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Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1873. No. 32.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. D. 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.

J. M. BARR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office near Hall's Hotel,
fe1-6. CHESTERTOWN.

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, Galignani'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,
43-tf. Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown

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.

P. WEIKEL.
oc26.

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.

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE,

BUILDING

AND HARDWOOD

LUMBER,

SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,

DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

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 not valuable to the lover of flowers. One hundred and fifty pages, on fine tinted paper, some five hundred engravings, and a superb Colored Plate and Crome 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.

5 to $20 Per Day! Agents Wanted! all classes of working people of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

Town Property

—AT—

TRUSTEE'S SALE

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in Equity, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY, February 18, 1873,

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, M.,

At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,

The following property in said town:

No. 1,

CONSISTING OF PART OF THE

Matthew Tilghman Lot,

adjoining and just above the Kent National Bank; has a front on High Street of Twenty-six feet, and a depth of twenty-two feet, being a part of the lot designated on the plot of Chestertown as Number 78.

This Lot is under lease for ninety-nine years from Nov. 20th, 1861, subject to an annual rent of $36.00, with a covenant that the owner in fee pays all taxes, assessments, or public charges upon said lot, and the rent thereof.

No. 2,

Is a PART of the McLEAN LOT,

adjoining the property of Miss Caroline Thompson and J. O. Dugan, having a front on Princess Street of about SEVENTY-ONE FEET, and a depth of about FORTY FIVE FEET, being a part of Lot Number 79, as designated on Plot of Chestertown.

This lot, if improved, would make a desirable business stand, being in the heart of the town and on one of the principal streets, or could be used as a Coal or Wood Yard with advantage.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms prescribed by the Decree are: the purchase money to be paid one-third cash on the day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustee; the balance in two equal instalments of one and two years from the day of sale The whole to bear interest from the day of sale, and the deferred payments to be secured by bond of purchaser with security to be approved by the Trustee.

C. T. WESTCOTT, Trustee.

Jan. 25, 1873—ts.

TAX-COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

THE TAX PAYERS of the Fourth Election District are hereby notified that I have left the District, and have placed my books in the hands of THOMAS P. DIXON, Esq., who is fully authorized to collect and receipt in my name for all unpaid taxes.

WILLIAM A. THOMAS,
Jan. 25, 1873. Late Collector.

☞ The Tax-Payers of the Fourth

Election District are hereby notified that I am authorised by power of Attorney, to collect and receipt for all unpaid taxes on the books of William A. Thomas, Collector for 1870 and 1871, and that after the expiration of THIRTY DAYS from this date I shall proceed in all cases to collect by law. Prompt payment is earnestly solicited.

Respectfully, THOS. P. DIXON,
Jan. 25, 1873—3t. Agent.

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.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

TEN BUILDING LOTS at WORTON STATION, on the Kent County Railroad, will be sold at low prices and on accommodating terms. They are laid off with 100 feet front, and running back varying from 120 to 400 feet. This would make a good stand for a Store, or Shops of any kind. Mr. THOS PARSONS, the Station agent, will show the lots to any persons who may desire to examine them.

For further information, terms, &c., apply to the undersigned at the office of the "Kent News." PLUMMER & USILTON.

Dec. 14, 1872—tf.

AUCTIONEERING

THE undersigned, having associated themselves together for the purpose of Calling Sales, will attend to all such business offered to us in our District. Hoping by strict attention to that branch of business to receive all orders for auctioneering sales of all kinds.

JACOB SUTTON,
JOSEPH H. HARRIS,
Jan. 4—tf. Kennedyville.

LET HER FLUTTER!

THE undersigned, thankful for past patronage, hereby notifies his friends that he has removed to Chestertown, and still offers his services to the citizens of this and adjacent counties, as AUCTIONEER. His charges hereafter will be from $5 to $10. Persons wishing his services will please have his name inserted at foot of advertisement.

jan4-3m. U. A. C. GARRETT.

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.

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.

Pure Bourbon Whiskey,

For Medicinal and other purposes,

In store and for sale by

JOHN BOLDLEY, Chestertown,
Agent for Distillers.

