...ELLANEOUS.

...R SALE!
...d-hand PIANO will be sold ...
JOHN MASON.

...POPULAR WORKS: ...NITED STATES. ...TION for the People. ...FOOTLIGHTS, &c. ...RS and our RIGHTS. ...& Best Family Bibles. ...LER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

...TOWN ALMANACS
...r sale at the Drug Store of
R. J. Trippe.

...AND BURNERS will ... superior to Gas and at ...e cost—for sale by
R. J. Trippe.

...ARGAND BURNERS ...ave enough in the way ...a short time to pay for a ... For sale at ...Trippe's Drug Store.

...ssortment of Confection ...eived at
R. J. Trippes.

...Holiday Present ...ter or friend—a nice new ...ARNESS, or an elegant ...ING MACHINE, the most ...n the world—guaranteed ...le by
S. B. HOPKINS,
Dover Street.

...F & CO'S.,
...RA FAMILY
...E MEAT.
...PIES prepared ready for ... to any other in the market. Try it. Use no other.
...e 24] R. THARP.

...EDS!
...receiving our usual sup...

...HY,
...HARD,
...tucky Blue-Grass,
...ed Top, & all other
...D SEEDS:
...no pains to have none but ...d will always sell them at ...possible.
...iably CASH.
...ICOLS & TAYLOR,
...rs in Hardware, Seeds, ...hinery, &c., of all kinds.

...JUMP & CO.,
...received another large ...e celebrated KERSEYS ...figures.
...Also
...ets,
...ds, Beulevard Skirts,
...Velveteens,
...e goods, at very low cash ...and see.
J. J. Jump & Co.

...RCOATING.
...RENCH CLOTHS.
...all grades
...Fancy Cassimeres.
...added to our former large ...all line of the above sam...
...this department are very ...are offering special in... ...Ve only ask a call. Come
J. J. Jump & Co.

...pets Carpets
...ncrease of our sales is ...t has enabled us to place ...tomers this season a stock ...perior to anything ever be ...this market.
...replete with new styles ...designs, Among them, ...Brussels, Cotton, Chain ...threefly Ingrain, Fancy ...(a new thing) Tapestry ...Medium Rag, high colors, ...ls Super Ingrain, ...ain Venetians, 3-3, 5-8, 7-8 ...ng, Floor Oil Cloths, all ...tyles, Table Oil Cloths ... ...Step Oil Cloths, assorted. ...and TAPESTRY RUGS, ...e challenge comparison in ...t.
...OMPSON & KERSEY.

...REWARD.
...n from the subscriber, on ...t the 5th inst., at Chaple ...named goods;— ...es, For plains, Brace, 5 ...Hatchet, Drawing Knife, 2 ...Axe, Screwdriver, 2 Chis... ...rs, Compass, Trying up ...reotype, 3 Whet Stones, ...n, Shot Bag, 3 Razors, 1 ...rop has the name of James ...on the case.) 2 Shaving ...Box, 1 Sash Saw, 2 Bed ...Hat, 1 Yarn Shirt. (don't ...e, color is white and a pale ...nd steel musket, 1 single ...picking axe; the house was ...n my absence to Delaware. ...reward will be paid for any ...eading to their discovery.— ...reach me at Odessa, New ..., Delaware.
JESSE W. GREEN.
...JS

...NEW GOODS
...ARRIVED AT THE
...P CASH STORE
...of
...MPSON & KERSEY.
...xamine them while they are ...fresh.
...s dress goods have been ... ...nounced beautiful and deci...
...f Gentlemens' Dress Goods
...TINGS,
...CASSIMERS,
...VESTINGS, ...
...complete to an examination ...e again invite the gentlemen ...d the adjoining counties ...ally persuaded that we can ...heir interest to do so.

...UTS and APPLES ... ...just received by ...Daw...

...ED—Feathers, ...er, and Country Produce ...d by
Wilcock ...

...Fine and coarse Salt by ... ...el, for sale by J. ...

