msa_sc2901_scm1622-1164 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.

CHAS. CAMBLOS & Co.

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 38 SOUTH THIRD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Dealers in Government Securities, Gold, Silver, &c.

☞ Pennsylvania Railroad Dividend Script bought and sold on commission.

Stocks and Bonds bought and sold on commission. Particular attention given to investments. d27y.

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.

THOS. S. BORDLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OFFICE on Court Street, adjoining the Drug Store of Messrs. C. F. Stam & Brother.

Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

SINGER

SEWING MACHINES!

"The Family Friend."

FOR SALE BY
WILLARD MELVIN, Agent,
CHESTERTOWN, KENT CO., MD.

☞ OIL, NEEDLES and ATTACHMENTS for sale by C. F. STAM & BRO., Druggists, Chestertown, Md. n8y.

The New American
Sewing Machine
IS THE BEST.
Self-Threading Shuttle — Simplicity.

IT IS A SIMPLE MACHINE, having but few working parts, and always ready to work. The simple manner in which the Machine is threaded, makes it easy of accomplishment by the most inexperienced. There being NO HOLES to thread either above or in the Shuttle.

The Shuttle requires no threading, being ready to work as soon as the Bobbin is placed in it. If the Machine accidentally turns backward, it does no harm and breaks no threads or needles.

SAMPLE MACHINES may be seen at the Millinery Store of Miss MAGGIE J. WYATT, Chestertown, and all orders addressed to the undersigned at Hanesville, Post Office, will be promptly attended to.

JOHN BELL, Agent.
Oct. 18, 1873—y

BURNS & SLOAN

Lumber Dealers,

OFFICE:
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF
BALTIMORE.

YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,

OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF

BUILDING
LUMBER,

SHINGLES, FENCING, DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, OAK, ASH, WALNUT,

At the Lowest Rates, in lots to Suit.

June 28, 1873.

A LOT OF CHOICE
GREEN, BLACK and JAPAN
TEAS,
For sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Jan. 3, 1874.

NOTICE
TO THE
TAX-PAYERS of SECOND DISTRICT.

Those in arrears to me for Taxes must come forward and settle, or I certainly shall collect the same by law. Money I need and must have. A word to the wise is sufficient.

G. W. WARREN, Coll.
Jan. 3, 1874—tf.

SALT by the bushel or sack.
H. P. READING,
n23-3m. Kennedyville, Md.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1874. No. 39.

REMOVAL!

MRS. S. S. JOINER, Would inform her friends and the public that she has removed to the store room recently occupied by Mrs. A. M. Smith, opposite the Vosheil House, where she will continue to give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO
DRESS MAKING,

and keep on hand a general variety of FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.
Also, a general assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

Meal, Flour, Feed, Vegetables, Tobacco and Segars. CONFECTIONERY, &c., all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices for cash.

☞ Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

jan10-3m. MRS. S. S. JOINER.

REMOVAL.

I HAVE taken the store room adjoining the "Transcript" office, formerly occupied by Wm F. Baker, where I would be glad to see my old friends. I have now in store a fine assortment of

Dried Fruit, Cranberries, Essences,
Extracts, Sugar, Coffee,
TOBACCO and SEGARS,
Bacon, Hams, Lard,
OILS, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, CRACKERS, LIME BRUSHES,

and all other articles usually kept in a first-class Family Grocery.

ALONZO MING.
Chestertown, Jan 10, 1874—tf.

THE PANIC.

☞ All persons in want of ☜
CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
or Hats and Caps,

Will do well to call and examine our Stock before making their purchases as we are now offering

GREAT INDUCEMENTS
For the CASH,
In order to keep up with the times.

Our stock of Over-Coats, Hats & Caps,
is very full, embracing ALL STYLES AND GRADES.

☞ If you want Bargains
Come soon and bring the Money.

S. MERRITT & CO.,
Bordley's Corner, CHESTERTOWN.

New Store near Rock Hall.

THE undersigned having taken the Store near Rock Hall, formerly occupied by M. Ascher, will keep on hand a varied stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY, NOTIONS.
TOBBACCO, SEGARS, &c.
Also, FRESH MEATS of all kinds,
Salt Meats, Corned Beef, Fish, &c.,

all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

☞ We have also in store a good line of goods for LADIES' WEAR, and intend to make

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS

a specialty, having secured the services of competent ladies to conduct this department.

