msa_sc2901_scm1622-0650 copyright Maryland State Archives

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, Politics and Advertising

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872. No. 41.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him jan6-y.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

C. H. BAKER,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.

☞ Particular attention given to collection of claims. jan30-tf.

PAINTING!

C. H. DAVIS & BRO., are prepared to do all kinds of PAINTING in the best manner, and on reasonable terms. ☞ Orders respectfully solicited.
Chestertown, July 29—6m.

TAX NOTICE.

THE TAXES for the year 1871, for the 2nd Election District, are now due, and I am prepared to receive them. Prompt attention to this matter upon the part of Tax-Payers will save them expense and myself much trouble. I can be found at any time at my place of business in Kennedyville.
aug26-tf. C. W. WARREN.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

TOYS, CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.

J. H. SMITH

Has now in store a large assortment of

NEW GOODS,

Embracing a general variety of
TOYS,
CONFECTIONERY,
RAISINS,
CURRANTS,
CITRON,
PRUNES,
FIGS,
NUTS,
French and Common Candy,
Canned Fruits,
JELLY, PICKLES, CHOW-CHOW,
TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.

☞ Give me a call.
Dec. 2. J. H. SMITH.

KENNEDYVILLE
CHEAP CASH STORE!

COMEGYS & BRO.,

HAVE JUST RETURNED from the city and opened an assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Consisting of
A General Assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

☞ Persons wishing to buy CHEAP GOODS FOR CASH, will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Our motto is—"Quick Sales and Small Profits."
COMEGYS & BRO.
Kennedyville, Nov. 4, 1871.

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE,

BUILDING

AND HARDWOOD

LUMBER,

SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,

DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

WASHINGTON A. PAGE,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, DRESS FLOORING, JOIST, GIRDERS AND SILL STUFF

Of all sizes, constantly on hand, or cut to order, at the shortest notice.

LEE STREET, near Light st. Whf.,
e22y. *BALTIMORE.*

TO MOTHERS.
Liebig's FOOD for INFANTS.

This valuable and popular Food for Infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at
Jan7-tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

ATTENTION is called to our line of GLOVES, Cloth Gloves, all grades; driving Gloves, Buck Gloves, heavy and lined White and Colored Cotton Gloves, Dog Skin Gloves, Calf Skin Gloves, lined and Fur, Kid Gloves, all colors, Dressed Buck Gloves, Gauntlets, &c. S. MERRITT & CO.

NATURAL MINERAL WATER
FOR THE DEBILITATED.
VICHY, KISSENGEN, CONGRESS
and other Waters, for sale at
WICKES' DRUG STORE

IF you are in want of nice LINEN FRONT SHIRTS, call at the new Clothing Store of S. MERRITT & CO.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of these several writs of execution issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed as Sheriff of said county, against Richard Peacock, to wit: one at the suit of J. Houston Eccleston, and the other at the suit of George W. T. Perkins, Executor of E. F. Chambers, use of Clement F. Jones, Trustee for Marshall, Benjamin C., and Elizabeth Jones, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said Richard Peacock, of, in and to all that

Farm or Plantation,

Situate and lying in the First Election District of Kent county, State of Maryland, on the public road from Galena to Chesterville, and also on the road from the Catholic Church to Millington, adjoining the lands of John H. Cummins & others,

Containing 284 ACRES OF LAND,

MORE OR LESS.

It being the same real estate which was conveyed to the said Richard Peacock by a certain William Miller and wife, bearing date on or about the 20th day of September, 1851, and recorded among the land records for Kent county aforesaid, in Liber J. R., No. 2, folios 20, &c., as on reference to said deed will more fully appear.

And I hereby give notice, that on

TUESDAY,

The TWELFTH day of MARCH, 1872,

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, M.,

At the Court House door in Chestertown, I will sell at public sale for cash to the highest bidder, the aforesaid lands and tenements, so seized and taken in execution, to pay and satisfy said writs of execution, debts, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

A. B. WHEATLEY, Sh'ff.
Feb. 17, 1872-ts—[10.50]

A Card.

I respectfully inform my friends and the public that in the future I can be found at all hours, night or day, at my

DRUG STORE ON HIGH STREET,

where I will be at all times, ready to

COMPOUND MEDICINES

Accurately and with Dispatch.