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIV. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, MARCH 4, 1871. NO. 9.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. H. GIBSON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office opposite the M. P. Church.
[mar 16'1y

SAMUEL T. HOPKINS,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE in the New Town Hall Building,
UP STAIRS, (*right hand door:*)
feb 18-1y

BENJAMIN H. HARRINGTON,
ATTORNEY-AT LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER ST.
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot and the adjoining counties.
feb 11-1y

ALLEN E. FORRESTER. ALPHEUS A. TOWNSEND, (Formerly of Easton Bar.)
Forrester & Townsend
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
Law Buildings,
Cor. LEXINGTON & ST. PAUL STS.,
(Entrance on Lexington St.,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
oct 15-1y

ED. B. BATES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
EASTON, MD.
CLAIMS promptly collected, and REAL ESTATE sold,
Office on Dover street, two doors from the Journal Office. [dec 17

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
EASTON, TALBOT CO., MD.
ESPECIAL attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. Al Surveying in all it branches.
Office on Washington St., two doors South of the M. E. Church. jan 8

Auctioneering.
JAMES A. ROE,
EASTON, MD.,
OFFERS his services as Auctioneer, and will promptly attend sales when ever called on. [mar 9-1y

CONSTABLE AND AUCTIONEER.
JAMES B. RATHELL, having been appointed Constable in Trappe District, he also offers his services as Auctioneer. Business entrusted to him in either capacity, will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. He will be in Easton every Tuesday
mar 19-1y

EDW. H. ANDERSON,
WATCH-MAKER
AND
Jeweler,
Washington St., 2nd Door from Corner of Dover St., (with Mr. Saml. Patchett.)
WATCHES, Clocks, Jewelry, and Sewing Machines of EVERY make repaired in the best manner at reasonable rates. Terms cash. (jan 21

N. E. NICOLS
GENERAL AGENT IN THE
Collection of Clims
AND THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE, FERTILIZERS, FARMING MACHINERY, &c.,
EASTON, MD.
REFERENCES.
James Ll. Martin, Easton, Md.
Capt. E. L. F. Hardcastle, " "
Mr. Wm. S. Pawson, Baltimore " "
Upshur Lloyd & Bro., " "
Hon. Eli Saulsbury, Dover, Del.
Capt. E. R. Newhard, Allentown, Pa
(mar 28

Plastic Slate Roofing.
THE attention of Carpenters, and those contemplating building new houses or putting new roofs on old ones, is particularly called to the Plastic Slate Roofing, the greatest Roofing Material of the age. For flat roof there is nothing to equal it. It is cheap, ligh and flexible non-expanding, non-contracting fire proof, weather-proof and everlasting roofing.
The subscribers are now prepared to put on these roofs at short notice, cheap for cash. Orders addressed to us through the Easton Post Office promptly attended to. For further information respecting the Plastic Roofing, address,
WILLIAM H. DUNCAN.
GEORGE W. DUNCAN.
feb 15 1m

TILE! TILE!
FARMERS, if you would improve your farms, and make good crops, without the expense of buying fertilizer for every season, TILE your land, especially *your low springy land*, It is impossible to make good crops, or to improve land without thorough drainage. This is the season for putting in tile. Every farmer should try a few acres. The expense is trifling in comparison with the advantage gained. Try it.
COOPER & WHITE, EASTON,
Have on hand a large supply of egg shape TILE from 2 to 7 inches, vent, which they are offering cheap.
They also have on hand half a million common and pressed handmade BRICK, which they are selling at the lowest market prices.
All necessary information given for putting in tile. Wood taken in trade.
jan 5

SOMETHING NEW—Saunders' Face Powder, a delicate preparation for beautifying the complexion; free from anything which can possibly injure the skin, for sale at Bateman & Trippe's.

SELECT POETRY.

TEN AND TWENTY.

Can ten long years have passed away
Since with Kate Fane I used to play,
And spoil her doll and toys?
She was an awful little tease,
Who tore her clothes and grazed her knees;
Who sometimes clomb up apple-trees—
And loved to play with boys.

The merriest of romping girls
Was Kate, with tangled sunny curls,
In those bright laughing days;
Her skirt was BIEN BOUFFÉE—e'en
She never wore a crinoline—
'Neath which peeped trowsers frilled, I ween
With BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

Whole mornings then we used to pass
In strolling through the nodding grass,
Or crouching 'mongst the fern;
Whilst there, when no one else was by,
I used to kiss her on the sly,
And Kate was neither coy or shy,
But kissed me in return!

The livelong day we played and walked,
Or in the orchard swung and talked—
'Twas thus our liking strengthened;
At last, one gloomy, tearful day,
My play-fellow was sent away
To school, and there she had to stay
Until her frocks were lengthened.

In Eton's classic groves I strayed,
To pick up learning—I'm afraid
I "picked up" more at cricket;
My boyish love was left to fate,
When pulling in the College Eight;
I quite forgot my little mate,
In dreams of little wicket!