☞ We shall spare no pains to please all who favor us with their patronage, and hope that the surrounding community, finding that goods may be had *at home* as cheap as elsewhere, will give us a liberal support.

THOS. A. HUDSON,
jan17-y. Rock Hall.

Removal--New Goods.

MRS. A. M. SMITH,

HAS removed to the store room, up town, lately occupied by B. Strauss, adjoining S. S. Usilton's, and has now in store and will keep constantly on hand a general variety of

GROCERIES,

CONFECTIONERY and NOTIONS,
Consisting in part of
SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, FLOUR, BACON, LARD, BUTTER,
SALT FISH, VINEGAR, MOLASSES, SOAP, BUCKETS, BROOMS,
Tobacco and Segars, Snuff, Pipes,
COAL OIL, LAMPS and CHIMNEYS,
Notions, Nuts and Candies

of various kinds, and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods.

jan3y. MRS. A. M. SMITH

PURE WINES
And WHISKIES.
We have in store and for sale
CONCORD,
CATAWBA,
SHERRY and
BLACKBERRY
WINES,
IN PACKAGES.
Also, PURE OLD RYE WHISKEY, guaranteed to be five years old.
These goods are first class and persons may rely upon their superiority.
JAS. B. SAPPINGTON,
jan31. Chestertown

WE have just received and placed in our Yard a large stock of
White Pine CULLING LUMBER,
to which we invite the attention of our friends and the public.
jan31 JOHN T. DODD & SON.

HEAVY FLANNELS
AT REDUCED PRICES
By T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Jan. 3, 1874.

COAL Oil—COAL OIL—COAL OIL!
By the barrel, pint, quart, or gallon,
Cheapest at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

THE WORN WEDDING RING.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Your wedding ring wears thin, my wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you;
And love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

Oh, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet face that day;
How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say:
Nor how I doated on you; ah, how proud I was of you;
But did I love you more than now, when this ring was new?

No—no; no fairer were you then, than at this hour to me,
And dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true,
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

Oh, partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there
For me you would not bravely face—with me you would not share?
Oh, what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—small voices that are here,
Small faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear,
Small, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And, blessed be God, all He has given are with us yet around
Our table, every little life lent to us, still is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled thro';
Blessed be His name for all his love since this old ring was new?

The past is dear, its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And Oh, when Death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;
Oh, may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new.

LETTER FROM WILMINGTON.

WILMINGTON, Jan 27, 1874.

Messrs. Editors:—We feel somewhat diffident in again thrusting ourselves before your notice, lest the real motive by which we are actuated might be construed for egotism on our part; but knowing that 'tis simply from appreciation of your valuable columns and that we might possibly add an item of interest, we will silence for awhile the many drawbacks we experience in our feeble attempts to acquaint your many intelligent readers with the present condition of affairs in and around Wilmington.

The beginning of 1874 still finds us writhing to some extent beneath the same difficulties that encompassed us during the closing of the year so lately gone; and while we lament the present condition of affairs and feel saddened on account of the many yet without employment, we can on the other hand but feel grateful for the change that has already been wrought, and accept it as but a beginning of a prosperous year. Many of the largest manufactories of our town, that had entirely suspended operations but a few months back, are now alive again with busy hands and happy hearts. All of our cotton mills, morocco factories, and various other industries have resumed operations. Most of them have again employed their wonted number of hands. A few months back and there was almost an entire cessation of business in these vast mediums through which so many hundreds of Wilmingtonians find employment. Aside from this our ship-yards have done much toward averting the suffering which at one time seemed so imminent, by giving employment to many of the unemployed. Mechanics of all grades have been driven from necessity to seek this mode of obtaining sustenance. In fact the ship-yards of Wilmington are represented by every trade known to the mechanical arts. The blacksmith has been driven from his anvil, the painter compelled to lay down his favorite brush, in fact, every grade of mechanics have been compelled to lay aside their favorite trades and accept the part of common laborer. This has undoubtedly blasted many bright hopes, as a great many of the mechanics of our town have by liberal wages and commendable economy purchased for themselves homes, through the agency of building loans; but many of them depending upon their various trades to meet the demands of the loan, have been compelled to relinquish their cherished idea, and even to call into requisition the goodly amount already expended in that direction. But the dread industrial apathy still shrouds many of the manufactories of our city, but the brightest hopes are entertained that soon the busy hum of business will be heard in every deportment of industry. All possible measures have been resorted to during the present winter to avert suffering, and allay the distressing consequences which inevitably follow in the path of such disasters as have fallen upon our country at large. The ladies of Wilmington will ever be remembered on account of the indomitable energy they have incessantly displayed in their endeavors to bring peace and plenty to many unfortunate families. Aid societies have been established wherever found needed, and much good has accrued from these charitable organizations.

