msa_sc6053_1_1_0033 copyright Maryland State Archives

Re: France Hotel Fire

State Rights Advocate.

Published in Centreville, Queen Ann's County, Maryland, ebery Tuesday Morning, and Deboted to Local and General Intelligence, Literature, Agriculture, Politics, Adbertising, &c.

BY THOMAS J KEATING

EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL—EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES TO NONE.

$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 4. CENTREVILLE, MD.—TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1860. NO. 1.

The State-Rights' Adbocate,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY
In Centreville, Queen Ann's Co., Md.
BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

Subscription.

$1.50 per annum, in advance; or $2.00 if paid during the year. No subscription or yearly advertisement discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements.

Twelve lines or less inserted three times for one dollar—twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A fraction of a square, when it exceeds a half, counted as a whole 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.

☞*No deviation from the above rates*

Special Notices.

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

All advertisements of public sales must be paid for on the day of sale.

No certificate of publication will be given unless the 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, when they exceed six lines, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual advertising rates, and persons handing them in will be held responsible

Yearly Advertisers.

CENTREVILLE MERCHANTS.

JOHN M'KENNEY. WILLIAM M'KENNEY.
McKENNEY & CO., *Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c.*, Corner Store, Brick Building.

WILLIAM F. PARROTT, *Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c.*, No. 3 Brick Building.

THOMAS HUGHEY, *Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceris, Wares, &c.*, Two Doors from Corner, Frame Building.

W. J. HOPPER. J. W. WILMER.
HOPPER & WILMER, *Druggists*, Corner Frame Building.

JAMES A. DICKSON, *Druggist;* Store lately occupied by Wm T. Dunbracco—opposite the Brick Buildings.

WM. H. DYOTT, *Dealer in Ready Made Clothes, Groceries, &c.*—opposite the Brick Hotel.

CENTREVILLE MECHANICS.

WILLIAM STINSON, *Carriage and Harness Maker*, South West End of Commerce Street.

ROBERT A. REAMY, *Carriage and Harness Maker*, North West End of Commerce Street.

RICHARD W. LYNCH, (Successor to Edward Hamilton) *Wheelwright and Blacksmith*, South West End of Commerce Street.

JOSEPH A. HALE, *Brick Layer.* Orders to be left with R. C. Baynard or at either of the printing offices.

LAMBERT T. COBURN. *Fashionable Tailor*—Shop on Main Street, opposite the Court House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. I. GIBSON, *General Agent & Collector*, Centreville, Md.

JOHN PALMER, JR., General Agent and Collector. Office North of the Court House.

SAMUEL A. RICHARDSON, (successor to John W. Tarman,) *Wheelwright and Blacksmith*, at Ruthsburg, Queen Ann's co. Md.

J. T. TWILLEY, *Surgeon Dentist;* Office adjoining the Drug Store.

THOMAS B. QUIGLEY, *Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery*, office adjoining frame Hotel.

JOHN F. POSTON, *Brick Hotel Centreville Md.*

BALTIMORE ADVERTISERS.

G. T. KENLY. W. B. TILGHMAN,
KENLEY & TILHMAN, *Commission Merchants*, No. 18 Bowley's Wharf.

T. V. BRYAN. EDWARD BRYAN.
BRYAN & BRO. *Manufacturers of Bryan's Agricultural Mud Lifter*; Corner of Foront and Plowman Streets.

THOMAS W. HOPPER, *Wholesale and Retail Grocer*; Corner of Green and Saratoga Streets.

Z. TARMAN *General Commission Merchant and Grocer*, No. 5 Cheap Side between Lumbard and Water Streets.

WILLIAM S. JUSTIS, *Watch Maker and Jeweler*, Corner of Pratt and Commerce Streets.

WILLIAM B. LARMOUR, *Watch Maker and Jeweler*, No. 10 Light Street

WM. EMERSON NICHOLSON, *Commission Merchant*, No. 1, Bowley's Wharf.

C. S. MALTBY, *Dealer in shell Lime*; Baltimore, Md

Political.

[COMMUNICATED.]

HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

The speech of this gentleman, recently delivered in Congress, has been revised by himself and published in the Globe. Therefore he cannot deny what it contains, or charge his reporters with misrepresenting his sentiments.

He commences with the remark, that "the honorable legislature of Maryland "has decorated him with its censure, and "that it is his purpose to acknowledge "the compliment."

He proceeds to make his acknowledgements in the following manner:—

"If one may judge from the course and conduct of that body, the gentlemen who compose it are perhaps more surprised at their present power than their opponents. They do not appear to be less bewildered or more to have changed their original nature than Christophero Sly, when waking up after his debauch, in the nobleman's chamber, dazzled with the unaccustomed elegance which surrounded him, he began to question himself thus·

"'Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savors, and I feel soft things;
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Chrystophero Sly,
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again a pot o' the smallest ale'"

Thus it appears, that the members of the legislature were tinkers; that they had been taken to a place in a state of intoxication; and that the first thing they did, after recovering from their slumber, was to call for a "sight of our lady" and for a pot of the smallest ale. They were probably under the impression, that they were attending at the seat of government as the representatives of the people of Maryland. Mr. Davis had the penetration to detect their mistake. He discovered at once, that tinkers were occupying the place which belonged of statesmen; that they were inflated with the conceit of their nobility; and that, while disclaiming the character of Christophero, they followed the instinct of Christophero in calling "once again for a pot of the smallest ale."

Descending from poetry to prose, and dismissing Christophero from the stage, Mr. Davis describes the legislature as, "abounding in that genius of ignorance, "which so much amazed and delighted "Montesquieus Persian;" and as "earning "for itself a place beside that Lack Learn-"ing Parliament, whereat Lord Coke says "there was never a good law passed."

The legislature first appears as a tinker; then as the genius of ignorance; and then Mr. Davis describes it as being "ambitious of the reputation of Justinian, "and not enlightened by the great jurists "who surrounded his throne."

The members might possibly have aspired to such a reputation, but the probability is, that they were not thinking of Justinian or his Institutes; and they certainly had very little opportunity of consulting the lawyers who surrounded his throne. It may appear to be an inconsistency, to ascribe to Lack Learning Tinkers the ambition of aspiring to the fame of Justinian, and to reproach them for not being enlightened by the jurists of ancient Rome. But it must be remembered that Mr. Davis is an orator, and that his object was to display his learning, and not to pay particular attention to the accuracy of his illustrations. His allusions to philosophers, statesmen, and poets, were intended to astonish his constituents, as well as the galleries; and the applause of his Black Republican auditors was always in proportion to the absurdity of his references and quotations.

Not satisfied with his general denunciation of the legislature, he reserves his special vengeance for the authors of the resolution of censure, whom he describes as "a certain number of small, shriveled, "restless beings, incapable of wielding "the arms of logic or of reason, yet skill-"ful to scratch with poisoned weapons."

From the use of the classical word, *scratch*, it is to be inferred, that these shriveled wretches, not being able to wield the weapons of logic, preferred making use of their nails; and from the violence of his expressions, a stranger might be led to suppose, that he was left in rather a helpless condition. But his constituents, who understand the rules of logic, and the use of billies and brass knuckles, would perceive at once, that he was merely amusing his audience with a rhetorical flourish That he was perfectly at his ease, and proud of his position, is evident from the following extract:—

"Sir, I *represent* my constituents; and I *know* the people of Maryland even beyond the limits of my constituents, better than these dablers in eternal agitation; and I say, that wright or wrong, wise or unwise, honest in its motives, or unfaithful in its motives, that vote of mine, is to day, not only approved, but honored and appreciated by every man whose opinion I regard."

This assertion of his dignity and independence was applauded in the galleries, and might have been applauded elsewhere, if it had been conveyed in less equivocal terms. Whether his motives were pure or corrupt, he knew that his vote was approved and honored, not by his constituents or the people of Maryland, but by that small portion of them *whose opinions he regarded*· His course was condemned by Whigs, Americans, and Democrats; and therefore according to Whateley's Rules of Logic, he regarded the opinione of no man who was not an Abolitionist.