And now I chance to meet again,
Not saucy Kate, but fair Miss Fane,
The loveliest of belles;
Who rules the season—for I know,
At party FETE, or flower-show,
In opera-box or in the Row,
She queens it o'er the swells.

Ah! since that rosy laughing child
Would jump upon her pony wild,
And round the paddock canter,
Or madly with black Hector race,
Or climb for nests in Lyndith Chase—
For which she got in sad disgrace—
O TEMPORA MUTANDUR!

For Kate will never know me now,
But with a studied, solemn bow,
She'll gaze with manner blank,
Not know me? How her eyes flash bright;
She shakes my hand and grasps it tight,
And laughingly exclaims, "I'm right—
'Tis my old playmate, Frank!"

SELECT READING.

From the New York Sun.

AN OLD MISER'S BEQUEST.

A Frenchman Giving $180,000 to Mr Bergh's Society:

Lou is Boarard's Den in Wooster Street—His Removal to St. Vincent's Hospital—He Drives away the Cormorants and Leaves his Hoard to the Dumb Animals.

Louis Bonard, a native of Rouen, in France, aged 62, died in St. Vincent's Hospital at Eleventh street and Seventh avenue, on Monday last of heart disease.

He resided for the last two years in the house of Mr. Bane, 109 Wooster street, New York, occupying one room on the top floor. On the same floor are five other rooms, and on each door is scrawled in black paint the number of the room. Bonard occupied No. 6, on the door of which were fixed three strong patent locks of various make, the keys of which he always carried about his person.—The room presented a most deplorable and dirty appearance. There was no carpet on the floor, which was almost black, and the bare walls and ceiling, nearly as black as the boards, made the house of the miser still more wretched looking. In one corner stood an old wooden bedstead, the legs propped up on bricks, and the bed clothing all in a heap and not very clean. Three old chairs and a small table and washstand completed the furniture of the den, excepting a small worn out stove fixed in the centre on the floor. In another corner was a cupboard, in which were some clothing and an old chest of tools. On the door of this cupboard were two large padlocks and an iron bar. No one was ever allowed in this room except the servant, to make the miser' bed, and that was done always in his presence. On the table lay a pile of printed bills, setting forth the various lots of property on sale in the city. Mr. Bonard was taken ill on the 1st of February, and was removed from Wooster street to St. Vincent's Hospital at his own request. He took with him two large trunks loaded with jewelry and bankers' books, and deeds relating to his several properties. These he had placed at his bedside. His bankers' books and memorandum book he kept clutched in his hand under the bedclothes.

HIS INTENTION REGARDING HIS WEALTH.

On Monday, the 13th of February, he sent a Mr. Mermond, one of the only two friends that he ever made in this country, to Mr. Bergh's office with a request that that gentleman would at once go and see him at the hospital. Mr. Bergh was out of town, and his deputy, Mr. A. H. Campbell, and chief clerk accordingly went round and had an interview with the sick man. These gentlemen produced their shields of office and the miser, evidently satisfied of their identity, informed them that he wished to leave all he possessed to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and asked Mr. Mermond and Mr. Campbell to get a lawyer to prepare a will to that effect that very day, the same to be drawn up in as strong and plain a manner as possible. He said that he was on his death bed, and that some persons had prepared a paper making some disposition of his property, which paper they had induced him to sign on the previous Friday. Its contents had not been read over to him, and he thought there had been some grasping on the part of certain persons who were anxious to get his money. He had fully made up his mind to destroy that paper by executing a proper will, duly witnessed, giving every cent of his money and property to Mr. Bergh's Society. He hoped Mr. Bergh would take care to have the will drawn up in such a manner that no dispute could arise after he was dead. He wanted to feel sure that the property was secure in the hands of the Society before he died. He said—"You see, gentlemen," pointing to the banker's books, "what a large sum I have got—the result of many years' savings; but I am tired of it."

It was a pitiable sight to see this man—worth over $100,000—lying there in his bed, with no wife, child or relation, or even friend to smooth his pillow or ease his passage from this world to the next; no one to pay him any more attention than the poorest hospital pauper would receive. He lay there holding his bankers' books in his hands, clinging to them as if for comfort in his last hours, a sorrowful sight indeed. The next day Mr. Mermond obtained the services of a lawyer, and a will was prepared by the sick man's own instructions, and duly signed and witnessed. He had it read carefully over, and expressed his full approval of it. While the lawyer was reading it, he proved the soundness of his mind by detecting an error in the number of a house, and having the same corrected. He stated the position and dimensions of each property without referring in any way to memoranda or books.

