msa_sc2901_scm1622-0946 copyright Maryland State Archives

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.

C. H. BAKER,
Counselor and Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN.
Particular attention given to collection of claims. jan30-tf.

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.

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,
For sale on reasonable terms, by
N. G. WESTCOTT,
mh16 tf. Chestertown.

THE 'WEED'
"F. F."—Family Favorite,
Sewing Machine!
LOCK STITCH! STRAIGHT NEEDLE
The Most Simple, Elegant, Economical and Desirable of any in use.

"THE WEED" was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM for family purposes, in an exciting contest with EIGHTY-TWO others, and is the Best Finished Instrument of the kind in the whole Exhibition.—[Report Paris Exposition, Gallignani's Messenger, (French) June, 1867.]

ALSO, THE
"M. F."—Manufacturer's Favorite,
Having a space of nearly twenty inches under the arm—a positive feed on three sides of the needle. Without Cam, Cog Wheels, Compound Cranks, Wire Springs or Revolving Shafts.

SILENT! RAPID! POWERFUL
These Machines are in use by many families in Chestertown and Kent county, and are universally preferred over all others by Ladies who have used different kinds. Every family should have one.
Send for Circulars and Samples.
HINES & BURCHINAL,
AGENTS,
d3-tf. Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown

BURNS & SLOAN
132 Light St. Wharf,
BALTIMORE,
BUILDING
AND HARDWOOD
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,
DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

PETER WEIKEL,
Merchant Tailor,
UNDER CARROLTON HOTEL,
Light Street, BALTIMORE.
It will afford us pleasure to have the public call and examine our goods.
Our Staple CLOTHS, DOESKINS and SUITINGS are superior, and our FANCY CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., are of the latest novelties in design and style.
OUR SYSTEM OF CUTTING is by actual measurement, and the fit of all Garments is guaranteed. Prices moderate. Terms cash.
o6'26. P. WEIKEL.

CEMETERY NOTICE,
FIRST CLASS WORK!
MODERATE PRICES!
Italian Marble MONUMENTS.
Italian Marble TABLETS.
Italian Marble HEADSTONES.
Italian Marble VASE FOOT STONES.
Italian Marble FLOWER VASES.
Italian Marble FONTS.
Children's HEADSTONES, TABLETS, COLUMNS and MONUMENTS of pure White Statuary Marble, of new and beautiful designs.
White Marble CURBING and POSTS for enclosing Cemetery Lots, at
GADDESS BROS.'
corner Sharp and German Streets, and 110 South Charles St.,
oc26y. BALTIMORE, MD.

VICK'S
FLORAL GUIDE
For 1873.
The GUIDE is now published Quarterly, 25 cents pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost. Those who afterwards send money to the amount of *One Dollar* or more for Seeds may also order Twenty-five cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.
The *January number* is beautiful, giving plans for making RURAL HOMES, designs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers. One hundred and fifty pages, on fine tinted paper, some five hundred engravings, and a superb Colored Plate and Chromo Cover. The first edition of Two Hundred Thousand just printed in English and German, and ready to send out.
JAMES VICK,
Dec. 7, 1872. Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE
TO CONSUMERS OF COAL.
WE have procured our supply of COAL for the Winter, and are prepared to fill all orders with dispatch—especially those accompanied with the cash.
BLACKSMITH'S COAL always on hand at the yard of J. T. TWILLEY & CO.,
nov23. Chestertown.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1873. No. 35.

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.

PUBLIC SALE.
THE undersigned having discontinued farming, will offer at PUBLIC SALE on his farm in Quaker Neck, on
FRIDAY, January 24th, 1873,
HIS STOCK and FARMING IMPLEMENTS, Consisting of
HORSES,
OXEN, CATTLE,
And HOGS.
OX-CART, PLOUGHS, HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, SHOVELS, HOES, FORKS, PLOUGH GEARS, &c.
ONE WHEAT DRILL, nearly new,
1 CORN SHELLER, nearly new,
ONE GRAIN FAN,
1 Good Strong Dearborn & Harness
CORN BLADES, and many other articles.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
TERMS:—On all sums over Ten Dollars a credit of Six months will be given, on note with approved security; sums of and under that amount cash. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with
WM. H. LAMBERT.
Jan. 4, 1873—ts.