The churches of our town have held, or are still holding, their annual protracted series of meetings, with the most gratifying results attending all.

Wishing you all a prosperous year, we are yours, &c. W. S. M.

☞ If you would know the value of a dollar try to borrow one.

For the Kent News.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

[Six Pretty Girls, all Talking at Once.]

Ella King—She danced three sets with him at Mrs. Mason's.

Blanche Mayfield—I wouldn't dance three sets with anybody in one evening.

Julia King—You would if it was Dick Haskins.

Sue Bennett—And he asked you?

Hatty Leslie—Mabel Lee and Dick Haskins! It's perfectly ridiculous. I don't see how he can think her pretty, or interesting either.

Blanche, Sue—Pretty! Good gracious! She may be agreeable to gentlemen—but she certainly isn't pretty.

Ella, Kate Danvers, Julia—Goodness! She's right pretty, but how anybody can think her interesting!

Blanche—I wonder who visits her, any way.

Julia—Crowds and crowds of them.—Jim Dennis, and little Jones, and—

Sue—And Powell, and Carlisle, and Etheridge, and Parks, and lots of other fellows.

Blanche—It's a late thing, Dick Haskins' visiting her. He used to think her silly and affected. I've heard him say so. I suppose he's just in for a flirtation now; and I don't care if he gets the worst of it, either.

Ella—Dick Haskins isn't in love with anybody, in my opinion.

Sue—But himself.

Hatty—Well, he is conceited.

Sue—May be he is engaged to Mabel, while he's here, with all the privileges! That's the way some the fellows do.

Blanche—How do you know?

Sue, (courtesying)—By watching my neighbors, my dear. How many engagement rings did I see on your hand last year?

Julia, (hurriedly)—There's Mabel coming down the street now, and Ned Noble with her. I wonder if she coming here.

Blanche—Get away. Let me see. I believe she is. Get up a blush, Kate!

Kate—I don't know what for.

Blanche—If there isn't Alice Hill, walking with that same man who was at church with her on Sunday. Who on earth is he?

Hatty—May be it's that city fellow they say she's engaged to. He don't live here, I know.

Julia—His name is Pendleton, from New Orleans,—Mrs. —— told me so.

Kate—Is Alice engaged to him?

Ella—They say so. I declare they are coming here, too. Get away from the window, girls.

A hasty retreat follows. The young ladies compose themselves into graceful attitudes, and the door-bell rings. After a moment's pause, of intense listening and expectation, the door opens, and Alice and Mabel enter without their escorts — Chorus of young ladies: Where are your beaux.

Alice—They left us at the gate.

Sue—Humph! I suppose they thought it was a great condecension to come that far.

Ella, (eagerly)—I say, Alice, I heard you were engaged to that Mr. Pendleton, are you?

Alice, (coolly)—Yes. He has just stepped up to the court-house to put a notice of that fact on the door, but if I had known you were all here, I could have saved him the trouble.

Ella—You'd better keep it a secret, if you are If it's found out you are engaged, none of the young men will come to see you.

Alice, (quietly)—Then, if you have a rope convenient. I'll go hang myself at once, for I could't survive that misfortune.

Blanche—Whose ring is that you have on, Mabel? I do believe it's Dick Haskins'. He hasn't had his on the last three or four times he's been at our house.

Mabel—He must come then very often.

Julia—I hear he goes to see you oftener than anybody else, Mabel!

Mabel—You can hear anything you please in Chestertown.

Sue, (glancing at Blanche)—And a great deal you don't please, too.

Hatty—I must go home. I've got to put up my frizzes for the party to-night.

Ella—By the way, who has an escort for to-night?

