

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XL.

RECORDS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

NUMBER 20.

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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, November 30, 1856.

HOME.

Home! in that word how many hopes are hidden,
How many hours of joy serene and fair,
How many golden visions rise unbidden,
And blend their views into a rainbow glare.
Round home what images of beauty cluster;
Links which unite the living with the dead,
Embosomed scenes of most surpassing lustre,
Echoes of melody whose voice is fled.
Home is the place where we have ever blended
Our hopes and happiness, our tears and sighs,
Whence our united worship hath ascended,
As grateful incense to the listening skies.
Where we have nourished bright thoughts while be-
holding
Some stray'd flower, the centre of our love;
And while we watched its gradual unfolding,
The angels came and carried it above.
Mankind, however fettered and benighted,
How'er oppress'd by penury and care,
Have their existence by a beacon lighted,
Have still our bliss which all may freely share.
Home! cries the world-sick wanderer as he wend-
eth,
With bled feetstep o'er his weary way;
Home! sighs the wretched minstrel as he strays,
A longing look when once he longed to stray.
Home! says the toil worn rustic when returning,
From daily labor at the fall of night;
Home! sings the emancipated soul as spurning
This world of woe, it plumes its wings for flight.
Home! like the burning lens collects together
Into one point affection's scattered rays,
And in the stormiest storm, the wildest weather,
Keeps a bright and spirit-cheering blaze.
Home is the watchword firing with emotion
The patriot's heart, and hurrying him to fight;
Home is the pole star, o'er the stormy deep ocean
Guiding the sailor through the stormy night.
Home is a boon to every mortal given,
And our spirits gently up to Heaven,
To shadow forth the brighter home above.

DODGE'S ELOPEMENT.

The following narrative is Oscan's
to the celebrated Boston Vocalist who paid
for the ticket to Jenny Lind's first con-
cert in Boston.

Dodge, the eccentric and unequalled delinquent,
as the ladies call him, the "incomparably ug-
ly man," appeared "on change" again last week,
and next evening after his appearance, Milli-
cent's saloon—Dodge's head quarters,
and an early hour densely crowded with the
members of the order, "to listen to the noble
sounding of the many men's ever to be met with
the life of a Concert Singer.

Many a time, and oft have we shaken our sides
at the uncontrollable laughter, as the torment
of the day and spontaneous wit, fell from
the lips of the joker, as unprovoked and as care-
less as drops of spray from the overhanging cliffs
of Niagara.

Believe, however, of the many rich things
the man in our presence have left the laughter
to the following; but in order to be fully
satisfied, the readers should see Dodge tell the
story.

Some years ago—about the time he quit
the art of wax-foot, and flower making
—he fortunately took up that concealing at which
he has, according to report, amassed
independent fortune—made a break across the
Atlantic, and one fine morning found himself in
the City of Cincinnati.

He took passage in the afterwards unluckily
named the B. S., bound down to Mem-
phis, Natchez and New Orleans.

The boat was densely crowded, being over-
board with agricultural implements, horses,
barrels, Dutch emigrants, and other hardware.
The cabin overhead was filled up with trunks,
boxes, carpet-bags, umbrellas, and such like
trifles.

The boat shored out, fired its whistle, and away
she sailed down stream, while her old pipes
puffed forth a cloud of coal, which fairly caused
the surrounding hills to echo again.

For supper, Dodge having by letter intro-
duced the acquaintance of a very useful per-
son, the captain of the boat, they arm in arm
went to the ladies' saloon; it was quite full
of one of the ladies was playing a piano elegant,
while some others, having a great taste for
instrumental music, was humming over
a few of the late fashionable productions of
the Glover, Dempster, and other eminent com-
posers.

The Captain and Dodge stood for some time
in staid silence, when the lady at the piano very
politely requested aid to assist her in that glorious
and exhilarating, never dying old doct, the "Can-
tata Boat Song."

It was Dodge's cue; he very readily stepped
forward, and begged permission to lead off:
"You please, sir," said the lady, whose angelic
voice, Dodge vows, nearly took away his
breath. Out here puffed into the "Bostonian" like
a cloud of coal, and says that united with the an-
gels' voice of the Mississippi nightingale, the lady
sang "Rome how!"