Jan. 11, 1873—3m.

TWIN BRO.'S YEAST CAKES—the best Rising for Bread now in use—never sours
je17. C. F. STAM & BRO.

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

[Original.]

HAD YOU BEEN TRUE.

Here in the autum twilight
Love I am thinking of you;
Dreaming of what life had been dear
If you had been constant true;
Rainy days then would have come: and
Stormy ones too, might have been;
Sheltered within your fond arms, love,
I had been happy, I ween.

I should have always believed then
In all that is honest and true;
Never have fell into doubting
All men, and lost faith in you.
Life might have brought us much sorrow,
Tears would have fell on my cheek,
But I would never have faltered
Had ne'er been inconstant or weak.

Afar on the hilltop the sunlight
Is casting its last golden ray,
Leaving a halo-like blessing
As evening is kissing the day.
One parting beam tints my forehead
And brightens the saddest of eyes,
And you may yet learn, oh beloved,
The TRUEST beneath the blue skies.

I cannot stifle the sigh, dear,
The beautiful past was so sweet;
This sad heart aches with the anguish
And pain, I never may speak.
Ah, if you'd only been faithful,
Oh, God! if I only had known
That in the world there was one heart
That always was truly my own.

The dark autumn night is closing;
Deeper the gloom of my soul.
Tears! heavy tears are fast falling,
Sad tears that I cannot control.
Farewell! I've no words to reproach you
For being weak and untrue.
I only repeat, sadly weeping,
Oh God! had he only been true.

BRIGHT EYES.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

An English paper tells the following: Mrs. Wintringham, a respectable widowed gentlewoman of Sheffield, England, while recently on a visit to some friends in Durham, was taken to hear the eloquent declamation of a noted exhorter, who had become particularly celebrated for his exaltation of the efficacy of prayer. This favorite topic of his was the one he had chosen on the occasion in question; and his vivid manner of explaining that, in addition to its supernatural value, devout invocation was a beneficent, magnetic energy, capable of the most wonderful natural effects, induced the Sheffield lady to seek an introduction to him after the meeting for the purpose of relating a striking illustration from her own experience. The preacher heard the anecdote with an interest nervously disproportionate to its apparent consequence, and then, after an awkward pause, begged that its narrator would not again relate it in that place until he should first have had an opportunity to use it in the pulpit. In some surprise Mrs. Wintringham acceded, and the two did not meet again until they were once more speaker and hearer in the sanctuary. Upon the latter occasion the subject of exhortation was again "the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed," and the principal illustration was as follows: "Four or five years ago," said the preacher, with marked intensity of manner, "a lady living in an old fashioned house in one of our suburban counties discovered, upon retiring to her room about midnight, that there was a man concealed under her bed. Almost alone in the house, the lady knew not what to do. She feared to go to the door and unlock it, lest the burglar should suspect that she was about to summon help, and should intercept her. To gain time she sat down and took her Bible from her dressing-table. Opening the sacred book at random, it so happened that the chapter lighted on was that containing the parable of the Prodigal Son. Kneeling, when the chapter was ended, she prayed aloud, earnestly and fervently. She besought safety for herself during the perils of the night, and cast herself in supreme confidence on the Divine protection. Then she prayed for others who might have been tempted into ill-doing, that they might be led from evil and brought into the fold of Christ. Lastly she prayed that, if He willed it, even to-night some such sinner might be saved from the wrath to come, might, like the prodigal, be made to see that he had sinned, and might be welcomed back with the joy that awaits every one penitent. The lady rose from her knees and went to bed. The man got up as noiselessly as he could and said: "I mean you no harm, ma'am; I am going to leave the house, and thank you for your prayers." With difficulty he opened the bedroom door, and presently she heard him open a window in another part of the house, and drop down into the garden." Upon reaching the apparent end of the narrative the speaker bowed his head for a moment, as in silent supplication, and then added, in a broken voice: "The good woman of whom I hove told you is with us now, and the sinner to whom her simple womanly prayer was shame, remorse, penitence, and a future of repentant expiation, is he who here confesses himself to you and to his Maker!"

