

Re- Sept. 12 celebration - Scott's Ryles
Re- Democratic Mass Meeting

Centreville State Rights.

BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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\$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

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Poetical.

The following beautiful lines, by our gifted contributor Junia, appeared about a year ago in the *Washington Union*, with many changes from the original. We republish them, carefully corrected, from a manuscript copy kindly furnished us by the fair authoress.

LINES BY JUNIA.

Oh, in the golden, radiant light
Of morning's early hours,
As with a heart as free and bright,
She sported 'mid the flowers;
A shadow crossed her sunny path:
"I am Distrust," it cried;
And tho' she begged it to depart,
It linger'd by her side.

As on she roved she paused to call
True Friendship's blossom fair,
Which, smiling, bloom'd as if to greet
Her happy presence there;
But even while from off its leaves
She kiss'd the trembling dew,
Upon their freshness cold Distrust
Its darken'd shadow threw.

Depart oh, dark Distrust depart,
She cried in tones of grief;
And softly, tenderly, her tears
Fall on each fading leaf;
But still it linger'd by her side,
And in its dreary gloom
Soon died the last bright cherish'd hue
Of sacred Friendship's bloom.

Again the sunbeams wooed her on,
And with their light disclosed
Love's rose, whern morning's lingering blush
In softest tints reposed;
And ere her sweet and gentle tones
To greet the rose could speak,
It flew and fondly nestled on
Her hair and dimpled cheek.

But darkly then, oh, even while
Its soft, its radiant hue,
With the sunlight of her smile,
More bright, more heavenly grew,
Distrust appear'd, and in despair
She bow'd it to earth her head;
For love, the true, the beautiful,
Had fled, forever fled.

She look'd around, the golden ray
That morn had o'er her thrown away,
Like Love and Hope had pass'd away,
And she was left alone,
Alone, while softly, mournfully,
The breezes sad and low,
The chilling dews of sorrow kiss'd
From off her brow of snow.

As evening, blushing, closed her eye
On this dark world of ours,
And left her bright and trembling tears
Upon its dying flowers,
Oh, she too, wept and pray'd that on
The unjust and the just
The light that falls, might never more
Be darken'd by distrust.

Miscellaneous.

HOW HE SAVED A SHILLING.—A journeyman weaver took to his employer a piece of cloth he had finished. Upon examination, two holes but half an inch apart were found, for which a fine of two shillings was demanded.

"Do you charge the same for small as for large holes?" asked the workman.
"Yea—a shilling for every hole, big or little."

Whereupon the workman immediately tore the two holes into one, exclaiming, "That'll save a shilling, anyhow."

His employer was so well pleased with his wit that he remitted the whole fine at once.

THE JAPANESE AND CHINESE CONTRASTED.

BY R. H. DAVA, JR.

In this part of the world one can hardly think of the Japanese except in contrast with the Chinese. However learned or intelligent may be the Chinese, it is not often that we can disconnect from the Celestials some element of the ludicrous. But there is nothing absurd about the Japanese. The magistrate of the Central and Flowered Kingdom may be an umbrella, a cue, a lantern, a fan and a button; but the magistrate of Japan is a pair of swords.—There are no cramped feet or long nails. The Chinese walk in a rut which thirty centuries has worn for him. The Japanese is quick to discern and anxious to adopt the improvements of western civilization. By no possibility could Chinese Commissioners have made the proposal which the Japanese did to Lord Elgin in the treaty of Yedo, that the language of written official intercourse should be English, and for the reason that they would be more likely to learn English than the English would be to learn Japanese. After two wars with England, and a third impending, the Chinese braves (I do not speak of the Tartars) still turn summersets and burn gilt paper, and flourish bronze banners and long spears, with here and there a matchlock; but the Japanese already make their own Colt's revolvers and minie rifles, and will have the rifle-cannon as soon as the Massachusetts Flying Artillery. Although the English war steamers have battered their towns and advanced nearly a thousand miles up the Yang-Tse-Kiang, the Chinese still use their preposterous war junks: but the Japanese cross the Pacific in war steamers, managing the navigation, engineering and gunnery themselves. The electric telegraph and railroad are familiar to their men of science and are already beginning to be introduced among them.

