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KIDNAPPERS AGAIN AT WORK!

They Don't Catch Anybody, but one of them gets Soundly Flogged!

On Thursday night last, a bold but unsuccessful attempt was made, by a pack of human hounds, to kidnap a woman from this city. The woman was living at Mr. Montieth's. The gang, so far as we can learn, consisted of a fellow named ROBERTS, who lives near *Lecompton*, the notorious JAKE HURD, a noted gambler called JIM LESTER, and some others whose names we have not learned. They hired a team at Livingston's livery stable, with a close wagon, and went to the house about 11 o'clock at night, and demanded admittance and the woman. Mr. Montieth was not at home, as the scoundrels well knew—for one of them had made an errand to the house during the day, and inquired for him, and found that he was gone. Mr. Bigelow happened to be boarding there, and jumped up at the first alarm, and, seizing a billet of wood, prepared to defend the family. An outcry was also raised by one of the little boys, which roused the neighbors, and the kidnappers fled—but closely pursued by an excited crowd which had collected. They sought refuge at *Hancock's* establishment, whence Roberts, escaping, attempted to make his way down the ravine. A well directed shot, which passed through his hat, brought him to a stand. He was then taken by the crowd to the river, where, had it not been for the timely interposition of Messrs. Murphy and others, he might have received the reward which his infamous attempt so richly merited. He was finally released, with orders to leave town in half an hour. So exasperated, however, were some of the colored people at this attempt to kidnap one of their number, that it is said they pursued the scoundrel, knocked him off of his horse, and gave him a sound thrashing. *Hurd* is said to have been on horseback, and to have fled from the town on the first alarm.

It was a very lucky thing for these kidnapping villains that Montieth happened to be absent, as he is constantly prepared for all such kind of cattle, and esteems it as much of a duty and privilege to shoot a human hound as he would a rabid four-legged one. A kidnapper is no better than a murderer, and deserves the same fate.

There is a set of these black-hearted villains who have been prowling about for some time. *They are marked.* And if, in some of their dastardly attempts to break into people's houses and kidnap, they should be killed, the world would sustain no loss whatever.

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