MANNERS.—Before you bow to a lady in the street permit her to decide whether you shall or not, by at least a look of recognition.

"Excuse my gloves," is an unnecessary apology, for the glove should not be withdrawn to shake hands.

When your companion bows to a lady you do also. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return.

A visit must be returned in like manner, even though no intimacy is intended.

A smiling countenance is pleasant; but excess of laughter should be avoided, especially when it is possible for any one to suppose himself derided by it.

A WIFE of nearly ten years, having given her servant a holiday, was attending to culinary matters herself, and hearing her husband coming in the kitchen, thought she would surprise him as soon as he entered the door by throwing her hands over his eyes and imprinting a kiss on his brow, as in the days of the honeymoon. The husband returned the salute with interest, and asked, as he disengaged her hands, "Mary, darling, where's your mistress?" The wife discharged "Mary, darling," the next day, and has adopted a new plan of "surprising" her husband. —*Lancaster Express.*

A SAN FRANCISCO woman claims a divorce because she was intoxicated when she was married, and did not know what she was about.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

"Countess Dash," the sprightly correspondent from Washington, writes to the Boston *Post* the following romantic affair:

I heard recently of a marriage, one of the parties being a wealthy bachelor of Georgetown, D. C., which was the fruition, after many years, of the youthful dream of the gentleman in the case. Fifteen years ago, Miss ——, the daughter of the highly respected officer of the government, was a beautiful, fresh young girl, admired and sought after by the best society at the capital of the nation. She had many suitors, and one, a Mr. ——, of Georgetown, was so sincere and unselfish in his devotion to her that she could not but accord to him the highest measure of her regard, although she gave her heart and hand to another.

So deeply rooted was her esteem for the rejected lover that when her first child, a son, was born she gave him the name she had refused to accept for herself. Her husband was an officer of the army, and his wife and child led with him the wandering life which army families must need experience, and so the rejected lover rarely if ever heard of the woman he so truly loved, yet he remained faithful to her memory. The army officer was killed fighting on the Southern side in one of the battles in the second year of the rebellion, and his widow, crushed by grief, retired to a certain city in a Western State and lived in quiet and retirement with her child. Last summer the boy, 12 years old, sickened and died.

The wealthy bachelor of Georgetown saw the death of his namesake in a newspaper, and it was the first news he had had in many years of the woman he had woed and lost. Arguing with himself, doubtless, that the childless widow might stand in need of consolation, and very likely of many of the substantial comforts of life, since her deceased husband was not at any time a wealthy man, and most probably died in straightened circumstances in defence of the lost cause, Mr. —— determined to write and renew the offer he had so unsuccessfully made fifteen years ago. He wrote and offered himself and all his possessions on the condition that he was to receive for an answer a decided yes or no. If the first answer was given, he wished to be married in six weeks from the time of his acceptance; if the second, the lady should never hear from him again. In due time an answer came. The widow said she was much changed by the lapse of years, and more still by her cares and afflictions. She had lost cheerfulness, beauty, all that had once made her attractive; still, if what remained of her former self was worth having, then her dear old friend was welcome to the wreck, and in six weeks he might come to see her, and the wedding day should be fixed. The "dear old friend" had waited too long to brook even a day's unnecessary delay, so the train after the receipt of the letter carried him to the home of his beloved in the West. He found the lady very much unprepared to receive him; she had not a tooth in her head, and because her mouth was being prepared for a false set, she had postponed the visit for six weeks.

"Ah, Sarah," said her lover, when he had taken a first look at her, "you told me you had lost youth, beauty and cheerfulness, but you said nothing about your teeth. Sarah, why did you omit your teeth."

Then Sarah rose to explain, and the explanation proving satisfactory, but the ardent lover wouldn't wait for the teeth, and so the twain were made one in spite of this little drawing on the part of the bride. They are now living in Georgetown happy and prosperous, and not even the teeth are wanting to enable the wife to enjoy all the good things afforded for her acceptance.