After he made his will, he was visited by Mr. Bergh several times at his own request. The attorney asked the sick man if he did not intend to give something to the institution in whose charge he was, or to any other institution. 'No,' he replied, 'everything for the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Animals.' He also said he did not want to be bothered about religion, as he had a "religion of his own."

A VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL.

A Sun reporter visited St. Vincent's Hospital yesterday, to learn the particulars of Bonard's illness and death, and was courteously received by one of the Sisters of Charity who are in charge of that institution. The following conversation ensued:

Reporter—When did Mr. Bonard enter the hospital?

Sister—Mons. Bonard was brought here on the 2d February in a very emaciated condition by his friend Mr. Mermond, of 116 Prince street, who said the patient was a man of means.

Reporter—Did he seem to realize his condition?

Sister—Yes, he was conscious that he was near death, but expressed no fear.

Reporter—Was he a professor of religion?

Sister—He was a Catholic, but since childhood had entirely ignored religion; that is, until a few days before his death, when at his request, the rites of the Church were administered to him.

Reporter—Did he express any anxiety as to the fate of his fortune?

Sister—None whatever. He said to one of us a day or two before he died, 'I am not a miser, but have been an accumulator. I do not wish to appear before my Creator with money in my pocket.'

Reporter—What induced his final disposition of his money?

Sister—Inclination, I presume. Prevention of cruelty to animals is a noble and laudable object; but had his course in life been different, an influence would have been exerted to induce a different disposal of his property.

Reporter—Do you mean a testament in favor of some religious institution?

Sister—Yes. But no such influence was exerted. The dying man was suffered to exercise his own judgment.

Reporter—Was Bonard an intelligent person?

Sister—Decidedly so; his conversation was fraught with intelligence and originality of thought. He was, perhaps, not an educated man, but one whose experience had been large, and knowledge of the world extensive.

HE MADE NO REVELATIONS.

Reporter—Did he make no important communications?

Sister—No, not that I know of; he appeared at times desirous of unburdening his mind, but you know that in all pneumonial diseases articulation is very painful.

Reporter—Did he express any wishes as to his funeral ceremonies?

Sister—He did; he said several times that he wished to be buried in Cylvery Cemetery, and to have the funeral ceremonies of our Church performed over him.

The reporter then called upon Mr. Mermond, in Prince street. He had known Bonard several years, and often sought to ween him from his solitary, comfortless life, but to no purpose. He spent some years in South America, and it is suspected by some that associations formed while there influenced his after life.

A Japanese Execution.

It has been our fate to witness an execution in Japan, and a more awful spectacle possibly could not be seen anywhere else on this little planet, bearing Cathay. For a long period many daring burglaries and cold-blooded murders had been committed with impunity in and about the neighborhood of Yokoham; the Japanese police the best organized in the world, knew the perpetrators could not catch them, for the simple reason that they had adopted the garb of beggars—rags and tags, uncombed locks and dirty smudged faces—the best disguise in the world, according to Vidocq, prince of scoundrels and undecapitated ruffins!

In Japan beggary is a trade, a recognized profession, and there is a beggars' guild, to enter which the neophite has to be initiated, and pay a certain number of fees from his own practice before he is allowed to amass wealth on his own account.

The very best information afforded to the police is given by the beggars, who are perpetually around street corners, as well as loafing about unfrequented places and hear scraps of conversations, and notice things which people about their business seldom notice. All this is written down by them and handed to the police. In civilized England, the idea of a beggar being able to read or write must seem ridiculous, a *rara avis* indeed, but in the barbarous and uncivilized "Land of the Rising Sun," education for the last thousand years, has been compulsory; and during a residence of some years in many parts of the country we never came across a Japanese unable to decipher the edicts on the notice boards erected for that purpose in every city and hamlet of the empire. Amongst these wandering and unquiet medicants exists a code of mystic signs and symbols similar to that in vogue amongst our own Zingari. By means of this free-masonry, as it were, they not only communicate with each other, but put to the test any one they encounter practising the trade, in order to ascertain if he or she is a *bona fide* "magsman" or "Doxy." Should the meeting be unsatisfactory, the chances are that a wretched corpse is discovered next day, nobody knows and nobody cares—"rattle his bones over the stones"—and probably it is chucked into the sea to be picked up by the sea-birds, or into a bamboo copse to be devoured by foxes, the incarnation of bad spirits in Japan.