After the Bostonian, came a few selections from
the Opera, lately published; and the night now
—a far advanced to wind up, Dodge was oblig-
ed to turn the ladies with a description of his trip
to Nazara Falls.

"Follow," says the Captain, meeting Dodge
in the social hall about midnight; "you got along
splendidly among the ladies—why, you sung like
an angel."

"Yes, I sang a little," says Dodge.
"And equal you thumbed that lady's guitar into
Well, I rather guess I did torture it some," re-
plies Dodge; "but tell me Captain, who is that la-
dy dressed in black, that sings like a nightingale

and plays with the finish and perfection of a pro-
fessor?"

The Captain (being a noted wag, and the terror
of all jokers on the Mississippi river,) suddenly
conceived the idea of selling the Yankee with a
joke, which should come "high" among the New
Englanders, in ages to come, as a model "sell."

"That lady, my dear fellow, is a widow!"

"You don't say so?" says Dodge.

"Yes, but I do though, and more than that she's
rich as mud, six—rich as mud! worth seventy-five
thousand dollars; young and beautiful, into the
bargain—a good chance for a yankee boy, just
commencing life like you, sir."

"She's certainly very beautiful," says Dodge.

"A beautiful as an angel!" says the Captain.

"A very fine musician too," says Dodge.

"Unequaled on the river," rejoined the Cap-
tain; "sir, she sings like a seraph."

"How long has she been a widow," inquired
Dodge.

"A little over a year now, since her Captain
was placed under the sod."

"Ah! then her husband was a Captain, was he?"
says Dodge.

"Yes, he was a Captain, but he got blowed up,
poor fellow! This steam boat is a risky busi-
ness for a man that cares anything about his life,
sir; risky business; but then if you get the widow
and you get it, sir, just like a knife, if you only
cut up strong enough, for she likes you already—
I saw it in her eye—you can retire on some large
plantation, and spend the rest of your days in in-
describable and unbounded luxury."

"Well, Captain, hang me, if I ain't a mind to
spread myself for the young widow, and try my
hand at cooking for the first time in my life."

"Go it, my boy, I'll back you with all my influ-
ence; if I was it already a married man, I'd sure-
ly go in for that charming woman; but you'll be
young—good looking!"

"Don't, don't, if you please Captain."

"Hang it, Dodge, don't be so modest!"

"But, Captain, gas, soup, putty, think of my
feelings!"

"Then you sing and play like a book, the wil-
dow loves music, she loves music to distraction; and
now my boy, strike while the iron is hot! Why
sir, if I could sing and lead the guitar equal to you
I'd—"

"Hold on, Captain, hold on! I understand all
about that; but now tell me all about the young
and beautiful widow: give me her name, age, and
residence."

"Her name," replied the Captain, "Amaramba
Brounson; age about twenty-four; residence, New
Orleans, and as we shall probably be about ten days
running down, you'll have a fine chance to exert
yourself; so now take my advice, and make the
best use of your time."

"I will," says Dodge, and he didn't do anything
else; for always having an eye open, his suspicions
were aroused by the Captain's attempt at flattery,
and his seeming disinterested endeavors to bring
about a hasty avowal of love for the young and
accomplished and really beautiful lady. So seeing
his wiles to work, he lost but little time in dis-
covering that the Captain had been under the delig-
hant chains of Hymen, but about two weeks, and the
poor widow was no more nor less than the iden-
tical, charming, adored wife of the Captain.

"Now then," says Dodge to himself, "as the
Captain had planned a joke, he shouldn't be disap-
pointed; I'll only change or slightly alter the plot,
and if I don't, in the end, give him a regular eye
opener, then he may have the pleasure of inform-
ing his friends how he "done the Yankee brewer."

Dodge had something like a week previous
sent on his bills and advertisements to the editors
of Natchez, stating that he would be at that start-
ing town during the races, and would at fifty cents
a ticket ride the inhabitants and visitors with a
series of musical, musical and social entertain-
ments.

Not letting any person on board know at what
place he intended to stop, telling the Captain he
would, gentle his fare when he left the boat, he im-
proved every spare moment; with the widow over
the music and piano, until the old steamer came
pulling along side of the Levee at Natchez.