I take pleasure in showing my

FINE ASSORTMENT OF

FANCY ARTICLES,

Which is varied and attractive.

☞ No Trouble to Show Goods!

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage bestowed in the past, I would respectfully ask a continuance of the same.

T. W. WICKES.

P. S.—Persons wishing Medical advice will always find Dr. T. S. HOLTON in attendance, when not professionally engaged.
Feb. 3—tf. T. W. WICKES.

☞ *READ THIS.* ☜

New Goods! New Prices!

JAMES B. SAPPINGTON,

HAS just returned from the city, and has opened a full assortment of Fall Goods, which were selected with care from the best houses in the city. My stock of

Muslins, Calicoes, Canton Flannels,

Red & white Flannels, Bed Tickings, Shirtings, Domestic, Ginghams, Linsies, Kerseys and Satinets, are unsurpassed in quality and economy of prices.

A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES,

Sugars, of all grades, sold as low as can be bought in the Baltimore market.
Prime Rio Coffee, green and roasted;
Fine Teas, green and black;
Molasses and Syrups, cheapest in town.

Notions of all kinds.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose, Men's half Hose, Suspenders, &c., Men's Undershirts and Drawers, all qualities and prices. Violin Strings, screws, cruppers and bridges.

BOOTS & SHOES.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Men's, Boys' and Childrens' Boots and Shoes.

CROCKERY.

Plates, Cups and Saucers, Cream Pitchers, Sugar Dishes, Bowls, Vegetable Dishes, &c., will be sold very low.

Tobacco and Cigars

of all qualities and prices. Garrett's Scotch Snuff and Rappee Snuff.

Pure Cider VINEGAR.

Salt Fish, Mackerel and Labrador Herring. Powder and Shot, E B Gun Caps, Philadelphia Concentrated Lye, "Fisher's" Washing Chrystal, Soaps of all kinds. Rumford's Yeast Powders, Bacon, Flour, Lard, Cheese, Spelling Books, Copy Books, Letter writers, Slates, Ink, Ready reckoners, paper, etc. Castor Oil, Bateman's Drops, Pain Killer, Vermifuge and Wright's Pills. Essences of all kinds, Spices, Laudanum, and, in fact, if you want *any thing* come direct to

SAPPINGTON'S,

and you will save time, trouble and money.

I respectfully solicit an examination of my goods and prices. I will pay the cash or goods for all kinds of Country Produce.

☞ Store on Cross St., opposite G. E. Lambert's Coach Factory.
sep30-tf. JAS. B. SAPPINGTON.

KENT COUNTY, Sct:

I hereby certify that on this 27th day of January, 1872, before the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, personally appeared Leander Christy, colored, and after being duly sworn says that on the 10th of January, 1872, was left on his premises at Sassafras, by a person calling himself Adam Barnes, colored, a SMALL BAY HORSE, left hind foot white, blind in right eye, and white stripe down his forehead. JOHN T. HURTT, J. P.

NOTICE.—I hereby notify Adam Barnes, colored, or whoever the above horse may belong to, to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise I shall proceed to advertise and sell him according to law.
feb3 3t* LEANDER CHRISTY.

FOOD FOR THE SICK!

CORN STARCH, FARRINO, RICE FLOUR, TAPIOCA, SAGO, SEA MOSS FAINE, for sale at
WICKES' DRUG STORE.

WARRANTED PURE Whole and Ground Spices, of every kind, cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere.
jan27. C. F. STAM & BRO.

March of the Deathless Dead.

BY FATHER RYAN.

The following beautiful poem was recited at the close of the funeral observances at Savannah, Ga., on the occasion of the reinterment of Confederate soldiers who fell at Gettysburg:

Gather the sacred dust
Of warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our Nation's trust,
And fell in the cause, though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all!
From the Private to the Chief,
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle-plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear in their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown, or known, to fame
Their cause and country still the same—
They died—and wore the *Grey*.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Living they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of Death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather their scattered clay,
Wherever it may rest;
Just as they marched to the bloody fray;
Just as they fell on the battle day;
Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead,
Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown;
They are all powerless now—
We gather them here and we lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreathe each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together still shall sleep.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires silence—costs nothing.