When a Japanese commits robbery with violence, he has a ring tattooed around his arm; if twice two rings; if three times another ring; if he does it again, off goes his head. And as it got wind about the settlement that several of these braceleted knights of the road were about to be decapitated by the native authorities, "I guess, sir, we shall have a sanguinary sensation!" said a cute American. A certain morning being appointed for the ceremony—heavens! last time I was I was "best man" at something similar!—we ordered our 'b-ttoo' to have our horses at the door at 5 A. M.

A brisk canter carries us out of the barrier, and along the road in the distance appears Fusiyama, the sacred mountain, an extinct volcano, but from which emenates "waves of earthquakes," shaking our houses about once a week and keeping us in mind that a more than usual severe shock must bring down the hideous pile, known as the British Consulate. But here we are upon the side of a hill, with trees on one side and square patch of ground fenced in by bamboos in the manner known as *chevaux de frises* on the other; in the centre of this some round holes about a foot in diameter were dug. Adjacent were some spears and halberds, insignia of justice in Japan while in their rear stood the officer whose duty it was to see the ceremony carried out in strict accordence with the laws and customs of the empire, and close to him stood the criminals. Standing about ten yards away was a remarkable man—no less a personage than the executioner, a small and apparently infirm wrinkled gray-haired old man. His front teeth were gone, which caused his mouth naturally to lack an appearance of decision, but his bright eye and nonchalent air gave the lie to any deductions drawn by a casual observer as to his nervousness. In his hand was a new and keen edged sword, given by the relatives of the miserable wretches about to forfeit their lives. This veteran is sixty years old. He informed us, upon entering into conversation, that since the advent of foreigners his business had increased wonderfully, and he gave us to understand that the western barbarians were rapidly demoralizing the country. There is, or rather was, a man in Canton who had cut off 20,000 heads, but from those who have seen him, we gather that he is a bungler, and often has to take two cuts.

On the night previous to execution Japanese criminals are allowed their hearts' desire in debauchery and drunkenness. Some authors of books on Japan, who flatter themselves that may take in at a glance what takes other men years to acquire, have asserted that criminals are drugged prior to execution. It is not so; when they have appeared thus on the fatal morn it has been the result of the previous night's debauch.

Upon a signal from the officer of Judgment an attendent handed him a paper from which in a low and impressive tone he read their crimes and sentences. The attendents then blindfolded them! The executioner, throwing off his outer garment, displayed a wiry and sinewy arm; in a twinkling he drew his sword (the two-handed trenchment weapon of his country) keener than a razor, it glistened in the morning sun. Taking a small pannikin of water from a pale close by, he poured it gently down the edge of the blade to keep as he told us afterwards, the edge "right and in temper." An attendent then led forward a prisoner and told him to kneel down within a foot of one of the round holes; he then pulled the "Kimono," or man's outer coat, back from his neck gently, and with his right hand pressed his head forward, so as to render the muscles of the neck tense for the keen blade to divide; meantime the executioner had walked up and stood quarter-face to his victim, and upon the left side so as to give his left arm leverage for the blow; taking a glance at the neck he made up his mind where to divide the vertebrae, and having guaged his distance made a sign to his attendent to withdraw his hand from the head; then it was that with sword extended at an angle of about sixty degrees to the victim's neck by a rapid and graceful motion betokening case, dexterity and long practice combined, the sword descended, like a flash, or as the Japanese say; "Mahatake no ma" (as quick as a wink,) passing through the vertebrae almost noiselessly and coming clean out under the chain. The head fell into the hole, the blood came out in a gush from the quivering red canal thus opened for it. An attendent took up the body by the heels, while another punched it on the back to get the blood out; it was then carried on one side and covered, with a mat; another attendent then took up the head by the hair, washed it, and held it up before the judgment officer. The eyes winked and had a strange glimmering of sense in them, while the mouth had a grim humorous loook horrible to behold, as much as to say, "Ha! ha! you may cut off my head, but still I'll leer."

GERMAN PROVERBS.—To change and to be better are two different things.

Every body knows good counsel except him that hath need of it.

Poverty is the sixth sense.

Better free in a foreign land than a serf at home.

Better go supperless to bed than to run in debt.

There is no good in preaching to the hungry.

Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

It is not enough to aim, you must hit.