He certainly appears to have had very little regard for the American members of the legislature. He calls them his friends, but takes an illnatured pleasure in describing the shame and mortification, to which they were reduced by his vote for Mr. Pennington. Of their conduct, while the resolution of censure was on its passage, he gives an interesting account, which is contained in the following extracts:—

"I confess my suprise that my own friends excepting four of them, voted for it." "They could not be expected to regard justice to me rather than safety to themselves. So every man took care of himself. Some voted for the resolution, who went through their election on my shoulders." "But Sir, it was a curious scene, that vote· The gentlemen stood first on one leg, then on the other, in sad doubt on which to rest." "Some rushed to inquire of friends, whether they ought, or ought not, to vote for the resolution, and in they went."

These American, membess, after being accustomed to ride on the shoulders of Mr. Davis, must have found it rather inconvenient to be reduced to the necessity of standing on one leg. They had the advantage, however, of occasionally resting on the other. If they had been provided with seats, they might have voted against the resolution or not voted at all. But as the fatigue of standing on one leg was more than human nature could bear, they were compelled to make a rush, without taking time to consider in what direction they were moving.

The situation of these gentlemen was such as to entitle them to a little forbearance; but Mr. Davis thought it necessary to the justification or palliation of his own course, to crush them with the whole weight of his eloquence· Yet in the midst of his wrath against his Lilliputian adversaries and friends, who were at a distance, he was quite complimentary to the democratic members of Congress, who were listening to his speech. In speaking of them, he says:—

"Highly as I respect these gentlemen; eminently fit by knowledge and experience for the position (of Speaker) as I know many of them to be; entire as is my confidence in their personal honor, to the extent of trusting my fortune, my life, and my honor in their hands, yet I did not consider them safe depositories for any of the political powers of this government." "But unfortunately, the gentlemen upon that side of the legislative body are more devoted to study the Cincinnati platform than Blair's Rhetoric or Whateley's Rules of Logic, and they become afflicted with that entire incapacity of saying anything which has not two meanings, which characterizes the authors of that remarkable platform."

Mr. Davis was, no doubt, strongly inclined to vote for one of these gentlemen as Speaker. He knew that many of them were eminently qualified for that position by their knowledge and experience. He had so entire a confidence in their honor, that he was willing to trust his life and fortune in their hands. But in their literary habits, he discovered a defect, which disqualified them for any trusts under the government. Unfortunately, more of their time was devoted to the examination of the Cincinnati Platform, than to the study of Blair's Rhetoric, or Whateley's Rules of Logic. The consequence of this vicious course of reading was inevitable; and they "became "afflicted with the incapacity of saying "anything which had not two meanings."

It would be easy to show, that Mr. Davis says many things, which have different meanings, but this is unnecessary, because he might have excellent reasons for objecting to men whose incapacity was equal to his own. If he will examine the platform of the American party, he will recognize it as the Pons Asinorum, over which so many Know Nothings have travelled; but altered and enlarged for the accommodation of every description of passengers. He was probably too much occupied with his favorite studies, to turn his attention to the platform of his own party, or that of the Republicans. If he had not given so strong a reason for not voting for a democrat, he might have been suspected of a preference for Sherman or Pennington from the beginning of the contest. But even his opponents will admit, that he could not have conscientiously supported a democrat who had neglected the study of rhetoric and logic, although in every other respect he might have been eminently qualified for the position of Speaker. His vote for a democrat was impossible, his continued support of Mr. Gilmer hopeless; and, in this dilemma, he recollected a fact, which decided the question in favor of Mr. Pennington.—This gentleman, he says, was "that "Whig Governor of New Jersey, whose "broad seal was discarded by the democrats of this House when they wished "to usurp the Speakership, and had not "the votes to do it without rejecting the "votes of the New Jersey members."

He informs his audience, that the members of the legislature, who were ignorant of passing events, could not be expected to have a knowledge of what occured twenty years before. His constituents, however, who were ignorant of nothing knew all the particulars of the New Jersey case, and considered the elevation of Mr. Pennington a just sentence of rebuke for democtatic usurpation.

