THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22, 1870. NO. 33.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
141 Pratt street,
Near Light, Baltimore.

SOLE AGENTS for the following First Class Standard Machines:

WOOD'S SELF-RAKER REAPERS, $165. Self-Raker Reaper and Mowing Attachment, $205.

WOOD'S JOINT-BAR MOWER, 4 ft. 3 in. cut, $125.

These Machines are too well known to need any commendation from us.

WESTINGHOUSE THRESHERS AND CLEANERS,

PELTON OR TRIPPLE-GEARED POWERS,

Warranted to suit purchasers, or no sale.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILLS,

The farmer's favorite, with improvements for the next season, rendering them the most superior Drill in the wide world.

NOVELTY WHEEL HORSE RAKE,

The simplest and most complete and consequently most desirable rake in use: price $45.

McKENNEY'S GRUB AND STUMP PULLERS,

Worthy the attention of those who have new grounds to clear and old peach orchards to take up; takes up old peach trees by the roots with the greatest facility.

☞ Constantly on hand and for sale every variety of Implement and Machine needed on the farm, from a Portable Engine to a Hand Grain or Hay Rake.

Fresh and genuine FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS, &c.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS.

NOTICE.

TO ALL LOVERS OF GOOD BRANDIES, WINES, TEAS AND GROCERIES.

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER GREAT inducements to customers, wholesale and retail. Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting in part of

Green and Black Teas, of choice chops; Coffees—Java, Laguyra, Rio, &c.

English and American Pickles, Capers and Condiments, Olives, Italian Maccaroni and Vermecilla. Fresh Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on hand a fine stock of

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

which I offer to Hotel keepers at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call.

THOMAS M. GREEN,
88 W. *Baltimore Street, near Holiday.*
Sept. 25, 1869—y.

C. T. R.

ATTENTION.

1st.

TO MY LARGE and VARIED STOCK OF GOODS,

Embracing the *Largest* and the *Best* assortment of all descriptions that I have ever offered to the Public, it would be almost an impossibility to enumerate the various kinds and qualities, and the only way to find out is to give me a call and save money by *buying of me for the CASH.*

2nd.

To my full and beautiful line of CASSIMERES,

BOUGHT TO MATCH IN SUITS, together with assortments of Beaver & French Cloths for Overcoats, and to the fact that

MR. E. J. MOLINEAX,

Fashionable Tailor, formerly of Philadelphia,

now occupies rooms over my store: I am therefore prepared to furnish to order Clothing of all Styles, to suit the most fastidious.

3rd.

I am Agent for the justly celebrated

Grover & Baker Sewing Machines,

which I keep constantly on hand in a room fitted up for the purpose, where they are open to inspection to all that wish to buy. This Machine is so well and favorably known, that only an examination is necessary to accomplish a sale.

4th.

Lastly, I call the attention of my customers

To my complete Stock of Liquors,

consisting of

WHISKEY, BRANDY, WINE, GIN,

&c., which I will constantly keep on hand until further notice. Especial attention is called to my *SUPERIOR OLD COGNAC BRANDY, HOLLAND GIN* and *PURE RYE WHISKEY*, which I bought especially for MEDICINAL purposes and family use.

Any of the above articles can be bought CHEAP FOR CASH, at

E. W. PURNELL'S
GAL[illegible]D.

...—*Country Produce* and *Poultry* ...for the Philadelphia market, taken ...e for Merchandise, or the Cash.
November 16, 1869.

FOR SALE.

...o Healthy Peach Trees, OF CHOICE VARIETIES.

...Send for Price List, &c.

...R. COCHRAN,
Mid...

JOHN P. RINGGOLD,
175 Balt. street,

OFFERS the following inducements to the c[illegible]izens of Kent and Queen Anne's Counties:

For La[illegible]

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Fine Wool Under Vests.
Fine Wool Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Vests.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Balmoral Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Castor and Cloth Gloves.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Misses.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Patent Merino Stockings.
Scarlet Cashmere Stockings.
Black Cashmere Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Cloth and Castor Gloves.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Fleecy Cotton Hosiery.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Gentlemen.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.
Undershirts and Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Under Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Shirts.
Scarlet Cashmere Drawers.
Buckskin Shirts & Drawers.
Buck and Cloth Goves.
Kid and Castor Gloves.
Scarfs, Ties and Socks.

