

Centreville State Rights.

BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL—EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES TO NONE.

\$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 4.

CENTREVILLE MD., TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1860.

NO. 21.

The Centreville State Rights,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY
In Centreville, Queen Ann's County Md.,
BY THOS. J. KEATING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION:

TERMS:—\$1.50 per annum if paid in advance; \$2.00 if paid in advance. Notice to discontinue must be accompanied by payment of arrears.

ADVERTISEMENTS:

Will be inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square for three insertions—25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Twelve lines bourngeos, type one inch and three quarters in length when display type is used, constitute a square. Fractions of a square counted as a 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.

SPECIAL NOTICES:

No papers will be given to any one except subscribers or advertisers. Single papers 5 cents.

No certificate of publication will be given unless 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 will be charged for at the rate of fifty cents per square. Proceedings of public meetings will be charged for at the usual advertising rates, and persons handing them in will be held responsible.

No advertisement of any kind will be inserted without charge.

The above rules will be strictly adhered to.

Portcull.

THE WAIL OF THE MOTHER.
Our child, in the beautiful robes of the dead,
Lay calm on his white pillow,
And the grief that he left us broke wild over
head.

As o'er the lost wreck breaks the billow;
It seems that our heart in the desolate grave
Should be laid down to perish beside him;
We felt that our pleadings no longer could
save.

For our hands from corruption divide him.
They laid him away in the cheerless hall,
Where the cold of the winter was creeping,
Where the curtains flapped on the bare
white wall—

So unlike the warm couch of his sleeping
And the poor mother spoke, as they hid his
dear form,
That one moment most bitter and trying;
I have kept him so long in my own bosom
warm,

And now in the cold he is lying!

They covered the coffin and dark fell the
cloud.

As we stood the dead sleeper surrounding,
And we saw the thick sky with the heavy
rain bowed,

And we heard the loud storm-wind sounding,

The grief of the mother broke forth with a wail
The last heavy outburst of sorrow:

They are taking him from us, all frozen and
pale,

It will rain on his grave to-morrow.

Desolate mother! O bitterest grief!

That troubles the deep heart of woman;

It is well that God's hand holds the coming
relief

That our pains, like our pleasures, are hu-
man.

It is well that we know that the cold beats
in vain

On the Spirit unchanged and immortal,
And that falls the bright sunshine, as well
as the rain,

On the grave which is heaven's own portal.

Choice Story.**THE GROUNDS FOR A DIVORCE.**

BY EPPS SARGENT.

Not many weeks since, as one of the eastern steamboats was leaving the pier, a middle-aged gentleman, apparently in a very discomposed state of mind, was seen to rush down Battery street, with his hat in his hand, his coat flying and his face red with heat and excitement, while he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Stop that boat! My wife is on board! She is running away! Stop, I say!" As he vociferated these words, a pretty youthful-looking woman came to the side of the departed vessel, nodded with an air of provoking *nonchalance* to the clamorous individual on the wharf, and said: "Good-bye, Timothy, my love; I am merely going on a little excursion to Connecticut to visit aunt Rebecca.

"Stop that boat, or I'll have everybody on board indicted for bigamy and abduction! Put that woman back on the wharf! Are you the captain?"

"Ay, ay; what's all this row about? The fellow must be out of his senses." "You see that woman in white, with the black silk mantilla? She is my wife and is running away. Stop her. Land her on the wharf. My name is Blodgett. It's an indictable offence if you carry that woman off."

Smiling at the corniness of the per-

piring gentleman on the pier, the captain ordered the engines to be checked, while he investigated the affair. In the meantime, a number of those interesting characters known by the name of "dock loafers," who subsist much after the manner of wharf rats, collected around Mr. Blodgett, and indulged in some free and philosophical observations in regard to the peculiar state of excitement under which he was seen to labor.

"Cab, sir?" asked one of them by way of breaking the ice of conversation.

"Begone!" said the unfortunate man, wiping his brow with a handkerchief.

"Shan't we run and tell the *hengines* to stop, sir?" asked a shirtless gentleman who for the sake of fresh air from the Narrows, Mrs. Huggins gave small party and will be delighted to see you.

"I will come," said Blodgett, with solemnity as if nerving himself to the determination of taking a critical step; "I will come."

Early that evening, Blodgett astonished his housekeeper, Mrs. Lane, by issuing from his chamber dressed in black tights, a white vest, and a blue coat with brass buttons. Had he appeared before her with wings she could not have been more confounded.

"I shan't be home till half-past ten, Mrs. Lane," said he, with a grave and mysterious air, as he strove to button a white kid glove around a wrist none of the slenderest.

Mrs. Lane gazed in silent and absorbed wonder, and made no reply. Blodgett thrust on his hat, and, with a look which they had learned from some sham Indians at the Museum, who were in the nighty habit of misrepresenting the murder of Miss M'Crea.

The passengers laughed—the gentle- men of the dock shouted—and two or three newsboys, who happened to be witnesses of the transaction, signified their gratification by a series of indescribable yells which they had learned from some sham Indians at the Museum, who were in the nighty habit of misrepresenting the murder of Miss M'Crea.

