

# State Rights Advocate.

Published in Centreville, Queen Ann's County, Maryland, every Tuesday Morning, and Debated 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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Attorney at Law,  
And Solicitor in Chancery  
CENTREVILLE, MD.  
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Feb. 10, 1860

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Feb. 28, 1860—11

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Dec. 6, 1859—y.

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**R. E. FEDEMAN,** W. S. CONNOLLY,  
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**FEDEMAN & CONNOLLY,**  
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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—1v.

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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.

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The following articles constantly on hand and will be sold at the lowest market price: Green and black Tea, crushed refined and brown Sugars; Rio, Laguna and Java Coffee; Molasses, Scrup, Flour Bacon, Fish, Salt, Rock Salt, Rice, Oils; Kerosene, Etherial, Lard and Machine Oils; and Vinegar, Soap, Candles, Starch Spices, Nails, and a general assortment of goods usually sold in a Grocery business.

Our personal attention will be given to all business entrusted to us.  
PERKINS & EMORY,  
May 22, 1860—y.

## Poetical.

### JUDGE GENTLY.

O, there has many a tear been shed,  
And many a heart been broken,  
For want of a gentle hand put forth,  
Or word in kindness spoken.

Then, old with brotherly regard,  
Greet every sob of sorrow,  
So from each tone of love his heart  
New hopes, new strength shall borrow.

Nor turn—with cold and scornful eye,  
From him who hath offended;  
But let the harshness of reproof  
With kinder tones be blended.

The seeds of good are everywhere;  
And, in the guiltless bosom,  
Sun'd by the quickened rays of love,  
Put forth their tender blossom.

While many a soul hath been  
To deeds of evil hardened—  
Who felt that bitter of griefs—  
The first offence unpardoned.

## Choice Story.

### THE FALSE KNIGHT.

The golden lances of the sunset pierced through the narrow windows of the Castle of Ferndon, for many years the ancestral home of the De Brautleys, proud descendants of an ancient Norman line. By a deep embrasure in its turretted walls sat the Lady Edith, her blue eyes heavy with a gentle sorrow; her embroidery frame lay in her lap, but her fingers were idle, played listlessly with the gay silks. On a low seat at her feet sat her maid, a bright eyed, voluble damsel, whose fair hair and blue eyes spoke her Saxon lineage. The door opened and a page entered the apartment, and announced that an aged pilgrim from the Holy Land besought admittance at the postern, and craved shelter for the night.

"Go, Edwina, and bid him to my chamber; and Herold," she added, addressing the page, "see that he has food and drink set before him."

The maiden departed on her errand, and soon after returned, conducting the aged guest. He bowed low as he entered, and respectfully saluted lady Edith. He was a tall, dignified old man, and bore an air of gentle breeding, though clad in the coarse garb of his class. His grey locks were shaded by the palmer's hat, with its scallop-shells.

"Welcome to our halls, good palmer," said the lady; "all those are welcome who come hither from the Holy Country. Bring you news of our armies? How goes the warfare neath the walls of Jerusalem, and how fares it with good knights?"

"Well goes the war, noble lady.—Our armies have conquered and the Red Cross Banner waves over the tower of Nabalus and Kamah. The infidels have fled and the crescent is waning by the streams of Palestine.

Lady Edith's cheek flushed to a deeper red and her eyes were downcast, as she asked:

"Among the foremost in the battle, where the fray was thickest, saw ye the good knight, Alban of Balmer?"

"What device bore he on his shield, lady?"

"A winged heart on an azure field; and he wore a blue sleeve set with pearls as a token in his helm."

"I saw him, lady, and at the siege of Nabalus no braver knight than Alban of Balmer wielded the battle-axe that day; but now lady the gayest hopes perish."

"Tell me what of him lives he?"

"He lives indeed, but he thinks death on the battle-field, amid the trumpet's clang, with the shouts of victory ringing in his ear, and his sword in hand, were better far than his fate. He lives a prisoner in the fortress of Mount Lebanon."