Kindness is the music of good will to men, and on the harp the smallest fingers can play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Happy are families when the government of parents is the reign of affection, and the obedience of the children is the submission of love.

Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so only because they are the very ones he needs.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

However many friends you have, do not neglect yourself; though you have a thousand, not one of them loves you as much as you ought to love yourself.

Many lose the opportunity of saying a kind thing by waiting to weigh the matter too long. Our best impulses are too delicate to endure much handling. Speak promptly when you feel kindly.

It is evident that the most worthy efforts often fail, while the worst succeed. This fact alone ought to show the folly of basing an estimate of character on a superficial reckoning of results.

God loves to have us pray with earnest simplicity. Better in God's sight are the broken and heartfelt utterances of a child than those that think themselves wonderful in prayer.

It is good to have enemies, if it is only to hear of our faults.

Speak plainly, act decisively—out of doubt, out of controversy.

Mr. Beecher on Dying.

In a prayer meeting recently Mr. H. W. Beecher in substance said:

He did not think it an evidence of special Christian grace to be willing to die. He didn't think it natural for the young or for those full of the activeness of life to desire to die. It is better to be willing to live and do the duties of life. When Paul said that it was better to depart, he was an old man in prison. If an October pippin says it is ready to drop, is that any reason a little green apple in June should be ready? It is the business of green apples to get ripe. All the representation of the New Testament about death are full of cheer and hope. For Paul to die was go to Christ.

Dying is not growing short of breath, and feeble of pulse; it is flying up to the All-loving soul of the universe. It is going to sweet companionship. We struggle on through the world, finding little companionship, but we go to the spirits of just men made perfect. There all is concord. There is no selfishness, no hardness and crudeness and rudeness or revenge; all are working up with one sweet impulse with the great genial force of divine love. These thoughts ring in my soul like the bells of a far off city drawing me thitherward.

Dying is the easiest thing men do.—The suffering is in life, but as a rule men die as easily as a door turns upon its hinges. Dying is going home, not to supineness, not to oriental luxury, but to supreme activity, where every part is developed and cultured in the realm of love. Bless God for the privilege of dying!

My brother Charles, who was always in a dying mood, once congratulated my father upon the fact that he couldn't live much longer. "Umph," said the old man, "I don't thank any of my boys to talk to me in that way. I don't want to die. If I had my choice, I would fight the battle all over." Father was a war horse, and after he was turned out to pasture, whenever he heard the sound of a trumpet, he wanted the saddle and bridle.

HANDEL when visiting an eating house would order a dinner "for three." He was a great eater as well as a superior genius. "A dinner for three!" would exclaim the host. "Where is the company?" "Pring up de tinner, prestissimo. I am de gompany."

JOSH BILLINGS says: "I don't rekolleckt now of ever hearing ov two dogs fighting, unless there was a man or two around."

Crosses for the neck are more fashionable than lockets.

THE WAY TO SPOIL GIRLS.

If any parent wishes a recipe how to spoil daughters, it can be easily and readily given, and can be proved by the experience of hundreds to be certain and efficacious.

1. Be always telling her from earliest childhood what a beautiful child she is. It is a capital way of inflating the vanity of a little girl to be constantly exclaiming "How pretty!" Children understand such flattery even when in the nurse's arms, and the evil is done the character in its earliest formation.

2. Begin as soon as she can toddle around to rig her up in fashionable clothes and rich dresses. Put a hood upon her at once with all the artificial adornment of flounces and feathers, and flowers and curls. Fondness for dress will thus become a prominent characteristic, and will usurp the whole attention of the young immortal, and be a long step toward spoiling her.

3. Let her visit so much that she finds no happiness at home, and therefore will not be apt to stay there and learn home duties. It is a capital thing for a spoiled daughter to seek all her happiness in visiting and change of places and associates. She will thus grow as useless as modern fashionable parents delight that their daughters should be.

4. Let her reading consist of novels of the nauseatingly sentimental kind. She will be spoiled sooner than if she pursued history or science. Her heart will be occupied by fictitious scenes and feeling; her mind filled with unrealities, and her aims placed on fashion and dress and romantic attachment.

5. Be careful that her education gives her a smattering of all the accomplishments, without the slightest knowledge of the things really useful in this life. Your daughter won't be spoiled as long as she has a real desire to be useful in the world, and aims at its accomplishment. If her mind and time are occupied in modern accomplishments, there will be no thought of the necessity and virtue of being of some real use to somebody pervading her heart, and she will be soon ready as a spoiled daughter.

