needed bottle,

People opened their windows to ascertain the meaning of the crash of glass,

and were much astonished next morning to learn the cause of it, but more so to hear me say that I would have nothing more to do with doctor's stuff unless it was in the form of small pellets so harmless that nightshade could be taken as well as camomile for the same diseases with impunity—*Boston Gazette*,

The First Spring Bird.

"There he is," shouted Dan, "there he is." "Who?" asked his sisters, "who?" "Why the first spring bird." There he is on the top bough of the old birch tree."

"Where has he been?" asked Jesse. "I hardly know," said Dan slowly; "he doesn't like this here."

"Why-y-y," answered the apple headed man, "I wouldn't much care if I he'd been here."

"Jack Frost well enough to stay?" "Perhaps he hid in the hay-mow," said Jessie.

"May be he made a swallow's nest in the chimney," said Mary. "Who

knows, but one of them ministers to foreign parts."

"I'm very sorry, indeed; that there is no vacancy just now. Would not something else suit you?"

"Why-y-y," answered the apple headed man, "I wouldn't much care if I he'd been here."

"Jack Frost well enough to stay?" "Perhaps he hid in the hay-mow," said Jessie.

"May be he made a swallow's nest in the chimney," said Mary.

"Who knows, but one of them ministers to foreign parts."

"I'm, very sorry, very sorry, very sorry, indeed; but it happens, unfortunately, that all these situations are at present filled. Would not you take something else?"

"My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the soars of his high ambition to the present crisis.

At last he answered:

"Why-y-y, ye-s-s; I don't care if I get a good collectorship or inspectorship or surveyorship or navy agency or anything of that sort."

"Really, my good Mr. Phlippeny," said I, "I expect exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place