"Alban a captive! Holy Mother, deliver him!" gasped Edith. "And is there no escape for him?"

"A ransom, lady would unbar his prison doors; but he is the bravest knight in all Palestine; his name has gone through all the land, and it must be a heavy ransom that wins Alban of Balmer from the hand of the Saracen."

"A ransom! He shall never suffer for lack of that, were I to move Ferndon to its foundation-stone to accomplish it.—Your repast awaits you in the hall below," she added, and now good-night."

"Angels guard thee, fair lady," and he retired from the apartment.

"Edwina," said she, as soon as the door closed on the palmer, "call Herold hither," and when he came, she said,

"saddle your steed and go to our noble kinsman, Sir Bryan Latour, Knight of the order of St. John, and say the Lady De Brautley sends him greeting, and prays of him the courtesy of an escort in his company that starts in three days for the Holy Land. And beseech him earnestly that he deny me not, for a pressing need calls me to perform that journey, and I would fain travel under his protection."

"Lady! impossible in three days' time—to Palestine!" exclaimed Edwina.

"Hush, minion! go and make ready for the journey for you shall accompany me. Gather together my jewels and my best apparel, for I would not disgrace our noble cousin should I travel in his company."

When the sun rose on the third morning its gleams glanced upon the waving plumes and burnished arms of Sir Brian Latour and his brave followers, and forth from the heavily arched gateway of Ferndon rode the young girl whom a father's death had lately left his mistress; by her side rode her weeping maid—

Habited in a robe of costly material, and closely veiled, she sat on her palfrey like a queen. Her eyes were large and dewy with emotion as she turned to take a farewell glance at the massive pile that frowned in the turretted grandeur of its solid masonry above her, but her finely chisled scarlet lips had a dauntless resolution, and all the pride of her race in their half-scornful curl.

The bugle sounded the advance; and when the sun sank behind the distant hills Edith was many leagues away from the ancestral home of the De Brautleys.

### CHAPTER II.

Beautiful, crafty, subtle as a serpent, Alzara, the Saracen maid, sat leaning her head upon her hand. The rich braids of her raven hair were banded with pearls; her magnificent eyes flashed a stormy mid-night from their depths, and a rich color flashed through the native duskiness of her cheek. She sat pondering in her wild heart how she should win the noble captive; Alban of Balmer, from his allegiance to his country and faith, and to save him from the death that awaited him.

"There better, far better," she thoughtfully mused, "that he should be defended our fair land from the hosts of the Christian invader than to perish—"

They call him the Flower of Knighthood; and 'tis better that his arm should wield the Saracen cimeter than the English lance. He loves me with all the strength of his fickle nature, he must yield to me; and with that bold knight for our leader, we shall drive these robbers from our land. I will win him from his knighthood, his country, his king and his faith. He shall be the honored leader of Saracen legions; better than the despised and captive streams of Mount Lebanon."

Yes it was true. The faithless heart of the captive knight was chained by the bright, voluptuous beauty of the heathen maid in a passionate devotion; and for the sake of the fair Alzara he was ready to renounce the vows of his Knighthood; his loyalty to his sovereign and the faith of his fathers. He wavered but the well dissembled love, the beauty and the guile of Alzara overcome his weak reluctance; and bewildered by passion, he swore upon his knightly honor to perform whatever conditions she should impose upon him, to call her his.

Three things thou must do, Sir Alban, ere I can be thy bride. First thou must renounce the faith of thy forefathers and join in our worship. Thou must swear allegiance to our king and our priests, and obey the laws of our great prophet. Will thou do this?"

"I will."

"Next thou shalt aid by thy good right arm to drive the Christian hosts from our fair land. Say, wilt thou lead our armies to the battle?"

"Beautiful Alzara! can I refuse?"

"One thing more, watch thou one night in that charmed cavern deep under this mountain, where burns the never dying flame which we adore. Perform all this faithfully, and thy bride will I be, brave Christian knight."

"Alzara, my own beautiful one, what is all scorn of men to me now? To-night will I watch by the mystical flame—yet tell me why you ask this ordeal?"

