

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, November 18, 1854.

KANSAS.

We have received the first number of the "Herald of Freedom," a paper, printed at Wakarusa, in the Territory of Kansas, by G. W. Brown & Co.—The Herald is a large and well printed sheet, mostly filled with information in regard to the new Territory. It purports to be "An Independent Weekly Newspaper, devoted to Freedom and the interests of Kansas Territory."

The first number displays an ability and courage which do much towards securing the fertile fields of Kansas from the polluting presence of Slavery. We have made some selections from its editorials, most interesting to our readers, which will be found below:—

SETTLE IN KANSAS.

Five hundred thousand settlers can be accommodated with the best lands in the world by locating immediately in this Territory. The soil is of the richest character, varying from eighteen inches to five feet in depth; the climate is salubrious, the thermometer rarely or never rising above 105 degrees in the shade. In Pennsylvania, where we resided during the last summer, it stood for days in succession at 106 deg. from ten in the forenoon to three in the afternoon. The winters are comparatively mild with us, though subject to frequent changes, on account of the high altitude of the country. The productions of Missouri, Kentucky and Ohio grow in great abundance. Apples, peaches, and pears seem well adapted to the soil. Mr. Walker, the intelligent provisional Governor of the Wyandot Indians, and formerly from northern Ohio, says he raises annually the most luscious peaches he ever saw. Melons grow of mammoth proportions.

The agriculturists who seek a new home in the West should not stop to make a location until he has visited this Territory. The organized emigration of the world is now turned towards it, and it possesses advantages on this account which are not afforded by any western State.

In December last, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Indian Territory, in his annual report said, in substance, "Aside from the government agents, troops and missionaries, there are not at this time, three white inhabitants in all that region lying west of the Missouri, and embraced in the limits of Kansas and Nebraska." But ten months have passed since then, and now, instead of a population enumerated by a monosyllable, there are many thousands settled all over the country, and hundreds are pouring in daily, selecting and staking out farms, on which they purpose locating with their families.

We confidently predict that in less than a year from this time, we shall number fully one hundred thousand souls. The times indicate it. In all the northern States; indeed, in nearly every country, there are movements Kansas ward, and frequently the numbers are so great as to deteriorate the value of property, particularly real estate. And why not? Lands in many parts of the north, not favorably located for a market, or peculiarly productive, command from thirty to fifty and seventy-five dollars per acre.

Here the government price is but one dollar and twenty five cents, and the title deeds are in the government, hence no question to their validity.

The cost of turning over the prairie ranges from two to three dollars an acre. The first crop—usually of corn—will pay the expenses of culture; then the farmer with his hundred acres of the richest land in the world, perfectly subdued, and capable of raising any species of vegetation, finds it costing him from three hundred and seventy-five to four hundred dollars. It is in a condition which twenty years of hard labor in a timbered country cannot make it; and he finds himself enabled to produce a luxuriant crop of vegetation with merely one third the labor required on the "hardpan" soil of most of the northern and middle States.

It is true many of the conveniences of a timbered country are wanting here; but these can all be supplied by the hand of labor. "But," says the inquirer, "what will be done for fences? You have no timber, or not sufficient, to be used for fencing purposes, and it appears to me impossible to get along in such a country." In some of the western prairie States they have got along very well without timber, and here, in Kansas, we expect to get along still better. The Osage Orange, which is used for hedges, grows in three years, and produces a natural fence capable of turning aside the largest animals. The severity of the winter in more northern latitudes makes this useless to the prairie farmers of Iowa and Wisconsin, but here it will increase in value from year to year, and is worth more than a dozen rail fences, which cost such an immense amount of labor to erect.

It is objected that our market is too far removed. To those who are not at all acquainted with our position in the Republic, the objection is insuperable; but those who have observed that we have an excellent water communication with all parts of the world; and that in two years, at the furthest, we shall be banded with iron, and a rail connecting us with Boston and New York, along which the steam horse will be propelled at the rate of from thirty to forty miles per hour, the objection is worthless. The whole valley of the Mississippi will furnish a market, as will the government trains which cross the plains to New Mexico and the Rocky mountains to Utah, California, Oregon and Washington Territory. Besides this, we expect a large home market; for mechanics have already commenced, pouring in by thousands, and the numerous articles which are imported into other western States will be manufactured among us. Agricultural implements of every species, which are usually made in the eastern States, will be constructed in the Kansas Valley. We are already talking of our commercial city, which we claim is

to rival the growth of any western town. Chicago, with its population of 70,000 in twenty-two years, will find her growth less rapid than the great City of the Plains, which is to be the half way house between the Atlantic and Pacific, and the commercial emporium of North America.

The Pacific Railway will be complete during the next ten years. It must necessarily pass along the southern bank of the Kansas and up one of its principal tributaries to the south pass in the Rocky Mountains. While this road is being constructed the surplus products of the rich farms which fancy sees already, covered with "bending grain and golden rinded fruit," will be needed to supply the wants of its laborers, and the money will be required in return to meet the incidental wants of the Kansas farmer.

Again we say, send on the five hundred thousand farmers, mechanics and artisans, and we will pledge them the most beautiful farms and the richest country in all the bounties of nature which the sun of heaven ever shone upon.

TO THE READER.—As early as the middle of March last we signified our intention, through the columns of the *Commentary Weekly Courier*—a paper we then published in Pennsylvania—to locate in Kansas, on certain conditions, which are shadowed forth in the following extract which we copy from that journal:

"If we can dispose of our property here, so as not to suffer too great a sacrifice, or hazard the existence of the *Courier*—can obtain one hundred families to emigrate to the same locality, at the same time—and the *Nebraska-Kansas bill* shall become a law, by which slavery shall be permitted to enter that fertile region—then we will start with our 'household gods' for some locality on the eastern borders of Kansas Territory, and contribute our humble influence in beating back the advancing hordes of southern chivalry and their 'human chattels'; and with the aid of the Press will invite the free sons of the North to contribute their shares in building up an empire there which shall be sacred to Freedom. Slavery shall never be permitted to extend its blighting influence over the western valley of the Missouri and its tributaries."