Ascertaining from the Captain that the steamer
would leave in about three quarters of an hour, he
gave his baggage in charge of a resident in town,
who was just about leaving the boat. Then, watch-
ing the counting-room of one of the largest stores
under the Hill, with the Captain's baggage, brought
goods from New Orleans, the vocalist immediately
went to the Captain's wife, and very coolly in-
formed her that, through some mismanagement of
one of the agents, the boat would be obliged to re-
main about twenty-four hours in Natchez, and that
her husband had accordingly accepted an invitation
to visit the race-ground and wished the vocalist to
to come up as soon as convenient, in a carriage,
with the Captain's wife. Not dreaming of anything
wrong, the lady hastily threw on her shawl and
bonnet, and declared herself ready for a start. Step-
ping on shore, Dodge hailed a colored coachman,
gave him a shining doobloon, and in a smothered
voice, ordered him to drive ten miles in an easterly
direction, and then, without a single question,
turn round, and slowly return.

Leaving Dodge and his fair companion to enjoy
their pleasant drive, after a tedious confinement in
a noisy and clattering steamer, we will now return
to the Captain, who at the appointed time gave the
steamer's bell the accustomed number of rings,
handed in the plank, bid a good day to his friends
and showed out into the muddy river.

After seeing that the additional freight was well
balanced, ropes and chains properly stowed away,
and everything in sailor's phrase "all tight," which
occupied nearly an hour, the Captain entered the
ladies' saloon to scrutinize his new passengers,
and past an agreeable half hour with his sweet and
affectionate wife.

Not seeing his lady he repaired to her state-room,
where he found the usual variety of cut and inside
dresses, nightgowns, shawls, stockings, etc., but no

the good wishes of the Captain and wife, an elab-
orately finished and massive gold ring, on which
was engraved the Captain's name and residence,
and underneath, in very fine lettering, the simple
but expressive word—"SOLD."

Dodge showed us the ring, and amid the shouts
of the fraternity, exclaimed:

"Boys, I have preserved this thing, with great
care and attention, for a wedding gift, but hasn't
yet found the woman who had the courage to offer
herself, and it's all nonsense for me to mention
the subject, for they'd insist upon it." Old Dodge
was commencing one of his jokes.—Boston Ma-
gazine.

The LIGHT OF NATURE.—The celebrated Mr.
Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the
light of Nature; and the no less celebrated Robert-
son wrote on the necessity of Revelation, and the
insufficiency of the light of Nature. Hume came
one evening to visit Robertson, and the evening
was spent in conversing on the subject. The friends
of both were present; and it is said that Robertson
reasoned with unaccommodated clearness and power.
Whether Hume was convinced by his reasonings,
or no, we cannot tell; but at any rate he did not
acknowledge his convictions. Hume was very
much of a gentleman; and as he was about to de-
part, bowed politely to those in the room, while,
as he retired through the door, Robertson took
the light to show him the way. Hume was still facing
the door; "O, sir," said he to Robertson, "I find
the light of Nature always sufficient," and he con-
tinued: "Pray don't trouble yourself, sir," and so
he bowed out. The street door was open; and
presently, as he bowed along in the entry, he stum-
bled over something concealed, and pitched down
stairs into the street. Robertson ran after him with
a light; and as he held it over him, whispered
softly and cunningly: "You had better have a little
light from above, friend Hume." And raising him
up, he bade him good night, and returned to his
friends.

DISCOVERIES OF BUTTER IN BEGS NEAR BAL-
TIMORE.—Last week a small farmer, named James
Young, residing in the parish of Belknap, on the
estate of John M. Neal, Esq. of Farmington, dug up
out of a bog in which he was working, a keg of but-
ter, in a remarkable state of preservation. The
wood composing the keg itself was completely rot-
ten, whilst the butter, about 60lb., was in taste, col-
or, and general appearance, as though it had not
been secreted more than a month. Those in the
neighborhood who have seen the firkin entertain
the belief that it was hidden during the "trouble-
some times of '98." A few days previously a firkin
was found in Fenagh Bog, about four miles
from Baltimore, on the estate of the Earl of Mount-
cashell. The possessor of it is a farmer, named
Moses Paul, who discovered it a few weeks under
the surface of a section of the bog which had been
under cutting for several years. In this case the
butter was quite grayish in appearance, and nasty
in taste and smell. It had evidently been under
ground for a great number of years. The firkin,
too, is not at all like those of ordinary use. It seems
to have been formed of osiers, cemented on the
outside, and is in shape somewhat like the old
Romany amphora. Thus, we understand, is the third
or fourth instance of a similar description which has
been found in the Fenagh Bog.—Provincial (Ireland)
paper.