"'Tis a right of our religion, Sir Alban; think of me, and now farewell."

The night fell and Alban stood before

the priests. They took from him all symbols of the faith he had adored—his crosshanded sword, his red-cross shield, and his rosary beads. They searched his garments, and from his breast erased carefully and painfully, the sign of the holy cross impressed there by a father's hand.

Clad in the turban and green caftan of his adopted race, the renegade descended to the charmed cavern. Passing down along flight of steps rudely hewn in the living rock, he entered along a vast cave beneath the very foundations of Mount Lebanon. Vast, dim and echoing, vaulted by the hand of nature; in the centre, on an altar of stone, burned the mystical flame which tradition says burnt un-murmured for centuries, unfed and unattended. His stout heart faltered as he paced the rock-ridder chamber, his steps ringing clamorously through the silent gloom.

The iron gates that guarded it began to quiver and rattle as if in a rising wind; the blast swelled louder and wilder and more furious; the iron portals rocked and rung, the flame on the altar flickered and leapt up in fitful flashes, then died down into a single crimson tongue of fire.

Sir Alban trembled in spite of his valor on the battle field. He had charged fearless through the bristling ranks, and dyed his long lance to the handle in the blood of the Saracen; but the lance and sword were powerless against the fell spirits in the air.

The flame wavered and swayed, and through its smoke Sir Alban beheld a form, misty and dim as a smoke wreath, yet wearing human shape. It seemed rather a Jark and terrible presence than a thing really seen. It approached the knight—it speaks, and low thunder rumbles through Lebanon forests as the phantom speaks.

"Take this brand; and by it thou shalt conquer till thou bend to the cross and adore the Virgin or her Son."

The ghostly arm gives the weapon, the receding, kneeling, receives the enchanted blade, the sign of a compact with the Power of Darkness. The spirit fades into the indistinct shadows and gloom, like the vanishing of a mist; the thunder dies among the distant hills, and soon the welcome day dawns in golden splendor o'er the land.

### CHAPTER III.

Fierce raged the battle by Bethsaida's fountains. The Knight Templars and Knights of St. John were foremost in the fray. In the midst of his knights fought the king, distinguished by his richer arms and loftier bearing. The brave crusaders were almost disheartened by a series of inglorious defeats; it seemed as if a marked fatality had attended them since the day the renegade, Alban of Balmer, commanded the Saracen hosts on Mount Lebanon. No matter what odds of position or numbers were in their favor, the infidels were victorious, and the Red Cross paled before the rising crescent. Still they fought bravely round their monarch, their arms nerved by the nobleness of the cause which had unshed their swords.

Formost in the conflict, as was his wont where the fight was hottest, and warm blood fell like rain, rode the false knight, conspicuous, mid the swartly Paynems, by his coal-black steed and costly trappings. Urginn his charger to the combat, he pressed towards the little party that fought around their king, never swerving from the line, hewing down all who opposed him, with his charmed blade, like grass before the mower.

At length he stood face to face with the king; he raises his falchion; vain were the monarch's Red Cross shield against the enchanted blade; a moment more and its resistless edge had cleft his helmet, when a page springing forward, dealt the proud recant a blow with all the force of his slender arm. Sir Alban reeled in his seat, and stooped his proud head to his steel saddle-bow. As he bent before the blow, "Holy Mother, protect me," he murmured unthinkingly. Scarce had he uttered the words when the enchanted weapon he bore sprang from his hand and disappeared. Setting his teeth with a curse, he clenched his gawleted hand and stretched the striding on the bloody sand. The broken casque rolled back from the fait face, and Alban gazed horror-struck upon the blue eyes and golden hair of Edith De Brautley, his early, his deserted love. But her fair hair was dappled

in blood, her cheeks were colorless, and her eyes shone through the mists of death like stars through a dewy night.

"Alban," she murmured—and he bent from his saddle, being eager to hear her dying words, his faithless heart returned too late to its early love. "Alban of Balmer, I am revenged! I came hither, to ransom you. I found you faithless, recreant to your knighthood and your faith. I am revenged!"