Blanche, (promptly)—I have had an engagement for two weeks, with Mr Newton. He certainly is one of the nicest fellows in town.

Sue—Your beaux always are, Blanche.

Alice, (solemnly)—Faultless, immortal,
Till they change, or die.

Ella—Who else has an escort?

Mabel, (quietly)—I have.

Alice, (ditto)—I have not.

Julia—Oh! but it isn't too late Alice. You may get a note through the postoffice this morning.

Blanche, (suddenly)—I must really go. Good bye. [Exit.]

Sue, (peeping through the window)—I thought so. There comes John Wilson. She wanted an escort home. I bet she ropes him in. There! she has stopped him—and—now she's going off with him. She knows how to do it.

Ella—I wonder how we will get to the party? How do the young men expect us to get there? I declare they are the rudest set I ever saw.

Mabel, (opening her pretty blue eyes)—Why, Ella? I think they are right polite.

Julia—Oh! you are a belle, Mabel. You always have escorts, but we poor girls, who are not belles—

Sue—Don't insult her by calling her a belle. Only a fast girl can be a belle here.

Alice, (indignantly)—But a pretty, ladylike, agreeable girl can be a favorite.

Hatty, (yawns.) Julia—What's the matter, Hatty?

Hatty—I beg your pardon. I'm so awfully sleepy. I was up so late last night. I wish Tom Forest wouldn't come to our house so late.

Kate—He was at our house last night, Hatty.

Hatty—I don't care. He called on me, too; it was after nine o'clock, and I was just going to put out the light in the parlor and go to bed. Had been sitting there nodding by myself all the evening.

Alice—Well, if you were sleepy, why didn't you go to bed?

Ella—Goodness! She wouldn't go to bed before nine o'clock. Somebody might come.

Mabel—Ella, we want to know if you girls don't want to get up a sewing and reading club, to meet in the morning—no gentlemen, you know.

Julia—Gracious, no! The stupidest thing on earth!

Ella, Hatty, Kate—We tried it once, and twenty ladies met the first day, and two the next time.

Ella—They were Miss Prudence Grey and old Mrs. Wade. Miss Prudence is too blind to read, and Mrs. Wade is too deaf to hear her read.

Kate, (at the window)—There's that frisky Mrs. —— with Tom Fores! Did you ever see such airs!

Young ladies rush to the window to see Mrs. —— and then most of them take leave, and hurry out to see where Mrs. —— is going. Mabel and Alice go in the opposite direction.

Mabel—Alice, it somehow seems to me that we talked of nothing but the young men this morning. Do you believe they talk as much about us?

Alice—Probably not They are so occupied with their business, you know—poor hard-working things.

[Curtain drops.]

KISSING A SCIENCE.

People will kiss, yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips no more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy, at least for us. This little item is not alone for new beginners, but for the many who go at it like hunting coons or shelling corn.

First know whom you are to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, on the ear, or on the corner of her forehead, or on the end of her nose, or knock off her chignon, or jerk her bonnet ribbon, in haste to get through. The gentleman should be a little the tallest, he should have a clean face, a kind eye, a mouth full of expression, instead of tobacco. Don't kiss everybody, including nasty little dogs, male or female. Don't sit down to it, stand up. Need not be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two are enough to corner and catch a kiss; more spoil the sport. Stand firm; it won't hurt any after you are used to it. Take the left hand of the young lady in your right; let your hat go to—any place out of the way; throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let the hand fall down upon the right side toward the belt. Don't be in a hurry; draw her gently, lovingly to your heart; her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder—and a handsome shoulder strap it makes! Don't be in a hurry; send a little life down your left arm and let it know its business. Her left hand is in your right, let there be an expression to that, not like the grip of a vice, the gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought and respect. Don't be in a hurry! Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder! You are nearly heart to heart! Look down into her half closed eyes! Gently, yet manfully press her to your bosom! Stand firm, and Providence will give you strength for the ordeal! Be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open; Lean lightly forward with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the lips meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rides the storms, troubles and sorrows of life (don't be in a hurry)—heaven opens before you—the world shoots from under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky, (don't be afraid)—the nerves dance before the just erected altar of love as zephyrs dance with dewtrimmed flowers—the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned. No noise, no fuss, no fluttering and squirming like hook-impaled worms. Kissing don't hurt; it don't require a brass band to make it legal. Don't jab down on a beautiful mouth as if spearing for frogs! Don't grab and yank the lady as if she was a struggling colt! Don't muss her hair, scratch down her collar, bite her cheek, squizzle her rich ribbons, and leave her mussed, rumpled and muxed. Don't flavor your kisses with onions, tobacco, cocktails, lager, brandy, for a maudlin kiss is worse than the itch to a delicate, loving, sensible woman.