A WRITER in the Kansas *Magazine* has measured the type used in a copy of the New York *Herald*, and also that used in a popular volume of travels. The former was found to contain about 960,000 'ems,' while the latter, a book of 591 pages, measured only 836,000 'ems.' In other words, the single copy of the newspaper, which sold at four cents, was equivalent to a book of 680 pages, or 80 more pages than were contained in a volume that sold for $3.50.

A GENUINE down-easter was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceeding tough beef at a dinner in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the smiles of the rest in the same predicament as himself. At last Jonathan's patience vanished under ill success, when laying down his utensils he burst out with, "Strangers, you needn't laugh; if you ain't got any regard for the landlord's feelings, you ought to have some respect for the old bull." This sally brought down the house.

AT Leamington, England, recently, the death of an infant was found to have been caused by the presence in the stomach of a compact and hard ball of cheesy matter nearly the size of a man's fist. Two medical men gave it as their opinion that the ball had been accumulating for some time, and was caused by the milk having become changed to cheese in the stomach.

HOW THEY FIT.—"That's where the boys fit for college," said the Professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school house. "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation; "then, if they fit for the college before they went, they didn't fight afterward!" "Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands."—"Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

ON board the vessels of the Cunard line, (says the London *Court Journal* the church service is read every Sunday morning.—The muster-roll of the crew is called over and absentees noted. A gentleman said to one of the sailors, "Are you obliged to attend to the service?" "Not exactly obliged, sir," replied Jack; "we should lose our grog if we didn't."

A GIRL in Indianapolis, who has $200,000, advertises for sealed proposals for marriage. The postmaster has decided to charge her double price for her box, as it keeps one clerk half of his time filling it up with pink-tinted envelopes, and the whole office is scented with musk and bergamot, like a perfumer's shop.

WHY did Dr. West skin Cooch Turner? Because he wanted to hide him.

"SPARE THE ROD."

THE BEST OF BEECHER'S SERMON ON SUNDAY.

In the course of his sermon Mr. Beecher said: Many persons object to physical punishment for children, but they might as well revile God for making the child suffer pain when it stumbles on a stone. Punishment is needed sometimes, and where it is needed use it, and where it is not needed do not use it. It is purely a matter of practical skill and wisdom. Use just so much as is necessary to accomplish your end—so much and no more. I have no doubt that a man, say with great experience in the rearing of children, might stop and reason with the child and so dispease with the rod, but I should like to know what a woman who has to work for a living, who has fourteen children—I should like to know what she is going to do about it. You that have amplitude of means can stop and blow the bubbles of society, but for others—don't be afraid to do what God does; all creation is whipped by him, and you need not be afraid to use the switch. Men say that it awakens more bad passions than it cures.—Well, that is because you don't whip hard enough. All slight pinches, all slapping of the ears, are abominations. You must aim to establish a counter-irritation and have it so. Those, then, can't be the points—inside and outside at the same time, thoroughness in whipping or nothing, that is the rule. Our government in the family destroys self-government. People marvel why children turn out badly for whom so much has been done. Suppose your child has never been allowed to walk; suppose the servant was obliged to carry him in her arms or wheel him in a carriage all the time, and he never be allowed to set his foot upon the ground till he was twenty-one, and then people marvel that he cannot walk when so much has been done to spare his legs up to this time. Some people are so anxious for the salvation of the souls of their children that they damn them; they won't let the child go out in the street because there are bad boys there. You think for him; you lay down your life for him, and you never teach him a just discrimination between right and wrong; you never let him make blunders, which is the best thing in the world for a child to do. You insist on it that the child shall be stuffed with knowledge; you bother him in every way, and then, at last, when he gets out into life he has learned nothing. The family is a school in which the children are to practice continuously. You can teach the child to use its own judgment, but if you have nothing but your own imperious will and say nobody can have any rights in your family—the law is yourself all the time—"the children must do as I say or I will cut their heads off,"—your will is so strong that that, like a sparrow beating up against a tornado, the child's will is swept down before it, and consequently when he gets away from home and comes down to New York, perhaps his first thought is, his first expression is, "Thank God, now I will see life." And the worst of this is, to him this life is the common sewer; he is but the natural result of bad government. And you say: "Good gracious, if there ever was a boy that had good government my boy had!" but he had not, for you never allowed him to exercise the first principle of self-conservation.