THE SAILOR REPORTER.—A very profane and
prodigal sailor, who belonged to a vessel lying
in the port of New York, went out one day from
his ship into the street, bent on fully and wicked-
ness. He met a pious little girl, whose feelings he
tried to wound by mingling and sinful language.
The little girl looked at him earnestly in the face,
warned him of his danger, and, with a solemn tone
bade him to remember that he must meet her at the
bar of God. This unexpected reproof affected him.
To use his own language, "it was like a broad-
sword, raking him fore and aft, and sweeping by the
board every sail and spar prepared for a wicked
man." Ashamed and confounded, he returned
to his ship. He could not banish from his mind
the reproof of this little girl. Her look was pre-
sent to his mind; her solemn declaration, "You
must meet me at the bar of God," deeply affected
his heart. The more he reflected upon it, the more
uncomfortable he felt. In a few days his heart
was subdued, and he submitted to the Sa-
viour. He became a consistent follower of the
Lamb.

A KNORRY QUESTION.—A sucker, being put
to a glass of the cracker, went into a grocery
store, and commenced the following dialogue—
"Rivster, I'll take fourpence worth of crackers."
"Yes sir," replied the grocer; and the crackers
were accordingly bagged up.

"On second thought," says the sucker, "I'll
take a fourpence worth of gin, and five's your
crackers?"

The grocer received the crackers, and the sucker
received the gin, which was speedily drunk, and
the sucker was about departing—
"Here," says the grocer, "pay me for that gin."
"Pay you," says the sucker, "didn't I give you
the crackers for the gin?"

"True," says the grocer, "but you didn't pay
for the crackers?"

"In course not," says the sucker; "I didn't
keep them! Hain't you got your crackers? You
don't want a man to pay for what he didn't have,
do you?"

Sucker departed, leaving grocer engaged in the
process of extracting his hair.

TO THE GIRLS.—A curious fact is thus told
in one of our exchange papers:—"Take a string that
will reach twice round the neck of a young lady—
let her hold the ends in her teeth, and then if the
noose will slip over her head to the back of her
neck, it is a certain indication that she is married,
or wants to be."

Try it, young 'uns.

A Thrilling Story—Continued in Russia.

On the 22d day of May, 1841, a battalion of the
military colony, established at Norogorod, was
drawn upon the parade ground adjoining the ex-
tensive barracks, constructed in the most ancient
and solitary portion of the city, near the church St.
Sophia.

In front of the ranks stood Gen. L., a tall man
of fifty, remarkable for his erect carriage, mengre-
ness, narrow complexion, and large grey, restless
eyes. He was known throughout the camp for his
bravery, of which he had given many brilliant
proofs in the campaigns of Turkey and Persia; it
was clear that domestic infelicities had soured his
temper, or that his heart had become hardened by
the frequent applications of a discipline, degrading
in its nature and often horrible in its effects. Gen.
L. had become a terror to the soldiers and scarcely
a day passed in which his command was not sig-
nified by acts of such severity as well deserved to
be called ferocious.

It was known that this man cherished a profound
attachment for a young girl, the daughter of an old
companion in arms, killed in battle. He adopted
the orphan child, brought her up with care, and
never allowed her to be separated from him—
And she, though grateful for the kindness of her
father, by adoption, was not the less governed by
an irresistible feeling of constraint when in his
presence, the result of his stern brevity of speech,
imperious manner, and cold severity of aspect. She
was known among the troops by the expressive
name of "Soloviova (the Nightingale)," given in re-
cognition of the grace with which she sang the
softly plaintive ballads of the Slavonians.

Soloviova, to please the General, appeared at the
reviews. One day she was sitting at a window of
the General's quarters, in a room on the ground
floor, where her eye ranged along the extended
ranks—and a bright flush overpread her features
as her glance rested for a moment on the handsome
features of a young surgeon-major, Ivan Poletoff,
whose many form was set-off to a rare advantage
by the simple uniform of his military grade.