6. As a consequence, keep her in profound ignorance of all the useful arts of housekeeping, impressing upon her mind that it is vulgar for her to do anything for herself or to learn how anything is done in the house. A spoiled daughter should never be taught the mysteries of the kitchen—such things a lady always leaves to the servants. It would be "vulgar" for her to know how to dress a shad, or to bake, to wash, to iron, to sweep, to wring the neck of a live chicken, pluck and prepare it for breakfast, or to do anything that servants are hired to do. As a mistress of a house, it is her duty to sit on a velvet sofa all day, in the midst of pyramids of silks and flounces, reading the last flash novel, while her domestics are performing the labors of the house.

To complete the happiness of your spoiled daughter, marry her to a foolish youth with soft hands, who knows as little how to earn money as she does to save it. Her happiness will be finished for her lifetime.

BUSINESS LAW.—It is not legally necessary to say on a note, "for value received."

A note given on Sunday is void.

A note obtained by fraud or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

An indorser of a bankable note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor with twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

A note by a minor is void.

Notes payable after date bear interest only when stated.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not, legally, conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract with a lunatic is void.

Fisk's First Mistake.

Fisk used to tell about his first mistake in life.

Said the Colonel: "When I was a little boy on the Vermont farm, my father took me up to the stable one day, where a row of cows stood in the stable."

Said he, "James, the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean the stable?"

"I don't know, Pap," said James, "I never have done it."

"Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning I'll give you a bright silver dollar," said his father, patting him on his head, while he held the silver dollar before his eyes.

"Good," says James. "I'll try—and away he went to work." He tugged, and pulled, and lifted, and puffed; and finally, it was done, and his father gave him the bright silver dollar saying—

"That's right, James; you did it splendidly, and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning all winter!"

A NOVEL SALE.—Rather a novel method of celebrating the advent of leap year has been adopted at Southville, Kentucky, and one quite unpleasant for the victims. This is nothing more or less than a public sale of the bachelors and widowers of that enterprising town by the young ladies of that vicinity. They brought the following prices:

Lawyers (an inferior grade,) $5 a head.
Farmers, from $4 25 to $6.50.
Doctors (common stock, and evidently "drugs in the market,") $5.
Widowers, $1,000, bidding spirited.
Bachelors, without any distinctive professions or trades, 75 cents to $1.05, and the bidding slow.

The high price paid for the widowers seem unaccountable to the bachelors.

A Sorrowful Every-Day Story.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Last week a woman died of whom we wish to say a word here. She was obscure—only one of those thousands of ordinary lives that, day by day, die unnoticed, no more missed by the world than so many burned-out candles. She had neither beauty, nor wit, nor large culture. She brought no gift with her when she was born to make her greatly welcome to the world; never could sing a song, nor write a poem—only a sweet-voiced gentle lady, full of womanly affection and eager tendernesses, who had kept her pure childish beliefs unchanged to middle age. She was little, sickly, shabbily clothed; she lived in a tawdry house, with glaring paper on the walls, and torn, dirty matting on the floor; the air she breathed was that of want and vulgarity; year in and year out she worked at a machine, sewing dresses for servants and shop-girls who bullied her, not unreasonably, for she was a poor seamstress, if the truth must be told. Her husband, a coarse-grained, gossiping fellow, tried this trade and that, became a ward politician, did what he could for his family, but felt that his wife must do her share. He had been used to raw-boned, stout Connecticut farm women, beside whom she doubtless appeared inefficient enough.

If others remembered how tenderly nurtured she had been as a girl, and that the fortune she brought him he had flung away, he never did. Nor did she. They were wretchedly poor, and it was but just and proper she should work. So she worked, stopping now and then to give birth to another child, to be nursed at the tired breast, and watched and prayed over with the blind idolatrous devotion she gave to the others. Certain logical moralists lay down as axioms that there can be no tragedy without crime, and that no woman, with love, a husband and children, ought to ask more. This woman never did ask for more. The loud bragging politician remained her hero to the last. If her life slowly dried and withered away, as a tree might, tapped of all its juices at the root, she thought it was herself that was to blame.