For Youth.

Patent Merino Shirts.
Patent Merino Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Drawers.
Fine Woollen Hosiery.
Knitted Mits and Gloves.
Wristlets, Mittens.
Suspenders, Ties.
Merino Stockings.
Roman Scarfs and Ties.

Dec. 11, 1869—y.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited*
January 19, 1868—y

NEW FALL GOODS, AT KENNEDYVILLE.

C. W. [illegible]ARREN has just opened a large [illegible] well-selected stock of seasonable **Dry G[illegible]ds, Groceries, &c.,** bought on [illegible] terms, and will be sold as low, for cash or Produce, as they can be purchased anywhere in this county.

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

A large stock all kinds, at low prices.

MALLALIEU'S CEREBRATED CASSIMERES, and KERSEYS, in great variety.

☞ Call and See our STOCK ☜

No trouble to show Goods.

Kenneydyville, Nov. 6, 1869.

FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The Democratic Almanac for 1870.

We have now in press, and will publish about the 1st of January, THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC for 1870. It will contain, besides the usual matter of all Almanacs, full and official returns of the elections held this year, compared with previous ones, the most important Acts of the last session of Congress, lists of Federal and State officers, members of Congress, chronology of all the important events of the year, statistical and other information indispensible to every politician, planter, farmer, merchant or mechanic.

All orders will be filled according to the date of their reception. The cash must accompany all orders.

TERMS:

Single copies, by mail, prepaid,	$0 20
Seven copies, by mail, prepaid,	1 00
Fifteen copies, by mail, prepaid,	2 00
One hundred copies, by express,	12 00

Address,
VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.,
Publishers, No. 162 Nassau st.,
Nov. 20, 1869 New York.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. Rasin.*

McCOY & RASIN,
General Commission Merchants,
No. 73 South Street,
OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,
BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

☞ We refer to the following among our patrons in Kent:

Judge Joseph A. Wickes,
Hon. William Welch,
Hon. Samuel Comegys,
George D. S. Handy,
William B. Wilmer,
George T. Hollyday,
Dr. Samuel A. Beck.

Feb. 13, 1869—y.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT
SUCCESSORS TO
Cox & Brown,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Nos. 8 Bowly's W[illegible]

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE IN GALENA.

THOMAS H. HORSEY.

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Fitz James spoke thus to Rhoderic Dhu,
And so, kind friends, we'll say to you,
That we intend to sell
Goods as cheap as they can be bought in Kent.

We now offer to the Public at LOW RATES for *CASH* or *COUNTRY PRODUCE*, a General Assortment of Goods, just purchased from NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA markets.

OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS
Is Hard to Beat.

Always on hand a full supply of

FAMILY GROCERIES
And Choice Liquors.

A well-selected stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hosiery and Gloves, Builders' and House Keeping Hardware; Queens, Stone and Cedar Ware—a full stock in this Line, to suit all tastes.

☞ Ladies' *DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS* and *TRIMMINGS* we make a speciality.

MALLALIEU'S KERSEYS and CASSIMERES, *very cheap.*

Turner's celebrated Axes, just received.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!

Give us a call, and we'll suit you all.

Galena, October 30, 1869—y.

Large Stock of Fall Dry Goods!

BOUGHT at *CLOSE CASH FIGURES* and offered at reasonable advances.

Full Assortment of Seasonable

Farm Goods,

Heavy and Light Groceries and Farm Hardware; all being opened during the coming week, and to which the early attention of consumers is respectfully called, as we claim ability to meet the sharpest competition in trade, and challenge comparison in quality of Goods and Scale of Prices with any House on the Shore doing a legitimate business.

THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, October 16, 1869.

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

IN EXTRA QUALITY, AND LOW PRICED GOODS.

COATS, PANTALOONS, AND VESTS,

AND CLOTHING IN FULL SUITS.

