

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. KATING.

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\$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

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CENTREVILLE, MD.—TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1860.

NO. 11.

The State-Rights' Advocate,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,
In Centreville, Queen Ann's Co., Md.
BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

Subscription.
\$1.50 per annum, in advance; or \$2.00 if paid during the year. No subscription or yearly advertisement discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Advertisements.

Two lines or less inserted three times for one dollar twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A fraction of a square, which exceeds a half, counted as a whole square. The number of insertions must always be marked upon advertisements, otherwise they will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly. A very liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

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No papers will be given to any one except subscribers or advertisers. Single papers five cents.

All advertisements of public sales must be paid for on the day of sale.

No certificates of publication will be given unless the advertising cost is paid.

All communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rate of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual advertising rates, and persons handing them in will be held responsible.

Business Cards.

Thomas J. Keating,
Attorney at Law,
And Solicitor in Chancery
CENTREVILLE, MD
Will give faithful attention to all business entrusted to his management, in Queen Ann's, Kent, Caroline, and Talbot counties
Feb. 10, 11,

GEORGE P. KEATING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVIN located in Townsontown,
Baltimore county, Md., for the practice
of his profession, will give strict and
prompt attention to any business entrusted
to his care in Baltimore city or county
Feb. 28, 1860—
"I'll find a way or make it!"

Thomas B. Quigley,
Attorney at Law,
And Solicitor in Chancery,
Having located in Centreville, will practice
law in the courts of Queen Ann's, Kent,
Caroline and Talbot counties and give strict
and prompt attention to business entrusted
to his care. Office formerly occupied as Post Office.
Dec. 6, 1859—y.

JOHN PALMER JR.,
Conveyancer and Collector of Claims,
AND GENERAL AGENT
FOR THE SALE OR PURCHASE OF
REAL ESTATE,
CENTREVILLE, MD.

Office formerly occupied by A. T. Emory, Esq., North of the Court House.
Feb. 8, 1859.

R. E. FEDDEMAN. W. S. CONNOLY
COLLECTION OF CLAIMS,
In Queen Ann's, Kent & Talbot, Counties

FEDDEMAN & CONNOLY,
CENTREVILLE; MD.
(Successors to W. L. Gibson.)

RESPECTFULLY offer the services
for the Collection of Claims of every
description in the above named counties;
in the recovery of which they will employ
the most prompt and energetic means.
They are also agents for the purchase
and sale of Real and Personal Property
of every description. Charges Moderate.
May 22, 1860—y.

WM. C. GIBSON,
General Agent and Collector,
KENT ISLAND,
QUEEN ANN'S COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Particular attention given to the
Sale of either Personal or Real Estate.

References.
Dr. R. W. Erickson, Kent Island.
Madison Brown, Centreville.
Major James Merrick.

T. T. Martin & Brother, Baltimore.
William H. Owens,
Thomas Morris,
April 10, 1860—y.

Z. TARMAN,
General Commission Merchant,
AND
Wholesale Grocer and Dealer in
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC LIQUORS,
SEGARS &c.

No. 5 Cheap Side between Lombard and
Water Sts., Baltimore Md.,

WILL be happy to receive the publica-
trage of his friends and the public
generally upon the Eastern Shore of
Maryland
Feb. 21, 1860—y.

T. T. MARTIN & BROTHER,
General Commission Merchant.
72 South Calvert St.
BALTIMORE.

All Grain sold by them will be in-
spected unless otherwise ordered.
July 2, 1859—y.

Poetical.

Where there's a Will there's a Way.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Aut veniam viam, aut faciam.

It was a noble Roman

In Rome's imperial day,

Who heard a coward croaker,

Before the battle say:

"They're safe in such a fortress;

"There is no way to shake it—"

"On! on!" exclaimed the hero,

"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Fame you aspiration?

Her path is steep and high;

In vain he seeks the temple,

Content to gaze and sigh;

The shining throne is waiting,

But he alone can take it,

Who says with Roman firmness,

"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Learning your ambition?

There is no royal road;

Alike the peer and peasant

Must climb to her abode,

Who feels the thirst of knowledge,

In Helicon may slake it,

If he has still the Roman will

"To find a way or make it!"

Are Riches worth the getting?