The end of wrath is the beginning of repentence.

The sun-dial counts only the bright hours.

Piety, prudence, wit and civility are the elements of true nobility.

High houses are mostly empty in the upper story.

A hundred years of wrong do not make an hour of right.

More are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To A Rat Caught in our Printing Office

Thou long-tailed, ebon-eyed, nocturnal ranger!
What led thee hither 'mong the types and cases?
Didst thou not know that running midnight races
O'er standing types is fraught with imminent danger?
Did hunger lead thee? didst thou think to find
Some rich old cheese to fill thy hungry maw?
Vane hope! none but a literary jaw
Can masticate our cookery for the mind.
Perchance thou hast a literary taste,
A love for letters, and that sort of thing;
But why, thou wire-tailed imp—thou vermin-king!
Didst thou but yesternight devour our paste,
And threw our types in pyramids of PI?
Thy doom's decreed!—here Carlo, at him fly!

From the New York Sun.

A Marriage of Murders.

The Bride's Grandfather Killed by the Bridegroom's Father—The Bride's Husband's Father Killed by her Uncle.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 10.—A marriage has recently been solemnized in Harrison county under the following extraordinary complications: Gustavus Marsh married Mrs. Judith Boothby. The father of Marsh, Wm. Marsh, killed St. Clair Young, Mrs. Boothby's grandfather.—Mrs. Boothby's uncle, Stanley Young, killed her husband's father, Wm. Marsh In addition, Mrs. Boothby's father, Col. Timberlake, was killed by one Henry Lowmyer. To go back to the first cause of murder, St. Clair Young's son William married a daughter of William Marsh. They did not live happily, and after a season of mutual misery agreed to part. After the separation the husband and father circulated slanderous stories about her. She bore an excellent character for honesty, and was generally esteemed for her many virtues. But her father was justly incensed, and repeatedly endeavored to obtain satisfaction. The Youngs were a family of wealth and much influence, and steadily refused to take back their foul reports.

At length Wm. Marsh met St Clair Young at a hotel table in Corydon. They were seated exactly opposite each other, and Mr. Marsh embraced the opportunity of asking a recantation of slanderous reports. It may be imagined that words ran high, but very little time was consumed. St. Clair was insolent, and Marsh threw a fork at him. No gentle silver fork, but an ugly steel one, and two pronged at that. St. Clair, to avoid further missiles, arose from his seat and retreated toward the door, casehnife in hand. Weighing three hundred pounds net, he filled the door to such a nicety no one could get in or out. Marsh attempted to get out, and St. Clair attacked him with a knife, whereupon Marsh drew a pistol and shot him dead. This was in 1861. Marsh was arrested, released on bail, and triumphantly acquitted when tried by a jury.

Eight years afterwards Stanley Young a brother of William's assassinated Wm. Marsh because he had killed his father. Mr. Marsh was standing on the street at the time engaged in conversation with Gen. Gresham, the present United States District Judge. Mr. Young came up and shot Mr. Marsh through the heart.

To continue this chapter of crime, although it is not exactly relevant to the subject, it does not appear how the first husband of the heroine, Mr. Boothby, met his fate, but the death of her father is not without interest.

Col. Timberlake was an officer in the Union army. At home on leave he attended church in his neighborhood. Among the ladies there was the pretty sweetheart of farmer Lowmyer, and she wore, at her throat, a star brooch, which excited the ire of the loyal Colonel. He could not perform his devotions for the wrath that was enkindled in his bosom, and he whispered to his sister-in-law to wrest off the odious breast pin. It was easier said than done. The maid resisted. Indeed, the starry nymph was about to get the better of her patriotic antagonist, when the gallant Colonel interferred.

This was too much for the lover, Lowmyer, who sprang to the rescue of his beloved, and a general fight ensued, in which the farmar drew a pistol and shot Col. Timberlake. In his justification, it appeared that he used his revolver only when he saw Timberlake put his hand in his breast pocket. Under the impression that a pistol was to be drawn out, he fired, and Timberlake was killed.

Mr. Lowmyer surrendered himself at once to the proper authorities, and languished in jail several months, but was eventually tried and acquitted.

It is a matter of speculation what next chapter of calamity may be added to the family horrors. The contracting parties in the lately solemnized marriage are said to be very clever, well-disposed people. It may be that the score of blood is wiped out.