LISTEN.

Do you wish to do something towards making your home happy? Do you desire that your brothers and sisters should be glad to have you with them, and that you should always be a welcome companion to your parents or your children? Do you want to have your society coveted everywhere, and to feel, the while, that you are doing good as well as giving pleasure? Would you like to help people to think well, and to have them save their best thoughts for you? Would it please you to get all the good you can out of the people you know?

If so, learn to listen.

But first learn what listening is—for it is not merely the exercise of the sense of hearing. The stupidest of us all can keep ears open and mouth shut. To listen properly means to make other people talk properly. This is a social definition, if it is not a Websterian one. The good listener is a cause of talking in others, and by a proper exercise of this valuable and too scarce gift, makes the diffident say what they think, and the verbose think what they say. For the greatest talkers are careful when they find they have a good listener. They know that they may not often be so fortunate, and they talk their best. The adept in listening may sometimes hear more prosing than he likes, but if he be skillful this will not often happen. When it is impossible to get anything interesting or useful out of a man, he need be listened to no longer. Every one of sense will agree to that. But it is astonishing how many good things some very unpromising persons may say if they be properly and conscientiously listened to.

To be sure it is very hard for some persons to listen. They have a gift for talking, and they like to exercise it. But these are the very persons who should do a great deal of listening. They know what a luxury it is to talk, and they should give their families and friends a chance to learn the art. Besides, like farmers, they will often find much advantage in a rotation of crops. A season of listening is often a most excellent preparative for a season of talk.

It is often supposed that if a man has a good thing to say, he will say it, but this is not necessarily the case. Very often he never says it, because no one will give him a chance. He don't want to waste his speech on fools, and the smart folks want him to content himself with hearing what they have to say. This happens—not in connection with very good things perhaps, but with things that might lead to very good things—every day and every hour, in thousands of families, all over the land—to say nothing of society.

There are those who so seldom have a chance to speak to interested ears, that they gradually withdraw themselves into themselves, where, not generally finding much, they intellectually pine away.

To be sure, we should not fail to become good talkers, if we can; but, do what we may, we can only make one talker of ourselves, whereas, by proper listening, we may make a dozen talkers of other people.

THE more any one speaks of himself the less he likes to hear another talked of.

[From the New York Herald.]

C. M.

Ravages of the Great Washington Plague—Terrible Mortality at the Capital—List of the Distinguished Dead—Melting and Metrical Tributes to their Memory—"The Evil Men Do Lives After Them."

The terrible and widespread ravages of that extraordinary disease called Credit Mobilier are alarming the whole nation. The epizootic was as mild as the measles compared to it. It has already carried off many most distinguished victims. It did not come from Canada like the epizootic, nor from Asia like the Cholera, nor from the West Indies like the yellow fever. It is believed to have started in Pennsylvania, and, meeting with a favorable condition of the atmosphere in Washington, District of Columbia, stayed there and was developed by reason of the defective sanitary arrangements in the political system of the Capital. Great sympathy is felt for Massachusetts, so many of her distinguished citizens have been swept off. The subjoined list of deaths will be read with painful interest by the public. The notices are inserted (contrary to our usual custom) free of charge:

AMES, HOAX, of Massachusetts.—Died of Credit Mobilier (long and lingering illness,) aged 69.

O lofty worth, whose virtues were unknown;
O shining light, whose glamor was unseen;
Whose latest spasm of godlike work was shown
What men were wont, but what they might have been.
Thou toldst the truth, tho' hid 'neath many cloaks,
O concentrated essence of a HOAX.

All stockholders of the Union Pacific Railroad who received a higher dividend than 750 per cent. are cordially invited to attend the funeral.

Massachusetts papers please copy.

ALLEY, JOHN B., of Massachusetts.—Died of C. M. (not cholera morbus—was discovered with the disease too late for the physic,) aged about a century.

O'er this sad wreck let mankind never daily;
Fraud knocked down every ninepin in this Alley
This is nobody's funeral.

ALLISON, JOAN B., of Iowa.—Died of C. M. (an overdose of dividend hastened his departure), aged 50 years.