At the time referred to by Mr. Davis, there was a political contest in New Jersey, which terminated in the election of five democratic members of Congress.—This was a severe disappointment to the Whig party, whose ascendency in the House of Representatives depended on the result of that election. The evil, however, was supposed to admit of a remedy; which was simply to reject the returns from democratic counties, count the votes in such a manner as to give the Whigs a majority and thus reverse the decision of the people. The Whig candidates accordingly received from Governor Pennington a certificate of their election; and at the opening of Congress, claimed their seats as the representatives of New Jersey. They contended, not for the right of *holding* their seats, but that the Broad Seal of New Jersey furnished the *prima facie* evidence, that they were entitled to vote and act as members, till they were formally expelled by a vote of the House. The scheme, if it had succeeded, would have enabled the Whigs to appoint a Speaker, control the committees and select their own clerks. Because a democratic House decided, that the ascertained will of the people of New Jersey was entitled to more weight than a false certificate, Mr. Davis charges the majority with usurping the Speaker's chair; and because Mr. Pennington assisted in the perpetration of a fraud, Mr. Davis gave him his vote. Whether his American constituents, who were formerly democrats, will be satisfied with his tardy endorsement of whig corruption, is a question which they are able to decide for themselves.

A similar fraud was attempted by the same party in Pennsylvania. They secured a majority in the legislature, by destroying ballot boxes, rejecting legal votes, and making out false returns.—These Whig members who had the *prima facie* evidence in their favor, 'broke open the doors of office,' and burglariously took possession of the seats, to which democratic members had been elected by the people. These proceedings produced the Buck Shot War, in which Thaddeus Stevens distinguished himself as a leader. After performing many feats of valor, he was compelled to yield to superior force, and to make his escape, stern foremost, from a committee room window. As Mr. Stevens is now a member of Congress, he has, no doubt, furnished Mr. Davis with a more particular and correct account of the whole affair, than I can pretend to give from an uncertain recollection. I allude to this event in the history of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of suggesting, that, if a Know Nothing member of Congress and his constituents, desired the elevation of Mr. Pennington for a fraud, committed for the benefit of the old Whig party, they are under greater obligations to elevate Mr. Stevens; because he not only participated in a similar fraud, but risked his life, if not his honor, in attempting to subvert the governmt of his State,

Though Mr. Davis speaks rather hashly of the legislature, and of all others who are so ignorant as to differ with him in opinion, he freely concedes to his constituents the intelligence and penetration, which enabled them to select so learned a representative. In this respect, however, he is like other members, whose constituents are all intelligent, accomplished, and patriotic. But there is a difference between his case and that of other Congressmen in one material circumstance·—He is not the representative of any particular district nor is he under the slightest obligation to comply with the wishes of his constituents. He says:—

"What I did, I did on my own judgment, and did not look across my shoulders to see what my constituents would think. I told my constituents, that I would come here a freeman; and they sent me here on that condition."

In warning his constituents of the independent position he intended to take, he was addressing the assembled clubs, and their patrons and dependents, who, exulting in their own freedom from restraint, were willing to grant him whatever conditions his vanity required. Having no interest in the trade, or commerce, or prosperity of Balimore, they left him at liberty to do what he pleased at Washington. To them it was a matter of indifference, whether he "looked across his shonlder," or looked in any other direction, to find out what they were doing, or what would be the consequences to himself, of electing Mr. Pennington to the chair. He had not stipulated for the right, or given notice of his intention, to seperate from his own party, and cast his vote for a Black Republican. Such a vote, in the midst of the Harper's Ferry excitement, was a plain indication that he was preparing to dissolve the connection, which had so happily existed between himself and his constituents. He had previously discovered that they were about to be deprived of the power of gratifying his ambition. But his services were of too much importance to be dispensed with; and as he saw no prospect of appearing in another Congress, as the representative of his present district, or any other district of Maryland it was natural that he should transfer his affections to some other section of the Union. For the purpose of gaining strength in other Staes, he says:—

"I am not here merely as a member of the fourth Congressional district of Maryland. I am not here merely to represent the residue of the State of Maryland. I am not entitled to consult their prejudices as only worthy of regard. I am bound to look to a wider constituency, to a higher duty."