VENDUE.
THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will offer at PUBLIC SALE at his residence near Hanesville, on
MONDAY, January 13th, 1873,
His ENTIRE STOCK and FARMING IMPLEMENTS, consisting of
4 Head of YOUNG HORSES,
4 Fresh Cows,
1 Two-year old BULL, 2 YEARLINGS, 3 CALVES, 10 SHOATS,
1 Farm Wagon and Harness, 1 Spring Wagon, 7,000 lbs. Corn Blades, 1 Wheat Fan, 1 new Corn Sheller, 1 Grindstone, Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, and other things too numerous to mention.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
TERMS.—All sums of $10 and over a credit of eight months will be given on note with approved security. Sums under that amount cash. No property to be removed until terms are complied with.
DULANEY RASIN.
S. S. USILTON, Auct'r. j4-ts.

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. 14. J. H. SMITH.

NEW MERCHANT TAILOR SHOP
IN CHESTERTOWN.
ABE SCHWARTZ,
FROM PHILADELPHIA,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened in the store room up town, opposite Capt. Thompson's, a
First Class Tailor Shop
where he keeps on hand an assortment of Piece Goods and Samples of Piece Goods, almost to suit the taste of every man and youth, and is ready to receive orders for CUTTING and MAKING UP SUITS to fit, under guarantee, even at low prices. Gentlemen in want of a suit of good clothes have no need of going to the cities therefor, as all will be convinced by an examination of his goods and prices.
SCOURING, CLEANING and REPAIRING done promptly and in the best manner—almost like new. ABE SCHWARTZ.
Chestertown, Aug. 24—tf.

AN IMPORTANT SALE!
ON ACCOUNT of the condition of my health and the advice of my physician, I have concluded to DISCONTINUE THE MERCANTILE BUSINESS for a more active life.
My many warm friends in Kent county will accept my hearty thanks for their many kind acts, and the patronage and confidence so liberally manifested toward me for the last fourteen years.
We will Commence To-day
TO SELL OFF THE ENTIRE STOCK
AT COST.
We have some very desirable goods in every line of our business, and persons in want should not fail to call immediately and procure
BARGAINS IN REALITY.
To any person who would like to engage in the trade, we offer him the best Store Room and Fixtures in Chestertown. Our stock of goods will speak for itself—a well selected, clean and nice stock—will be sold on easy terms. Respectfully,
WM. A. VICKERS.
Chestertown, Nov. 9, 1872.

A CARD.
MRS. S. M. BEASTEN respectfully informs her friends and the public generally that she has taken the store up town, lately occupied by Mrs Barrett, where she will be pleased to wait on them with a good supply of
Dry Goods, Groceries and Notions,
CHEAP FOR CASH or COUNTRY PRODUCE hoping by strict attention and low prices to receive a share of patronage. mh9-tf.

TWIN BRO.'S YEAST CAKES—the best Rising for Bread now in use—never sours j-17. C. F. STAM & BRO.

WINDOW GLASS,
Cut to fit an Sash
Nov. 23. C. F. STAM & BRO.

Dear Little Hands.

Dear little hands! I loved them so!
And now they are lying under the snow;
Under the snow, so cold and white,
And I cannot see them or touch them to-night.
They are quiet and still. Ah me!
How busy and restless they used to be;
But now they can never reach up through the snow—
Dear little hands! I loved them so!

Dear little hands! I miss them so!
All through the day, wherever I go,
All through the night, how lonely it seems,
For no little hands wake me out of my dreams.
I miss them through all the weary hours;
I miss them as others miss sunshine and flowers;
Daytime or nighttime, wherever I go,
Dear little hands! I miss them so!

Dear little hands! they have gone from me now!
Never again will they rest on my brow;
Never again smooth my sorrowful face;
Never clasp mine in their childish embrace;
And my forehead grows wrinkled and aged with care,
Thinking of little hands once resting there;
But I know, in a happier, heavenly clime,
Dear little hands! I shall clasp you sometime.