These Goods are all of standard quality and late style, were selected with great care, and will be sold upon good terms.

LOW PRICED CLOTHING, cheap, for sale by THOMAS S. WICKES.

FARMERS

HAVING TO PURCHASE HEAVY WINTER BOOTS for themselves or Hired Hands, have their attention called to Cases of Boots, which we have now in store, which are equal if not superior to any of the same class of Goods to be found elsewhere in this market. An examination must ensure a purchase. Also Cases of YOUTHS' BOOTS, of the same grade and a large stock of WINTER SHOES for Ladies, Misses and Children.

THOMAS S. WICKES.
November 6, 1869.

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, and Mallalieu's First Class Goods, on hand in general variety and For Sale Cheap by THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, November 6, 1869.

Removal.

SAMUEL C. GLEAVES

RESPECTFULLY informs his cust[illegible]rs and the public generally th[illegible] has removed to the

Corner Store, up town,

formerly occupied by Mr. James W. Phillips, and has now in store, and will keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of

GROCERIES, SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, &C.

GOOD TOBACCO AND SEGARS.

I have also a full assortment of

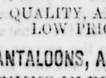
LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.

FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED, of all kinds, on hand.

☞ Please call and examine my stock of Goods.

SAMUEL C. GLEAVES.
Chestertown, Sept. 11, 1869—y.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,



Dentist,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.
Jnuray 14, 1865—y.

TAXES FOR 1869.

THE subscriber hereby notifies Tax Payers of the Fifth District that their tax accounts for the present year are now due and prompt payment is earnestly solicited.

He will be at Gray's Inn steamboat wharf every Saturday morning, at Rees' Corner every Saturday afternoon, and at Chestertown on Tuesdays.

A. B WHEATLEY,
Coll. Fifth District.
July 31, 1869—tf.

Selected Poetry.

OUR JOE.

We found "Our Joe" in the editorial sanctum yesterday morning, devoting himself with peculiar ardor to the consumption of a box of sardines and a cheroot. As we entered, he held aloft the latter article, the ashes of which he had carefully allowed to linger upon its terminus, so as to attract our attention by the beauty of its color and the strength of its tenacity. "Here's the inspiration!" he said, twirling the cheroot between his fingers, at the same time placing a sheet of paper in our hands on which he had written the following

ODE TO A CIGAR.

Of all the means to mortals given,
To cheer this weary life,
And lift the soul by tempests driven,
Above all storm and strife,
And fill it with a peaceful calm,
Free from all earthly jar,
There's nothing like the soothing balm
That flows from a cigar.

When blindly drives the little bark,
'Mid life's wild turmoil tossed;
When night still thickens black and dark,
Both chart and compass lost;
When 'mid the gloom, from pole to pole,
Is seen no guiding star,
How sweetly dawns upon the soul
The light of a cigar!

When all his fondest hopes prove vain,
And trusted friends untrue:
When slander, with her hateful train,
His hunted steps pursue,
And threaten with polluting hands
His dearest joys to mar,
How calm and self-sustained he stands
Who has a good cigar!

Through troubles falling thick and fast
As leaves from autumn trees,
When shaken by the angry blast,
On every side he sees;
How softly to dispel all harm,
And every ill debar,
Floats round him like a magic charm
The smoke of a cigar!

"That's not bad," we replied, as we finished reading, and "Joe," perfectly delighted at our compliment, went out of the office whistling "I wish I was a daisy."

An Awful Old Musket.

Mark Twain tells the following story, related by a fellow-passenger, who being bantered about his timidity, said he had never been scared since he loaded an old Queen Anne's musket for his father once, whereupon he gave the following:

"You see, the old man was trying to learn me to shoot blackbirds, and beasts that tore up the young corn and things, so that I could be of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a single barreled shot gun, and the old man carried an old Queen Anne musket that weighed a ton, made a report like a thunder-clap, and kicked like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the musket sometimes, but I was afraid. One day, though, I got her down, and so I took her to the bired man and asked him how to load her, because it was out in the field.

