

Advertisement: "Zeeuwstoun Horse"

# Centreville State Rights.

BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

VOL. 4.

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\$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

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BY THOS. J. KEATING,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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No advertisement of any kind will be inserted without charge.

*The above rules will be strictly adhered to.*

## Poetical.

## THE COTTAGE OVER THE WAY.

BY FLORENCE PERCY

There's a cottage just over the way,  
Where whenever my eyes I am raising,  
They will always unconsciously stray,  
And never grow weary of gazing.  
Such gentleness, sweetness and grace,  
Were never yet equalled, I'm certain,  
As shines on the beautiful face,  
Revealed by that wind-tidied curtain.

Oh, a sea-nymph might safely be proud,  
Of the tresses that forehead adorn—  
With hue like a golden tinged cloud  
Just seen in the dim of the morning.  
Oh that voice by a scrap was given,  
And that laugh has a musical twinkle,  
And those eyes have the color of Heaven,  
When the stars are beginning to twinkle!

And then such a gem of a nose,  
All likeness and scorning,  
And the lips like the heart of a rose  
Blown apart by the first breath of morning!  
Oh, that cottage just over the street!  
How can I do other than love it?  
For its inmates so lovely and sweet.  
Twere no sin for an angel to covet,

Such beauty it dazzles the eye—  
Oh, its owner is fairer than Venus!  
But alas, I confess with a sigh,  
There's more than a curtain between us!  
For memory comes with a start—  
Ah, too long has its power been parried—  
For like ice to my love smitten heart  
Comes the dread recollection she's married.

## Choice Story.

## THE CONVICT'S DEATH.

BY LIETT. J. M. PRATT U. S. N.

My physician, under whose care I had been compelled to place myself after a voyage around Cape Horn, insisted upon my obtaining a leave of absence, that I might take a trip up the Mediterranean to inhale for a time the gentle breezes of that delicious climate. No ways averse to such a proposition, I procured his written opinion, and forwarded it with my application to the Secretary. Leave was granted, when after embracing my friend male and female, I took passage from New York for Liverpool, intending to spend a few days in England and then cross the channel rod journey by easy stages through France!

It is an old adage that "man proposes and God disposes." We are often diverted from our contemplated course by events the most trivial and the least expected! On my arrival in London I changed to meet at the house of a gentleman to whom I bore letters, an old acquaintance, no less a personage than Post Captain Arncliffe, whom I had met during a cruise in the Pacific, at the time that Queen Pomare of the Society Island had been driven from her throne or mud-heaps, some years previous to my then visit to Europe. He seemed delighted to see me, and I am sure that I was equally so to him. After my introduction to our host and his family my friend and myself fell into conversation about the times we had passed together on the Spanish main, and adjacent islands.—Conversation assisted our memory, and other scenes recurred so rapidly, that it was not until the time warned us to separate, that he thought to inquire my busi-

siness in England. As we walked arm in arm towards my hotel he put the question.

"I propose sojourning for a while, along the Mediterranean," I answered, "in hopes to recover my lost health."

"An invalid! I regret to hear it.—

Bound for the Mediterranean are you?—

How do you go?"

"Overland through France and Italy. Perhaps through Spain?" I replied.

"Why not go with me as far as Gibraltar? I am ordered to join the squadron now in the Indian Ocean, and shall sail with a number of convicts for Sidney in a week or two, what say you?"

I promised him to consider the matter and invited him to bring some friends with him and dine with me the following day. It will be enough for the reader to know that his proposition was accepted. I had never been on board of a convict ship and I confess my curiosity in this respect had as much to do with my decision to accompany him, as any of the many arguments he used to impress so opposite that we were forced to refuse him further supplies.

"We could not do it Mary. It would have begged us," said Mr. Barlow.

"You did too much," she answered, "and you have your reward. Well sir, for a time after my husband's refusal he did not trouble us. We hoped that he had left England, indeed we heard that such was the fact. While we were congratulating ourselves that this was so—

while we were indulging hopes and plans for the future, my husband was arrested and thrown into Newgate Prison on the charge of forgery?"

"Great Heaven!" I exclaimed, "what injustice.

"Was it not sir? But we confidently trusted that a trial under the boasted justice of English law, would acquit him fully. It appeared that an order had been drawn for £200, upon a well known house in London, by a firm quite as well known. The signature was pronounced a forgery. Mr. Barlow's brother-in-law was arrested as having received the money. He charged my husband with having given the note to him, and brought no less than three persons who swore that they saw Mr. Barlow draw it up and hand it over to the young man?"

"Horrible!"

"But it is true, sir! every word of it," exclaimed the invalid.

"It was nearly a year before my husband was brought to trial," continued Mrs. Barlow. "His health suffered materially from the long confinement and the wearing anxiety and when he was arraigned at the bar he seemed more fitted for the sick bed than the prisoner's dock. All that legal talent could do for him was done. Our small means were entirely exhausted in securing the services of a distinguished advocate. But the opposing force was strong for us. In vain our counsel endeavoring to make out a case of conspiracy. The oaths of the parties were received and my husband broken in health and spirits wounded in honor and utterly wretched, was condemned to transportation."

"Yet you share my punishment and exile," said Mr. Barlow, with a poor attempt at a smile.

"Yes! but those in power would have denied me that comfort had I not importuned them incessantly. Now, sir! tell me do you believe my statement?"

"Implicitly!" I replied.

"I am grateful for the admission. I cannot bear that any should think my husband guilty, for I know him to be entirely innocent. Others will claim the same consideration, I have heard them declare it before Heaven. We know how we have been oppressed. See his blanched cheek and lustreless eye, and say, if you can, that there is a single evidence of guilt there."

At my suggestion, the surgeon of the ship was instructed to pay particular attention to Mr. Barlow, but it soon became evident that human aid could not long sustain him.

"It is useless," I exclaimed.

Seeing the interest with which I regarded them Mr. Barlow as he was called whispered to his wife.

"Tell him dearest, the whole story.

I seated myself beside him as the woman commenced.

"My husband has been for a number of years in business in London. I am his second wife! His first, who has been dead some six years, had a brother through whom this trouble has come upon us. He was wild and dissipated young man! He was provided with situations, but he was too indolent to work, so that his brother-in-law was compelled to support him. He ran into all kinds of excesses and expenses, which, as his sister was induced Mr. Barlow to pay—This was a severe tax upon his business, but he could not bear to see his wife's brother exposed or suffering. To these he covered up this man's criminality by paying forged notes that had they been discovered, would have sent him, where we are going now."

Tears were coursing down the cheeks of the invalid as these transactions were brought again to his mind.

Mrs. Barlow died. It was thought that his natural grief at the loss would at once have checked the young man in his downward career. But the who decended him capable of feeling were mistaken, he continued in his vice, which seemed to increase. If Mr. Barlow had before felt an objection to expose his brother-in-law, the memory of his lost wife, now double pleaded with him. For two

years more he bore without a single murmur the demands of this vicious man.

At the end of that time Mr. Barlow having no children and being as it were alone in the world proposed that I should share his love and home. We were married.

The invalid pressed the hand of the speaker and muttered.

Happiness?"

"This marriage seemed to incense the young man to that degree that he would never enter the house after. His persecutions however did not cease. He would send others to make demands upon my husband and indite threatening letters to both of us. At last this became so oppressive that we were forced to refuse him further supplies.

"We could not do it Mary. It would have begged us," said Mr. Barlow.

"You did too much," she answered, "and you have your reward. Well sir, for a time after my husband's refusal he did not trouble us. We hoped that he had left England, indeed we heard that such was the fact. While we were congratulating ourselves that this was so—

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