The white lips quivered for an instant, and then were still; the fiery heart that had loved and suffered so much was stilled—stilled in the very moment of its triumph, stricken down by the hand she loved most, and whose falsehood she had so bitterly avenged.

Too late came Alban's passionate tenderness; too late came the wild, remorseful words he murmured in her unheeding ear, unmindful of the charging steeds, the clanging trumpets or the ruing combatants. And there they found him when the peaceful moon rose over Bethsaida's reddened fountains, slain by the long lance of a Knight Templar. Close at his knee lay the page, with long fair hair and delicate cheek; and those who knew the touching story of her love and her revenge, laid her tenderly in the burial ground of her creed beneath the walls of Jerusalem, over whose towers the Red Cross Banner floated triumphantly.

But the false knight, Sir Alban of Balmer was left to moulder where he fell, fitting end of one so brave, so false and so recreant as he. And for many years, pious pilgrims to the Holy Land would turn to the Catholic Cemetery at Jerusalem to kneel upon her grave and say a prayer for the soul of the fair lady, Edith De Brautley, and the false knight, Sir Alban, of Balmer; and lords and ladies have sighed midst their mirth, when the wandering minstrel told the tale of Sir Alban, the Renegade Crusader.

## Humorous.

### How I Came to be Married.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cock-tails, cigar boxes, boozjacks, absconding shirt buttons, whist and dominoes. Shadows present—hoop-skirts, hand-boxes, ribbons, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs cradles, bids, pap, sugar teats, pareogio, hives syrup, castor oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills and doctors bills. Shadows future—more nine pound babies, more hives syrup ect., ect. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was almost the darndest, most tea custard bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; 'twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a fence looking through a knot hole, I couldn't look at one long enough.—Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shun up to the door post. No sooner said than done, and I soon put myself snug in bed. "Now," says I "let her rip! Dance till your wud goes out!" And cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and was having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. "Rap! rap! rap!" Then I heard a whispering and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside.—"Rap! rap!" Then Lib sings out, "Jack, are you in there?"

"Yes," says I.

Then came a roar of laughter.

"Let us in," says she.

"I won't," says I, "can't you let a fellow alone?"

"Are you abed?" says she.

"I am," says I.

"Get up," says she.

"I won't," says I.

Then came another laugh. By thunder I began to get riled.

"Get out, you petticoated scarecrow!" I cried, can't you get a bear without

hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't—so you may clear out!"

And throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But presently, oh! mortal but-tons! I heard a still, small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said:

"Jack you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are in there!"

Oh Lord what a pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door, waiting to get in. If I had stopped to think, I should have panicked on this spot. As it was I rolled out among the bonnet-wire and ribbons in a hurry. "Smash," went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door—and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door and found myself right among the women.

"Oh, my Leg horn," cries one. "My dear, darling winter velvet!" cries another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears; and one bright eyed little piece—Sal—her name was—put her arms right around my neck, and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cæsar to the Fourth of July.

"Jack," says she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?"

"Yes," said I, "I will."

I did do it, and had another smack at the gate, too. After that we took a kinder turtle doveing after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider, when we were away from each other.

'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hen roost—the bull-frogs were commencing their evening song—the pollywogs, in their native mud-puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated back-log, listening to the music of Nature, such as tree toads' roosters and grunting pigs, and now and then the low mellow music of a distant jack-ass was wafted to our ears, by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks, and came heavy laden with the delicious odor of hen roosts and pig sties. The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the brass buttons of a solitary horseman, shone through a knot-hole in the hog pen, full in Sal's face, dying her hair an orange-peel hue and showing off my threadbare coat to bad advantage—one of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back—she was toying with my auburn locks of jet black hue—sue was almost gone, and I was ditto.—She looked like a grasshopper dying with the licepups, and I felt like a mud turtle choked with a codfish ball.

"I," said I, in a voice musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?"

She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand like an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe strings to her palate, said:

"Yes."