A WOMAN'S LECTURE ON WOMEN AND DRESS.—Susan Everett, M. D., has been delivering an interesting lecture in New York on "Better Health for Women and Children." Immense congregations have heard her, and her efforts must result in good. In the course of her remarks Dr. Everett placed her hands on the front of her ribs, and by breathing raised the hand palpably up and down, and believed that not twenty of her hearers could do the same. She talked of the hair; the teeth; and the duty and privilege of women to be creators; and said that a woman after the age of thirty-five was larger, intellectually and spiritually, than before; and that the children born after she was thirty-five years of age were better productions; and that the children of a forty years' parentage were better still; and that women should for ten years longer keep on repeating themselves and should be at the acme of their strength, health and beauty at fifty years.

A BEAVER COUNTY, Pennsylvania, man threatens to bring suit against a young farmer who persists in sitting up with his daughter Sunday nights till four o'clock in the morning. The stern parent claims, firstly, that the following day, being washday, his gal aint of no account; secondly, that, if they would only use two chairs, the one they do use wouldn't cost so much for repairs.

THERE is a story of Judge Grier, which everybody delights in, how he set aside the unjust verdict of a jury against an unpopular man, with this remark: "Enter the verdict, Mr. Clerk. Enter, also, 'Set aside by the court.' I want it to be understood that it takes thirteen men to steal a man's farm in this court."

AN idle young man was complaining to a prosperous friend that, although he had tried his luck in all sorts of fairs and lotteries, he had never been able to draw anything. "Indeed," said his friend.—"Well, suppose you try a hand-cart?—You can draw that."

IT isn't always best to call things by their right names. A young gentleman called a coach dog a Dalmatian hound, and was informed by his *fiancee* that if he could not refrain from profanity in her presence, they must henceforth be strangers.

"CAPTAIN SAM,"

—OR—

THE BLACK BRAVE.

A TALE OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

In the year 1817-18, the Seminole Indians, aided by a lot of runaway negroes and a few Creeks, committed a series of fearful outrages on the Georgia and Alabama frontier. They would make their murderous raids along the frontier and then retreat into the swamps of Florida, where they considered themselves safe, as they were then on Spanish territory. Gen. Gaines was sent against them, and burned some of their villages, but he did not subdue them. Early in 1818 General Jackson was ordered to the scene of action, and raising a body of Tennessee volunteers, who were always ready to follow their beloved General, the old Hero and his brave troops went to the front in March, 1818.

At this time there lived in one of the southern counties of Georgia a young physician, whose name was Victor Legare. The Doctor owned a fine plantation, and had a good dwelling and other buildings. His negro quarter stood near the mansion. He owned several negroes who worked the farm About a year before the time I write, his black overseer, Sam, had run away. He had always been kind to this negro, and had made him overseer of his plantation, but Sam ran away, and as subsequent events proved, had gone over to the enemy The Doctor's family consisted of himself, his wife and two small children, beautiful little girls, together with an Irish servant girl named Noora McKoon. Mrs. Josephine Legare was a real Southern lady, of high-toned refined manners, and was considered one of the most beautiful and lovely ladies in the State. She was always calm, and had the will to act in cases of emergency. Noora was a handsome young Irish girl; kind, loving and affectionate, and was ready at any time to fight to the death for her beloved mistress and the children. She was nurse and took charge of the children. The chamber maid was named Minta. She was a likely young negress, and *professed* to be strongly attached to her mistress, and Mrs. Legare placed every confidence in this negress. When the Doctor heard the tocsin of war and the call to war, he at once joined the forces under the old hero, and received a surgeon's commission.

