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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

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Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

National Song.

THE UNION.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."—WEBSTER.

The Union! The Union!
The hope of the free!
Howsoe'er we may differ,
In this we agree—
Our glorious banner
No traitor shall mar,
By effacing a stripe,
Or destroying a star!
Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!
'Twas purchased with blood.
Side by side to secure it,
Our forefathers stood—
From the North to the South,
Through the length of the land,
Ran the war-cry which summoned
That patriot band!
Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!
At Lexington, first,
Through the clouds of oppression
Its radiance burst—
But at Yorktown rolled back
The last vapory crest,
And, a bright coustellation,
It blazed in the west!
Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever.

The Union! The Union!
Its heavenly light
Cheers the heart of the nations
Who grope in the night—
And, athwart the wide ocean,
Falls, gilding the tides,
A path to the country
Where Freedom abides!
Division! No never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!
In God we repose!
We confide in the power
That vanquished our foes!
The God of our fathers—
Oh, still may He be
The strength of the Union,
The hope of the Free!
Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand,
That our country would sever!

Interesting Narrative.

A BORDER HEROINE.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

After the close of the Revolutionary war the tide of emigration commenced pouring into the great Northwest, with unexampled rapidity. Kentucky, as it is known, was many years, the dividing ground between civilization and barbarism. Even by the savages it was considered neutral territory, belonging to no one, and upon which all trespassed with the same peril.

But "westward the star of empire" ever takes its way; and even the awful gloom that hung around the Dark and Bloody Ground, could stay it but for a season. First, the great Daniel Boone plunged into the perilous cane-brakes, and the others followed, until in time it became one of the proudest States of our glorious confederacy.

At the time of which we write, there were two passes to Kentucky and the adjoining country, viz. the Ohio River and Boone's Trace—the latter simply a "blazed path," leading from South Kentucky to North Carolina. Most of the emigrants preferred to pass in flat-boats down the river, at the risk of being decoyed ashore, boldly attacked by an overwhelming force, or outwitted by the consummate cunning of their foes.

But there were a few who took Boone's Trace, and followed it clear through the wilderness swarming with the hordes of savages. Those who had the temerity to attempt this, generally formed themselves into bands, numbering at least twenty men, who were armed to the teeth, and ever on the alert. Besides this they generally had among them several scouts or rangers, whose duty was to guide and warn them of any ambush or scheme of the Indians. Those were the days when such men as Kenton, Brady, McArthur, McCleland, O'Bannion, White, and a host of other border heroes, lived and acted, and each of whose lives would make a volume more wonderful than the history of the knights and gallants of the olden-time.

One pleasant afternoon, in the autumn of 1894, a company, numbering some 30 men, with about the same number of women and children, were making their way over this "Trace." They were proceeding leisurely along, their teams walking slowly and lazily forward, and the men chatting and relating stories to while away the monotony of the long and dreary march. Most of the women were in the large, covered wagons, with their children, although now and then several might be seen stretching their limbs for a few minutes by walking beside their wagons. Two-thirds of the men were mounted on horseback, while the others trudged merrily on foot.

It was a picturesque sight,—the plodding, meek-eyed oxen, dragging the lumbering baggage-wagons, in which the rosy face of more than one happy youngster could be seen, the mounted pioneers, with their rifles slung over their shoulders, so as to be ready at a moment's warning,—and the reckless drivers, plunging fearlessly ahead as though no thought of danger had ever entered their head.

It is needless to say that all were fully armed,—and the scouts were out—scouts in front, in the rear, and on either side, who were ranging with such caution and suspicion, that hardly the fall of a leaf escaped their vision.

In the very hindmost wagon was a Mrs. Childs and her daughter Sarah. The latter was a brave joyous hearted girl, some fifteen or sixteen years of age, upon whom it was impossible to make the least impression of the peril the company daily underwent. The father was walking upon one side of the wagon chatting with a companion, casting his eyes now and then ahead, as if to note the progress of the train. The mother had fallen into a doze, unmindful of the capers of her child, who for the last hour or so had betrayed an unusual restlessness.

As soon as the mother was fairly unconscious, the girl arose to her feet, peered cautiously out, and then with a light bound, sprang out of the rear of the wagon and secreted herself in the wood.