Long dead to us, sweet Allison,
The Hoax thou couldst not rally;
If so soon done, why wer't begun,
Thou fragrant son of Alley?

Remains will be embalmed.

BINGHAM, JOHN A., of Ohio.—Died of C. M (supposed to have caught the fatal infection from Dawes,) aged 62 years.

Moan for him, welkin, he'll wake you no more
With shouts against theft, Buckeye Bingham.
The death bells shall boom how he garnered his store,
And gentle Ben Butler will ring 'em.

Announcement of funeral hereafter.

Ohio papers please copy.

BROOKS, JIM, of New York.—Died of C. M. (protesting to the last that he was well in health, no remedies were administered,) aged 62.

His funeral will have no political significance.

COLFAX, SMILER, of Indiana.—Died of C. M (the agonies of this poor victim were intense; to the last he insisted that it was something else besides Credit Mobilier,) aged 42.

A beautiful smiler came in our midst,
Too lively and fair to remain;
They stretched him on racks till the soul of Colfax
Flapped up into Heaven again.
May the fate of poor Schuyler warn men of a smiler,
Who dividends gets on the brain!

Indiana papers please copy.

DAWES, HENRY L., of Massachusetts.—Died of C. M. (he had the reputation of having a powerful constitution, but it was evidently a delusion,) aged 57.

Retrencher! Leader! Thou hast left us;
Plymouth Rock thy loss will feel;
For a pottage-mess bereft us,
Old Honesty is *ausgespielt*

Funeral strictly private. No wake.

GARFIELD, JAMES A., of Ohio.—Died of C. M. (struggled hard against the dreadful epidemic, but it was no use. He caved in unexpectedly,) aged 42.

Will be buried in Congressional Cemetery, Washington. No cards.

KELLEY, WM. D., of Pennsylvania.—Died of C. M. (too much iron in his blood and too little protection of himself made him an easy victim to the fell destroyer,) aged 60.

Weep not, "pig iron" public dear,
He is not dead, tho' sleeping here;
His thunder's hushed, his eye is dim,
Mobilier put a head on him.

His remains will be "protected" in a metallic casket. A one-horse funeral announced hereafter.

PATTERSON, JAMES W., of New Hampshire.—Died of C. M (his sufferings drew tears from his friends; he persisted to the end in supposing it was a different complaint,) aged 50 years.

Peaceful be Uriah's slumber,
Heep-ed he is in burial low,
Thirty shares his coffin cumber,
How it is yourself you know.

Mourning by Senators for thirty days. A granite sarcophagus will enclose the mummy.

SCOFIELD, GLENNI W., of Pennsylvania.—Died of C. M. (passed off quietly,) aged 53.

Hoax Ames, the Ancient Mariner,
Stopped Navy Scofield bland,
He held him with his glittering eye,
And with his skinny hand.
Then Scofield did a hellish thing,
And it did work him woe,
His ten shares clipped him on the wing,
And laid the Quaker low.

Pennsylvania papers please copy. Funeral at an early day. Music by the band: "Down in a coal mine."

WILSON, HENRY, of Massachusetts.—Died of C. M (great hopes were entertained of his recovery,) aged 61.

His sinnings sore long time he bore,
Like martyr on a rock,
Till bad Hoax Ames, of sinful games,
Had eased him of his stock.
His "sole" had ne'er into the void been cast,
Had he "waxed" firm and stuck unto his "last."

Natick (Mass.) papers please copy.—Memorial services at Faneuil Hall. No Irish need apply.

WILSON, JAMES F., of Iowa.—Died of C. M. (astonished everybody, he had hitherto enjoyed such excellent health,) aged 45.

Rev. Dr. Newman will conduct the services and preach the panegyric from his campaign notes. Free list entirely suspended.

A GREAT BEAR HUNT.

Bruin and His Family Attacked in His Den--Four Bears are Smoked Out and Shot.

[Correspondence of the New York World.]

BLOOMING GROVE, PA., Jan. 23, '73.