This poor lady was cursed with as finely wrought an organization as any favorite of fortune; both body and mind required companions of her own caste, and that nutriment which nature and art give but to few, but which that few must have or die. Besides, not even the strongest woman can furnish bread and butter for a housefull of children, make their clothes, keep their souls pure and manners refined, and add to the number every year. She was not strong in any sense, so she stitched and nursed and trained them, with the dirty walls about her and the torn matting under foot, and the crowd of children grew shabbier and coarser and more vulgar day by day.

One day an old accomplishment of her girlhood occurred to her; flower painting, molding in clay, designing—it does not matter what; work, however, in which her real nature would have found food and expression and the pay for which would have been comparative affluence. She sent a specimen of her work for trial which was approved; but—men were employed who had been trained to the business. Only the machine was left, and the work for her children's bodies and souls that she could not do. It grew and grew before her sight until the day came when she dropped under the intolerable burden. As she lay on the bed day after day slowly dying, husband and children were loud in sorrow and astonishment.—"How had she come by such manifold diseases? Machine work and want of air? It was incredible!"

She struggled with her work yet, sewed as she lay on her back, drew her children close to her with a hungry, unsatisfied love in her eyes that they could not understand. But as the hour came for her to quit the world that had been so niggardly of its comfort or bounty to her, she was beset with restless fancies, which to her husband seemed scarcely sane. "She thinks if she could see and smell a thorny rose that used to grow wild about the farms down there in Maryland, where she was born, she would be well again. Now what good could there be in a rose?" He could not see why she would make them put the children out of the room, and turn out the gas that she could not see the machine, and so lie looking up at the patch of sky above the brick walls. When she was dead, he cried, "I did what I could; I am not to blame." And it was true; no man can go beyond his nature.

What was to blame? Suppose she had been taught practically the one occupation for which her taste and ability fitted her? If all women were so thoroughly taught such occupations, employment would be open to them as men? The answer matters not to her now. A day or two ago the wornout body was laid back in the earth to which it had been drawn by such strong and subtle kinship. To what rest or recompense the soul of the gentle lady passed only He knows who took it hence. Her work remains unfinished. But it is because there are so many thousands of overworked women around us on every side staring blankly at their unconquerable work and lives wasted at noonday, that we have told her story, and reverently held back her memory for this brief moment out of the eternal silence.

BUSY CHILDHOOD.—Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter round—to us—so aimlessly? Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, and rolling and reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. A busy creature is a little child.

Weather Proverbs.

Evening red and morning grey
Sets the traveller on his way.
Evening gray and morning red
Brings down rain upon his head.

Red at night, sailor's delight;
Red at morning, sailor's warning.

When the wind is north and east,
Flee it, man and beast.

GIRLS now-a-days, it is said, know too much at fifteen and too little at thirty.

GEN. EWELL AND HIS WIFE.

THEIR ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Ewell, wife of the Confederate Gen. Ewell, after having spent many anxious days and nights at her husband's bedside was stricken down with the same disease from which he was suffering, and survived only three or four days. The loss of his wife caused a reaction in Gen. Ewell's disease, and his death speedily followed. Mrs. Ewell was the daughter of the late Judge Campbell, of Nashville, and was born in St. Petersburg, while her father was the representative of this Government at the court of the Czar. The Louisville *Ledger* has this romantic narrative of the marriage of General Ewell:

"In early life there was a settled melancholy, almost bordering on moroseness, about General Ewell, which impressed his army friends with the belief that he had been the victim of some fickle false one's heartlessness. This, however, was not the case. He had scarcely attained his majority when he first met Miss Mary Polk Campbell, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Judge Geo. W. Campbell, of Tennessee, and a mutual admiration sprang up between the gallant young army officer and the fascinating belle, which soon ripened into love. But the fates were not propitious. The parents objected to the match so persistently that General Ewell, becoming piqued, did not press his suit as vigorously at the time as he would otherwise have done. The duties of military life carried him to the frontiers; yet throughout all the stirring campaigns in which he bore a conspicuous part, he carried with him the image of his early love, dreaming in the pauses of the battle, of the time when he might yet win from the unwilling hands of fame a distinction which should commend him to the father's esteem.