Her intention in doing this was perfectly innocent. Through the afternoon she had noticed a peculiar looking berry growing abundantly in the wood, and had petitioned her father that she might be allowed to pick a few. Being refused, the wilful little thing determined that she would do it at all hazards. She could see no reason why he should deny such a simple request. The Indians had not disturbed them as yet and she couldn't believe they would at all. She had no personal fear for herself.

As soon as the train had passed a few rods farther, she sprang up and started in quest of the coveted berries. She was obliged to go quite a distance before finding them, but in a short time she stumbled upon a creek, the margin of which was strewed with them, and she lost no time in filling her apron.

It was while she was thus gathering them, that a singular terror all at once took possession of her. It seemed as though some horrid monster was approaching her, and she had no power to flee or resist him. Faint and trembling, she crouched to the earth, and waited for it to approach or pass by.

A moment later, and the bushes upon the opposite side of the creek parted, and through the interstices before her, she discovered the forms of several Indians, apparently in consultation. For a moment she was too terrified to notice their actions, but in a short time she recovered her self-possession, and from her hiding-place noticed every movement. What was her horror to discern the dead body of one of their scouts, doubled up on the ground, a short distance from them! Instantly the whole truth flashed across her mind, The Indians had succeeded in killing him without alarming the others,, and were at that moment planning an attack upon the emigrant train. She felt certain that it had halted at the crossing of the stream before her, and would probably encamp for the night. The guard being slain, an attack could be made without alarm exciting upon the part of the travelers before it was too late for successful resistance.

The brave girl reflected for a moment. Her heart sickened at the thought of the awful massacre which threatened her friends, and all personal fear of personal danger was lost in the one great fear for them. How to act she could not determine at once. She thought of rising to her feet, and rushing screaming down the stream, with absolute certainty of being shot herself; but this would only hasten the assault, without giving due warning. Whatever was done, must be in such a manner that the suspicion of the emigrants would be aroused before the Indians were aware of it.

Her situation at present was such that she could do nothing without attracting attention from the Indians opposite, who were still in earnest consultation. Accordingly she worked her way cautiously backwards, until there were enough bushes between herself and them to screen her movements. Then she stealthily crept some twenty yards down the stream, and once more approached the margin. Here she reached down and disturbed the water in the hope of making its muddy appearance attract the attention of her friends. Fearing, however, to trust to this alone, she made her way back into the wood, and commenced approaching the encampment.

But she had gone but a short distance when she was made aware that, under the present circumstances, such an exploit was utterly impossible. The Indians were all around her. Hardly any movement could be made without rendering her discovery unavoidable. The suppressed signals of their scouts reached her ears constantly.

Still unable to remain in her position, she commenced creeping forward upon her hands and knees, gradually lessening the distance between herself and her friends, until frightened at her own temerity, she suddenly halted. As she did so, something cold touched her hand, and upon looking at it, she discovered that it was stained with blood. The grass was trampled down, and the bushes broken and dripping with blood, as though some death struggle had taken place. Upon looking further she saw a rifle lying on the ground, and upon further examinations, discovered to her surprise that it was still loaded. She concluded that it was here their scout had been attacked and slain, though it was a mystery how his body came to be on the opposite side.

At first she laid the rifle down again, intending to leave it, but upon second thought she took it and secreted herself in the bushes. Just then she heard a footstep, and looking up, discovered a crouching Shawnee Indian, who was gazing upon her in unbounded surprise. Hardly knowing what she did, she raised her rifle, discharged it, and shot him through the breast. Then waiting to see whether he was slain, she bounded to her feet and fled like a deer.

A shot from the outlaying scouts, was the signal of danger to the Indians, and upon hearing this, they instantly formed themselves in a position to repel assault, and waited anxiously for further demonstrations. The absence of the girl had been noticed; and the shot almost rendered the parents frantic. But to their unbounded joy the truant daughter suddenly appeared among them, and related what had occurred. The Indians, finding their presence discovered, the emigrants so well prepared, made no attack, although their scouts followed them all of the next day, and our friends finally reached their destination without any further molestation.

