

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, NOVEMBER 20, 1860.

NO. 33.

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 not 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 bounding, type or 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 full 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. Ordinary 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.

Poetical.

AN HOUR IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Sleep, dreamless sleepers, sleep!
Oh, how I envy you!
I long to lay this aching head
On my mother's bosom too:
That her cold arms might fold me down,
To moulder in her breast,
Where I might be with those I love,
And be forever at rest.

Yes you have left this world of care,
And gone to realms of bliss;
Yell never know again the woe
Of a sinful world like this.
Here's one that scarce to manhood came,
His age but twenty-two,
Who that has reached his three-score years
Could help but envy you?

And there's a maiden young and fair,
The bud that soon would bloom;
And kindred hearts thought, ah, how hard
To lay her in the tomb,
Ah, her's is such a quiet sleep,
How could you wish to break her rest;
No more has she a tear to weep,
No aching heart within her breast.

Here lies a babe, a mother's pearl,
Caught up from Earth to Heaven;
Her heart knows now 'twas only lent;
Before, she thought 'twas given;
Yes, little sleeper, you're at rest;
Free from all earthly sin;
For Christ has said, unless like you
We cannot enter in.

Choice Story.

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in jest half in earnest, "the happy man—or the unhappy one, if you please, had had—shall be a person possessed of these three qualifications:—
"First, a fortune.
"Second, good looks.
"I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most useful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I never could think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscure with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged in lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none ever doubted who had obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have just quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors, but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and, discarding all others, except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's priv-

ilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals? If I could have my own way, one should be a poor genius and something of a hero; the other a wealthy fool, and somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is—
Our poor genius was not much of a genius—not very poor, either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably by the exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of ever attaining to wealth.

Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by elderly people a "fine character," by his companions, a "noble good fellow," and by the ladies generally, a "darling."

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of rival.

This Mr. Wellington, (his companions called him "Dudo,") was no idiot or humpback, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, good looks, and fine manners, and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Beside this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. Frank Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "Duke," although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks and common sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the amiable, conceited Mr. Frank, was not willing to be defeated that she would suffer more worldly consideration to control the aspirations of the heart.

However one day, when he pressed her to declare his fate, she said to him, with a sigh:

"Oh, Frank! I am sorry we ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes; for we must part now."

"Part!" repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Kate, casting down her head with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—proud Kate—wept bitterly.

"Kate," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me; but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word and I go."

"Go!" murmured Kate; "go."

"Have you decided?" whispered Frank.

"I have."

"Then, love, farewell."

He took her hand, gazed a moment, tenderly and sorrowfully, into her beautiful face, and then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arms around his neck; but in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he articulated.

A feeble yes fell from her lips—and an instant later she was lying on the sofa, sobbing and weeping alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated, and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and rose cheerfully to meet him. His manners pleased her—his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand—she accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could scarce repress a sigh!

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with everything around swimming in the charmed atmosphere of the fairy-land, Kate gave her heart to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen.

But certainly ambition could not have

made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her, she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanted in the whole circle of her existence to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her breast. Her friends were numerous, her husband tender and kind, and loving; but all the attention and affections could fill her heart. She had once felt its chord and sympathy moved by a skilful touch—she had not known the heavenly charm of the deep delicious harmony, and now they were silent—motionless, muffled so as to speak in silks and satins. These chords were still and soundless. Her heart was dead; none the less so because killed by a golden shot, having known and felt the life of sympathy in it, unconsolated by the life of luxury. In short, Kate in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent to her husband. He could not remain long blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gayety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joke, however, was unsatisfactory, and impelled by a powerful longing for love, he went astray to waste his heart by a strange fire.

Kate saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unconquerable by golden streams that flowed around her—panting with a hunger which not all the food of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus, and he answered her with angry and desperate taunts of deception and a woful lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried; "then why do complain that I bestow elsewhere the affection you meet with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remonstrated.

"Yes, I know it," said her husband, fiercely.

"It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in her sympathy? Who devoted me to the fate of a loving, devoted husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation, for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

Very well, said Kate, "I do not say your reproaches are undeserved. But, granting I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it," said her husband, "Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly—his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate, trembling.