She gave clear out then, and squatted in my lap. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders; her breath smelt of onions she ate two weeks before. Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced for four weeks every night how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so that we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovy ducks.

The night and the company came, the signal was given, and arm-in arm we marched through the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor door, when down I went kersip on the oil cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cussed fellow had dropped a bananaskin on the floor, and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimere right under my dress coat tail. It was too late to back out then, so clapping my hand over it, we marched in and were spliced, and taking a seat I watched the kissing of the bridge operation. My groomsmen was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a slice, when, oh, horror! a little six-year-old imp had crawled behind me, and pulling my shirt through the hole in my pants, had pinned it to the chair, and in jumping up, I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude, a trifle more white moustache than was pleasant. The woman giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and there all my troubles ended. Good night!

## Miscellaneous.

**HENRY CLAY ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.**—In a speech "On Slavery and Abolition," delivered at Richmond, Indiana, October 1, 1842, [See Life speech of Henry Clay, by Mallory, vol 2, p. 597.] Henry Clay said:

"The Declaration, whatever may be the extent of its import, was made by the delegates of the United States. In most of them slavery existed, and was established by law. It was introduced and forced upon the colonies by the paramount law of England. Do you believe that in making that Declaration the States that concurred in it intended that it should be tortured into a virtual emancipation of all the slaves within their respective limits? Would Virginia and the others Southern States have ever united in a declaration which was to be interpreted into an abolition of slavery among them? Did any of the thirteen States entertain such a design or expectation? To impute such a secret and unavowed purpose would be to charge a political fraud upon the noblest band of patriots that ever assembled in council; a fraud upon the confederacy of the revolution; fraud upon the union of those States whose Constitution not only recognized the lawfulness of slavery, but permitted the importation of slaves from Africa until 1808. And I am bold to say, that if the doctrines of ultra political Abolitionists had been seriously promulgated at the epoch of our Revolution, our glorious independence would never have been achieved—never never.

**WHAT CAUSES THE HAIR TO TURN GRAY.**—It has been recently asserted that an undue proportion of lime in the system is the cause of premature gray hair, and we are advised to avoid hard water, either for drinking pure or when converted into tea, coffee, or soup, because hard water is strongly impregnated with lime. Hard water may be softened by boiling it; let it become cold, and then use it as a beverage. It is also stated that a liquid that will color the human hair black, and not stain the skin, may be made by taking one part of bay rum, three parts of olive oil, and one part of good brandy, by measure. The hair must be washed with the mixture every morning, and in a short time the use of it will make the hair a beautiful black, without injuring it in the least. The articles must be of the best quality, mixed in a bottle, and always shaken well before being applied.

**NO COMPLIMENTS IN PRAYER.**—We have heard some prayers which were designed to affect the hearer rather than to reach heaven. The following characteristic anecdote of John Randolph is a keen rebuke of the practice:

In one of his spells of repentance and sickness, he was visited by a minister, who at his request, prayed for and with him. The minister began on this wise: "Lord, our friend is sick. Thou knowest how generous he was to the poor, and what eminent services he has rendered to his country, and how he is among the honored and great men of the earth—"

"Stop," said the impatient Randolph, "no more of such stuff, else the Lord will damn us both."

Mrs Partington called on the Japanese at Washington and told them, "she was mighty glad to see them, as she understood their President was Ty-Coon, who she doubted not, was high kin to old Zip Coon that the Whigs run off in 1840. If they wanted him to, like would sing 'em a song about old Zip?"

An old criminal was once asked what was the first step that led to his ruin when he answered,

"The first step was cheating the printer out of two years subscription. When I had done that, the devil took such a gripe on me that I could not shake him off." Delinquents reflect; ere it is too late,

A Bill is pending in one of our western Legislatures to empower woman to make contracts. They should by all means be authorized to contract—they have expanded too much.

To MAKE EXCELLENT JAM.—Squeeze six or eight ladies, now-a-days, in a common stage coach.

There is one thing which the most unobservant person manages to see—that which we do not want him to see.