

# KOSCIUSKO CHRONICLE.

BY GEORGE W. HARLOW,

*As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.*

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

VOLUME I,

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## TERMS.

The **KOSCIUSKO CHRONICLE** is published every Thursday morning, at **Two Dollars** per annum, invariably in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates, to wit: For every six lines or less, first insertion, fifty cents; and for each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents, payable in advance, or upon first insertion.

Standing advertisements, every six lines or less, will be inserted as follows:

Three months	\$3 00
Six months	5 00
One year	8 00

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Announcing candidates for office, five dollars, payable in advance.

Any person who will procure us five subscribers, and forward the amount (\$10) shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Letters on business with the office, to ensure attention, must be post paid or free.

Money may be sent by mail at our risk, if a receipt is first taken from the postmaster.

Job work must be paid for on delivery.

## IMPROVEMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

We are rejoiced to see that two of our representatives, Messrs Thompson and Davis, have taken active measures for securing the opening of Passes Manchac and Iberville from the Mississippi to Lake Pontchartrain. These Passes, it will be remembered, were closed by Genl. Jackson during the last war to prevent the British getting into the river thro' them. Since that time they have gradually become more and more obstructed by drift wood and sediment until now they are nearly totally closed.

The benefit of opening this Pass will be two-fold. In the first place, it will lessen nearly one half the delay and expense of getting supplies to the Navy-yards at Mobile and Pensacola, as the passage from the great markets of the west would be shortened more than a hundred miles; and in the next place, it would at once reclaim the vast bottoms of the Mississippi, and thus pour millions into the National Treasury, by the increased value of the public lands in this quarter.

From the out-let of this Pass on the Mississippi, it is only *nine* miles to the level of the Ocean. Yet the waters, instead of being permitted to flow off in this natural out-let, are dammed out, and forced to seek the Ocean by New Orleans, near 200 miles farther.

This simple fact shows at once how the vast bottoms of the Mississippi may be reclaimed.

Nine miles from the ocean, with a sufficient passage, the water never could rise more than a few feet above the tide-water level; and to secure this level, at a point thus some 200 miles above its present disembogement, it may be mathematically demonstrated, would keep the waters from rising out of the banks for a distance far above this place, in any freshets ever known.

[Vicksburg Sentinel.]

## SHOCKING OCCURRENCE AT THE MARYLAND HOSPITAL.

—About 7 o'clock yesterday morning, as one of the keepers of the establishment was entering the room of a negro man named Michael McHard, in the basement of the building, the negro rushed past him for the purpose, as it was thought, of making his escape. The keeper immediately called for help, and was soon joined by another person, when the negro seized an article in the room and struck the person in the face, with which one of his arms was severely cut. He then broke off a portion of his bedstead, and escaping from the room ascended into the second story, where he met one of the patients, Mr. J. W. Higgins, of Talbot county, whom he struck a blow with the club on the back part of the head, with such violence as to cause his death instantly. Still pursuing his course the infuriated man met another inmate named Samuel Law, who was at work in the passage, and who also received a violent blow on the head which caused his death in a short time. He then escaped to the yard, where he was secured by the keepers, a negro man having caught him by the clothes with a hay fork which he picked up. It is supposed that he was laboring under a strong fit of madness at the time. Dr. Fisher, the regular physician at the Hospital, rendered all the aid that could be given. [Balt. American.]

A western railroad company advertises that all necks will be at the risk of the owners.

[From the N. Y. Illustrated Magazine.]

## Edith Warren.

### A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

About a quarter of a mile from Colly-bark Point, on a beautiful little knoll, stood, in the time of the Revolution, a neat and pretty (for in those days it was very pretty) American farm-house, which was inhabited by an old native whom we shall call Adam Warren, his "better moiety," and two lovely daughters, just budding into womanhood. From the piazza of the house a view of the surrounding country was beautiful. The majestic Hudson, a short distance from the doorway, the Highlands, and the tall trees, with their rich foliage, made it a scene almost enchanting. The quiet and peace of good old farmers were not disturbed in those days by the noise of steamboats and other river crafts; a holy calm pervaded all around, and nature seemed fairly intoxicated with her own loveliness.

Close by the kitchen door of the farm-house was a well, which was said to be over a hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which old gossips shrewdly hinted that 'lots of gold' was buried to prevent its getting into the hands of the British and Hessians. Adam Warren's house was two stories high, very large and commodious, with plenty of room for his family, and more to spare "for company." In those days printers and carpenters were not so plenty as they are now, you probably know, gentle reader, and therefore Adam Warren was prevented from having the external appearance of his house looking just as he wanted it—for he was a man of very great taste, and rather upper ten thousandish in his views.