Dear little hands! when the master shall call
I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all!
When my feet touch the waters so dark and so cold,
And I catch my first glimpse of the City of Gold,
If I keep my eyes fixed on the heavenly gate
Over the tide, where the white-robed ones wait;
Shall I know you, I wonder among the bright bands?
Will you beckon me over, oh dear little hands?

Curious Statistics of Marriage.

To those of a statistical rather than sentimental turn, the mathematics of marriage in different countries may prove an attractive theme of meditation. It is found that young men from fifteen to twenty years of age marry young women averaging two or three years older than themselves, but if they delay marriage until they are twenty or twenty-five years old, their spouses average a year younger than themselves, and thenceforward this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age on the bridegroom's part, it is apt to be enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an everyday occurrence, but it is amusing to find in the love matches of boys that the statistics bear out the satires of Thackeray and Balzac. Again, the husbands of young women aged twenty and under average a little above twenty-five years, and the inequality of age diminishes thenceforward, till for women who have reached thirty, the respective ages are equal; after thirty-five years women, like men, marry those younger than themselves, the disproportion increasing with age, till at fifty-five it averages nine years.

The greatest number of marriages for men take place between the ages of twenty and twenty-five in England, between twenty-five and thirty in France, and between twenty-five and thirty-five in Italy and Belgium. Finally, in Hungary, the number of individuals who marry is seventy-two in a thousand each year; in England, is sixty-four; in Denmark, fifty-nine; in France fifty-seven; the city of Paris showing fifty-three; in the Netherlands, fifty-two; in Belgium, forty-three; in Norway, thirty-six. Widowers indulge in second marriages three or four times as often as widows. For example, in England (land of Mrs. Bardell) there are sixty marriages of widowers against twenty-one of widows; in Belgium there are forty-eight to sixteen; in France, forty to twelve. Old Mr. Weller's paternal advice, to "beware of widows," ought surely to be supplemented by a maxim to beware of widowers.—*January number of Lippincott's Magazine.*

Early Morning.

Somebody who has taken the trouble to rise early in the morning imparts some very interesting facts in regard to that portion of the day. He says: "From four o'clock to seven there is a period as distant from day as is the time from six in the evening until ten. Most persons understand the meaning of evening; but morning means no more than a point—a mere time to get up and dress for the day. But decidedly the richest, most marked part of the day—the fullest of unique joys, songs and suggestions is the morning. Thomas Fuller (is it?) says, "Do not spill thy morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations." That is it exactly—the quintessence. About four of an August morning the great wave of bird song reaches you. Where it starts I don't know. Probably on the shores of the Atlantic, with reed birds; but it always comes, with the sun, from the east. At first you hear just one inquiring note, away down the valley; after a little, another sleepy twill, then another, keener, fuller, wide awake, joyful; until the valley is rocking and rolling with a tide of song. And all the while it is drawing nearer. A robin shouts in the elm over the roof; the tide dashes and flows over you—on, on to the Pacific.—For half an hour every bird in all your world is half crazed with inspiration, pouring fourth the exquisite rhythm of his being in a hallelujah chorus And then the perfume and purity of the air! It has an odor neither of night nor of day; but the dew seems to hold in solution those peculiar honeysuckle odors that are never emitted till night."

COFFEE AS A DISINFECTANT.—The *Homœopathic World* says that roasted coffee is one of the most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room the effluvium occasioned by the clearing out of a cesspool, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia could be clearly detected, was completely removed within half a minute on the employment of three ounces of fresh coffee. The best mode of using it as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate, until it assumes a dark brown hue, when it is ready for use. It must, however, be remembered that the coffee, to be effectual, must be perfectly pure. Adulterated rubbish will only make matters worse.

THE greatest pleesure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

[From Woods' Household Magazine.]

Washington and his Lady Loves.

The Beautiful Young Widow.

BY REV. J. B. WAKELEY, D. D.

There was something very romantic in the history of Washington's first lady love "The Lowland Beauty," so there was of the second, "The New York Beauty;" so there is about the third, "The Beautiful Young Widow." Indeed, it is actually heightened in the contemplation of the latter, for it is so full of novelty, poetry, and romance that, if correctly written, it would read like a tale of chivalry.