Instead of confining his views to a district or State, he looks beyond the limits of both for a wider constituency, who will appreciate his genius, and reward him for his liberal denunciation of the prejudices of his own State. He knew that the South would reject his services; and his faint condemnation of Helper's book, while palliating the conduct of its endorsers; his allusion to the Harper's Ferry rebellion, for the purpose of showing that the Black Republicans were not responsible for the acts of John Brown; and his vote for Mr. Pennington, in opposition to the wishes of the Whigs, Americans, and Democrats of Maryland; clearly indicate that he looks to the North alone for future sympathy and support.

When the people of the fourth district recover the power of selecting a representative for themselves, that portion of them, who are now distinguished as the constituents of Mr. Davis, will unite with the rest in denouncing him for his subserviency to Black Republican demagogues. He will then treat them with as much contempt as he now feels for the American members of the legislature. Perhaps he will not remind them of their riotous proceeding which he has heretofore excused as merely a manifestation of the exuberance of their spirits. But he will reproach them for what he probably considers much more objectionable to a man of learning and refinement. He will tell them how little they know of polite literature, and how much they have to learn from Justinian's Institutes and Blackstone's Commentaries. He will tell them as he told the legislature that they are a set "of small, shriveled, restless beings, "who are incapable of wielding the weap-"ons of logic and reason;" and so whimsical in their politics, as to place themselves in the interesting attitude of standing first on one leg and then upon the other. And if any of these shrivelled gentlemen should venture to reply, he will silence them at once with a quotation from Milton or a syllogism from Whateley's Logic.

Miscellaneous.

"Miss Matilda Sprowle's Coming Out."

In the April number of the Atlantic Monthly, Dr. Holmes, in his "Professor's Story," gives a charming and elaborate account of a "party" given by one of the rich citizens of Rockland. Hezekiel Sprowle, the host, it should be known, is a retired country merchant, who is dignified with the title of Colonel, and the party is given on the occasion of "Miss Matilda Sprowle's coming out:"

At half-past seven o'clock the Colonel, in costume, came into the front parlor and proceeded to light the lamps. Some were good-humored enough and took the hint of a lighed match at once.—Others were as vicious as they could be, would not light on any terms, any more than if they were filled with water, or lighted and smoked one side of the chimney, or spattered a few sparks and sulked themselves or kept up a faint show of burning, so that their ground glasses looked as feebly phosphorescent as so may invalid fireflies. With much coaxing and screwing and pricking, a tolerable illumination was at last achieved.

At eight there was a grand rustling of silks, and Mrs. and Miss Sprowle deseended from their respective bowers or boudoirs. Of course they were pretty well tired by this time, and very glad to sit down—having the drospect before them of being obliged to stand for hours. The Colonel walked about the parlor, inspecting his regiment of lamps.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Sprowle, "there's the bell·"

Everybody took positon at once, and began to look very smiling and altogether at ease. False alarm. Only a parcel of spoons, "loaned," as the inland folks says when they mean lent, by a neighbor.

"Better late than never,' said the Colonel "let me heft them spoons."

Mrs. Sprowle came down into her chair again as if all her bones had been bewitched out of her. "I'm pretty nigh beat out a'ready," said she, "before any of the folks has come."

They sat silent awile, waiting for the first arrval. How nervous they got! and how their senses were sharpened!

Hark!" said Miss' Matilda what's that rumbling?"

It was a cart going over a bridge more than a mile off, which at any other time they would not have heard. After this there was a lull, and poor Mrs. Sprowle's head nodded once or twice, Presently a cracking and grinding of gravel. How much that means when we are waiting for those whom we long or dread to see! Thence a change in the tone of the gravel cracking.

"Yes, they have turned in at our gate. They, are comin', Mother! mother!"

Everybody in position, smiling and at ease, Bell rings. Enter the first set of visitors. The event of the season has begun.

ANDREW JACKSON'S MARRIAGE.—It was a happy marrige—a very happy marrige—one of the very happiest ever contracted. They loved one another dearly. They held each other in the highest respect. They testified the love and respect entertained for one another by those polite attentions which lovers cannot but exchange before married and after marriage. Their love grew as their years increased, and became warmer as their blood became colder. No one ever heard either address to the other a disrespectful, an irritating, or unsympathizing word. They were not as familiar as is now the fashion. He remained Mr. Jackson," to her always; never General;" still less "Andrew." And he never called her "Rachel." but "Mrs. Jackson,' or "wife."'