Meantime the daughter, with that high sense of honor peculiar to her race, and a filial devotion almost witnout parallel, addressed herself as best she could to the meek observances of a dutiful life—ceasing to communicate with, yet in secret, cherishing her heart's one idol. Another won her hand, and in her twentieth year she married an estimable gentleman, and settled with him on a beautiful farm near Spring Hill, Tennessee. A short time before the war she was left a widow, free to bestow her hand on whom she world. But she had never forgotten her girlish vows. Through all the stormy life of him who first won her affections she followed, with her prayers and tears, her idol—her hero—who was winning laurels on distant fields. And when at the battle of the Wilderness, in May, 1864, he was stricken down at the head of his columns, Mrs. Mary Polk Brown laid aside all minor considerations, and flew on the wings of love to his bedside, nursing him through all his sufferings until he was again able to take command. It was shortly after his recovery that the dream of a long and eventful life was realized by the consummation of his early hopes, and these twain, devoted in youth, parted for a quarter of a century, met at last in the shadows of declining years to pledge anew that faith which had waxed stronger through the trying ordeal of a long separation.

The Disfiguration in Small-Pox.

In this time of small-pox epidemic the following information in regard to avoiding the disfiguration so generally incident to the disease will be read with interest:

The terrible seaming and pitting of the face, neck and other exposed parts of the body, consequent upon the severe attacks of small-pox, are well known. It is not noticeable, however, that the scalp is always exempt from marks, ever after the severest form of the disease, the covering afforded by the hair preserving it from pitting. Remembering this fact, it recently occurred to an English physician, while watching a photographer using cotton wool to shut out light in the process of "vignetting" photographs, that the material, if applied to the face and neck of small-pox patients, might give a protecting influence somewhat similar to that afforded to the scalp by the hair and thereby prevent or modify the subsequent pitting. Having under treatment a couple of cases of convalescent small-pox, he therefore applied cotton wool to protect the face. The disease in each case was in a distinct form. One of the two, a girl, aged 15, had an abundant eruption, which on the unprotected parts of the body went through the consecutive changes. In both cases the parts covered by wool were left without a vestige of marks. The mode of application is as follows: On the first appearance of the eruption, the skin about an inch square, was washed over with collodon, and immediately covered with a thin uniform layer of fine wool, the wool readily adheres if applied before the collodon evaporates. When the whole of the face etc., was thus covered, the wool was brushed with a solution of starch or gum. The starch or gum was occasionally reapplied to the edges of the wool to prevent any shifting by the movements of the face. This covering was kept on until the dry crust fell off the other parts of the body. In view of the results of the experiments, the mode of treatment would seem worthy of fair trial.

SCENE IN A DENTIST'S OFFICE.—A gentleman visited a dentist on Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of whiling away a half-hour or so, and while there a lady came in with a little girl wanting a tooth or two drawn for the latter. The child cried when placed in the chair, and declared that she would not have her teeth attended to unless the strange gentleman would have a tooth drawn first, and to please the little patient, he took her place with a wink at the doctor. The latter took two or three instruments, while the gentleman reclined in the chair, smilingly gazeing at the ceiling for the assurance of the watching child, and after softly poking at two or three teeth to the horror of the obliging gentleman, he commenced boring into his jaw where a tooth had once been extracted, and before he could offer a protest, a tremendous wrench brought out a large root, which the doctor held up to the child with a diabolical grin on his face. The gentleman rolled off the chair, and, with an expression of unutterable pain in his drawn countenance, gazed a moment reproachfully at his friend and left the office. The little one did not seem to be greatly encouraged by the exhibition.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

A Kiss.

Just one kiss: two faces met,
But the brows were knit and the cheeks were wet;
Just one kiss—then up and away;
But its mark will last for many a day.

Just one kiss and just one word,
Softly spoken and hardly heard;
Just one word that was said through tears,
And told the story of all the years.

Just one look from the deep dark eyes;
Just one grasp at a glorious prize;
Just one kiss—then up and away:
But ah! such a heavy debt to pay!

The World Owes Me a Living.

It's no such thing! It's you who are in debt; you who owe the world, and because you have allowed the debt to accumulate from day to day, from year to year, while you have been attending to your own selfish pleasures, you say now that the world owes you a living.

"Nonsense! fudge! stuff! you haven't even the merit of originality to redeem your character, for an old crazy man, a hermit, uttered that folly, years and years ago.

