

Centreville State Rights.

BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Poetical.

AFTERWARD.

No more? Through all the years to meet
No more? No more? Alas! no more?
New flowers may kill my exile feet!
Dream-shells will haunt the happiest shore:
The sea may laugh, the earth may shine
In tears, and wear Heaven's promise bow;
Laugh-blossoms may wreath my sorrow's wine,
Time hide old graves of flowers, in snow.
No more? Through all the years to meet
No more? No more? Alas! no more?
I pray your eyes may smile as sweet—
Unblinded, I bless you as before.
In solitude of men apart,
My heart's blind flowers, for the sun
Shall grieve and climb—into your heart,
And grow—in dreams of sunshine gone!
No more? Through all the years to meet
No more? No more? Alas! no more?
The tide that in my heart has beat
May ebb, but still must haunt the shore.
And leave strange shells of thought to lie
And murmur evermore of thee,
On my life's sand—until I die—
The tide-mark of my love shall be.

Choice Story.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY. A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

"Cut your coat according to your cloth," is an old maxim, and a wise one; and if people will only equate their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we only would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach: It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds to our discomforts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have—the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin. I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humor and good sense, so remarkable as my friend Willemot.—When I first saw him since our school-days, it was at the close of the war; he had been a large contractor with the Government, for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realized an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast, that it would employ the time of six clerks for two years to examine them, previous to the balance-sheet being struck.

As I observed, he had been at school with me, and, on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his recent success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you; you must come down to Belmont Castle; Mrs. Willemot will receive you with pleasure, I am sure. You shall see two girls."

I consented. The chaise stopped at a

splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Everything was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I desired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner to be put off, Willemot replied:

"On the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour. How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an artist extraordinary—a regular Cordon Bleu. You may eat anything without fear of indigestion. How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days and no price is too great to insure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into a friendly conversation. I expressed my admiration of his daughters who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as come up to our expectations. Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish Lords are nothing I hope to settle them comfortably, we shall see. Try this claret; you will find it excellent, not a headache in a hogshead of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that we should rattle round the park; and we set off in a handsome open carriage with four grays, ridden by postillions at a rapid pace. As we were whittling along, he observed, in town we must of course drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful it makes our spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labor. Rather than not drive four, I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements, I passed one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemot was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him pleased with his prosperity, acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence. I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent about four years.

On my return I inquired after my friend Willemot, and was told that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes such as change in the government, a demand for economy, and the warding of his contracts, having been differently rendered from what Willemot had supposed their meaning to be; large items had been struck out of his balance sheet, and instead of his being a millionaire, he was now a gentleman with a handsome property.—Bellem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighborhood.

I took the earliest opportunity of going to see him.

"O, my dear Reynolds, this is so kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come, Mrs. Willemot will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented and happy, and as friendly as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock; the footman and coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the cook extraordinary. I praised everything.

"Yes," replied he, she is a very good cook, she unites the solicity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare, and altogether, think it a decided improvement. Jane is quite a treasure."

After dinner he observed:

"Of course you know I have sold Bellem Castle, and reduced my establishment Government has not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners, and a body of men will do that which, as individuals they would be ashamed of.—The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I am afraid. However, here you see my friends especially my school-fellows. Will you

take port or claret? The port is fine, so is the claret. By the-by, do you know, I'll let you into a family secret, Louisa is to be married to Col. Weller—an excellent match; it will make us all happy."

The next day we drove out in an open carriage, as before, but in a chariot, and with a pair of horses.

"These are handsome horses," observed I.

"Yes," replied he "I am fond of good horses; and as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in four horses I do not much like; it appears as if you wished to outstep your neighbors."

I spent a very few pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold caught that Winter induced me to take the advice of the physician, and proceeded to the south of France, where I remained two years. On my return I was informed that Willemot had speculated, and had been unlucky on the stock exchange; that he had left Richmond and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you.—Thompson told me that you had come back. If not engaged, come down to see me: I will drive you down at four o'clock if that will suit."