"The world will admire you the same and what more do you desire?" asked her husband, bitterly. "This marriage of hands and not of hearts is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few understanding the true meaning of the terms husband and wife; but do you know what they should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummery. Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of separation."

I say, do not tremble and cry, and cling to me now; I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire.

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her cheeks were dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses, until with a start she cried:

"Frank! oh Frank! come back!"

"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing beside her.

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say; not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Kate, "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand.

"You could not mean to send me away from you so cruelly, I knew. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause with you once more, and I found you here where I left you, asleep."

"Oh! what a horrible dream!" murmured Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible asked Frank. 'I hope, then, you did not dream you were married to me?'"

"No, I thought I gave my hand without my heart!"

"Then, if you gave your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Kate, and her bright eyes were beaming happily through her tears, "and here it is!"

And soon there was a real marriage—not a splendid, but a happy one—followed by a life of love, of contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

Miscellaneous.

TOO GREEN FOR COMFORT.

The Cincinnati Enquirer tells the following:—"Day before yesterday a trio of newly wedded couples from the interior of Kentucky, arrived at the Burnet House and took apartments for the night at that well ordered hotel. It was quite evident that the whole party were unfamiliar with metropolitan sights. The rooms, corridors, marble floor, gorgeous drawing room and well spread table of the hotel, drew from them the most ingenious remarks of surprise. In the evening they visited the opera house and were so astonished by its magnificence, that even Mrs. Waller's wonderful impersonation of "Meg Merriles" failed to interest them. Nothing more was thought of the verdant trio till about 1 o'clock yesterday morning, at which time the boot black of the Burnet House, in making his customary rounds, observed one of the bucolicks seated in the hall near the door of his room. He naively asked the polisher of the understandings if he was the clerk. Receiving a negative answer, he informed the boot black that he should like to see that individual. In a few moments one of the attentive office men was at his side and politely asked what was needed.

"Couldn't you make me a bed in the parlor?" cried the disconsolate individual.

"In the parlor?" echoed the clerk, "I am afraid not."

"Well, I would like to have one spread down somewhere."

"Why don't you go into your own room?" asked the clerk.

"Don't like to," said the bashful young man.

"Why, what's the matter?" continued the clerk. "Has your wife turned you out of your room?"

"No," said he, drawing, "but you see I've never been married before, and so I don't like much to go in particularly in a strange place."

"O, go right in," said the clerk, "she won't think it at all wrong."

Here the door of his room opened about an inch, and through the aperture came a voice, coaxingly saying: "Do come in, John. I won't hurt you. I know'd they'd think strange of yer standing out there. Come in now, won't yer? I've blowed out the gas and its all dark in here."

The odor of the room assured the clerk that she had indeed 'blow'd out the gas,' so pushing open the door he stopped the flow, raised a window and returned to the hall to persuade the verdant husband to retire with his wife.—All arguments were fruitless, however, and he was compelled to assign the simple individual a separate room from that his wife was in for that night.

An old bachelor is a traveler upon life's road, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

Gaelic Settlement in North Carolina.

In a letter which the Inverness Courier has received from a friend in North Carolina, are the following interesting particulars:

It may be interesting to some of our readers to learn that the Scotch Highlanders were among the first settlers of the State of North Carolina. The majority of them were from the Hebrides, from Italy, Jura, Mull, Coll and Skye, and not a few from the mainland of Argyll. The precise date of the landing of the first Scotch emigrants in the Carolinas cannot be well ascertained. It appears that Scotch families were settled on the Cape Fear river previous to the division of the province into North and South Carolina in 1779. Sometime between 1741 and 1746 a Highlander, named Niel Macneil, from Argyllshire, visited North Carolina.

He returned to Scotland in 1748, and in the following year landed in Wilmington, North Carolina, with his family and about 300 emigrants (some say 600) from the districts of Kinyre, Argyllshire. It is said that upon the arrival of so unusual an importation at Wilmington, the authorities, struck with the dress and language of the new comers, required Macneil to enter into a bond for their peaceful and good behavior. Perhaps the warlike spirit of the Celtic race struck the Wilmingtonians with such terror as led to the demand of the bond. Our intrepid countryman managed to evade the demand, and ascended the Cape Fear with his band of his countrymen. From this period the emigration was yearly on the increase.