As his mansion was situated many miles from the scene of the mongrels' depredations, he never thought of danger to his dear ones that he had left at home. When Sam left his kind master he made his way to the Seminole head-quarters and begged to be admitted into the Indian ranks, telling the chieftain "dat he knowed all de country, an' cud kill more white trash dan any two Injun." The Chief did not believe him, but he took him on trial, and the black demon soon became a favorite with the savages. In their murderous forays Sam was always foremost in torturing their victims. He invented new tortures that were unknown to the Indians. When they were murdering women and children, Sam would smear his hands and face with their helpless victims' blood, and the fiend incarnate would suck the blood that flowed from the wounds of murdered women and children The Indian chief became strongly attached to Sam, and made him a captain. He likewise gave him the name of the "Black Brave." After Sam had ingratiated himself into the favor of the chieftain, he one day unfolded to the bloody leader of the savages his vile and murderous plans. He told the Chief "dat his late mistis was de finest lady dat he ever see, an' dat he want him to guv him fifty men, and dat he would go up dar and kotch her, and brung her to de camp, and dat de chief must guv her to him for his wife." He further promised his master that he would bring him all the plunder that they obtained in their scout. He promised that they would murder all the white families that lay in their route and burn all their homes.

The idea pleased the savage leader, and he at once detailed fifty men to go with the "Black Brave," appointing the black devil commander of the squad. This company of fiends consisted of twenty-five Indians and twenty-five negroes, the latter being by far the greatest villians of the murderous gang. The Chief did not go on the expedition, but he gave the men strict orders to take the white squaw alive and unhurt, and if they caught the Doctor to bring him along and do him no harm, as he wished him to see his wife married to the "Black Brave" in Indian fashion, "and then," said he, "we can hand him over to Captain Sam, to deal with."

The preliminaries being settled, this precious band of savage cut-throats prepared for their murderous raid They had not been made aware of Gen. Jackson's approach, and therefore had every reason to believe that they would be successful. They accordingly started on their devilish errand. On their route they murdered several families, taking no prisoners and showing no mercy. They marched at night and hid in swamps in daylight. On the morning of the third day after they had started they approached the mansion of Dr. Legare. About sunrise Mrs. Legare hearing a noise, looked from an upper window, and saw a body of armed Indians and negroes approaching, and to her dismay saw her favorite Minta bounding out to meet them, and bidding the bloody fiends welcome. Well knowing there was no time to lose, she awakened Noora, and telling her to be calm, and that they would sell their lives as dear as possible, she went to the Doctor's medicine case and took from thence a bottle filled with a pellucid liquid, and taking a large glass goblet she poured about a gill of the liquid into it, and placed it on a stand near the hall door. Noora now joined her, armed with a large butcher knife.

Mrs. L. now opened a small wicket, from which she had a fair view of the brigands Sam and Minta were near the door, and she could hear all they said. It appeared that this faithless tigress had been apprised of their coming, and was on the lookout for them. The lady heard Sam tell her treacherous servant that he was "gwine to take de mistis for his wife and de Irish gal to wait on her." Minta was to go too, to be the chieftain's squaw. Sam said that he was sorry that the Doctor was not at home, for he wished him to "see de mistis de wife of dis chile." Minta was in ecstacies, and in her wild, savage glee she danced around Sam and snapped her fingers, and bounded about like a wild antelope. No so with Noora. She stood by the side of her dear mistress, ready to fight and die for her. She would first pray to the Holy Virgin for strength, and then she would curse the "murtherin' red and black haythen divils, and 'swear by all the saints that the mother's daughter would send some of the divils to their master."

Their situation was a trying one. Before them stood fifty armed, savage murderers, led by a fiend incarnate. They stood alone. Their only weapons were a knife and a goblet of liquid. The yard was now filled with the murderers, who were awaiting the orders of the Black Brave. Sam was dressed in Indian costume, his hands and face smeared with the blood of his victims. He was wild with savage glee and excitement, and looked like an imp from the infernal regions. Telling the men to stand back in a line twenty feet from the house, he ascended the steps of the mansion and knocking on the door with his tomahawk, he called on Miss Josey to open de door "mejitly, or dat he would break it open."