The heroine of our little sketch is still living at Red Bank, New Jersey; and, although an aged woman, this incident is still well remembered. She emigrated from the West some years since, but while there, Sarah W. Childs was well known along the frontier as one of its many heroines.

Effects of Loss of Sleep.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expands its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that those are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expanditure, the brain withers—this is insanity.

Thus it is that, according to English history, persons who were condemned to death, by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs. Thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death became insane—the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these:

1. Those who think most—who do most brain work—require most sleep.

2. Time saved from necessary proceedings of the [illegible] is truly co[illegible] infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate.

3. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise the moment they awake, and, within a fortnight, Nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bands of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system.

This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

YOUTH.—In youth we seem to be climbing a hill on whose top eternal sunshine seems to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain the summit! But when we have attained it, how different is the prospect on the other side. We sigh as we contemplate the dreary waste before us, and look back with a wistful eye upon the flowery path we have passed but may never more retrace. Life is a portentous cloud fraught with thunder, storm and rain; but religion, like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

☞ A sentimental chap intends to petition to Congress for a grant to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the course of true love may run smooth. This is a wise step.

Country Homes and Country Comforts in the Winter Season.

Now that the winter is coming on, and in every country home there are leisure hours that may be employed to advantage, we want to point out how they can be passed pleasantly also. There is nothing more delightful; nothing more intrinsically enjoyable, than the home comforts of a family whose members are gathered under the same roof, and who are bound together by ties of affection. There is a patriarchal simplicity in country life that offers the finest scope for innocent amusements, and for those indoor recreations, during the winter season, which can be rarely indulged in during the period when farming operations require to be constantly attended to. From the opening of spring, until late in the fall, the daily routine of labor taxes the energies too much to allow of many opportunities of mental improvement and social intercourse. These must be deferred until the grain is harvested and thrashed, the stock are housed, and bleak winter sets his white seal upon manual labour in the field. But though the landscape may wear a cheerless look, and the sky a leaden hue, and the frost may coat with a dull film the window pane, the young and the aged, gathered around the cosy fireside or buried in indoor occupations may readily turn to good account the rigour of the season, and derive a sensible advantage from the leisure that is afforded them. How can this be best accomplished? There are many minor things that go to make up the sum of our enjoyments in this life, and these must first be attended to. Due provision must have been made to domestic comfort. A good supply of fuel must be hid in before the season is too far advanced to prevent its being done successfully. There is a sense of companionship in a blazing wood fire. It not only warms the room, but soothes tempers disposed to be irritable. To coax a bad fire to burn, and to be constantly baffled by its obstinately resisting all our efforts, is very trying even to the best natured people; whilst to those who have a little touch of sharpness in their dispositions, it is vexatious in the extreme. Now, every knows that when one member of the family—the one who attends to the fires for instance—is worried by even so petty an annoyance, all the others feel a sense of constraint which they cannot completely shake off—just as a single false note will mar the harmony of the finest piece of music. It is very foolish we know; but unless those who associate together are in full accord with each other, things will not work well. So, by all means, fathers of families—for it is you whom we address—see that there is no difficulty in the way of fire-wood. Another thing that is indispensable to the comfort of the family, is that the house shall be in good repair. If the roof leaks; if the doors are warped; if the windows have shrunk and admit draughts of icy air; if the panes are broken or the spouting is out of order, somebody must suffer from it, and the moment that somebody really does suffer, the enjoyment of the family is not perfect. It is not easy to laugh with a bad cold in the head. When one has a sore throat there is but little relish for food, and if the trouble should come in the shape of rheumatism, a cheerful conversation cannot be kept up in the midst of racking pains and calls for hot towels and mustard plasters. These are trival matters, but they are productive of very grave results sometimes, and as, by a little forethought, they can literally be guarded against, and health and good humor promoted, we hope they will be attended to at the proper season. We all know how very foolish it is to "shut the stable door after the steed is stolen," or to repair a crack in the roof, or a break in the window, after neglect of them has produced sickness, the doctor is called in, and looks as if the undertaker was peering over his shoulder just to see when *his* services would be wanted. But, assuming that there has been no neglect of this sort, and that the household have been duly fortified against the inclemencies of the season, there is yet one thing more that is wanted besides a comfortable house and plenty of food, and that is a good variety of well selected books and periodicals—books that amuse, and instruct, and periodicals that contain suggestive articles in relation to rural operations and domestic economy. No country home can be said to be properly furnished when these pleasant companions and teachers are wanting. It is wonderful how much knowledge can be acquired in spare hours in this way; how much shorter the long nights and dreary days of winter are thus made to appear, and how much food for the discussion of various interesting questions may be drawn from those sources, to the great improvement of the conversational powers of the family, and to their manifest advantage in the daily duties of life. We have thrown out these few hints simply as suggestions of what may be done to make home happy. They might be readily expanded into a long article; but every man of intelligence may take up for himself the points that have been left untouched, and many a family circle will derive a sensible benefit for having them practically carried out.