It suited me very well, and at four o'clock I met him according to the appointment, at a lively stable, over the iron bridge. His vehicle was ordered out; it was a phaeton, drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern. We set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty of time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is our dinner time. Late dinners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course you know that Louisa has a little boy." I did not, but congratulated him. "Yes, and has now gone out to India with her husband—Mary is also engaged to be married—a very good match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, the servant, the only man servant, came out and took the ponies around to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper bags, containing a few extracts for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemot. The house was small, but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there in one or two little articles, favorites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a plain dinner, and were attended by the footman who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his liveries.

"A good plain cook is the best thing after all," observed Willemot. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirlin? the undercut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Mr. Willemot told me, very unconcernedly about his losses. "It was not my fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and risking what they would have had, I left them almost penniless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beefsteak and what more in this world can you have? Will you take port or white, I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemot. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughter into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone; and one horse in a four-wheeled double chaise, appears like an imposition on the poor animal."

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year. On my return I found that my friend Willemot had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, put myself in the train, and arrived at the Bedford hotel. It was not until after some inquiry, that I could find out his address.—At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemot received me just as before. "I have no spare bed to offer you," but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it is

very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the court was for sale and my wife agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay, and always healthy, and, as for carriages and horses, they are of no use here—there are flies at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner.—A parlor maid waited but everything although very plain was clean and comfortable. "I have still a bottle of wine for a friend," said Willemot, after dinner; "but for my part I prefer whiskey to-day; it agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls.—God bless them, and success to them in life!"

"My dear Willemot," said I, "excuse the liberty of an old friend but I am so astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle I wonder at your contented state of mind under such change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow replied he. 'I never could have believed, at that time, that I could have lived happily under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience then my wife she is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself and farther have made it a rule as we have been going down hill to find reason; why we should be thankful and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will effect your happiness; as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemot and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not that the grapes were sour, but he had learned the whole art of happiness by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

Miscellaneous.

A COURT ROOM SCENE.—In a recent trial of a liquor case, which occurred not a thousand miles from Worcester county the witness on the stand was under examination as to what he had seen at the defendant's domicile, which he said he had visited "a number of times."

"Did you ever see any spirits there, or anything you regarded as spirits?" asked the presiding justice.

"Why yes, I don't know but I have," was the reply of the witness.

"Do you know what kind of spirits?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?"

"I kinder smelt it."

"Well, now," said the judge, straightening himself up for the convicting answer, which he supposed would be given, "will you please tell me what kind of spirit it was?"

"Spirits of Turpentine!"

This answer fairly shook the court-room. As soon as it subsided the witness was discharged the opinion being that his testimony was not to the point.

ARROGIOUS.—"Betsy my dear," said Mr. Stubbs, giving his wife a pair of damaged unmentionables, "have the goodness to mend these trousers; it will be as good as going to the play to-night."

Mrs. Stubbs took her needle, but confessed she couldn't see the point. "How so?" said she. "Why, my dear, you will see the wonderful ravel in the pant-o-mine." Mrs. Stubbs finished the job, and handing back the trousers told Stubbs, "that's darned good."

DICK.—"I say, Jack, suppose three bad eggs and a pair of old boots were boiled down in a gallon of Croton, how do you think it would compare with Saratoga water?"

Jack, (reflecting).—"It wants another egg."

Two young fellows got to bantering each other one day. Finally, one of them exclaimed: "Well, there's one thing you can't do!" "What is it?"—"You can't put your head into an empty barrel." "Oh, nonsense," exclaimed the other, "why can't I?" "Because," dryly rejoined the first; "it is an impossibility to put a hog's head into a barrel!"

THE NEW YORK FUSION.
The New York fusion of the Breckinridge and Douglas Democracy having resulted in a failure, the Breckinridge State Committee have published an address giving a statement of the recent negotiations with the Douglas Committee. The address says:

"The Douglas organization, in rejecting the only means by which this State could be prevented from voting for Lincoln, have reduced the practical question between Democrats of New York in the coming election to one of future organization only. In determining upon which of the two Democratic candidates they will support, it is necessary for them to decide now upon the principles they are prepared to abide by hereafter. Will national Democrats follow Mr. Douglas, separate themselves politically from the Democratic party of the South and join with the Know-Nothings in both sections of the country? or will they rather continue to march under the time-honored National Democratic banner, which has never been lowered before any foe, and which is the same North and South? If you have not made up your minds to desert the National Democratic party, be careful how you increase the vote of Douglas. By voting for Breckinridge and Lane, National Democrats will not only sustain the principles of their party, and preserve a nucleus about which in the future, will be formed a great National party in this State, but they will encourage their friends all over the Union, and be received and honored in the next National Convention of Democrats instead of being rejected and despised—as they most surely will be—if they present themselves upon the platform of Squatter Sovereignty, in company with their new allies."