Gen. L. passed and re-passed along the front line
of the Battalion without a single word, but with a
frowning brow and an angry expression on his
features, he perceived that some of the men were
absent. Suddenly he heard the slow and muffled
beat of a drum, and from the extremity of the
plain was seen advancing a band of soldiers, each
carrying in his hand one of those long rods which
are still used in the Russian service as the tool of
battal punishment. At this sight the General turned
in amazement to his aids, and in a voice of
thunder demanded who had given the order, and
who was to be the victim.

A Sergeant, conspicuous by his scarred and livid
countenance, darted before the General, snatched
from him his sword, struck him on the face, and
coolly answered, "You?"

At these words an electric shock seemed to pass
along the ranks, and a gleam of light shined upon
the habitually passionless features of the men. By
a spontaneous movement, the officers advanced
from the line to the rescue of their commander;
but in a moment they were seized, thrown to the
ground, and menaced with a score of bayonets.

Ivan was alone exempted, for his humanity had
won for him the affection of the troops. A gren-
adier who stood near him, whispered in his ear,
"Whether the nightingale sings or remains silent,
do not move. A word, a single step, and you are
dead."

Recovering from his stupor, General L. grasped
with each hand one of the bayonets pointed at his
breast, imbed them aside with a powerful effort,
and cried out, with a feverish glance along the
line, "To your knees, vile brutes, and beg for
mercy, or there will not be skin enough on your
backs to expiate for your crimes."

A savage chuckle was the answer to this threat,
and the sergeant, with faithful tranquility, which
indicated a settled purpose, said—
"Every one of us knows the doom that awaits
him, and is prepared to resign his life. When
your sentence is fulfilled we shall go before Gen.
Sturoff, the Governor of Norogorod; we shall lay
his feet your sword, belt, orders, and what remains
of your body, and we shall say to him, 'Gen.
L. was a tiger; we have slain him; here are our
weapons, we await our punishment.' And thus
saying, the sergeant tore away the General's epau-
lettes and trampled them under his feet.

"These decorations belong not to you," he con-
tinued; "a knot should be borne by the execution-
er. Remember the soldier Batsokoff, scourged
with rods for having been a moment too late in pre-
sented arms. Remember the old subaltern, who
for a spot on his uniform, was ordered by you from
the ranks, and struck upon the face with your whip,
until the blood ran down his cheeks. The unhap-
py man, frantic with rage and pain lifted his hand
in resistance, and for this he was flogged, and
sent, maimed and dying, to Siberia."

The sergeant, while he spoke, had continued
with a terrible composure, to strip the General of
his belt, his coat, and his under garments.

"That scabbeard, like myself, bears the name of
Goedenoff; we were born at the same hotel—he
was my brother."

Spite of his indomitable firmness, the General
could not refrain from shuddering as he listened to
this fearful accusation; so eminent in its calm sim-
plicity, so passionless in its brevity. As the Sol-
oviova, she had looked on at first with vague won-
der, unable to comprehend the scene that passed
before her; but when she saw the General deprived
of his sword, his uniform torn away, his form
exposed—then she began to perceive the purpose
of his assailants; and to understand that he was
doomed to receive the degrading punishment he
had so often inflicted. Seized with horror, she rose
to his feet, clasped her hand in supplication, and
shrieked in terror and despair.

Ivan had till this moment stood motionless and
silent, but he could not resist the anguish of her be-
sought. He forgot the stern excitement of the loved,

the hopelessness of his intercession, and made a
step forward; but the loud ring of a musket was
heard—Ivan threw up his arms, turned on his heel
convulsively, and fell to the ground a corpse. The
bullet had pierced his heart.

A gigantic soldier stepped forward from the ranks,
lifted the body, and bearing it to the window where
Soloviova stood, he threw it at her feet, and said,
"Nightingale, this belongs to you."

While as unable, she gazed upon the corpse of
her lover, bent towards it, and the bloody fore-
head with her handkerchief, gave forth one enable
cry, and fell by its side.

Meantime General L. had been bound to a gun
carriage, dragged through the ranks, and scolded
with rods, the torture of which was but the begin-
ning of his punishment. He had scarcely reached
the extremity of the line, when a voice exclaimed,
"To the oven!"