"So much the better." Viver sat down, in the happiest vein, played the agreeable to all the family, and seemed unconscious that he had all the burthen of the entertainment, and that, except a few monosyllables, the conversation was reduced to a mere monologue. On the fourth day, at six o'clock he presented himself. This time coolness and restraint was plainly perceptible, and Viver spoke of it. The mistress of the house replied stiffly: "It is only because we feared you would not fare well; we have so poor a dinner to day."

"I thought you expected me but it is of no consequence. I am not difficult to please," the couple replied, with a forced smile.

"A word more as to the contrast between the Chinese and the Japanese.—It should not be given entirely in favor of the Japanese.

The Chinese are more sociably, more literary, more industrious, more peaceable and more decent. Nowhere on earth is external decency more rigidly observed than in China. Not the sisters of religious orders are more modestly attired than the women of China. Nothing could induce even the girls of the flower boats—perhaps as abandoned as any women in the world—to expose the neck or the arm in their dress; and the evening dress of an European lady is revolting to their ideas of propriety. Nowhere are industry and learning more honored than in China. The literati are the ruling order: the military are an inferior class; and every election and office is open to the successful scholar, under their competitive system, without the obstructions of rank or hereditary castes. The industry of China is infinitesimal, unceasing and universal. The Chinese are a nation of corn-traders, scholars and diplomats. The Japanese, though by no means indolent, are less universally industrious and there are more non-producing consumers among them. They are more violent, more intemperate in drink, and are shameless, where the Chinese are scrupulous in the extreme; and though they are generally taught to read and write, and excell the Chinese in some branches of the arts and sciences, scholarship has not the position and honors it has in China. On other hand, while the Chinese are effeminate, luxurious and self-complacent, the Japanese are proud, manly and simple in their food and costume; and their government though more exacting and more bloody, is more vigorous and just, with less of corruption and peculation.

Mrs. Briggs. said a neighbour who stepped into the house of the former just as she was in the act of seating herself at the dinner table, "have you heard of the dreadful accident?" Why, no; what is it?" "Mr. Briggs has fallen from his wagon and is killed."

"Is it possible! Well, just wait until I finish my dinner; and then you will hear me here. I wish you a very good evening."

There are many doublings in the human heart; don't think that you can find out the whole of a man's real character at once.

"Oh, that my father were seized with a remittent fever!" sighed a young spendthrift at college.

If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say? Tremendous.

CENTREVILLE MD., TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1860.

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NO. 30.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS WIFE.

The Squire had a friend to visit him on business, and was very much annoyed to be interrupted by his wife, who came to ask him what he wanted for dinner.

"Go away! let us alone!" impatiently said the Squire.

Business detained the friend till dinnertime, and the Squire urged him to remain. The Squire was a generous provider, proud of his table; and he complimented his friends to a seat. A little to the surprise of both they saw nothing on the board but a huge dish of salad, which the good wife began quietly to serve up.

"My dear," said the Squire, "where are the meats?"

"There are none to-day," replied his lady.

"No meats! what in the name of poverty! The vegetables, then! Why don't you have the vegetables brought in?"

"You didn't order any vegetables."

"Order—I didn't order anything," said the amazed Squire.

"You forget," coolly answered the house wife. "I asked what we should have, and you said, 'Lettuce alone!—Here it is."

The friend burst into a laugh, and the Squire after looking lurid and inglorious a moment joined him.

"Fife, I give it up. I owe you one. Here is the fifty dollars you wanted for that carpet, which I denied you."—The Squire forked over. Now let's have peace and some dinner."

The good woman pocketed the paper, rang the bell, and a sumptuous repast of fish, poultry and vegetables, was brought in.

A few days afterward, the squire remained working in his garden some time after the usual tea hour. His wife grew impatient of delay, and went to find him. His excuse, when she asked what he was waiting for, threw her into a flutter of excitement.

"Some one's to come to supper!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me? I declare, you are the provokingest man!"

And without asking which of his friends was expected, she hastened to change her dress and "slick up" her hair for the occasion. This done she came out and found the Squire seated at the table, reading his newspaper.

"Where's your company?"

"My company? I haven't any company."

"But you said you expected somebody to supper!" exclaimed the indignant wife.

"My dear, I said no such thing. You asked what I was waiting for, and I said, 'Summons to come to supper' that's what I said I was waiting for my dear. And I came at once."

"And you have made me go and change my dress! O, I'll pay for that!"