A few days since Burt Hazen and another man named Shafer, two very well known hunters of this section, discovered the tracks of several bears near this place. Signs of bear at this season of the year being a most unusual occurrence, they determined to follow them up, and, if possible, capture or kill the animals. Taking their rifles, Shafer and Hazen started on the trail, and before they had followed it a great way they came up to one of the bears. When it discovered the hunters, it started briskly away, but was hit by a ball from one of the rifles. This only added to the speed of its flight, and it was soon out of sight, going towards the High Knob, north of the Blooming Grove Park. Besides the track left in the snow by its feet, a trail of blood also marked the way which the bear took, showing that the ball had taken effect somewhere upon it. The wounded bear kept in the trail of its companions, and the hunters were confident of ultimately coming upon them all in their winter quarters. The tracks led to the south side of the Knob, where they entered a dense laurel thicket. Hazen and Shafer made their way into this and finally came to where a large tree had fallen, the roots of which had torn out a large quantity of earth, by a huge rock, forming a deep and dark cavern. The mouth of this was closed by laurels and boughs broken off and evidently

PLACED BY THE BEARS THEMSELVES.

Into this cavern all the tracks led, except that of the wounded bear. This one passed on along the foot of the mountain, leaving its bloody trail.

When Shafer and Hazen found that the bears were brought to bay, they set about to find means to get them out, in order that they might get a shot. They could tell from the tracks that there were at least four of the animals in the cavern, two old ones and two cubs. The hunters were anxious that but one of the bears should come out at once, as they would have more than their hands full in any other event. They finally decided to build a fire at the mouth of the cave and smoke out the inmates, being ready to shoot the instant one appeared. One of the men crept cautiously up to the cavern and started a fire as far inside as he dared venture, and then retreated. They both stood ready to shoot. In a short time a movement was seen among the laurels, and the head of a huge she bear appeared. Her actions so surprised the hunters, however, that neither of them fired. She coolly approached the fire they had built and trampled it out with her feet, and with an angry growl retreated into the lair. The fire was rebuilt, and again the bear appeared and

SMOTHERED IT WITH HER PAWS.

Seeing that the singular intelligence of the brute would foil their attempts at smoking the bears out, the men determined to rebuild the fire, and when the bear again came out to smother it risk shooting her in the very mouth of the den. The fire was started again, and as before the old bear came out, this time growling and snarling and trampling the burning wood in a terrible fury. Before she had finished, however, a ball from Shafer's rifle went crashing into her brain. Raising her haunches and breaking through the tangled laurels she rushed out of the cave with her jaws wide open, but fell dead before she had taken half a dozen paces in the clearing the hunters had made in the thicket before commencing operations.

This lucky shot emboldened and encouraged Hazen and Shafer to continue their line of attack. After drawing the carcass of the dead bear away Hazen crept again to the mouth of the den, and was about to light another fire, when the mate of the bear just killed rushed out, and raising up on its hind feet,

MADE DIRECTLY FOR HAZEN,

who had sprung to his feet when he heard the approach of the bear from within, but not in time to retreat. Hazen stood between Shafer and the bear, and the latter did not dare to fire for fear of shooting his companion. Besides, they had not calculated on such an event as this, and were totally unprepared to meet it. There was no time to lose, however, for the immense brute had his paws on Hazen's shoulders before he had fairly recovered from his surprise. Fortunately he had in its case by his side his hunting hatchet. This he quickly drew out, and before the bear could get him in its embrace he dealt it a terrible blow on the side of the head, felling it to the ground. Instead of springing back out of the way and giving Shafer an opportunity to shoot the animal, he continued the attack with his hatchet, and the contest at once became again a hand-to-hand one. Hazen is a young but powerful man, and agile as a cat, which gave him considerable advantage in the fight. Notwithstanding this Shafer soon saw that his companion could not long stand up against the immense power of the bear, and, not daring to shoot, he too unsheathed his hatchet, and rushed to Hazen's aid,

ATTACKING THE BEAR IN THE REAR.

