

Re: Notice of Sale of Stock for J. A. Bank to be opened
Maryland Editorial Union formed

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.

EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL—EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES TO NONE.

\$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 4.

NO. 12.

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 arrearages are paid.

Advertisements.

Twelve lines or less inserted three times for one dollar—twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A fraction of a square, when it 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.

63—No deviation from the above rates.

Special Notices.
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 certificate 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 (63-11) IN TOWNSHIPS,
Baltimore county, Md., for the practice
of his profession, will give strict and
prompt attention to any business entrusted
to his care. Office for
business in Baltimore city or county
Feb. 28, 1860—t.

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 for
business in Baltimore city or county
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. Emery,
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.)

R. E. FEDDEMAN & CONNOLY,
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
troupe of his friends and the public
generally upon the Eastern Shore of
Maryland. Feb. 21, 1860—y.

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

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

Poetical.

HAVING A LOVER.

BY ALICE CARY.

Somebody loves me, I am sure,
I think I love him too;
If foolish actions are a proof,
Our evidence will do.
I thought we both had common sense,
Yet manage as we may,
We never say the thing we mean,
Nor mean the thing we say.

We sat, but yestereve, alone
With twilight soft and dim,
And though he only mused of me,
And I of only him;
He asked me for my thoughts and said
That his were with his youth;
Of course, I answered him without
A lavish waste of truth.

And always when he takes a kiss,
Nay, never frownst me!
I know that you've been kissed—at least,
I know you've wished to be!
Yet such very wicked things
Are shocking to the good,—
I try to look as horrified
As any lady should.

I wonder if the wedding ring
Would bind or break the charm!

I can't see how in such a case

It could do any harm,
And then I know that married folks,
Though how I cannot say,
Do manage with their love so well,
It's never in their way!

The very thought afflicts my mind
With such desponding fits;
That if I part with him, I fear
I'll part with half my wits;

And, if the priest should make us one,
In name and spirit, too,
I know I'd be beside myself,
So what am I to do?

Humorous.

RURAL LIFE IN LOUISIANA.

SCENE IN COURT.

The next case," said the Judge, as he masticated the stump of an extinguished cigar, "is the State vs. Smelter, indicted for assault and battery."

The District Attorney ran his long bony fingers through his bushy hair, and remarked, with a confident swagger, "We are ready to take the case up and proceed to trial."

Court—"Does anybody represent the defendant Smelter?" As this question failed to draw forth any answer, the Court continued; "Mr. Sheriff, bring in the prisoner."

A very muscular, dirty-faced man in seedy garments arose to his feet, stalked heavily towards the Judge's desk, expectorated a small rivulet of tobacco juice upon the floor, and in stentorian voice, bawled out, "Ere I am, Judge; what d'you want with a feller?"

Court—"Smelter, the grand inquest of the parish has preferred an indictment against you for an assault and battery.—Have you employed counsel?"

Smelter—"No, Judge, I haint. What's the use of that; I acknowledge the com-

I did give Peter a few sockdolagers with these 'ere; that's a fact, (holding up his clenched fists) and I reckon it kin be substantiated."

Court—"Then you plead guilty, as charged in the indictment do you?"

S.—"Well, as for that, Judge, I don't see what's the use o' not pleadin' guilty—Jesus have to pay a lawyer for tellin' lies fer you; when everybody knows they'd be lies; too; besides, I'd a heap rather—"

C.—"What are your means, Smelter?"

S.—"Why Judge, I means to do what's right, and nothing shorter?"

C.—"You can't understand, Mr. Smelter; the Court wishes to know what is your pecuniary standing?"

S.—"O, yes, I see. What at the time I fit him?"

C.—"Yes."

S.—"Well, you see, Judge, my pecuniary standin' was jest this, (bringing his left fist across his breast, advancing the other on a range with his eye, at the same time extending his left foot,) besides, you see my back again an old barrel, so he couldn't tack my rate as General Jackson or General Scott once said I disre-

member which—"

C.—"Stop Smelter the Court wishes to know if you have any money?"