Washington, though twice disappointed in love, did not despair; neither was he so prejudiced against the fair sex that he resolved never to woo again, nor doomed himself to eternal bachelorship.

Many, having been disappointed in love, have been down on the opposite sex, and resolved to live old bachelors, or old maids. There are others, in order to quiet their anguish, who take laudanum, or opium, and sleep their last sleep, that knows no waking till the heavens be no more. Some put a pistol to their temples or a halter to their neck, or a razor to their throat; others, to drown their sorrows, drown themselves. This is no fancy sketch, no exaggeration; true to life, horribly exact.

Not so with Washington; on the contrary, he not only showed himself a man, but a hero. Washington knew that, notwithstanding his disappointments, there were other beautiful faces, bright eyes, rosy cheeks, intelligent countenances and warm hearts, and he resolved to secure one; and in so doing he exhibited not only sterling good sense, but the highest philosophy.

Washington was never conquered but once. Then he hauled down his colors, grounded his arms. He who could always send word to the enemy, "Washington never surrenders," did surrender, but it was at the feet of a beautiful young widow, who took him captive at her will, and he yielded himself a prisoner, and permitted her to bind him with the silken cords of love.

Washington, having done noble service for his country on the frontier, and obtained a deathless name, returned, and in May, 1758, was on his way to Williamsburg on important public business. He was then a Virginia Colonel, whose fame was known throughout the colony. He had just crossed a branch of the York river, when a gentleman, by the name of Chamberlayne, invited the young officer to become his guest.

There was a great deal of genuine hospitality in the Old Dominion in those carly days, worthy of patriarchal times.—Mr. Chamberlayne had heard of Washington and his noble deeds, and he was anxious to show his admiration for the young hero by welcoming him into his mansion. Washington declined the invitation, as his business at Williamsburgh was so important it did not admit of any delay. Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that Washington should be his guest, and, if he could stay no longer, he must dine with him, and as an inducement, he promised to introduce him to a beautiful young widow. Washington agreed to do so if he could leave immediately after dinner. This was assented to.

Thomas Bishop, Washington's body servant, was with him. Bishop was a character, and he makes quite a figure in the history of Washington. When Gen'l Braddock was dying on the field of battle at Monongahela, he advised Bishop, who had been his servant, to enter the service of Colonel Washington, and said to him: "Only be as faithful to him as you have been to me and you will not lose your reward." Bishop took the advice of his dying master, entered the service of the youthful Washington, and was distinguished for his fidelity during forty years, and at last died at Mount Vernon, esteemed in life, lamented in death.

Washington, as he was about to enter the dwelling said, "Bishop, have the horses ready, at such an hour, that we can pursue our journey. Bishop touched his cap and said, "Your honor's orders shall be obeyed." Bishop, who knew his master was true to dates as the almanac, had the horses at the door, holding them by their bridles, at the very moment his master had named.

Washington entered the house, and was introduced to several young ladies; and, among others, to a beautiful young widow. Washington was a tall young man, majestic in person, a hero, with his honors thick upon him. His noble form possessed all the grace of the sculptor; his limbs were of the manliest proportions; he had a noble forehead. His hair was dark brown, his eyes were blue, and a countenance full of intelligence and benignity.

The young widow was Mrs. Martha Custis. She belonged to one of the first families of Virginia, and her original name was Dandridge. Martha was a beautiful girl, and at the early age of seventeen was married to Col. John Parke Custis, a gentleman of great wealth.—They were blessed with four children: two of them died when quite small. Mr. Custis died in the summer of 1757, leaving his wife a widow at the early age of twenty-five. Notwithstanding her bereavement, Mrs. Custis retained her primitive beauty unimpaired, and she was left one of the wealthiest widows in Virginia.—Her form, though small, was full, round, and splendidly developed. Intelligence was depicted in her noble features, and her whole appearance was that of peculiar loveliness. Such was Mrs. Martha Custis when Washington was introduced to her.

Their meeting, though unexpected, was to both of them one of inexpressible interest. It was an important era in their history, for it had great influence in shaping their future destiny.