Mr. Macdonal of Kingsburgh, and his lady, the far-famed Flora Macdonal, famous for her adherence to the unfortunate Pretender, Prince Charles, in his forlorn condition after his defeat at Culloden, emigrated with a number of others from the Isle of Skye; so that every year added to the number of Scotch Highlander emigrants until they soon formed the majority of the population and controlled the civil and ecclesiastical interests of no less than seven counties, viz: Cumberland, Bladen, Robeson, Richmond, Montgomery, Moore and Harnet.

The Gaelic language is spoken in its purity by many in these counties, and in both my churches I preach in it every Sabbath. On last Sabbath I assisted at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in a congregation 40 miles distance from my home, and preached and served a table at which upward of 150 had taken their seats, who have not heard a sermon in the language of their childhood for the last ten years. Many a tear was shed during the service, many a warm shake of the hand, such as a Highlander can give, was given, and many a blessing was bestowed upon your correspondent at parting with the warm-hearted people. The Rev. Collin Macaiver, a native of Stormont, Lewis, was the last preacher who could preach in Gaelic till I came to the State two years ago. He died in this town in 1850, much respected and regretted by his countrymen in North Carolina. I will state an instance of the preponderance of the Scotch Highlander in this State.

The North Carolina "Presbyterian," a religious paper, and the organ of our synod, published in the town of Fayetteville, has upwards of 800 Maces on its list of subscribers, besides those who claim the honor of pertaining as much to the Celtic race as those who bear that ancient patronymic.

The Presbytery of Fayetteville, of which I and one of my sons are members, has 18 Maces among its clerical members, and 7 others who will not yield the palm to their brethren of the Mac families in tracing their Celtic origin; and thence our Presbytery has the cognomen of the Scotch Presbytery given to us by our brethren of the Synod of North Carolina.

A suit came off the other day in which a printer named Kelly was a witness. The case was an assault and battery, and came off between two men named Brown and McCabe.

"Mr. Kelly, did you witness the affair referred to?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what have you to say about it?"

"That it was the best piece of punctuation I have seen for some time."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, that Brown dotted one of McCabe's eyes, for which McCabe put a period to Brown's breathing for about half a minute."

The Court comprehended the matter at once and fined the defendant \$50.

WHO OWNS THE CORNFIELD?

We know not who is the author of the following, or where it came from. We find it among our clippings without any credit. It is too good to be lost and just now so reasonable, that we give it a position in our columns:

You sow the beautiful cornfield. Its tall stalks, like the rank and file of a noble army, had been nodding and waving their plumes in the sunshine all the summer through; and in the autumn they were bending under the weight of the golden grain. How many batches of bread were hid there? How many hungry mouths were fed from it!

Every day farmer Jones looked over the stone wall, and talked and thought about "my corn" as he called it. How much of it was yours, farmer Jones? "I planted it," he would say: "I hoed it, I sowed it." But where did you get the first little kernel? God made it. In whose earth did you bury it? God's earth.—He is the great land owner. Who cracked the hard kernel and brought out the living sprout? God. Who fed it? God. Who watered it? God. Who watched it? God. Whose sunshine warmed it? God's. Who sprinkled it with night dew? God. Who pumped up its juices, and taught them to manufacture leaves in one place, and cobs in another, and set the corn in the cob, and wove soft silk to wrap around the tender fruit and strong swaths to protect it from blighting frosts and scorching heat? God.—Who saved it from mildew, and rust, and worm? God. Who then is the rightful owner? God. He will indeed pay your wages; but how small a part is your due.

"And I have harvested and housed it as mine," said farmer Jones. "I never thanked God for it, or took it as from his hand. I never thought of his having anything to do with it. I have robbed God of his due." Farmer Jones never thought of himself in the light of a robber before. Had his neighbors called him so how angry he would have been. He passed as an honest and just man; but how he asked himself, "Am I not a robber?" and pricked in his conscience he fell upon his knees, confessed his sin and prayed for forgiveness. The great landowner allowed him to keep what he had given him, but every day afterwards the farmer thanked God for his daily bread; and many a bushel was wheeled away to feed God's poor; and evermore as he looked over the stone wall, he saw his hand at work in the cornfield, and his heart said "Thine, not mine, O God."