S.—"Oh money! merry red, Judge, 'cept two half what you owe me for ferrings."

C.—"Then the judgement of the Court

is, that you be confined in the Parish jail for 48 hours from to-morrow morning.

S.—"Then, I say, Judge, I'd like to know how you're gwine to git over the bayou ef you sock me in the jug. I haint got nobody to help pull the ferry flat, and I don't want nobody nuther."

Meandering in front of Bastilla is a stream of water known as bayou Turtle down which the angry current rushes with a frightful velocity, writhing and twisting like a serpent in extreme agony. The only means of crossing it was in a flat, the property of Smelter, and the mode of ferrying was by hauling on a rope stretched across the bayou and traversing through standards fastened to the gunwales of the boat. The Judge's boarding-house was situated on the opposite side of the stream, and it so happened—perhaps by previous concert among the citizens—that on this particular evening that gentleman and M. Smelter were the occupants of the boat. As they neared the channel, the latter drew forth a leather sheath at his girdle, an old rusty knife, and placing the blade across the rope, called out.

"I say, Judge, you kin swim, can't yer?"

"No, Smelter; but why do you ask that question?"

"Bekase, my jewlarky, I'm gwine to cut this rope, and let the old crazy boat go to thunder, which she is sure to do if she strikes one o' them snags, ef you don't remit that ar judgment the State got agin me in your Court to day."

"Why, Smelter," exclaimed the Judge, in evident trepidation, "you're deranged. The Court can't possibly do that at present. Such a procedure would be signal-like informal; in fact super-extra-judicial, and of no force or validity. The Court, you observe, is not now in the position of a Court, but merely that of a private individual; hence whatever course it might pursue in the present exigency, would avail you nought. True, my friend, when the Court is in 'line' or 'function,' it is then the exponent of the law, and knows no other motto than *statu justitia rural valet*, and so long as the judicial errine is entwined around me, the Court is determined to preserve it pure and unmarred, or die a martyr in the attempt. But, Smelter, you are a good sort of a fellow, and I'll tell you what I'll do."

"Well, Judge, let's have it quick.—The boat shan't budge nare neither until I gitis my just rights."

"It is this, Smelter. If you will land the Court safely, it will pay you double ferrage in addition to the sum it is already in default."

"Can't begin to do it, Judge;" and Mr. Smelter severed one strand of the rope.—"Remit that ar judgement right here, in Chambers, I believe you call it, don't yer? or I'll lefer rip, and have you a settin' astride of that snag in one minit."

"Hold, hold Smelter, don't do that.—Put up your knife and approach the Court to-morrow morning, and if you can show cause why the judgement should be set aside, the Court will willingly give you a hearing."

"Of course," said Smelter, brightening up. "I kin show cause, too—an't I got nobody to help me keep ferrry, and if you put me in the jug, ain't that stoppin' the public highway, say? and more than that ain't—I but never mind, as you say you'll fix it all right in the morning I'll take you over."

The landing was safely effected, the judge stepped ashore and ascended the bank very deliberately, then turned suddenly, facing the ferrymen, and said:

"Smelter, answer me this question, would you have severed the rope?"

Mr. S. placed the thumb of his left hand to the tip of his nose, made many singular gyrations with his fingers, and said:

"Courts not, Judge; I ain't a fool—can't swim no more'n a st me."

The Judge wheeled around with a countenance by no means indicative of amiability, and pursued his way home.

The next morning the friends of Mr. S. had the pleasure of attending that gentleman's levee on the outside of the jail bars.—*N. O. True Delta.*

¶ A man has a shrewd suspicion that age has overtaken him when he keeps assuring you that he sees as young as ever, and he doesn't know but—*younger*.

C.—"Stop Smelter the Court wishes to know if you have any money?"

S.—"Oh money! merry red, Judge, 'cept two half what you owe me for ferrings."

C.—"Then the judgement of the Court

The Way Mike Walsh "Sold" the Frenchman.