"We charge the Douglas managers in this State with having purposely produced the present difficulties in the party, and with persistently refusing to allow these difficulties to be adjusted. All National Democrats should withdraw from the rule of the Albany Regency, and support the principles and candidates of their own party. "There can be no evasive middle ground." Squatter Sovereignty is but another form of "Free-Soil Republicanism, and necessarily continues the excitement, strife and bloodshed caused by fanatic Emigrant Aid Societies, with their contributions of Sharp's Rifles, if it does not result in the final breaking up of this confederacy of sovereign States. It is only another form of conflict forced upon us by the doctrines of Seward and Lincoln. Men must take ground either for or against the protection of life and property in the common Territories by the general Government of the country. States are sovereign and regulate their affairs in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. Territories are not sovereign, but belong in common to all the sovereign States."

The document concludes by recommending the formation of clubs, and use of active efforts to bring the whole vote to the polls in November.

It was observed that a certain over-gone rich man never invited any one to dine with him. "I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he goes next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately for he can save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry to speak to you: he says he can save you a thousand pounds."

"Yes, sir, I can, but I see you are at dinner; I will go away, and call again."

"O, pray sir, come in and eat dinner with me."

"I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family retired, "Well, sir," said the man of the house "now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds."

"Well, sir, I hear sir, you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have sir."

"And you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?"

"I do, sir."

"Why, then sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand."

The master of the house arose in a passion and kicked him out doors.

The rose with thorns yields its perfume.

FAULTS POMPEY COULDN'T REMEMBER.

A Clergyman wishing to be rid of his horse and try for a better one, directed the old negro man to sell his beast for what he would bring or to exchange him for another, adding at the same time an anxious caution not to deceive the purchaser and even enumerating the faults of the animal, lest one should be overlooked.

"Remember, Pompey, he has four faults."

"O, yes, Massa, I remember."

Pompey jogging along the road, and counting over the list to himself, as the old lady over her luggage, "Big box, little box, bundle, bundle," was overtaken by a man on horseback, who entered into conversation, and among other topics, made some inquiries about the horse.

Pompey told his story, and that his master had charged him, to tell the horse's faults to the purchaser without reservation.

"Well, what are they?" said the stranger who had a mind to swap.

"Dere is four, Massa," said Pompey, "and I don't remember them all very well just now, but—"

"Well, tell me those you do remember."

"Well, sar, one is that the horse is white, and de white hairs get on Massa's coat, and dat don't look well for a clergyman."

"And the next?"

"I don't anyhow remember the oders," said Pompey, peering into the clouds with one eye reflectively.

The stranger concluded to strike a bargain, and exchange his own horse, which had not quite so gentle an air as the parson's, for this nearly perfect animal. It was not long before the clerical steed stumbled and threw his rider into a ditch. Picking himself up as well as he could, he examined his new purchase a little more closely, and discovered that the horse was entirely blind. Finding Pompey again, without much difficulty, his wrath burst forth in a torrent of reproaches.

"You black rascal, what does this mean? This horse is broken-kneed, and as blind as a mole!"

"Oh, yes, Massa," said Pompey blandly, "den's de oder faults dat I couldn't remember!"

ELOQUENCE AT A PREMIUM.—"May it please the Court," said a Yankee lawyer before a Dutch Judge. The other day, "this is a case of the greatest importance; while the American eagle, whose sleepless eyes watches over the welfare of this mighty republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghenies to the rocky chain of the West, was rejoicing in his pride of place—"

"Stop darel stop, I say; vat has dis suit to do mit eagles! It has nothing to do mit de wild bird, it is von sheep," exclaimed the Justice.

"True, your Honor, but my client has rights."

"Your client has no right to do eagle!"