The unhappy General, half dead with agony,
heard the words, and knew their literal meaning.
One hundred voices repeated "To the oven!"

A mortal paleness overspread his features; his
courage gave way; he groaned and begged for
mercy. But the hurra of the battalion drowned his
voice, and Goedenoff, approaching him once,
replied: "I too, begged for mercy when my broth-
er fell dying with the blows you ordered."

We will not pursue the hideous details of this
scene that followed, only adding that Gen. L. and
the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in
ovens, which the feroz soldiers took care to
heat slowly, were literally baked alive.

The crime presented a frightful originality, and
it was deemed meet its expiation should be like-
wise. The things were borne to the Emperor, and
eight days after several battalions of artillery
marched through the streets of the ancient Russian
capital; they had been preceded by a major-gen-
eral who had won for himself in the Polish cam-
paigns the title of Warsaw Eveninging. One of
his aids appeared at the barracks of the mothers,
and ordered them to parade the next morning, in
fatigue dress, and without their weapons, in the
small square at the western end of the city. The
reply by their invariable anxiety, (which) put on
their long grey coats and round caps, and then
their moustaches as for an ordinary field day; they
pale, silent, and with white lips, but keeping per-
fect order in their ranks, they traversed the city be-
tween two files of Cossacks, followed by the terri-
ble gaze of the inhabitants. On their arrival in the
square, they posted themselves in solemn column,
noiselessly and without confusion.

The drums beat—the bells of the churches pealed
forth a solemn clang—and the battalions of canon-
niers, planted in the avenues that led into the square,
opened upon them a deadly fire of grape shot—
Each discharge was succeeded by a shout, a multi-
tude of those who prided themselves on staying
"like men who knew no fear. Three lots the fire
was kept up, and when at the close, the execu-
tioners of this awful sentence traversed the place
through a lake of blood, they found but live whom
the grape shot had not reached—among these was
the surgeon, Goedenoff. They all perished under
the murderous blow of the knut. The sergeant
mounted his horse, and composed to dis-
ease. Stretched on the fatal plank, he seemed un-
conscious of the lash that tore his bleeding flesh,
and addressed the executioner, he coolly asked if
his allotted number of blows would soon be com-
pleted.

"They are finished now," said the executioner.
"So much the better," replied Goedenoff, "for
I am very hungry."

ASPECT OF DEATH IN CHINA.—Few things
appear so very beautiful as a very young child in
its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sub-
limely simple and confiding among the cold ter-
rors of death—crimeless and fearless, that the little
mortal has passed under the shadow, and ex-
ploded the mystery of dissolution. There is death
in its sublimity; purest innocence—no hatred, no
hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow
ever darkened that face; death is come for-
tunately upon it; there is nothing cruel in victory.
The yearnings of love—indeed cannot be stifled, for
the father, and mother, and the little world of
thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever.
Aye, too, will we grieve us in its presence, for we
are looking on death; but we do not fear for the
lonely voyager—for the child has gone, simple and
trusting into the presence of its all-wise Father,
and of soul, we know, is the Kingdom of Heaven.

THE WHEELBARROW MAN.—Dang me if I don't
believe the world's a wheelbarrow," said a jolly
inebriate as he rolled along the pavement, and I'm the
wheel, revolving on my axis. Now I'm in the
mad," continued he, as he fell headlong in the gutter,
"and now I'm on dry land," as he lay on the
curbstone. His concluding remark, as he
boasted followed his head down in open fellar-way,
was—"now the wheel is broke and the vehicle is
out of repair." Pet the poor world jugged on with-
out a wheel, and a certain individual woke up
with a scoured countenance and a slight headache.

MARRIAGES.—It has lately been discovered by
some of the Boston gentlemen, that Jenny Lind
sings, drinks, walks, and sleeps precisely like other
people. What a thought!

"Do you drink ink in America?" asked a cork-
ney. "Hail! no; we drink tawker and high-
brow," said the Yankee.

A Philopoy asserts that the reason why Ladies
teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's, is because of
the friction of the tongue and the sweetness of the
lips.

The thrasher that kicked the boy over has been
arrested, and made to give bail. The plea that it
was "cocked" at the time, was ruled out of Court.

Mormon women, it is said, have commenced
dressing in pantaloon. We know of some in this
section who do the same thing.