The shaggy brute maintained his ground against his two assailants for a short time, but finally, from the loss of blood and lack of that strength which at any other season would have been much greater, he was forced to succumb, and fell bleeding and dying at their feet. A rifle ball ended the existence he so fiercely battled to maintain. Hazen's clothing was about all torn from him, and he received several ugly flesh wounds on various parts of his body. These were dressed and after a short rest the hunters concluded to finish the other two bears that remained in the cavern. These they knew were cubs, and they did not anticipate any great difficulty in dealing with them. They determined to adhere to the smoking-out process, and accordingly a fire was made further in the cave, and soon dense smoke penetrated to every corner of it. But a few minutes elapsed before a bear was heard breaking through the laurels in a different place from that at which the first two had gone out. Presently it broke through. It was about half grown. Casting a hasty glance around at the hunters it started off in the opposite direction. Its course was stopped by a ball striking it in its fore leg. Bear-like, it raised up on its haunches at this and turned a full front to the hunters, growling furiously.

Another shot brought it to the ground and killed it.

Shafer and Hazen were positive that there was another bear in the lair, but all attempts at smoking him out failed. Neither of the hunters cared to venture within the cave, as they had had quite enough of wrestling with a bear. Failing to get the bear to come out, they began reconnoitering for a place where they could see into the den, with the object of shooting the remaining bear. The finally succeeded in cutting a hole through the laurels at a point from where the interior of the cavern could be seen. Building a large fire to light it up within, they discovered the bear crouched back in the farthest corner against a rock. Two shots fired into it despatched it, and the hunters dragged it out in triumph. Being somewhat exhausted with their day's labor the men concluded not to start in pursuit of the fifth bear—the one they had wounded earlier in the day. Returning to this place they procured assistance and the four bears were brought in.

This was the most successful and daring bear hunt ever known in the Pike county region, and has created quite a sensation.

So Nice to be Engaged.

Every one must have noticed the great difference, as a general thing, between the conduct of the young betrothed man and the young betrothed woman. He, the braver and stronger of the two, is utterly confused and bashful, and seeks to make a secret of the fact. She, on the contrary, tries to parade it, is proud of it, assumes a certain air of proprietorship over him, and offers to her friends a little delicate confidences as to how nice it is to be engaged, and how dreadfully jealous he is if she looks at any one else.

The cause of this is just one thing; the man is in love, the girl is not.

I have studied human nature. I have looked into the depths of hearts. I have made man and woman the study of my life, and I aver that the girl in love is rarer than a black rose. She simply has for her lover exactly the feeling that the young mother has for her baby. She has an anxious desire to see to him for life, to make sure that he is comfortable, that his buttons are all right, and that his food is what it ought to be. She understands that he is in love with her and rejoices in the knowledge. The idea of losing his love is madness to her, but of herself she does not understand it. A woman who is not selfish, and greedy, and mean, who does not smile on any one who can give her fine clothes and a grand establishment, overflows with the mother-feeling all her life. She expends it on her dolls in childhood, on her poodle, on her kitten, on her canary afterward, and when the time comes, on her lover.—Many a man would lose a great deal of his conceit and vanity if he knew just how the girl whom he supposes to be in love with him really felt. She, also, would be surprised to hear that she was not in love at all, but only delighted to have some one in love with her, and in a measure awakened to the knowledge of that love which will some day give her children. It is the best sort of love too, and when a man's wife really loves him as his mother used to love him, she makes him happy.

But I think it is time that some one who knows the truth should tell it. A good woman's love is something to be happy in—not the fleeting gallantry that man calls by that name, but a pure and high affection, and with so much of the motherly and protecting in it, that I have often heard a little eighteen-year old woman say of a six footer of two hundred pounds weight, and a brigadier general to boot:

Oh, isn't he a darling, cunning little thing? Just as sweet as sugar!

SMALL-POX PRECAUTIONS.—Many of the so-called remedies or preventives for this loathsome disease are absolutely useless, if not positively hurtful. The following suggestions by an eminent physician, however, seem to be marked by a degree of common sense and apparent medical knowledge that renders them valuable. The first thing, says this authority, is in all cases to send for a physician; the next, to select a nurse. A mustard plaster, placed on the back at once, will be of service. The patient should be removed, as soon as taken, to the highest room in the house. Such a room is more quiet, the air is fres