We find the following anecdote of the late Mike Walsh, one of the most original characters of his time in an exchange paper:

At the foot of the Capitol gardens in Pennsylvania avenue, (on the right hand side when you are fronting that building) is an enclosed space—national property—containing one or more tenements, and some conservatories and hot-houses—Here for some years, and until his death enjoying Uncle Sam's patronage, sojourned a Frenchman, learned in botany and many other sciences. Some companions while passing these premises, were vanishing his acquirements to Mike, who, from a spirit of contradiction, called them in question. He doubted whether these eminent botanists knew the difference between oats and wheat, and believed he said that a Bowery boy could persuade them that corn was clover. Finally, Mike undertook, "botanically" to deceive the Frenchman with whatever he could pick up where they stood, in the lane skirting his premises. From a wreath of flower pots and rubbish he selected one sound pot and a dead rat lying in the next heap.

Placing the rat in the flower pot, he covered it up with mould, leaving out the tail, which he fixed perpendicularly by tying it carefully to a small green stick, which happened to be "convenient" amongst the garden rubbish. He next called on the Professor, and told him that a friend, Lieut. —, (who having touched one of the islands of the then *terra incognita*, Japan, had excited some interest) had presented him with a very curious kind of cactus. This he wished the Professor to examine. No one, Mike said, had been able to make it out, and he might have it for ten years and not find five people who would; so he hardly felt justified in keeping it out of a public collection, and yet he did not like to part with a keepsake from a "friend."

The Professor proceeded to examine the vegetable curiosity. After a close inspection he determined what was, or at least christened it by a fine Greek name—two words, as Mike said, averaging sixteen letters. The Professor exhausted himself in persuading Mike that the cause of science required that he should sacrifice to them the sentiments of friendship by surrendering this rare production of the vegetable kingdom to the keeping of the botanist. The reluctant Mike eventually consented, on the willing and solemn assurances of the Professor that it would be tended with the utmost care; and so it was placed in a hot-house, it was cautiously but carefully besprinkled with water at a temperature of seventy degrees by the thermometer. It was noticed and described in the *National Intelligencer*. The notice was copied in other papers. The plant was exhibited with pride to several eminent individuals. At length, with the heat and moisture, the tip of the tail began to excrete. The Professor was delighted—it was budding! It was examined with great interest by one of his chief patrons, "the great Daniel," to whom the botanist promised one of the first slips for Marshfield. "It was too good a joke to keep," said Mike, "especially in a hot house, so before long they smelt a rat." The wrath and shame of the Professor were excessive, and so was the indignation of the great Daniel, not at the author of the joke, but at the unfortunate botanist, whom he stigmatized as a "d—d frog eating Frenchman, through whom he had been taken in, and who ought to have known better."

Who do you suppose first invented spring cleanings, Mr. Editor? It must have been some venomous housekeeper or other, who was in the habit of spraying round after luckless atoms of dust with a patient microscope! Wonder, if it was that awfully industrious woman of Solomon's, who got up before daylight to do the family washing, and contrived miscellaneously to make everybody uncomfortable around her! Her husband must have been rather a hen-pecked individual if he did "call her hen-pecked."

Glad we're not a man, tied for life to such an ogress of diligence! What a flourish of trumpets her spring cleaning must have been. Suppose oneself comfortably nestled among books and papers utterly unconscious of dingy paint, unwhitened walls, and un-torn-up carpets—in comes a thirty neighbor with eyes sharper than the point of a No. 16 needle, "Why, land o'Goshen! you haven't begun to clean house yet, have you? Ain't you a little behindhand?"

Wouldn't you like to push the notable old hog down the steepest flight of stairs in New York? Suppose there is a little dust in the corners; do you want to know the exact number of particles?

Isn't there anything prettier to look at, than your attention must be called to the solitary cobweb in the northeast corner of the dark store-room in the fourth story? What were spiders made for, if not to spin webs? We go for the encouragement of their industry—to a certain degree!

Well, you know you won't get a minute of peace until the ceremonies are gone through with, and so you begin only hoping that you may live through the operation. Isn't it a cheerful busi-

"Dissolving" the Union.