"Hiram," said he, "do you see these marks on the stock, an X and a V on each side of the Queen's crown? Well, that means ten balls and five slugs—that's her load."

"But how much powder?"

"Oh," he says, "it don't matter; put in two or three handfulls."

"So I loaded her up that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense enough to see that—and started out. I leveled her on a good many black birds; but every time I went to pull the trigger, I shut my eyes and winked. I was afraid of her kick. Towards sundown I fetched her up at the house, and there was the old man resting on the porch.

"Been out hunting, have ye?"

"Yes, sir," says I.

"What did you kill?"

"Didn't kill anything, sir—didn't shoot her off—was afraid she would kick (I knew blamed well she would)."

"Gimme the gun!" the old man said, as mad as sin.

And he took aim at a sapling on the other side of the road, and I began to drop back out of danger. And the next moment I heard the earth quake, and heard the old Queen Anne whirling end over end in the air, and saw the old man spinning around on one heel with one leg up and both hands on his jaw, and the bark was torn off from that sapling like there had been a hail storm. The old man's shoulder was set back three inches and his jaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up three days. Cholera nor nothing else can scare me the way I was scared that time."

☞ A Mississippi steamboat captain on the lakes was recently feeling his way along in the dark, when the look-out ahead sang out: "Schooner without a light." It was a close shave, and as the steamer passed the schooner, the captain sang out: "What the bloody blazes are you doing with your infernal schooner here in the dark without a light?" To his dismay, the skipper, who was a Frenchman, answered: "Vat ze dibble you do here wis your ole steamboat in three feet of water, eh?" and just then the steamer landed high and dry on a sand bank.

The worst millers are those who grind the faces of the poor.

THE LAND-PIRATE.

It is said that the devil is not half so black as some of his good orthodox opponents would paint him. It is also asserted that his Satanic majesty is a very good fellow if you only keep on the right side of him.

John A. Murrill, the great Western land-pirate, was not altogether bad. Indeed, he possessed some noble traits of character, as the sequel will show.

All night long an old man had sat upon the lower point of the island in the Ohio River just below the falls near the spot where the city of Louisville now stands. It was bitterly cold, and the surrounding country was white with snow—as white as the long hair which streamed over the aged watcher's shoulders, flying wildly about in the cutting wind.

Here and there earth's pure carpet was broken by dark spots, and so it was with those venerable locks. They were streak-with blood, and frozen drops rested upon his cheeks. He had been weeping.

He did not appear to heed the cold; but sat with his eyes fixed upon the river, which was frozen over, with the exception of a narrow strip just below the rushing waters.

As daylight began to dawn, the old man arose from his seat, and, giving vent to a deep groan, he wended his way, with stiffened limbs, to the opposite side of the island, and from thence over the ice to the Kentucky shore. Nor did he pause here, but kept on up the bluffs, until he paused before a spot where a cabin had evidently stood; but it was only a mass of smouldering embers now.

Scarcely had he arrived when a second party came up, and for some moments gazed in silence upon that picture of sorrow. Then he asked:

"Good father, what is the meaning of this:

"The old man turned, and gazed upon the stranger for a moment before replying, and then slowly answered:

"O, Sir, it means that I have lost all in this world, and am ready to die!"

"The Indians have been here?"

"Yes—yes."

"And murdered your family?"

"No—not murdered. Worse than that!"

"How could it be worse?"

"I will tell you, Sir. Last Spring, even before our crops were in the ground, my son died. It was a bitter blow to me, as well as to my wife and daughter. But they comforted me, and with their help, we raised nearly the usual amount of farm-products, and were living comfortably, if not happily. But last night the savages came. They shed no blood, but they carried away my daughter Lucy and my grandchild Mary."

"You opposed them?" asked the stranger.

"Yes; I fought, but they only laughed at me, the monsters."

"But you are wounded?"

"Only slightly. I don't mind that, sir?"

"In which direction did the savages go with their captives?"

"Across the river. I tried to follow, but my old limbs refused to support me, and so I have watched for hours the spot where I last saw them. I almost fear to harbor the thoughts which come to me."

"Speak out."