It was the close of the last day of 1785, that our story commences. It had been a lovely day, and the departing rays of the sun shed a rich lustre on the surrounding scenery, which made it more picturesque and beautiful than ever.—Adam had just finished his supper, when the news arrived that an intimate friend of his had fallen from a tree, broken both his legs, and was not expected to survive. It was a distance of over ten miles, and although Adam had been hard at work all day in the field, he resolved to set off immediately. After seeing that everything was safe and secure in the house, for Adam Warren was a man pretty well to do in the world, he had "Black Bess" saddled for the ride. He had frequently gone away and left his family alone before, although those were dangerous times to do so, and as they had never been molested, he felt no fear this time, as they seemed perfectly willing to stay alone, and exerted themselves considerably to get him off.

"Mind, Martha, keep the house well fastened," said Adam to his wife, as he mounted his horse, "I have the rifles well loaded in the garret, and you will find plenty of powder and shot in the iron chest if you want it. I will be back by ten to-morrow—Good bye!" and as he said this, he dashed his spurs into his horse's sides, and was soon out of the lane into the road. His wife and daughters watched him from the piazza until he was out of sight, and the noise of his horse's hoofs had died away.

"The Hessians will have to be pretty cute to get our new hats this time, wont they Eliza?" said Mrs Warren to her eldest daughter as they were seated around the sewing table in the evening.

"Indeed they will," was the brief reply.

"How is that?" asked Edith, the youngest, who was very busily engaged at sewing something similar to patch-work.

"Why, mother has buried them!" said Eliza.

"Buried them? that's quite a joke, ha! ha! you don't mean it?" asked Edith, laughing until tears started in her beautiful blue eyes.

"I do mean it, and what's more, I mean that no one will know where they are but ourselves," replied Eliza.

"I think myself it's a famous idea," said Mrs. Warren—"People bury money; why cannot we bury our hats!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Eliza, suddenly starting up, "I thought I heard a voice under the window!"

Immediately all were silent as death. Edith dropped her work, and Mrs. Warren followed her example. They were still as possible for at least ten minutes, but not a sound was audible. "Oh, pshaw! she's trying to frighten us!" exclaimed Edith, tired with listening.

"Or else it's the wind she heard," said Mrs. Warren, looking surreptitiously over her spees.

"I am positive it was a human voice!" said Eliza.

"Oh, nonsense! you are getting nervous," replied Mrs. Warren, resuming her work.

"Well, I might have been mistaken, but it sounded very much like the voice of a man."

"Hist, did you hear that—the report of a rifle?" said Edith.

"And now another under the window," said Eliza.

"You are right this time," said Mrs. Warren, "I heard a voice and footsteps, too."

"Hark! hark! don't whisper!"

"They are walking on the piazza, I do believe."

"Hist! hist! 'tis the company of foraging Hessians," said Mrs. Warren in a low voice. "The doors and windows are well barred and bolted down stairs, girls, and let's look after the rifles in the garret."

In a moment the mother and her two children had ascended the stairs, and were in the garret, or as it was termed by Adam, the 'Gun Room.'

"Four rifles well loaded, and plenty of ammunition, girls, so we can give them as good as they send," said Mrs. Warren, closing the room door.

"That we can," exclaimed the girls; and each one took a rifle from the corner.

"Hark! hear that! they are trying to force the door," whispered Edith.

"Open the window cautiously, Eliza," said Mrs. Warren, "and we will give them a taste of our quality!"

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when crack! crack! crack! went the three rifles.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the leader of the party below; "we have them now.—Three fair faces, or my eyes deceive me. Something more than we expected—by Jove! we must work hard for them!"

The report of another rifle was at that instant heard, and the gallant leader bit the dust.

"Quick! quick! Edith," exclaimed Mrs. Warren, re-load the rifles, or they will be too much for us!"

"You are almost exhausted, mother," replied Edith, handing her a loaded rifle; "let me take your place for a while."

"No, no; keep out of danger, girl; I am prepared for—"

"Oh God, that shriek! how wild and terrible, as it burst from the lips of the lovely girl, when she saw the next moment her mother stretched a corpse at her feet! A rifle ball had penetrated her forehead, and sunk deep into her skull.

"Let's hold out no longer," said Eliza, as she stood weeping over her dead mother. "There is no use, and now she is dead, what have we to live for?"

"Courage, sister, courage!" replied Edith, taking up the rifle used by her parent, and rushing once more to the window. "This shall avenge her death!"

"Be merry, boys, be merry!" shouted the present leader of the party, "we have settled the account of one of them, and two others cannot stand it much longer."