Prove, if you can that the world owes you anything. What have you ever done for the world? What has the world done for you? You count your life the most precious of your possessions don't you.—Well, what have you paid for that?

You count the knowledge you possess of great value, I suppose. Have you paid its full value for the little item of useful knowledge that saves your life every day? If so, to whom do you pay it?

Man, woman, child. Idling away God's precious gifts of time and opportunity, dare not say the world owes you anything, for it is you who owe the world.

If you care to know how to pay the debts you owe, go to the Sacred Book, and there you will find written as plainly as can be the duties you have left undone, and the responsibilities resting upon every one of us. And never again let me hear you repeat the insane words of the crazy hermit, who was so spiteful toward the world that he had abused as to declare that it owed him a living.

As long as there are faithful men and women in the world who are laboring to pay the debt they owe, you'll not be allowed to starve, but you needn't claim their protection as your right, nor your due. They know that they are not paying you what the world owes you; instead of that they are endeavoring to pay a part of their great debt by bestowing charity upon others.

It's not too late to commence the payment of your debt. Seek out the poor and relieve their wants. Comfort the sorrowing, bring joy to sad hearts, and you will be astonished to find how fast the balance will accumulate in your favor; until at last the final payment will have been made, and the debt of Nature cancelled. Then we begin to live.

How he Spent his Money.

A marked instance in which "a fool and his money soon parted" has lately reached its culmination in New York.—A young man named Buttle came to his majority about two years since, his twenty first birthday bringing him into control of a fortune of $250,000. He soon married a southern lady, who it would seem, had to an uncommon degree a weakness peculiarly pertaining to women—fondness for jewelry and dress—for she permitted her husband to load her down, in the first year of his married life, with $30,000 in diamonds, and also sported a $6000 wardrobe. This spendthrift took very expensive rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, drove his fast horses, and the two devoted their time to "cutting a swell" generally. He also gambled in Wall street. On black Friday he lost $30,000 and the expenses the first year of himself and wife were some $60,000.—Becoming rapidly impecunious, he sold his horses, and changed his boarding place, going to the Gilsey House, where he forged a draft in payment of his board, and was detected and arrested. His friends, casting about to help him out, discovered that he had sold for *less than half their cost* his wife's diamonds back to the jewelers of whom they were purchased, that he lost that money in three days in stocks and that he had secretly pawned his wife's wardrobe, and was not only a forger but a beggar; the only son of one of the old style merchant princes who had battled the world successfully, and died in the delusion that his son would not be forced to work for a living.

The wife, it is said, was ignorant of the condition of things until the arrest of her husband as a forger.

FASHION NOTES.—The palest tints of silks are most stylish.

Long dresses for street wear are becoming slowly popular.

Medium length trains are the rule this season for full dress.

The latest style of gold bracelet is nearly three inches wide.

Gold and silver brocade dresses are favored for evening wear.

The large pointed lace veils now take the place of the tiny voilettes, which have been so much worn this season.

Sleeveless lace sacks are very stylish, worn with light silk dresses, for the house or full dress.

Skating costumes, reported from abroad, are of the neatest fabrics, trimmed with very expensive furs.

At a fashionable wedding the other evening the prettiest dress was a tulle of snowdrift whiteness without color.

To be arrayed in tulle is the caprice of our most fashionable belles, who comprehend that it is becoming alike to blonde and brunette.

Ladies think it useless to pay a large price for certain fabrics because the article will last forever. They don't want it to last forever.

LIFE IN BROOKLYN.—A gentleman, while walking in Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, was jostled by a stranger, and after proceeding a few yards felt in his pocket in vain for his watch. He hastened back, overtook the thief, and pointing his revolver sternly demanded, "Give me that watch!" The stranger surrendered it without a word and hurried away. On reaching home the gentleman was startled in the middle of his narrative of his desperate encounter with a highwayman by an interruption from his wife. "Why, John, you left your watch on the bureau this morning, and I have been wearing it all day."

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty five cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.

Obituaries will be inserted at one-half of advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,

SUCH AS

HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,

Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

FUNNY CONGRESSMEN.