GOOD SHOOTING.—A party of four or five gentlemen from this city, killed a few days ago, one hundred and eight wild ducks, consisting of canvas-backs, redheads, black heads, malards and dippers. This we consider good shooting and a very profitable day's work. They were readily disposed of at prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars and a-half a pair—the latter for canvas-backs.—Since the breaking of the ice in some parts of our rivers and creeks by our craftsmen, gunners are having a lively time. Ducks are reported to be in great numbers.—*Annapolis Republican.*

☞ Some years ago, in one of our Western courts, three men—an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman—were found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung. The Judge told them that they could each choose a tree on which to be "strung up." The Scotchman promptly chose an ash, and the Englishman an oak tree.

"Well, Pat, what will you be hung on?" asked the Judge.

"If it would please your honor, I'd rather be hung on a gooseberry bush," responded Pat.

"Oh," said the Judge, "that's not big enough."

"Begorro, thin," says Pat, brightening, up, "I'll wait till it grows."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Jewish Wedding in Constantinople.

The bridegroom was a boy of eighteen, who already had discovered a former wife the bride, a smart looking girl of sixteen. At about 11 A. M. guests and visitors commenced to arrive at the brides house where the wedding was to be celebrated. These visitors were received in two different saloons. In the first, the bride and relations received their lady-visitor's; in the other, the bridegroom and his friends received their male guests.

At about one o'clock, when all the invited have arrived, sweet preserves in crystal vases are handed around. However, before touching them with your lips, good breeding requires that you should salute the host and the principal dignitaries. Previous to the ceremony the afternoon prayers are read. Then the young bridegroom, is lead by his father and near relatives from the solo to the centre of the room. Then follows the most imposing part. The bride is led from the assembly-room to the bridgroom by her mother and friends. She walks so slowly and moves her feet soo imperceptibly, that frequently the distance of five or six yards takes fully fifteen minutes, and it is considered a smartness and a proof of good breeding that the bride should keep the bridegroom and guests in long suspense, during which a deadly silence prevails. The meaning of this slow pacing is, that she expresses that she quits her parents with great reluctance, hesitation and pain, that she is very slow in quitting her parental roof for that of her husband. When at last standing by the side of the bridegroom, the usual wedding rites, as putting on the golden ring, the blessing over the wine, and the breaking of the wine cup are performed as by the Western Jews.

The latter ceremony means that just as the scattered fragments of this broken glass could not again be joined together in the same way, so man and wife can not be divided assunder during their lives. At last the marriage contract in Hebrew is read. The Turkish Jews have it printed in a large size and ornamented with enormous patches of goald-leaf not unlike fancy Dutch ginger-bread.

Next bridegroom and bride descend to the entrance of the house, followed by all the guests, when a flat tray with three live fishes is presented to them; they lift this tray above their heads three times, after which these fishes are given to the poor. This ceremony indicates in a symbolic way the text, "They will multiply like the fishes." This is equivalent to the ceremony performed in Holland and parts of Germany called the *Mann*, in which the Rabbi before the canopy throws two or three handsful of wheat toward the bridal pair, expressing thereby that they shall multiply like wheat thrown on a field.

AN AWFUL PLUNGE.—It is a very courageous thing to go down stairs at one in the morning when there are thieves in the house.

It is a very courageous thing to walk on a dark road alone, at night, in a garroting neighborhood.

It is a very courageous thing to try to seperate husband and wife when they are fighting in the street.

It is a very courageous thing to encounter your tailor when you owe him a bill.

It is a very courageous thing to meet a lady for the first time after she has jilted you.

It is a very courageous thing to tell a mother her baby is ugly.

It is a very courageous thing to oppose the wishes of your wife and your wife's mother.

It is a very courageous thing to face a mad bull.

But perhaps the most courageous thing of all is to break the ice for bathing at five o'clock in th morning this weather.

NO SMOKING ALLOWED.—Old Dr Sterns, of New London, in his latter years, kept a drug store. A genteman one day purchased a cigar of the Doctor, and, lighting it, began to smoke.

"Please dont smoke in the store," said Dr. S., politely. "it is against our rule."

"But you sell cigars," rejoined the gentleman. "Sell 'em to smoke, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, we sell cigars," replied the doctor a little sharply,—"and *we sell physic; but we don't allow it to operate in the store.*"

A poet who wrote, in some tender lines addressed to his love. "We will hallow her grave with our tears," was surprised at a call from Henrietta's brother, next morning, armed with a club, who extended to him a stirring invitation to come down and have his head broken, which he declined: "We will harrow her grave with our steers."