Created by demonstrations of applause like those. Mr. and Mrs. B. proceeded toward Broadway, where they got into a Fourth Street omnibus and were lost to the curious public.

Thus much the reader may have been apprised of from the newspaper of the day; but the task remains for me to follow the inharmonious couple to their home—to lift the veil from a scene of domestic persecution, tyranny, and cruelty, at which every human and gen-

erous heart must recoil.

Blodgett was an old bachelor when he took it into his head to marry—a precise particular formal frigid old bachelor. He had commenced life as a clerk and for thirty years had been a salaried man, during which time to say that he was as regular as clock-work in his hours would be to pay mechanism as unmerited compliment—chronometrist was ever so exact. Precisely as the City Hall bell announced the hour of seven, his breakfast must be on the table, and at half past eight, you might safely stake half your fortune on the certainty that he would be found perched on the stool in the counting room of his employers, mending his pens, and making preparations for the clerical labors of the day.

Timothy resided in lodgings which were under the charge of a colored woman, who had, after many years of anxious attention, acquired a perfect knowledge of his peculiarities, and who accommodated herself to them with praiseworthy care. Never, by any accident, of late, did she place the butter-knife east and west instead of north and south—never was there a wrinkle in the table-cloth—never was the salt-cellaret a hair's breadth out of the position in which Timothy delighted to see it—never was a corner of the rug turned up—never was the poker placed at the angle of forty-five degrees instead of thirty-seven and a half—and never was the big arm-chair placed three feet instead of four feet and seven eights from the hearth-stone.—

With such a superintendent of his domestic affairs, is it to be wondered at that Timothy's bachelor life flowed on tranquilly and uninteruptly? In an evil hour he visited the theater and saw Fan- ny Elssler dance the "Cracoviennr."

Thenceforward he was an altered man. For the first time in his life he began to consider seriously the diversity of the sexes. The only feminine society he had hitherto immediately encountered was that of his worthy house-keeper and the ladies whom hemet in omnibus. He put the question to himself "Why are women sent into the world?"

A day or two afterwards, a new outrage upon her sensibilities was perpetrated by the savage whom, in an evil hour, she had chosen as her husband. They were driving on the Third Avenue, Blodgett had the reins. As he was passing another vehicle, it occurred to Amanda that he was in danger of grazing the wheel, and she seized hold of the left ribbon and gave it a violent jerk. Un-

fortunately, she should have grasped the right. The consequence of her mistake was a collision, which broke in pieces the wheel of Blodgett's wagon, and threw him and his wife into a neighboring mud-puddle. After rising, and going through the idle ceremony of ascertaining that no bones were broken on either side, the horrid man exclaimed:

"Confound it, my dear, you should never touch the reins when I am driving!" And then, as if not content with the barbarities he had inflicted, he added, "What a pickle you have got us into!"

Another occurrence succeeded this, not less calculated to wound and drive to desperation a female of a sensitive and amiable temper. They were walking in Broadway, when a little poodle-dog, with a red ribbon about his dear little neck, arrested Amanda's attention, and appealed to the tender sympathies of her finely-strung and delicately attuned nature. Moved by an affectionate impulse, she stooped to fondle the brute, when Blodgett interposed, and said:

"Don't touch the dirty thing, my dear."

"But I will, my dear," replied Amanda, firmly but sweetly, and stooping still further to lift the poodle in her arms.

"It will bite you—don't you hear it growl? Let me entreat you not to touch it, my dear. The weather is hot, and the creature may have the hydrophobia—off, sir, off!" continued Mr. Blodgett, as the harmless little creature made a snap at his ankle, and thereupon Blodgett kicked it into the middle of the street, with a reckless disregard of the newly-awakened affections of his wife toward the interesting object of his hostility and fear.

Blodgett undertook to palliate his brutality by telling Amanda a long story of his once having witnessed a case of hydrophobia, and of his retaining, in consequence, ever after, a nervous dread of dogs, especially small ones. But as his injured wife appropriately asked, what must that be, which could not overcome a trifling antipathy, for the sake of gratifying one who had lavished upon him the wealth of her young affections?

The question was a poser for Blodgett and he could only reply, in his callous way, by saying:

"Well, hang it, my dear, don't let's quarrel about trifles. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

In addition to these aggravated offenses, the inhuman Mr. B. was known, on two occasions, to refuse to go to Niblo's with his wife, under the miserable pretence that he had been hard at work during the day, and was troubled with a headache, as if the elements of love were not self-sacrifice!

Against these repeated instances of cruelty, neglect, and oppression, poor Amanda bore up till fortitude was no longer a virtue. At length she dispatched a letter, giving a full account to her aunt Rebecca, and received, in reply, an invitation to seek refuge from persecutions of her villain of a husband, in the arms of her affectionate relatives.—Amanda communicated her wishes to Blodgett, and he objected to her leaving him, with such professions of attachment, and such promises of future indulgence, that she was induced to give up her intention.