Washington was at once captivated, charmed, thrilled by the rare beauty and surpassing loveliness of the fascinating young widow. He gazed upon her with admiration and delight; and can we wonder that the "strange passion of love" again awoke in his bosom, and she responded to it with a modest blush, as a smile of unutterable sweetness irradiated her countenance.

Washington and the beautiful widow there formed a mutual admiration society, and they both became members of it, as love responded to love, their hearts not only beat in unison with each other, but like kindred drops, were mingled into one. This was indeed a surprise, *and they were each smitten at the same time.*

We will return for a moment to the colored servant, Bishop, whom we left at the gate with the horses ready for his master. He wondered at the delay, for he had never known his master behind the time on any other occasion. Hour after hour passed away, and the sun went down behind the western hills, and the shadows of evening gathered around them. The horses were ordered to be put up in the stable. Washington was in no hurry.—He spent that night in the parlor with the blooming young widow, admiring her, and she admiring him; and the night glided swiftly o'er their heads, made up of innocence and love, as they talked of love and love affairs; the next morning passed away, and the sun was far up in the heavens when he left that house, with its overwhelming attractions, as reluctantly as Adam left paradise.

Bishop had waited, and marveled at the delay of his master. "Ah, Bishop," says a fair writer, describing the occurrence, "there was an urchin in the drawing-room more powerful than King George and all his Governors! Subtle as a sphynx, he had hidden the important despatches from the soldier's sight, shut up his ears from the summons of the tell-tale clock, and was playing such mad pranks with the bravest heart in Christendom, that it fluttered with the excess of a new-found happiness."

Washington spent some time Williamsburg, and had frequent opportunities to visit Mrs. Custis. Mr. Irving thinks he hurried up the business. He says:

"Washington's time for courtship was brief. Military duties called him back almost immediately to Winchester, but he feared, should he leave the matter in suspense, some more enterprising rival might supplant him during his absence, as in the case of Miss Phillipse, of New York. He improved, therefore, his brief opportunity to the utmost. The blooming widow had many suitors, but Washington was blessed with that renown so ennobling in the sight of woman. In a word, before they separated, they mutually plighted their faith, and their marriage was to take place as soon as the campaign of Fort Duquesne was at an end."

About a year and a half after their first interview, Mrs. Martha Custis became Mrs. Martha Washington.

We have seen that Washington married a widow; so have many distinguished men, among whom were John Wesley and George Whitfield. I am not advocating second marriages, but stating a historical fact. I am aware there are those who are directly opposed to them, and who would have a law unalterable as the Medes and Persians, that no widow or widower should ever be married. If that had been enforced we never would have had a George Washington, for he was a child of a second marriage; and he would never have had a Martha, for she was a widow.

Martha Washington was endowed with all those qualities that rendered her striking and interesting. She had wealth without pride; beauty without vanity; tenderness without weakness. She was well worthy to have been the wife of the "father of his country." A man can afford to be disappointed twice who can succeed so well the third time. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Forty years they lived together, and Mount Vernon was their earthly paradise. But the hour of separation came, and on the 14th of December, 1799, Washington gave his great soul to God, and his body to the dust. Mrs. Washington was resting her head upon a well-worn Bible when he expired. She inquired in a mournful tone, "Is he gone? 'Tis well; all is now over. I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

Two years and a half after his death, Mrs. Washington expired at Mount Vernon, May 22d, 1802

A few months ago I was at Mount Vernon, and in the rooms where they died; and I felt it a hallowed place. I went to the old vault, where they were first buried, and a beautiful bird had made its little nest within. I then visited the new tomb, where the illustrious dead are sleeping in marble coffins. Over the iron gate are these words: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Over the arch is a white marble tablet; on it is inscribed—"Within this enclosure rest the remains of General George Washington."

A Puzzle for Physicians.

The report that a man living in East Newark, N. J., had swallowed a set of false teeth, published a few days ago, has caused no little sensation in Newark and its vicinity, where the extraordinary occurrence is everywhere talked of. The sufferer, Mr. Wm. Pickel, states that for several years past he has used a set of false teeth, fastened to a gold plate, which filled the roof of his mouth. The plate was secured in his mouth by side clasps. Two weeks ago to-morrow Pickel took his Sunday afternoon nap in his chair, his head being thrown back upon the back of the chair. The sleeper's snoring loosened the plate, and it fell down his throat. He awoke and immediately lay down upon the floor and attempted to cough it up.—He was unsuccessful, and sent for a physician. But nothing could remove the teeth, which had lodged in the lower part of the gullet, just above the breast bone.