"Well, Sir, I am almost inclined to believe that these Indians were but the hired murderers of Murrill, and that they taken them to the pirate's cave. O, they are forever lost if that is true, for that bloody man is a stranger to mercy! He has not heart."

"Is that the opinion you entertain of Murrill?"

"Alas! yes."

"Old man, what is your name?"

"Seymour—Noah Seymour."

"Well, Mr. Seymour, I am John A. Murrell."

"My God!" cried the old man, starting back, and then sinking upon his knees; "and is it true that this is your work?"

"Yes."

"And they are your captives?"

"Yes."

"Murrill, I will not ask you to give them back to me, for such a request I know would be in vain. But, if you have any pity for these gray hairs and a heart almost broken, grant me, I pray you one request."

"What is it?"

"They will dwell in your cave, will they not?"

"Yes."

"Then take me there too. O, let me dwell with them, and I will not murmur—I will not curse you—I will bless you."

The stranger regarded the aged supplicant with a singular expression—that, is, it seemed so, for a person who had announced himself as John A. Murrill, the outlaw—for there appeared to be much sympathy about it. Indeed, his eyes were watery, and he drew [illegible] across one of [illegible] ...sh away.

[illegible]was this [illegible]y the villain had wrought the desolation of the night before? Or was it some honest hunter, strong in heart when in the right, but gentle as a woman when human suffering presented itself?

After a time, the stranger continued:

"Old man, how can you reach my cave? It is far from here."

"O, let me try!"

"You will betray me on the road if opportunity should occur."

"I swear I will not."

"You must live in an iron cage when there."

"So it so. Only let me be near them."

"You must be my slave as well as they."

"I will be doubly your slave, if by so doing I can only relieve them in the least degree."

Much more did the [illegible] be affected

and said, in a low tone of voice:

"Oh, if I had only found such affection years ago, what a different man I might have been!"

Then addressing himself to Mr. Seymour again he continued:

"With me you shall go, old man."

"O bless you! bless you!"

"But remember one thing. You have promised not to betray me even if opportunity should occur."

"I have sworn it!"

Murrill gave a shrill whistle, and almost instantly a splendid horse dashed forth a neighboring thicket, came swiftly forward to the side of his master, rubbing his nose against him, and neighing in an affectionate manner.

Again a second blast was sounded, and a second animal made his appearance much in the same manner. Upon the back of this horse Murrill assisted Mr. Seymour and then he mounted the first that came up.

At that very instant a party of some dozen settlers came up, and they regarded the stranger attentively for a moment, and then questioned the old man with regard to the events of the previous night. He gave the account.

And then the question was asked:

'Who is the stranger with you?'

Now was the turn for the betrayal, if Mr. Seymour had intended such a thing; but he did not, and his answer was:

'He is a brave who has much influence with the Indians, and thinks he may restore my loved ones to me.'

One of the settlers then stepped forward and asked of Murrill:

'Are you not the man who restored Hattie Armstrong to her home last night, or rather early this morning?'

'I am. I learned by chance that a lady-captive was in the hands of Long Run, the chief. I paid the ransom, and brought her home.'

A cheer burst from the lips of all present, but one, and he exclaimed:

"By thunder! boys, that's Murrill, the pirate. Let us have him, dead or alive, for there's a big reward upon his head.'

As he spoke these words, he raised his rifle and. The frontiersmen seldom misses his mark, and probably would not have done so on this occasion, but those around did not believe his assertion, and one of them struck up his piece, just in time to send the bullet high in the air.

Murrill drew a pistol, and leveling it at the man, he asked:

'If I am a pirate, what do you expect?'

'Instant death, of course, since these fellows will stand by you,' was the unflinching answer.

Murrill only laughed, and turning his horse in the opposite direction, galloped toward the river at a fearful speed, followed by the other animal, the rider finding some difficulty in keeping his seat.

It was well for the settlers they had not joined in with the one who recognized Murrill, for just as he approached the grove from whence the horses came, he was joined by about twenty mounted men, all of whom were armed to the teeth, and had the appearance of desperate characters.