A constituency which sends a buffoon to Congress, deliberately and with knowledge, does a most thoughtless, disgusting and hurtful act. It was very funny to see and hear Mullens, of Tennessee, get up and bawl out: "Mr. Speaker, I want a pint of order jest here;" or to hear him speaking of an Arkansas member, who had been killed by Ku-Klux, as he did speak in my hearing about the late Mr. Hines, in the most sorrowful and bewailing manner: "Mister Speaker, he has gone down to his last grave, wrapped in the peaceful soliloquy of his blood."—It may be funny for the boys in the gallery to see a member put his big, dirty boots upon his desk, slide down in his chair until he sits on a spot between the small of his back and his neck, and go to sleep and snore during the proceedings of the House, as an Illinois member used to do in the Forty-first Congress. Perhaps it was amusing to the colored gallery to see a member get to his feet by the strongest efforts and the help of his neighbors, so drunk that he could not stand, and insist upon quarreling in an incoherent manner with the Speaker, until his voice was drowned by the deafening strokes of the mallet. This exhibition was given about a year ago by a Pennsylvanian, who is still a member of the House. Perhaps the sight of three or four members during the session stretched out full length upon the sofas in the space back of the circle of seats, all sound asleep and sweating like a bull's nose in winter, is an inspiring view from the reporter's gallery.—Perhaps it looks well to see a Congressman squirting tobacco juice in quantities ranging from a teaspoonful to a quart all over the snow-white marble of the stairway and besmearing costly carpets. It may be among the proprieties for a down-East Senator to smoke a five cent cigar in a hundred thousand dollar room, as I have seen Hamlin do in the unequalled and superb marble room of the Senate.—And it may be the right thing to do for two members of the present House, who pay about twenty or thirty dollars a month for board in the Washington hash houses, to bring lunch of some kind at a certain hour in the day, go into the room marked "exclusively for members" and eat their luncheons in happiness. I may say, however, that this room, notwithstanding its character, is the cleanest, brightest and purest room in the Capitol, but I submit that it is hardly the place to eat a greasy sandwich.

The things I have described may be funny, amusing and laughable to the witless herd who go through life for no other purpose than to find things to laugh at, but such Congressmen as I have alluded to are a positive injury to any district. They have no influence here and no acquaintance; they come here with the same narrow notions they had at home, serve out their term, draw their pay, their mileage and their stationery, and go home to the same cramped sphere. Of course, when I speak thus, I do not mean all who chew tobacco or smoke five cent cigars, for many very good and useful Senators and members would thus be unjustly included, but I except no other class. It is folly to say that such men make as good Congressmen as others; nobody believes it who stops to think. As "a man is known by the company he keeps," so is a district known by the sort of man it sends to Congress.—*Wash. Cor. Cin. Com.*

CURIOUS SUICIDES.

Persons have committed suicide in positions which would have been thought impossible to produce suffocation. There are several cases of this kind reported in a French medical journal. A man was discovered hanging by his pocket handkerchief, suspended from a rope stretched across a granary. His legs were found bent at a right angle backwards, the knees hanging at the distance of a few inches only from a heap of grain on the floor.—It would appear that the man, whilst in the act of hanging, must have held his legs clear of the ground in this extraordinary manner. Another man hung himself from a grating, which was not so high as himself; when found, his legs were stretched out before him, and his hips were within a few inches from the ground. A female suspended herself so low that she was obliged to stretch out her legs, one in advance, resting on the heel, the other behind her body, resting upon the toes. There have been cases known in which death has been produced by the suicide simply leaning with the neck against a tightened cord.

A still more remarkable case was that of a school master in the neighborhood of London, who hung himself in such a manner from the banisters by his cravat, that his body was found resting entirely upon the stairs. Such cases as these are often open to medico-legal investigation, as murders may sometimes be very conveniently hidden by contrivances of this character.

Many men who can swim well have been known to tie their hands and legs together before throwing themselves in the water, lest they should be tempted in the dying agony to strike out and save themselves. A lunatic some years ago, in St. Luke's Hospital drowned herself in the bath-room of that institution in a most remarkable manner. She managed to secrete the key of the bath-room, and to make up a dummy to represent herself in bed, in order to deceive the nurse of the ward. In the middle of the night she stole down stairs, and was found next morning lying with her face downwards in the shallow water of the bath. She must have deliberately kept herself in the horizontal position in the most determined manner to have effected her purpose.