In the effort to remove the plate with instruments Dr. Cutler pushed the plate into the stomach, and when the instrument was withdrawn it was covered with blood. It was thought that if the effort had been successful, the man would have been killed by withdrawing the plate thro' his throat. During forty-eight hours thereafter Mr. Pickel suffered great agony, but at the end of that time the plate passed from the stomach into the intestines. Now Mr. Pickel attends to his business, which is that of a machinist, and says he suffers only occasional pains in the back. There have been, it is said, two similar cases in the country, each of which resulted in the death of the sufferer. In one case the teeth were found in the sac of the heart. In the other case the sufferer died while an operation was being performed to extract the load.

MANY a pretty face has made a market for a bad wife.

PARKER ON MARRIAGE.

PERFECT AND COMPLETE MARRIAGES RARE AS PERFECT BEAUTY.

Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedding is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love only belongs to brown hair, and plumb, round crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of Youth is the tassel and silken flower of life; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful, also, is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match.

They do it instinctively. The young man does not say: "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my overvehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself.

Old people never marry opposites; they marry their similars and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these young opposites will fall out, by the way, a great many times, and both get away from the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by-and-by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself.

A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, and it needs a very long summer to ripen, and then a long winter to mellow and season in. But a real happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome, that if the sun were, as the Greeks poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.—*Theodore Parker.*

She Works for a Living.

We don't know who wrote the following lines, or how often they have been published or republished; but they contain so many good points that they are worthy to be started anew on the sea of literature once or twice a year:

Commend us to the girl of whom it is sneeringly said "She works for a living." In her we are always sure to find the elements of a true woman—a real lady.—True, we are not prepared to see a mincing step, a haughty lip, a fashionable dress, or hear a string of splendid nonsense about the balls and young men, the new novels and the next party—no, no; but we are prepared to hear the sound words of good sense, language becoming to women, a neat dress, mild brow, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel.

You who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, lazy and haughty girls, and select one from those who work for a living, and never—our word for it—will you repent your choice. You want a substantial friend, and not a doll; a helpmate and not a help-eat; a counsellor and not a simpleton. You may not be able to carry a piano into your house, but you can buy a spinning wheel or a set of knitting-needles. If you cannot purchase every new novel, you may be able to take some valuable paper. If you cannot buy a ticket for the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor.

Be careful, then, when you look for companions, and whom you choose. We know many a foolish man who, instead of choosing an industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one of fashionable stock, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with his eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame?

The time was when the ladies went visiting and took their work with them. This is the reason why we had such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle darning her father's stockings, or carding wool to spin! Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a woman would be a prize to somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses for his wife from despised girls "who work for their living."

ONE'S HAND.—It is a profound study. No instrument devised by man compares with it for complication. It is a hammer, a vice, a forceps, a hook, a spring, a weight; it pushes, draws in, and the fingers alone contain elements of chisels, gouges, and all the tools a sculptor requires in modeling. From the elbow to the digital extremities its movements are produced by nearly fifty muscles. So complicated is the cordage of a human hand expert anatomists can hardly keep in remembrance its intricate mechanism. With it all the emotions of the mind may be both manifested and intensified. How could a Freehman talk with his hands tied? The hand is the prime minister of the brain. It is the soul's agent in the accomplishment of its designs. It is a wonder of wonders.

THE bravest man yet discovered is a fellow who heard a noise in the cellar, and carefully avoiding disturbing his wife, crept on the roof with a pistol, and remained there all night.

A GREAT TRIAL.

FIVE HUNDRED COUNTERFEITERS ON TRIAL AT ONCE.