☞ A man at Charleston went to a doctor to have a rip in his abdomen sewed up, and when asked how he got it, he said he was out riding with another man's wife, and met her husband.

☞ There are several men in this town who complain that pretty nearly every night when they go home and try to get into the house, they find the keyhole out of order.

☞ A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach

☞ We are told "the evening wore on," but we were never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day.

☞ It is a remarkable fact that however well young ladies may be versed in grammer, very few are enabled to decline matrimony.

☞ The difference between a country and city greenhorn is that the one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

☞ Train is indifferent as to who leaves the hall while he is speaking. Like Tennyson's Brook, men may come and men may go, he runs on forever.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

He that Tilleth the Soil shall have Plenty of Bread

The Use of Lime.

A limestone soil is known for its fertility; also its durability. It will also grow a great variety both of grain and grasses; the blue grass finds its home here. This is also the soil for wheat, for barley, for corn, and indeed what will not grow on a rich limestone soil? And who has ever seen a poor one unless made poor by excessive cropping? Happy the man who has a deep, rich *limestone soil*. But there are many who have not this soil; some who have but a trace of lime. In the main these are not the most prosperous farmers; these flourish more on a limestone soil. A stiff clay is not good gravel or sand predominating largely the same. The two united properly, however, for a fair soil, but not so good as the firm, black, mellow limestone.—And there are farmers who use largely of lime, (*of course where lime is not present naturally,*) and their reports are generally the most highly favorable.

All this points to what we are to do, We are to lime our land, and we are to do it plentifully and periodically, fo lime will naturally work down in most soils, if not in all, and thus in a few years be of no avail. This is our disadvantage in not having a limestone soil; we must be doctoring it. But it is for our advantage, decidedly, and therefore we ought to do it. As lime has a tendency to sink in the soil, we should always use it at the surface. On plowed land it should be harrowed in with the grain; on grass land, applied evenly and closely, and of course reduced to a powder.

In plowing limed land, it should never be plowed deep the first few plowings, though we like to see a little of the wild soil, brought up when the lime is applied. It certainly has an effect upon this wild soil, as well as the elements in combination with them.

Such is the experience. Only we do not use enough lime, enough generally at a time, but mostly in a periodic application. Apply now during the fall or winter, any time But the fall or winter is a good time to scatter it on the plowed land and have its effect there with the frost and the elements, so that when the spring comes for harrowing, there will be not only a mellow condition, but a benefit; and the summer through this will go on. It will not hurt any if there is enough to whiten the field, as is sometimes seen, but it will favor the crop and the land in a month, as it will reflect instead of absorb the sun's rays. But a medow and pasture will receive it in the fall or winter equally well; and if the ground is not frozen, a little harrowing will be of advantage, and when manure is applied with the lime this should be done. But spread fine, close and even, both manure and lime. Make this an important point, for such it is. You want all your substances which you add to the soil diffused through it, becoming part of it. In lumps this can, not be; even if the lumps are quite small, they want to be pulverised.—*Country Gentleman.*

Pumpkins for Calves.

John G. Shelman, writing on this subject in the *Rural New Yorker*, says—

We have been often asked the question, "Do you think pumpkins of much value for stock?"

"In reply I wish to give my experince in feeding them. Years since, I found out their value as food for milch cows, and their producing properties.—This fall I found that, for calves, they were better than anything ever I fed. I only raised three spring calves—one born April 6th, one the 12th, and one the 15th. They were fed as usual, on skim milk, until pumpkins were ripe, when we began to feed them at the rate of a bushel per day, cut fine. This was increased until they were fed two bushels per day. I weighed them to-day at noon, and the three head weighed 1435 pounds. The country is full of calves fed in the usual way, that would not weigh more than two or three hundred apiece."

It is poor economy to reset thin wheel tires.

Every farmer should have a brand to mark his cattle and tools. It will save its cost often.

A wagon shed, centrally located and easy of access, is a great convenience.—It is an investment that will pay.

A barn, located square up to the highway, like a city block, is worth about half price. No land is too valuable for buildings.

Every prudent farmer will avail himself of the comparative leisure of winter, to put every vehicle and implement in complete repair.

Don't live another year without a tool room. It will save hours of vexatious search for forks and shovels, that should be ready without a moment's delay.

☞ Young man! always preserve your manhood. The almighty gives it to you, an your duty to keep it unsullied.