THREE CHANCES FOR A WIFE.—When a man has three chances for a wife, it is a hard mischance if he should fail. The following is one of these cases which might have occurred "down east," but it is doubtful if a similar event was ever known in any other part of the world.

I once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins. I made it up to get married. Well while we was going to the deacon's, I stepped my foot into a mud puddle, and splattered the mud all over Deb's new gown, made out of her grandmother's old chintz petticoat. Well when we got to the deacon's, he asked Deb if she would take me for her lawful wedded husband.

"No," said she.

"Why?" says I.

"Why," says she, "I've taken a mislikin to you."

Well, all was up with me then, but I gave her a string of beads, a few kisses, some other notions, and made it all up with her; so we went up to the deacon's a second time. I was determined to come up with her this time, so when the deacon asked me if I would take her for my lawfully wedded wife, says I:

"No, I shan't do any such thing."

"Why," says Deb, "what on airth is the matter?"

"Why," says I, "I've taken a mislikin to you know."

Well, then it was all up again, but I gave her a new apron and a few other trinkets, and went up again to get married. We expected that we would be tied so fast that all nature couldn't separate us; and when we asked the deacon if he would marry us, he said:

"No I shan't dew any such thing."

"Why what on airth is the reason," says we.

"Why, I've taken a mislikin to both on ye," says he.

Deb burst out crying, the deacon burst out scolding, and I burst out laughing, and such a set of regular bursters you never did see.

Theory may be all very well, but young doctors and lawyers prefer practice.

A STORY FOR BOYS.—It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said:

"Go, my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again until the day of judgment."

The youth went, and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers.

One fellow asked the boy what he had, to which he answered:

"Forty dinars are sowed up in my garments."

The robbers laughed, thinking the boy jesting.

Another asked the same question, and received the same answer.

At last the chief called him and asked him what he had said. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

The chief ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and the money found.

"And how came you to tell this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

Child, said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and I am insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it."

There is a moral in this story which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child. The sentiment infused into the breast of a child is again transferred from breast to breast.

DOUGLAS VS. LINCOLN.—Hon. S. A. Douglas in his speech in Mobile, answered the interrogatory, whether he would take an office under Lincoln in the following style:—"I have only to say, that I cannot believe that any man reputed to be a gentleman could put such a question to me. (Immense applause.) There is no language with which I can express my scorn and contempt for the wretch who would intimate that in any contingency I would take office under Lincoln. (Applause.) The man who would propound such a question to me would sell himself in an instant to Lincoln or any other man who would offer him his price. (Great applause.)"

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a half sermon, half political harangue at his church in Brooklyn, on Sunday night, in which he used the following curious simile:

"As men grow rich they grow mean. Why, I know men—pious men—who actually perjure themselves about the value of their property, that they may save what is justly due the city for taxes. They are as mean as—well—meanness has tunnelled them from end to end, and the Devil daily runs his trains through and through."

LIVE FROGS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.—A writer in the Norwalk (O.) Reflector describes a visit which he paid last month to a lady at Toledo, Ohio, who takes six live frogs as a remedy for consumption. She was recommended to do it by an Englishman, who said he was cured in that way. In six weeks this singular medicine has restored her from a state of great weakness to strength.

The visitor saw the lady take a live frog from a jar and swallowed him whole without chewing. Her daughter also did the same.

The disparity of the sexes in the colony of Victoria appears to be greater than in any other part of Australia.—The last census of the population of the colony showed eighty-eight thousand three hundred and fifty-five unmarried men, of twenty years and upward to but twelve thousand five hundred and forty-five unmarried women of corresponding ages.

The proportion of unmarried men on the gold-fields was still greater, the bachelors being to the spinsters in the proportion of upward of twenty to one.

A ROW IN PERSPECTIVE.—"Ma, aunt Jane has been eating the honey," said an observing son.

"How do you know, my dear?" asked the astonished mother.

"Cause I heard father say he wanted to sip the honey from her lips," replied the youth.

A QUESTION.—At best life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and songs, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt fare wells—then our little play will close, and the injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?