Mrs Legare answered him and told him to break it open if he felt like it, and that as soon as he did so she would kill him. The villian now gave a howl of rage which was answered with a like howl from the negroes, and a regular war-whoop from the Indians. Sam took his tomahawk and commenced cutting a hole in the door. He soon made an opening about a foot square, and placing his ugly visage to the opening he peered in to catch a glimpse of his intended victim. As he did so the lady with a firm hand seized the goblet and dashed its contents full in the murderer's face. With an unearthly howl of rage and pain he bounded high in the air and fell backwards down the steps, with a gill of nitric acid in his eyes, on his face and down his throat. He lay on the ground uttering the most frightful yells, and writhing with the most excruciating torture. Another howl now went forth from the infuriated savages, and seemed as if it came from the depths of pandemonium, and they all made a blind rush for the house; but at this instant another sound broke on the still morning air. It was the sharp crack of fifty Tennessee rifles, and forty negroes and Indians lay weltering in their gore. The balance of the gang who remained tried in vain to escape, but it was no use, for a body of armed horsemen now dashed in with drawn sabres, led by a tall, spare warrior, who in a stentorian voice shouted "By the Eternal no quarter," and in less than two minutes the rest of the brigands lay supine in death. The victory was complete; not one escaped. A friendly bullet had sent the treacherous Minta along with the rest.

Sam, the Black Brave, neeeded no bullet. He lay on his back dead. The acid had done its work. A small cloud of white vapor arose from the acid, which gave his horrid looking face the appearance of being on fire.

One of the first men that came bounding over the dead bodies was Dr. Legare, to find his lovely wife and children, together with the faithful Noora, all safe and unhurt. When if it had not been for Gen. Jackson and his brave troops arriving at the moment they did, the sad fate of this interesting family would have been sealed, as worse than death awaited them. An overruling Providence was watching the devoted lady and her innocent babes, and brought retribution on their enemies when they little expected it.

It appears that a friendly Creek Indian was at the headquarters of the Seminoles when this murderous raid started. He was one of Jackson's spies, and was possessed of rare cunning. After he understood the nature of the raid and its destination, he lost no time, but stealing away from the Seminole camp, he went in an Indian run for Jackson's camp and made his report. The General immediately detailed 200 mounted volunteers and started for the Legare mansion, swearing by the Eternal that he would lead them. They made a forced march of 80 miles, guided by the Doctor, and arrived at the scene just in time.

USE OF WASTE PAPER.—A writer in one of our exchanges (we have forgotten which) says that few housekeepers are aware of the many uses to which waste paper may be put. After a stove has been blackened it may be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much niser way of keeping the outside of a tea kettle, coffee pot, or tea pot bright and clean, than the old way of washing it in suds. Rubbing them with paper is also the best way of polishing knives and tinware after scouring them. If a little soap be held on the paper in rubbing tinware and spoons, they shine like new silver. For polishing windows, mirrors, lamp chimneys, etc, paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper instead of cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not apt to mould if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit each can, is laid directly upon the fruit. Paper is much better to put under carpets than straw. It is thinner, warmer, and makes less noise when one walks over it. Two thicknesses of paper placed between the outer coverings on a bed are as warm as a quilt. If it is necessary to step upon a chair, always lay a paper upon it, and thus save the paint and woodwork from damage.

"WHAT FATHER TAKES."—"What will you take to drink?" asked a waiter of a young lad, who, for the first time, accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain as to what to say, and feeling sure he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached the father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. "Waiter, I'll take water." And from that day to this strong drink has has been banished from that man's home.

A MISSOURI GIRL, on her wedding day, sold her piano and bought a sewing machine and material enough for a suit for her husband and herself, and at once set to work making them up. Her husband told of it. In two months her four sisters were all married!

"CAN'T we make your lover jealous, Miss?" "O, yes, sir, I think we can, if we put our heads together."

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 advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

"ON THE WING"

IN THE CLOUDS, Jan. 26th, 1874.

Editors Kent News:—It is very pleasant to be soaring above in the elements, and gazing down upon the actions of men, for while we dwell in their midst, men are, apparently, fair and beautiful;—when we are above, and look down, the fair and beautiful of man evaporates, or, more strictly speaking, the transparency of these bright and effulgent qualities are covered—hid from view by the falseness and deceit which we see them practice, one upon another, in their daily intercourse with each other. This we see revealed in clear light, not to be mistaken, from our position in the air.