"Of course not, but the laws of language—"

"Vot cares I for the laws of language eh? I understand de laws of de State, and dat ish enough for me. Confine your talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep and—"

"Dat will do! dat will do! Your client is charned mit sheepling a sheep shust nine shillings. De court will adjourn."

IN A BAD STATE.—An Irishman in New Jersey was on Sunday driving a horse with a wagon toward Easton, when he was met by a clergyman who was going to church, and who took the opportunity to chide the traveler for a breach of the Sabbath.

"My friend," said he, "this is a bad way you are in."

"Och, honey," said the Irishman, "and isn't it the turnpike?"

"Yes," replied the minister; "but what I mean is, that you are in a bad state."

"By me sowl," returned the Irishman, "and that's true enough, too, your worship! It's a very bad State, this, and I'll get into Pennsylvania as soon as I can."

HANS.—"Yaw, dat's shoost vot I'm grying at. Dere's so many goot dings on the duple as never vas, but I've eat so much I gant schawlow a pit more—boo-hoo-hoo!"

NO TIME TO SWAP.—An Indiana man was traveling down the Ohio on a steamer, with a mare and a two year-old colt when by a sudden career of the boat, all three were tilted into the river.—The Hoosier, as he rose, puffing and blowing above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a bee-line for the shore, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current, with its owner still hanging fast.

"Let go of the old colt and hang to the old mare!" shouted some of his friends.

"Three boob!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog. "It's all mighty fine your telling me to let go the colt; but to a man that can't swim this ain't exactly the time for, swapping horses!"

A BARONET'S OPINION OF WRITTEN SPECIAL PRAYER.—An exchange states that at the breaking of the ground for the commencement of the Lynchburg and Tennessee railroad at Lynchburg, a clergyman solemnly and slowly read a manuscript prayer, at the conclusion of which an old negro man, who had been resting with one foot on his spade, and his arms on the handle, looking intently in the chaplain's face, straightened himself up, and remarked very audibly: "Well, I reckon dat's the first time de Lord's eckon was writ on de subje ob railroads. This anecdote is slightly touched with age, but the point made by Sambo will bear repetition."

HAD HIM THERE.—Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything neater than any other man in town." "Yes Mr. Smith, I said so." "Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there's no man on earth can turn a thing as well I can whittle it."—"Pooh, nonsense, Mr. Smith! talk about whittling! What can you whittle better than I can turn?" "Anything, everything, Mr. Jones. Just name the article that I can't whittle that you can turn, and I'll give you a dollar if I don't do it to the satisfaction of all these persons present." "Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones for trial; you may whittle and I will turn."

THE FOP AND THE DOCTOR.—Twenty years ago a farmer's barn in the vicinity of Worcester, Mass., was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Many of the citizens had gone to the fire, when a fop, well strapped and dicked, with a cap on one side of his head, met the celebrated Dr. G—n and accosted him in this wise: "Can you—a! tell me doctor, how fah they have succeeded in extinguishing the Conflagration of the—ah unfortunate yeoman's barn?" The doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head for a moment and then slipped his thumb and finger into his vest pocket took out a couple of pills, and handed them to him saying—"Take these sir, and go to bed, and if you do not feel better in the morning, call at my office."

WHY WAS TITIAN'S FAT DAUGHTER, Mary, like William Cobbet? Ans.—Because she was a great Polly Tician (politician.)

Why is a statue-book like the Grecian army before Troy? Ans.—Because it has many laws (Menclaws) in it.

Why is a stormy, windy day like a child with a cold in its head? Ans.—It blows, it snows (It blows its nose.)

Why is a short negro like a white man? Ans.—Because he's not at all (a tall) black.

BEFORE the days of teetotalers, a neighbor of Mr. Bisbee saw the gentleman at an early hour of the day, crawling slowly home-ward on his hands and knees over the frozen ground.

"Why don't you get up, Mr. Bisbee? Why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor.

"I w-w-would, b-b-but it is so mighty thin here that I'm afraid I shall b-break through."

THE Thames in London is so filthy, people must be mad to bath, in it; yet in Paris things are not much better, and every one who goes into the river there must positively in Seine.

A man's life is too long when he out lives his character, his health, and his estate.

WHAT key opens the gate to misery?—Ans—Whis-key.