In the whole history of criminal jurisprudence there has probably never been anything equal to the gigantic trial which was concluded at Moscow, in Russia, on the 21st of November, and in which were arraigned five hundred prisoners, upward of two hundred of whom were convicted and sentenced to cruel penalties.—Among the accused were persons of every station in life—gray haired men and youths, men and women; among the latter some highly accomplished and prepossessing in appearance. All of the prisoners were charged with the gravest offenses in the criminal law of Russia—that of counterfeiting. The code says: "The person that counterfeits the coin or currency of the Imperial Government shall suffer death." Notwithstanding this rigorous provision Russia has been flooded for several years past with well executed counterfeits of the Government Treasury notes. The prompt execution of several who were caught in passing the spurious currency did not check the evil, and for the last three years it became so great that the Minister of Finance was almost in despair. Offers of the largest rewards did not lead to the detection of the guilty parties. Changes in the appearances of the Treasury notes did not do so much good either, for so vast is the extent of the Russian Empire that it takes the Imperial Government six months to communicate its decrees to the remotest parts of the country.

At length, in last July, a curious accident gave the Government the long looked for clue, which led to the discovery of an association of criminals of both sexes, banded together for the purpose of circulating spurious currency, and which extended from the bleak and frozen shores of the white sea, to the Volga and the Black Sea. In the course of the three following months three thousand men and women were arrested, but after a preliminary examination twenty-five hundred of them were discharged, and about five hundred were held for trial. Among the latter were six Frenchmen, of St. Petersburg, who had been caught printing the counterfeit notes, and a comparatively large number of women. The prisoners were all conveyed to Moscow, where they were confined in the vast vaults underneath the Kremlin palace. Criminal law in Russia is barbarous at the best, and the male prisoners were herded together like so many hogs. They received the coarsest of fare, and straw was their only couch. The women were treated but little better.

On the 20th of October the trial was opened in the large hall of the Kremlin, which holds nearly five thousand persons. The proceedings were protracted for a month, and the prosecution succeeded in establishing the guilt of nearly one-third of the accused. Two hundred and three of them were found guilty, among them about fifty women. Sentence of death was passed upon the six printers, and the other convicted parties were condemned to hard labor in the gold mines of the Ural Mountains for life, or for ten years. The doomed men and women burst into piercing shrieks and howls, and well they might, for, in case of the former, the sentence included barbarous flogging and branding on the forehead with a red-hot iron, while the women, some of whom were of refined descent, shuddered at the idea of having to do the most menial work for life or ten years at the station house. In their despair some of the unfortunates threw themselves upon the ground, and their piercing cries, mingled with the rattling of their chains, produced a truly horrible effect. The excitement and frenzy of the condemned grew from minute to minute more intense, and the Judges, in order to restore quietude, had to call in the soldiers, who, with their kantschups, beat the prisoners right and left, and then dragged them back to the vaults of the Kremlin.

NO BRAINS.

Judge Ray, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts got off the following hard hit at "moderate drinkers:"

"All those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whiskey, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards.—No person can use whiskey for years with moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose experience disputes this, let him make it known. I will account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms across his breast, said:

"I offer myself as one whose experience contradicts your statements."

"Are you a moderate drinker?"

"I am."

"How long have you drank in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And never was intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the Judge, scanning the subject from head to foot, "yours is a singular case, yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A colored man, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of whiskey, sat down to dine on the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread he dropped some of the crumbs into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish.—This suggested the idea of dipping the bread into the whiskey, and feeding it well. Some of the fish ate it and became drunk, and floated helplessly upon the surface. In this way he easily caught a large number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whisky without any perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it. He resolved to take it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught the fish, carried it to a colored neighbor and and asked his opinion in the matter. The other surveyed the wonder and then said: "Sambo, I understand dis case; dis fish is a mullet head, it ain't got any brains." "In other words," added the Judge, "alcohol effects only the brain, and, of course, those having none may drink without injury." The storm of laughter which followed drove the "moderate drinker" from the house.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "If you must chaw terbacker, young man, for heaven's sake, chaw old Plugg, it is the nastyest."

SINGULAR COLLECTION OF REPTILES.

VISIT TO AN INDIAN SNAKERY.