The river was crossed, and a weary journey of three days was performed. At the end of this time, the famous cave of John A. Murrill was reached, upon the Ohio river.

It was really the robber-chief, and his arrival was the signal for cheer after cheer from his men who gathered around. Of course, Mr. Seymour looked around him, on every side, in the hope of seeing his loved ones, but they were not in sight.—Probably they were back in the cave: but he did not ask any questions.

Two hours passed by. Refreshments had been served, and wine was given the old man. Then he was led to a comfortable bed in the cave.

Surely he did not appear like much of a slave as yet, and he ventured to ask of Murrill:

'When shall I be permitted to see them?'

'You must sleep first.'

'I cannot sleep until I have them.'

'It will not be until to-morrow morning, so you must content yourself.'

'I will try.'

Murrill left the cave, and blew several blasts upon a bugle. His men began to gather around him, and in a short time there were not less than one hundred present. The chief rehearsed the story of the old man, and then he said:

'Now let every man who can be spared from the cave make himself ready in ten minutes to follow me.'

In a short time the band set off. For two hours they continued their journey directly back into the wilderness, and then they suddenly came upon an Indian encampment. Murrill did not hesitate, but walked directly forward as one well acquainted with the place. In person he appeared to be well known to the savages; but it created much surprise that he should come accompanied by so large a number of his men, and the redskins gathered eagerly around to see what was about to take place.

Murrill paused directly front of the lodge occupied by the Indian chief, Long Run. Two white captives were seated within: one of them a woman of thirty-five, and the other a young girl of about fifteen years of age. Long Run was also there, and seeing his visitors, he came forth and asked in some surprise:

'Why does my white brother come accompanied by so large a number of warriors?'

'He comes for the pale-face captives.'

'Has my brother brought the gold to ransom them?'

'No; I shall have them without gold, or blood will flow.'

'Let it flow,' coolly returned the chief, and said, in a low tone of voice:

"Oh, if I had only found such affection years ago, what a different man I might have been!"

Then addressing himself to Mr. Seymour again he continued:

"With me you shall go, old man."

"O bless you! bless you!"

"But remember one thing. You have promised not to betray me even if opportunity should occur."

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'Instant death, of course, since these fellows will stand by you,' was the unflinching answer.

Murrill only laughed, and turning his horse in the opposite direction, galloped toward the river at a fearful speed, followed by the other animal, the rider finding some difficulty in keeping his seat.

It was well for the settlers they had not joined in with the one who recognized Murrill, for just as he approached the grove from whence the horses came, he was joined by about twenty mounted men, all of whom were armed to the teeth, and had the appearance of desperate characters.

The river was crossed, and a weary journey of three days was performed. At the end of this time, the famous cave of John A. Murrill was reached, upon the Ohio river.

It was really the robber-chief, and his arrival was the signal for cheer after cheer from his men who gathered around. Of course, Mr. Seymour looked around him, on every side, in the hope of seeing his loved ones, but they were not in sight.—Probably they were back in the cave: but he did not ask any questions.

Two hours passed by. Refreshments had been served, and wine was given the old man. Then he was led to a comfortable bed in the cave.

Surely he did not appear like much of a slave as yet, and he ventured to ask of Murrill:

'When shall I be permitted to see them?'

'You must sleep first.'

'I cannot sleep until I have them.'

'It will not be until to-morrow morning, so you must content yourself.'

'I will try.'

Murrill left the cave, and blew several blasts upon a bugle. His men began to gather around him, and in a short time there were not less than one hundred present. The chief rehearsed the story of the old man, and then he said:

'Now let every man who can be spared from the cave make himself ready in ten minutes to follow me.'

In a short time the band set off. For two hours they continued their journey directly back into the wilderness, and then they suddenly came upon an Indian encampment. Murrill did not hesitate, but walked directly forward as one well acquainted with the place. In person he appeared to be well known to the savages; but it created much surprise that he should come accompanied by so large a number of his men, and the redskins gathered eagerly around to see what was about to take place.