☞ A petulant old lady having refused a suitor to her neice, he expostulated with her reason. 'I see the villian in your face' said she. 'That is a personal reflection,' answered the lover.

Removal of the Remains of Columbus.

It is stated from Havana that the remains of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, are again to be removed to a new and splendid cemetery soon to be opened near that city.—They are to be deposited in a silver urn, upon which will be inscribed, in letters of gold, the most remarkable events of his great enterprise. A bronze statue is also to be erected over them, representing the great discoverer in the attitude of revealing the grand mission of his wonderful life.

Columbus died Ascension day, the 20th of May, 1506, in about the seventieth year of his age. His obsequies were celebrated with great pomp at Valladollid, and his body deposited in the coffin of San Francisco. Thence, seven years after, in the year 1513, it was removed to the Carthusian monastery of Seville, where was likewise deposited the body of his son Diego. Twenty three years after, in the year 1536, the bodies of both the Admiral and his son were removed, with appropriate pomp and ceremonies, to the New World he had discovered, and intered in the principal chapel of the city of San Domingo, Hispaniola. There they remained undisturbed for the period of 250 years. In the year 1795, however, at the close of the war between France and Spain, all the Spanish possessions in the Island of Hispaniola were ceded to France, whereupon a request was preferred to the French Governor to have the remains of Columbus removed to Cuba. The request was granted and on the 20th of December, 1795, the vault in the cathedral of San Domingo was, for the first time in nearly three hundred years, opened. "Within," says the record of the event, "were found the fragments of a leaden coffin, a number of bones, and a quantity of mould, evidently the remains of a human body. Those were carefully collected and put into a case of gilded lead, about half an ell in length and breadth, and a third in height, secured by an iron lock, the key of which was delivered to the Archbishop. The case was enclosed in a coffin, covered with black velvet, and ornamented with lace and fringe of gold.

After appropriate funeral ceremonies, the body was taken on board the ship San Lorenzo and taken to Havana, where it arrived on the 15th of January, 1796. It was received in the most solemn manner with all the honors given to a sovereign. On arriving at the mole, the remains were met by the Governor of the Island, accompanied by his generals and military staff. The coffin was then conveyed between lines of soldiery which lined the streets to the obelisk, in the Place d'Armes, where it was received in a hearse prepared for the purpose. Here the remains were formally delivered to the Governor and Captain General of the Island.

The ceremony concluded, the solemn rights for the dead were performed by the Archbishop, and the remains of the great discoverer were again deposited in the wall, on the right side of the grand altar of the Cathedral of Havana, where they have ever since remained, the object of reverence to all visitors of the Island.

STATUE OF HENRY CLAY.—The committee of citizens entrusted with the task of procuring money for the erection of a statue of Henry Clay, to be placed in the rotunda of the Court House, have contracted with Mr. Hart, the eminent Kentucky sculptor, to perform the work. Mr. Hart will leave this country in a few weeks and by the middle of January hopes to be at work in his atelier at Florence. He has a superb block of the finest statuary marble, which he intends to use on this commission, and he will enter upon it with zeal and a determination to excel himself in his statue of the great Kentucky statesman, which will be of life size. The committee will pay $10,000 for the work, delivered here. When completed, this statue will be one of the great attractions of our city, and be a worthy memorial of the man, who, living, was so faithful to our State, and whose fame is cherished as among the proudest glories of Kentucky.—*Louisville Journal.*