A circumstance which occurred, however, before the final decision of the woman.

On the night of the 18th, a most interesting conversation took place on the next day.

Fast table:

"Amanda, my dear, you didn't forget to send invitations to the Simpkinses I hope?"

"You surely don't mean that odious undertaker's red-haired family?"

"To be sure I do—nice girls they are—and I would offend them for the world, especially as old Simpkins has lately lost his property by endorsing for his scamp of a brother."

"You may receive the visits of such people, Mr. Blodgett, but I won't—that's flat. That somebody-looking Simpkins always looks at me as if he were thinking how nicely I would fit into one of his coffins."

"His vocation is a melancholy one, I

grant you; but Simpkins is one of the best fellows in the world, and he once lent me money when I was greatly in need of it. Indeed, my dear, I cannot think of having the Simpkinses omitted."

"And I can't think of having them put the stamp of vulgarity on any party of mine. Pray, sir, do you know who are expected among our invited guests?

In the first place, there is Plummins, who has been to Europe and knows how to waltz. And then there is Mrs. Ambros, the author of that sweet tale, "The Murderer's Daughter," in the Ladies' Visitor; and Hannegan, the auctioneer—and Miss Slipshod, the poetess—and Mr. Flash, the fashionable merchant-taylor—and Rasp, the lawyer—and Fitz Daub, the great portrait-painter—and I don't know who else, from the very first circles in the city. What would they think to see the Simpkinses among us?

That fellow, Grumby, would be cutting his jokes about it at once, and would go round asking people when the funeral was to take place. Indeed, husband, I cannot think of inuiting the Sampkin-

A TOUCHING EPISODE.

The New Orleans Crescent, of the 21st, gives the following affecting episode in its Court proceedings—

"A lot of drunken disorderly women were sentenced to three months in the work-house. One of these was Mrs. Doyle. Whilst the women were in a cell of the lock-up, awaiting the arrival of Black Maria, a little bit of a boy appeared in Court, and approaching the recorder said: 'Mr. Recorder, how much will you charge to let my mother out?' The recorder surprised asked how much he would give. He said he would give two dollars that being all the money he had, and that it was half of his month wages; his business being that of selling papers at four dollars a month."

"If I let your mother out," said the recorder, "she'll only get drunk again; can you keep her from drinking?" "I've tried hard to make her quit it," the little one replied, but she will drink, and I don't know whether I can make her quit or not."

"The little fellow began to show symptoms of distress, when the recorder said to him, 'Sonny, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you can get your mother to sign the pledge I'll let her out. Go and see your mother and see what she says."

"An officer showed the little fellow into the lock-up, where through the bars, he saw his mother in a cell with the other women. He called her to the bars and said: 'Ma, if I get you out of this place will you sign the pledge not to drink any more?' Mrs. Doyle who was naturally enough in great distress, answered: 'Yes sonny, I'll do anything to get out of this.' The boy went flying back to the recorder reported his mother's answer, and offered his hard earned two dollars."

"The recorder told him to keep his money, and then had Mrs. Doyle brought before him again. She was very pentient, and made all sorts of promises.—The recorder lectured her and gave her to understand that he only pardoned her for her little boy's sake, and then to make sure of her taking the pledge, directed officer Borge to accompany her and see that she fulfilled the promise.—Attended by the officer and her little boy she went around to the residence of Rev. Father Moynihan, and, in the reverend gentleman's presence, solemnly took the pledge to be a good and sober woman hereafter.

NICELY CAUGHT.—One of the Wisconsin lobby at the Chicago Convention, anxious to see the show gallery of the Wigwam, tried to pass the doorkeeper, when he was told that no gentleman could enter unless accompanied by a lady. Not to be baffled, he waited the entrance of the tyrant Blodgett became apprised of his flight by returning home earlier than he had intended, in order to gain a new lease for his oppressive conduct, by telling his wife that he had yielded to her prejudices, and consented *not* to invite his Simpkinses. To his dismay, he found that Amanda had fled. He followed her to the steamboat, and undertook to pass himself under her protection. The doorkeeper told him that dodge had been played out at an early stage of the game. Back went our persevering friend and waited until the impractical doorkeeper had time to forget him, and then closely following a remarkably well dressed female, he tightly grasped her shawl, and far the third time presented himself for admittance.

"Hold on, sir! you can't go in," said the doorkeeper.

"Well, then, let my wife come out; I am not going to trust her in there among all those ruffians!" exclaimed our friend.

"Is this your wife?" asked the guardian of the Wigwam.

"Well, it is!" said the gentleman from Wisconsin.

The doorkeeper turned the well dressed female around, and exhibited to the gaze of our friend, the repulsive features of a greasy nigger wench.

"I am not going to be deceived by that," said our friend.

"Well, then, let my wife come out," said our friend.

"I am not going to be deceived by that," said our friend.

"Well, then, let my wife come out," said our friend.

"I am not going to be deceived by that," said our friend.

"Well, then, let my wife come out," said our friend.

"I am not going to be deceived by that," said our friend.

"Well, then, let my wife come out," said our friend.

</div