They must be bravely sought;

With wishing and with fearing

The boon cannot be bought;

To all the prize is open

But only he can take it,

Who says with Roman courage,

"I'll find a way or make it!"

In Love's impassioned warfare,

The tale has ever been

That victory crowns the valiant;

The brave are they who win;

Strong is Beauty's castle,

A lover still may take it,

Who says with Roman daring,

"I'll find a way or make it!"

Choice Story.

HOW I TOLD MY LOVE.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

O, the glories of a sleigh-ride in the

sparkling, bracing air of a Canadian winter!

The sky clear and exhilarating—

keenly bright, with a different degree

of lucidity from that of a bright summer's day.

Broad-expanding plains—the

city receding behind us, as the horses

leaping onward to the music of their

climbing bells, make for the broad bound-

less country.

The fir forests are clasp-

ed in a shadowy, ghostly slumber. Far

away on our right are those pathless fu-

nerous groves where the wolves congre-

gate in hundreds. To the left lies a

ridge of hills sloping down to the river,

which is locked up in iron manacles

of the Winter King. Ahead, and right

before us—whether we are bound—over

waste and plain, and clearing—lies a

snugly sheltered village the head-quar-

ter of the "lumberer" and "voyager." Our

destination is not quite so far.

This said destination is a broad-

spread, low-lying farmstead, with its al-

most numberless out-houses, consisting

of cattle sheds and dairies, corn-stores,

roofings for winter-fodder, wood-stacks,

and other concomitants surrounding the

dwelling, all palisaded by zig-zag fences,

as so many outworks to protect the com-

fortable citadel. Within it, warm fires

blaze and sparkle from the huge and o-

どorous logs crackling on the broad, boun-

teous hearth. In the great common

chamber, raftered and picturesquely as

antique gothic hall, are warm hearts and

flashing eyes. Bearded men and fair

women are there—laughing maidens, and

strapping young hunters, who have just

shaken the frost off their fur at the portals

Despite the stern, yet musical baritone

of the sighing wind, as it goes by, sting-

ing cheeks, biting noses into purple, and

making the blood tingle, shouts of mirth

and laughter rise above the boreal blasts;

and our leaping sleigh, gliding—flying

rather—to the music of the soft musical

bells, is fast, fast approaching its termi-

nus.

"In the meantime," asks the reader,

"who occupy this sleigh?" I hasten to

answer.

First, their was your humble servant

the narrator, Dick Harding by name, but

a few months back from the banks of the

Isis, with the "bar" in prospect, my "gov-

ernor" having a snug interest in the India

House. I add a few of my personal

items. Rather good-looking; a fair shot,

a stunning "stroke-ear," can hit with

wonderful vigor straight out from the

shoulder; am five feet ten and growing; can play the fiddle, a game of pool, and have the temper of an angel. I had been one of a party of venturesome sportsmen, "going in" for something worthy of Alexander, and, with fishing tackle, spears, and "shooting-irons," had done no inconsiderable execution among the denizens of the Canadian wood and sounding "rapids," and haunted the bear in his own bold and picturesque fastness.

Enough for myself. Now for my

companions.

Place aux Dames, therefore—for nesting by my side, wrapped up in rugs and warm furs, is Lota D'Arville—the bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing Canadian, as lovely a girl-woman of seventeen as the glance of man ever rested complacently upon. The Canadian mother and the French father were expressed in her name. Her playful lambent eyes had exercised their sorcery upon me this instant, and the modulations of a voice unequalled for its low, soft sweetness, completed the young Syren's triumph. This by the way, for we had exchanged no confidence yet on a subject very near my

heart.

We were bound to a mery sleighing party at Windy gap Farm, ostensibly to a hunt upon a vast scale, which accounts for my two rifles and ammunition lying in the sleigh, and for the noble deer-hound, the third individual who had curled up his great body at our feet, and aided to keep them warm. I had known her brother—a young officer in the Canadian rifles—had killed "bar" at the "Sal licks" with him; had met Lota and her family on board a St. Lawrence steamer, and was now a guest at their house, enjoying their frank and bounteous hospitality.

"Hurrah!" Through the keen, sonorous air; sleigh and horse bound along!

"Cling-clang," go the chiming bells—

"Crick-crack," goes the long-thonged whip