Near the head waters of Cache branch of Indian creek there resides an old Shawnee Indian woman by the name of Nettalla-quah, familiarly called, in the immediate neighborhood, Aunt Netty. She occupies a small log cabin in a rocky cleft or gulch, remote from the Aubrey and Kansas City road, and about one mile from the road. This old woman cannot be less than ninety years of age, although she will not, under any consideration, state her exact age. She is a perfect recluse, as though she were dead and buried. Few visit her lonely cabin, and those who intrude once upon her privacy seldom care to visit there again. An *attache* of this paper, in company with Mr. Enoch H. Downs, of Cass county, paid a visit to the old Indian's cabin, a few days ago, for the purpose of examining a rare collection of reptiles said to be kept by the old squaw. After some little difficulty the cabin was discovered in the bend of the creek, completely concealed from view by precipitous rocky banks, except from the south side of the ravine. A huge, vicious, mastiff wolf dog showed his ugly fangs, and for a time disputed entrance to the cabin. Without bidding the party enter, the old squaw retreated herself within the cabin, leaving the door open. Following the old woman into the cabin, our reporter and his guide were for a moment blinded by the smoke and darkness. Standing near the door for a few moments, they were enabled to see the old squaw seated upon a block of wood, near a smouldering fire, smoking a small red pipe, and apparently unconscious of the presence of strangers. Mr. Downs, well acquainted with the old hag's taste for whiskey and tobacco, laid a quantity of each in her lap. The sight of these unexpected luxuries had a magical effect upon the squaw. Her small, dull, black eyes glittered with joy, and her leathery face brightened with satisfaction. She arose, on being made acquainted with the object of the visit, dragged out a large box and a barrel, from near the fire, which at first appeared to be filled with leaves, but on close examination were found to contain the old hag's family pets. Muttering some whining, sing-song words evidently of endearment, she put her hand down into the barrel and brought forth first a huge "blue racer," which, half torpid, coiled itself slowly into a knot upon the stove hearth. Then she took out several black snakes of various sizes, one of which was not less than four feet in length. Then she lifted out a perfect knot of mixed snakes, spotted, striped and yellow, which were knotted ond entwined in a coil as large as a half-bushel measure. All of these loathsome reptiles she said she had collected herself in the country around about her. Some of them she said she had had for years. Each of the snakes she called by names, and after laying the writhing mass upon the warm hearth left them to squirm and uncoil in the warmth generated by the fire. Turning to a box yellow and black boa-constrictor, which lay coiled up filling one-half of the box. She caught it gently by the back of the neck and tail and lifted it also out upon the hearth, and then took therefrom a huge brown snake, of a variety unknown to our reporter. Each of these monsters was at least four or five feet in length, and appeared to be far more active and lively than the smaller snakes. She then dragged forth an old wolf skin robe from her bed in a corner near the fire, and unrolled a perfect medly of rattlesnakes of all hues, all sizes, thicknesses and ages. These she handled roughly, rolling the squirming mass out upon the hearth, where the visitors, at a safe distance, might view the loathsome sight at leisure. Upon the walls hung a variety of snake skins, rattles, dried snakes' heads, lizards and pieces of dried meat. This sight was the most repugnant ever witnessed by our reporter. The old hag sat down upon the hearth laughing and chattering her horrid gibberish, and proceed to wind the two largest snakes about her wrinkled neck, and then to uncoil the half torpid masses of snakes. In a short time she had her lap full of the squirming reptiles, and appeared to handle and play with them like so many harmless kittens. The visitors, unable to withstand the loathsome, sickening sight, and the effluvia generated in the close, dark den, soon took their leave, leaving the old squaw to the company of her singular pets. She devotes much of her time to playing with them, allowing them to crawl over her bed and over the floor. She feeds them upon birds and upon insects. The former she catches alive, and feeds to the larger snakes at intervals of one or two weeks. She works a small patch of garden, and depends mostly for other necessities upon the surrounding country, in which she begs. She refused to follow her tribe south when they departed a few years ago, and they loathed her so much for her hideous habits that they did not regret leaving her. In the warm months she permits her pets to roam at will over the cabin, and in no instance has she been bitten by any of them, although they will hiss and dart forth their poisonous fangs spitefully at times, yet she appears to control them by a few whining words, and a glance of her dull, black eyes. It is needless to say old Aunt Netty has few visitors, and