The reader shall become better acquainted with their domestic life by and by. Meanwnile, let it be understood that our hero has now a home, where lives a friend, true and fond, to welcome his return from "wilderness courts," to cheer his stay, to lament his departure, yet give him amotive for going forth; a home, within, whatever manuer of man he might be elsewhere, he was always gentle, kind, and patient.—*Parton's Life of Jackson.*

Marrying a Fortune.

No young man of thirty, well-educated, prepossessing, with already a fair literary and scientific reputation, ever had a brighter promise in life than my old college friend, Dan F———. But Dan was poor, and he had found out that brain-work was not over-profitable. He had worked hard in his profession for three years, and lived economically yet he had not succeeded in getting that one thousand dollars ahead which Astor found it so difficult to acquire, and which he called the "nest-egg of fortune."

Dan grew gloomy over his prospects and solitary in his habits, and altogether got in that condition of which the evil one so well knows how to avail himself; and he tempted Dan with the suggestion, "what a fool to waste your life in drudgery! you, so young and dashing, and altogether so proper a fellow and likely withal to marry a fortune! Marry a fortune, Dan, and cut physic!

The suggestion took, and Dan waited impatiently for the season to open at Saratoga, and thither he went when it did open, with all his worldly wealth in his pocket-book, determined on matrimony. I need not say how he really got in plove with one fair young girl without fortune, nor how he managed toward the cool days of September to secure a girl with a fortune. It is true, in marrying her he married her three sisters, each older than the other, and the widowed mother also, older than all; but then they owned a thousand between them somewhere down in Alabama, and had plantations to match. The wedding was grand, I can't say gay and Dan was triumphant but I can't say happy. And off he went to look after the negroes and the plantations. That was ten years ago.

Last year I met him in Paris; he was no longer dashing Dan, but an old man, quite nervous and fidgety. I was glad to see him, nevertheless, and urged him to dine with me at Felip's. But he excused himself on some frivolous pretext, which I wouldn't accept. Finally the truth came out: he couldn't. The wife, the three sisters and mother, were in Paris; none of them spoke a word of French, and he was obliged to be with them constantly· They couldn't get their dinner without his aid. And he had been three years with them on the Continent; they had dragged him to Egypt and to Jerusalem, and Dan drew a profound sigh.

"But, Dan," I exclaimed, "after all you are lucky; it isn't every one who marries a fortune!"

"Marry a fortune!" he interrupted, bitterly; "do you know what it is to marry a fortune? Of course you don't! But I'll tell you what it amounts to: head butler indoors, and real estate agent out! Marry a fortune!"

And Dan buttoned up his coat and strode off to his hotel, five women and a fortune.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.—A nice young gentleman, in one of the Southern States, after a long and arduous courtship, found himself, one bright evening, the betrothed of a pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. On a certain occasion, he was about to take his departure, and after lingering about the door for some time in a fidget of anxiety, he declared and prompted to Miss Nancy, that he couldn't and wouldn't leave until she had kissed him. Of course Miss Nancy. turned beautifully red, and protested in turn that she could not and would not do that—she never had done such a thing, and never would until she was married—so now he had it. The altercation and debate became deep and exciting until the betrothed buffed outright, and declared if he couldn't kiss her, he wouldn't have her, and was marching off. She watched him to the gate, and saw "the fat was in the fire," unless something was done.—"Come back, then," said she, coaxingly, "I'll split the difference with you—you may squeeze my hand!"

☞Some wag lately took a drunken fellow placed him in a coffin' with the lid so that he could raise it, placed it in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect After a short time, the fumes of the liquor left him; and his position being rather confined, he sat upright, and afte looking around, he exclaimed, 'Well, I'm the first that's riz, or else I'm confoundedly belated.'

MARYLAND AND DELAWARE RAILROAD.—The contractors on this road have commenced work on the section between Smyrna, Del., and Greensborough, Md. J. C. W. Powell Esq., has been elected treasurer and secretary of the company, vice Dr. A. Hardcastle, who declined to serve.