Man may murmur and complain at a charge of this character, and may insist and vehemently and emphatically contend that all is not base that we behold in man that there are some good qualities in the human race, and that the fair and beautiful is so interwoven in our nature, as to repudiate the assertion above; but we affirm, that the falseness predominates over the true—deceit over the honorable, with but few exceptions when we compare this few with the multitude.

From an earthly standpoint, the arguments of those who contend for the uprightness of man, may seem good and strong. Man, looking only upon the exterior of man, may say that his premises is just, and the conclusions drawn therefrom, may receive the sanction and applause of his fellows; but, from a higher standpoint—from the view we get while "upon the wing"—we earnestly and sincerely assert, and we are not alone in the assertion, for we are supported by *words Divine*, that, with the single exception of the spiritual of our natures, there is no good within man, for "none is good save one, that is God."

We admit, that while we dwell in the midst of men, and take cognizance only of their outward actions, that they may appear fair, and honorable; that is the outward appearance of men, and they will remain clothed as it were with these beautiful garments, as long as these qualities will subserve to their own interest; but, let it be otherwise, so as to act according to the requirements of these sublime qualities, be against their worldly interests, and you will find that the multitudes that make pretentions to these fair attributes, practicing deceit to hide the wickedness and corruptions of their vile and perfidious hearts. We again call into requisition the inspired Word, for truth, to substantiate the argument, and we find the desired proof in the Prophecy of Jeremiah: for "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?" We admit, as we have said above, and we derive unspeakable pleasure and consolation from the fact, that there are some noble and honorable men, inhabiting this mundane sphere of ours,—men who would sacrifice their all, even their life, for the sake of their honor—men who deal honestly with their fellows, and who try to do justly at all times; but these are, as we have hinted before, few and far between. There is more truth than poetry in the old adage: "all is not gold that glitters." In the same proportion as this is true in regard to the mineral world, so in the animal world. The ratio is precisely the same. As the quantity of gold compared to the whole mineral world is at the most but meagre, so true nobility abounds in but few, when we place it beside the covetousness and self-interest multitudes.

Some men may charge these thoughts to a misanthrope, but such is not the case, for they come from a calm meditation, and a careful survey of things, as they actually exist, by one who loves his race, and who would see his species lifted above the deceit and falseness that we see abounding all around us,—from one who is ever thinking and searching for that which will elevate and keep man above the standard of the beasts of the fields. Let the thoughtful but glance around them with an unprejudiced eye, and they will see and know for themselves, that these thoughts are no mere surmisings, but the truth plainly spoken.

Could we but hear the cries that are continually ascending up to the "Throne of Deity"—cries caused by the wrongs and injustice of man—we would be startled and alarmed. Shall these cries ascend and not be heard? Rest assured, for the importunity of the oppressed will bring right and justice to them. If not now, then shortly, for justice tarrieth not. The mills of God may grind slowly, yet they grind surely. We could cite instances of wrong and injustice, that we have seen while upon our flight, but we withhold until the time when we shall particularize the sights we have seen while on our perambulations. Your friend,

NIL ADMIRARI.

P. S.—Let men beware, and cease to do wrong, for eagles are on the wing, and they are ever gazing upon the actions of men. NIL-A.

A Recipe to Make Tattlers.

Here is a receipt for making tattlers: Take a handful of the weed called Runabout, the same quantity of root called Nimble-tongue, a sprig of the herb Backbite (either before or after dogdays), one table-spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it, six drachms of Malice, a few drops of Envy, which can be purchased at the shops of Miss Tabitha Tea-table and Miss Nancy Night-walker. Stir them well together, and simmer them half an hour over the fire of Discontent, kindled with a little Jealously; then strain it through the rag of Misconception, cork it up in the bottle of Malevolence, and hang it upon a skein of Street Yarn; shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be able to speak all manner of evil, and that continually.

THE second best building in Louisville, Ky., is that occupied by the Public Library. It was paid for by three Gift Concerts, managed by a board headed by Ex-Gov. Thos. E. Bramlette. The board is authorized by the Legislature of the State to give five of these Concerts. The fourth takes place in March next, and the profits, after distributing $1,500,000 to the ticket holders, are to be used in purchasing the Library, and furnishing the blind of the State with books of raised letters. This is rather a large thing for Kentucky. Gov. Bramlette has given three years to this Library, and he is making it the best in the country.