"No matter about it my dear. I owed you remember for that lettuce."

WHAT DID HE SAY, LYDIA.

Left Washington, D. C. sometime in July to go home to his mother in New York. He has not yet reached his mother, who is very anxious about him.—He has been at Philadelphia, New York City, Hartford, Conn., and at a "Clam Bake" in Rhode Island. He has been heard from at Boston, Portland, Augusta and Bangor, Maine. From some expressions he has dropped, it is feared that he has become insane upon a subject called "Popular Sovereignty." He is about five feet nothing in height, and about the same in diameter, the other way.—He has a red face, short legs, and a large belly. Answers to the name of "The Little Giant," talks a great deal, and every loud; always about himself. Has an idea that he is a candidate for the Presidency. Had on, when he left, drab pants, a white vest and blue coat with brass buttons, the tail very near the ground.

The Deacon, so strongly urged, replied—

"Well, I rather think I will, as the folks will not expect me home before dark."

"What did he say, Lydia?" asked the widow.

Lydia had a ready answer.

"He says he will not to-day mother, as the folks expect him home before dark. Why, how deaf you are getting, mother!"

"O, well some other day, Deacon, won't you?" said mother Call as she showed the Deacon out.

"Smart girl, that," said the Deacon, as he trudged along home. "She'll find her way through I'll warrant."

Never take morning bitters.—Morning sweets, as you leave your houses are much better, and a kiss from your wife makes the best.

THE PRESIDENT AND MR. DOUGLAS.

LAS.

The following letter (says the Alexandria "Sentinel") from President Buchanan has been handed to us for publication. It is written in reply to one from Gov. Smith, calling the attention of Mr. Buchanan to a remark made by Mr. Douglas in his speech at Concord.—The remark itself is quoted by Mr. Buchanan in the letter below, thus rendering unnecessary any preliminary statement or explanation. We will add, that while much regretting that there should be occasion for such a letter, we are glad to give it to the public as evidencing a spirit worthy of a President, and a course of conduct which will address itself to the generous sympathies of the people:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11, 1860.

My Dear Sir: I have received your favor of the 8th inst., enclosing a printed extract from the recent speech of Judge Douglas at Concord. You inform me you expect to be at the Charlottesville Convention, and would be glad to know something of the interview referred to in that speech.

"The President told me if I did not obey him, and vote to force the Lecompton Constitution upon the people against their will, he would take off the head of every friend I had in office."—It is unnecessary to quote the alleged reply.

Surely their must have been some mistake in the report of the speech, because I never held any such conversation with Judge Douglas, nor any conversation affording the least color or pretext for such a statement. It was not in my nature to address such threatening and insulting language to any gentleman.

Besides, I have not removed one in ten of his friends, and not one of his relatives.

Even among those of his friends who have rendered themselves prominently hostile to the measures of the Administration, a majority still remain in office.

Elder Brewster expects to hear St. Martin's and Old Hundred chanted in heaven. To him heaven comes in the long used musical tradition. The middle-aged man looks around at the present; he hopes less and works more. The old man looks back on the field he has trod;

"This is the tree I planted; this my footstep;" and he loves his old home, his old carriage, cat, dog, staff and friend.

In lands where the vine grows, I have seen an old man sit all day before his cottage door, in a great-arm-chair, his old dog lay crouched at his feet in the genial sun. The autumn winds played with the old man's venerable hairs; above him on the wall purpling in the sunlight, hung the full cluster of the grapes, ripening and maturing yet more. The two were just alike; the wind stirred the old man's hairs and they whitened yet more. Both were waiting for the spirit in them to be fully ripe. The young man looks forward—the old man looks back. How long the shadows lie in the setting sun; the steeple a mile long, reaching across the plain, as the sun stretches out the hills in grotesque dimensions. So are the events of life in the old man's consciousness.

Now, my dear sir, in writing thus to you, I have transgressed a rule which I had prescribed for myself, not to contradict any statement assailing my public conduct or character until after the conclusion of my term of office. A statement, however, comes with such force from a Senator of the United States, who is one of my constitutional advisers, and this, too, in a published speech, delivered by him in his canvass for the highest elective office in the world, that I deem the present case a proper exception. Yours, most truly.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Hon. WILLIAM SMITH.

BOY LOST.

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July to go home to his mother in New

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