A WHITE WOMAN AMONG NATIVE AFRICANS.—A Sierra Leone paper states that a white woman who accompanied her husband, a missionary, up the Cavalla river last May, excited the greatest curiosity and admiration among the sable dwellers of that benighted region, where a white woman had never been seen before. All wanted to touch her, and great surprise was expressed upon feeling her hair.—The king of Nyinemo tribe called her 'very fine,' and complimented her husband greatly for his taste in selecting her,—and when she told him he might see other white women who would surpass her, he said that would either never be, or else a very long time. Owing to her presence the attendance on preaching was extraordinarily large. During her visit at the mission station hundreds went to see her, who said they could feel satisfied to die now that they had seen such a wonderful being as a white woman.

TAKE A DRINK.—A goose that sees another drink will do the same, though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company when drinking is dispensable and prejudicial seems to be a case of the same kind, and puts a man, feathers only excepted, [illegible] with a goose.

How to Take Life.

Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of peforming a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming.—Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be a broken-hearted brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfilled, and all caused from the lack of necessary and possible effort? If we knew how to take, and how to make the most of life it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadily, and confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill and greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, and idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he will, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him, who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

"EMBLEM OF ETERNAL REST."—In the wild sea of life, when man's heart is filled with ambitious thoughts—thoughts that transport him a moment to the loftiest pinnacle of human glory and surround him with every blessing that wealth, honor, fame and love can afford, or, possessed by a spirit of industry in the pursuit of gain through all the labyrinths of intrigue, speculation or toil—it is well that there is in this wide tumultuous sea one bright island where the wearied spirit or the drooping heart may find repose.

The physical and mental man, strung to the highest tension in the daily pursuit of some phantom that ever flies, is ever chased, but never overtaken, absolutely needs the rest that the sacred Sabbath gives. The soul buried in the corrupting influences of an every-day calling, becomes surcharged with weariness and longs for the holy calm that rests upon that bright green isle, whose streams are ever pure, and whose air should be untainted with the miasma that infects the atmosphere of secular pursuits. Here it finds rest, and invigorated by the purity of its moral ailment, it is the better prepared to meet the snares and temptations of the world; unscathed by the insidious or bold attacks of vice, it is conscious of the power to purify that which is found in a proper observance of the

"Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

☞ Several days since while travelling on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, when the cars stopped at Princes Tank, we overheard the following conversation between a young gent from Georgia, who was on the train, and a boy on the road:

Passenger—Young America, what place is this?

Boy—Pin Hook, sir.

Passenger—What did the cars stop here for?

Boy—To take in water.

Passenger—What river is that?—pointing to the water in the ditch.

Boy—I don't know.

Passenger—What do you know?

Boy—I know the cars bring lots of d—d fools along this way.

The young gent drew his head in, and was soon fast asleep.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON BRECKINRIDGE.—Mrs. Partington sat some moments peering over her spectacles, and broke the silence after this wise:

"Izeke, my son, where is this Breckinridge's Lane, that the newspapers say Caleb Cushing and so many more are going to?"

"Why, ma, it's a kinder crooked, bye place, way down in 'Alley Balmy,' laid out by one 'Mr. Nancey,' where 'fugitive politicians' run 'slave codes' into the 'tarritories.'"

"Bless my soul! I'm glad of it. I've always had a desperate hate of all 'tories'—they are just the kind that ought to be pestered by niggers."

☞ A blind man, having walked the streets with a lighted lantern, an acquaintance met him, and exclaimed, in some surprise,

"Why, what is the use of that light to you? You know every street and turning; it does you no good. You can't see a bit the better."

"No," replied the blind man; "I don't carry the light to make me see, but to prevent fools from running against me."

A BRUTE OF A HUSBAND.—*Wife (anxiously).*—What did that young lady observe who passed us just now?"—*Husband (with a smile of calm delight:)* "Why, my love, she observed a rather good-looking man walking with quite an elderly female, that's all.—Ahem!"

☞ Those who reprove us are more valuable friends than those who flatter us. True progress acquires either faithful