The report of a rifle was heard from the window, and another Hessian bit the dust. "Mark! there goes another, and another, and another! Each one carries death with it.

"Damnation!" shouted one of the Hessians, "this is paying dearly for a little booty; seven killed and nothing gained yet. Come boys, let's see if we cannot get a little rest. The other party will be along in the morning, and then we shall have them without any trouble."

"Agreed," chimed in the other two, and the trio took up their quarters for the night on the piazza.

The sun rose mild and beautiful next morning, the birds carolled forth their gay notes as merrily as ever; but there seemed to be a stillness about the old cottage—a mournful stillness that spoke of death and sorrow.

Long before the hour of ten arrived, (the time that Adam was to come back,) Eliza and Edith were planning how they could best get away and inform him of the danger that awaited him if he approached the house.

"After all, Eliza," said Edith, "resume our old position, and guard him from their attacks as best we can. If we attempt to escape from the house we certainly shall be detected, then all hope is lost for him!"

"You are right, you are right, sister," replied Eliza, clinging fondly around Edith's neck, "and may God bless you for a kind noble girl!"

"Hark! what sound approaches! 'Tis the trampling of horses' hoofs. A moment, and 'Black Bess' turns the angle of the road, with the gallant rider.

"Throw these dead bodies into the bushes, Ned; quick, or the old chap will be there before you. Dead men tell no tales, but they had better be out of sight."

"It shall be done, captain," and a short chubby little fellow walked from the stoop to execute the order. "Curse on old Bob's head! he has made me bloody all over!"

"Black Bess" with her rider soon approached the house. On seeing the three men on the stoop, dressed as Hessians, Adam began to suspect all was not right, but sooner than exhibit the least particle of fear, he rode up to the old walnut tree in front of the house and dismounted. The old man was without even a pistol, and seeing that the three men were well provided with fire-arms he concluded to treat them friendly, and act as unconcerned as possible.

"Fine morning, major," said the one nearest the door, as he came up the stoop.

"A very fine morning, indeed," replied Adam.

"We have travelled considerable since daybreak, and have taken the liberty to rest awhile on your stoop—suppose you have no objections?"

"None at all gentlemen," he replied, "won't you walk in with me and take some refreshment?"

"All is lost!" exclaimed Eliza as she heard her father's invitation to them.

"Not yet," replied Edith, running to the head of the stairs with the rifles; "we are now equally matched. Nerve yourself, and we shall soon triumph!"

"I have a terrible foreboding, Edith, that one of us will die this morning."

"Hush! hush! you are nervous, I am sure you are. They are in the house now. Hark! some one knocks at the stair door. There is a scuffle below—may be they are murdering him—hark! that knock again, 'tis his, and he has escaped! Open it quick; open it, Eliza, while I stand here with this good rifle!"

The door opens, but instead of her father it is the present leader of the counterfeit Hessians, dressed in his clothes. In a moment Eliza discovered that she had been deceived and started back with a bound and endeavored to gain the top of the stairway.

"Hold, not quite so fast, my pretty one, I must taste the nectar of those pretty lips before you go. You have done considerable mischief, and you must now in a measure repay it." And so saying the ruffian would have polluted her lips with a touch of his, had she not, with one superhuman effort, torn herself from him.

"Stand back, you fiend or—" the words were scarcely out of her mouth before a ball from the rifle of Edith had entered his brain, and he fell senseless at her feet.

At the report of the rifle the old man burst away from the hold of the two ruffians, for they had endeavored to bind him to a post in the room, and seeing his child before him he rushed toward her; but before he reached the stairs a blow from behind made him reel and stagger to the floor.

"They have killed him! quick Edith, they have killed him!" exclaimed Eliza, on seeing her father fall.

"It is too late now my beauty," said one of the ruffians as he caught hold of the bosom of her dress and tore it open. "It is too late now, you have done us enough injury, and by my good name, we'll make you pay for it. Hasn't she rosy lips, Bill? I'll take her, and you can have the other, but will have to fight amazing hard to get her. She is a perfect she devil in petticoats. The way she popped over the old commodore was a caution to all land sharks, now I tell ye! Good girl, though, good girl, and worth getting!"

He had hardly spoken the words before Adam had recovered from the effect of the blow, was on his feet, and had his hands grasped tightly round the ruffian's neck.

"Let go your hold, old man, or I'll strike you hard, I tell ye."

As he spoke the other ruffian raised the butt of his rifle in the air, and the

next moment the blood spirted from a broad wound in the old man's forehead, and he fell back ward to the floor.