Murrill paused directly front of the lodge occupied by the Indian chief, Long Run. Two white captives were seated within: one of them a woman of thirty-five, and the other a young girl of about fifteen years of age. Long Run was also there, and seeing his visitors, he came forth and asked in some surprise:

'Why does my white brother come accompanied by so large a number of warriors?'

'He comes for the pale-face captives.'

'Has my brother brought the gold to ransom them?'

'No; I shall have them without gold, or blood will flow.'

'Let it flow,' coolly returned the chief.

robber, but I am not a woman-stealer.—I war upon men when they oppose me, but never upon helpless women. You, chief, meanly stoop to seize the defenceless. Why do you do it? I will tell you. I ransomed one maiden of you, and returned her to her home, because her friends thought I was the captor. I ransomed a second, a third, and a fourth for the very same reason. You have found that it is a paying business, and you think that I will give you gold for all your captives. So you are trying to impose upon me, and you are stirring up the upper country against me, for they call me a merciless murderer. This must stop. You must give up these captives and promise to molest females no more, or you and I are foes.'

'Then we are foes.'

'Cut them down, men,' yelled Murrill. 'Spare not a red dog who ventures to resist.'

Long Run sprang toward his captives with raised tomahawk. It was evidently his intention to kill them, that they might not be rescued in case he should be conquered. But a fatal bullet [illegible]m the rifle of Murrill, and the Indian [illegible] fell dead, even at the very feet of the [illegible]tives.

A terrible volley was pour[illegible] among the red-skins, and then a fierce [illegible]-to-hand encounter commenced, while the valley echoed with yells of defiance and shrieks of agony.

But it soon became known that Long Run had fallen. His voice did not cheer on his warriors. This was enough. They threw down their arms and sued for quarters. They were granted them, and the conditions were that they should no longer war upon the helpless.

All night long had old Seymour watched and waited, hoping to meet his loved ones. And they came at last. It was an affecting meeting. The eyes of Murrill were not dry as he gazed upon the scene, and even some of his strong men shed tears.

After a sufficient rest, preparations were made for the journey back to the Falls, and Mr. Seymour was supplied with sufficient money to repair the losses he had sustained. This was taken from the dead chief—the amount which had been paid him in ransoms.

Murrill did not even tell the old man that he was not the destroyer of his home, and the captor of those he loved: but he learned the particulars from them.

Reaching the Falls again, all the settlers were soon loud in praise of the noble acts of the pirate chief, and the only regret was that he was not a better man in every respect.

Who will say that the devil is as black as he is usually painted?

A Drug Yarn.

A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug store and asked:

"Be you the druggur?"

"Well, I s'pose so; I sell drugs."

"Well, hav you got this here scentin' stuff as the gals puts on their handkerchiefs?"

"Oh! yes."

"Well," our Sal is goin' to be married, and she gin me a ninepence and told me to invest the whole amount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit, so if you've a mind I'll smell round."

The Yankee smelled round without being suited until the druggist got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of hartshorn said:

"I've got a scenting stuff that will suit you. A single drop on your handkerchief will last for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it you must take a big smell."

"Is that so, mister? Wall, jest hold on a minit, till I get my breath, and when I say neow, you clap it under my smeller."

The directions were of course followed, and the Yankee was nearly knocked off his pins. But recovering himself he exclaimed:

"Chain litenin! Mr. Drugger, is the top of my head off? Sal don't want nothin' like that; it would brake up a camp meetin' in ten minits. You haint got the right kind o' scentin' stuff."

A MAN in the dress of a workman was lately walking in the streets of Berlin with a packet in his hand, sealed and inscribed with an address, and a note that it contained one hundred thalers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the gentleman's hands and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise. "Why, this letter is for me! I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger upon this demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize; but, on breaking the seal, found nothing but a few sheets of paper, on which was written, "Done!"

☞ An old lady receiving a letter she supposed was from one of her absent sons, requested a neighbor to read it. He accordingly began to read, "Dear mother," then pausing, as the writing was rather illegible. "It's from my Johnny," exclaimed the old lady, "he always stuttered."

☞ A pious mother [illegible] her little son in morals, [illegible] never say By Golly, By[illegible] all such [illegible]

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