"And you take that," said he, striking Eliza a blow with his fist, "and see if you can't keep your jaw tight for a while."

The fair young girl reeled and fell behind her father without uttering a syllable. As she fell she uttered a deep groan—he was dying.

"Now for the one up stairs, and we are safe," said the ruffian, motioning his comrade to follow.

Edith had but one rifle loaded, and as she saw them approach she determined to do the most with it.

"Stand back!" she exclaimed. "I will shoot the first that comes near."

Her courage and determination made the two ruffians shrink for a moment with fear.

"She is only a woman, Bill," said the tallest advancing.

"But she has the very devil in her eye, I tell ye."

"You are not afraid are you?—come on."

Edith's mind was made up—she fired, and he fell with a terrible yell, dead at his comrade's feet.

"You have killed him, but not me!" shouted the fellow, jumping forward and grasping her hand. "I have all your gold—they are both dead down stairs, you have now got to follow them. But stop—if you say you will freely become my wife you shall live—I like your face, and I think we could agree pretty well. Which do you prefer—what say you? Speak quickly, I'll have no delay."

"Sooner than wed a wretch like thee, I would prefer to die upon the rack," replied Edith in a clear calm voice.—"You are answered, now do with me as you like."

"You had better think a moment longer my blossom."

"You have my answer already."

"Well, since you are so ugly about it you shall be gratified. After accomplishing my purpose you shall die by side of those down stairs; so come along my blossom," and he caught her in his arms, and polluted her lips with a kiss.

He had hardly done so, however, before a well directed blow from behind sent him reeling to the corner of the room. In an instant, Edith had recovered herself, and looking up she exclaimed—"Saved! saved! saved!" and fell prostrate at the feet of a young American officer.

"Secure that man," said he to the soldiers at his side, "and he shall be made to pay dearly for this morning's work. We were right in suspecting that some foul play was going on here!"

Edith followed the young officer down stairs, and was surprised to find that Eliza was recovered from the blow, and kneeling by the side of her dying father. In an instant Edith was there also.—"The young officer offered his assistance, but it was of no avail. The spirit of the old man was soon to return to the God who gave it. With great effort he was raised partly up by his own request, and taking hold of the hands of Eliza and Edith, he faintly articulated, 'Blessings on—the last words died away in his throat, and he sank back in Edith's arms, dead!'

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The Washington correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* states positively that the President is about to recommend to Congress a law authorizing the appointment of two more Brigadier Generals.—Now there can be but one Major General and two Brigadiers. The Generals, so abundant in the army, are mere Brevets, or Generals by courtesy. The whole country will be rejoiced if some means are contrived for giving promotion to Gen TAYLOR. [Mobile Register.]

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"Secure that man," said he to the soldiers at his side, "and he shall be made to pay dearly for this morning's work. We were right in suspecting that some foul play was going on here!"

Edith followed the young officer down stairs, and was surprised to find that Eliza was recovered from the blow, and kneeling by the side of her dying father. In an instant Edith was there also.—"The young officer offered his assistance, but it was of no avail. The spirit of the old man was soon to return to the God who gave it. With great effort he was raised partly up by his own request, and taking hold of the hands of Eliza and Edith, he faintly articulated, 'Blessings on—the last words died away in his throat, and he sank back in Edith's arms, dead!'

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Five months from that day America and England were at peace, and one year after that Edith Warren was the happy wife of Edward Little, the gallant young officer. Eliza never married, but lived with her sister till the day of her death. Where once stood the old farm house of Adam Warren, there is now erected a large and elegant mansion, owned by a wealthy merchant of this city.

The Washington correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* states positively that the President is about to recommend to Congress a law authorizing the appointment of two more Brigadier Generals.—Now there can be but one Major General and two Brigadiers. The Generals, so abundant in the army, are mere Brevets, or Generals by courtesy. The whole country will be rejoiced if some means are contrived for giving promotion to Gen TAYLOR. [Mobile Register.]

Go to strangers for charity, to acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing, and you will always have a supply.

Edith's mind was made up—she fired, and he fell with a terrible yell, dead at his comrade's feet.

"You have killed him, but not me!" shouted the fellow, jumping forward and grasping her hand. "I have all your gold—they are both dead down stairs, you have now got to follow them. But stop—if you say you will freely become my wife you shall live—I like your face, and I think we could agree pretty well. Which do you prefer—what say you? Speak quickly, I'll have no delay."

"Sooner than wed a wretch like thee, I would prefer to die upon the rack," replied Edith in a clear calm voice.—"You are answered, now do with me as you like."

"You had better think a moment longer my blossom."

"You have my answer already."

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