All the conditions included in the foregoing paragraph have been literally fulfilled, and in accordance with that resolve the *Herald of Freedom* is now established in this territory.

We have no promise to make, nor no lengthy programme to give the public, other than the fact that we have published an independent paper for the last seven years, and in undertaking the entire supervision of the *Herald of Freedom*, with such assistance as the circumstances may demand, we expect to remain untrammelled. In favor of the greatest amount of human freedom, opposed to wrong in all its forms, it is expected that our views will occasionally conflict with those who differ from us. In all our differences, however, we will labor to avoid unpleasantness, or anything which partake of a malevolent spirit.

Our great object is to make Kansas a free State; and to that end we shall labor by encouraging emigration. It is not our purpose to engage in a crusade against our southern brethren, nor upon their institutions, so long as confined within their legitimate sphere. Our field is KANSAS, and here we shall labor, and here shall erect anew the altar of LIBERTY. With the Declaration of American Independence in one hand and the Constitution of the Republic in the other we engage in a defensive warfare for the Right. We firmly believe that victory will crown the efforts of the Sons of Freedom; but the struggle will be long and arduous. We may be stricken down at first but not defeated.

With this simple declaration we launch our humble barque on the wide sea of public opinion, and trust that propitious winds and favorable currents may glide us swiftly to our destined port.

OUR HEAD.—The engraving, forming part of the head of the *HERALD OF FREEDOM*, was designed with the purpose of illustrating the commercial city which will soon make its appearance in the Kansas Valley. It represents a sunset view on the prairies, with the meandering of the Kansas, and also an indistinct view of the mouth of the Wakarusa; while above, on the southern bank of the Kansas, is seen the beautiful city, which will soon have an existence other than in name. The steamboat is rapidly making its way up the river, heavily laden with human freight, while on the left may be seen a locomotive and train of passenger cars, probably the first trip over the Pacific Railway. In front a train of emigrant wagons are observed, while near them on the left is a small party, perhaps of our southern brethren, who look rather disheartened in view of the immense tide of free laborers who are hourly making their way to the interior portions of the territory. The design is a happy one, and the artist has our thanks for the fidelity of its execution.

A WORD TO EMIGRANTS.—With one of the most salubrious climates in the world, we think Kansas Territory offers inducements to the enterprising emigrants for settling in it superior to any other country; and yet we would impress upon them the advantage of locating in the fall or early in the winter, in preference to the spring. With every country, though no more than a hundred miles distant from another, there is a change in climate, to which we must become acclimated, if we would enjoy good health. All experience has demonstrated that autumn and winter best prepares the human constitution for atmospheric changes. He who locates in a new country during these seasons is seldom affected by the diseases peculiar to the climate, whilst he who removes in the spring too often falls a prey to what appears to him an unaccountable fever.

It is apprehended by some that there will be much suffering from those who locate among us this fall, from the want of the necessities of life, and protection from the inclemency of the weather; but let all such remember that money, or that of which money is the representative—labor—will

supply both of these wants here, and at a much lower rate than they can be supplied in the eastern cities. Those, however, who wish to enjoy the luxuries of life in abundance, and who are not willing to forego a little present ill for a future competence, have no business in the territory, and we advise them by all means to remain behind. Those of us who have located in Kansas have done so with the view of building up a great and powerful State. We make it our permanent home and design it as the abode of our children. Cities, prosperous villages and cultivated fields must soon take the place of desolation; and schools, academies, colleges and churches are destined, in a very few years, to decorate every hill side. Who is there whose brow indicates intelligence, and every action energy of purpose, who is not desirous of contributing his influence in moulding the destinies of the future commonwealth. Come on then now, this very season, and the thousands who are but a few months ahead of you will welcome you cordially to their homes, and extend to you every aid and protection in their power.

BE VIGILANT.—The friends of Kansas in the east, and particularly in New England, must be active in this movement to forward pioneers, if they expect to secure this territory to freedom. Missourians are doing their utmost to secure the preponderance of slavery sentiments, and are locating by hundreds around Fort Leavenworth, in view of the proximity of that place to the capital.

The election will take place soon, and it is all-important for the triumph of freedom that active measures be employed to hurry up emigration. The Emigrant Aid Company is watched with deep interest, and the south conceive it to be their principle antagonist, hence labor for its destruction. Let the friends of that Company be equally efficient in giving it "material aid," and the last hope of the slave power will expire, and every part of Kansas will be secured beyond the reach of the despoiler. We trust it will not be our fortune to record a proslavery triumph as a result of the first election throughout the supineness of northern freemen.

IN ADVANCE.—We issue the first number of our paper considerably in advance of its date, that the friends of the enterprise may see it, and be induced to subscribe immediately. We have worked off an edition of TWENTY THOUSAND COPIES, and already regret that it was not twice as large. We are thinking some of issuing a second edition, and shall do so if the sale is as great as the present demand indicates. In every part of the country information is desired about this "garden of the world," and it shall be our pleasure to furnish it more fully than it can be got through any other source.

OUR POST OFFICE ADDRESS.—Persons having occasion to address us on business, or otherwise, will direct their communications to G. W. Brown & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. We have made arrangements with our agents there to have everything forwarded to us without occasioning delay. The uncertain state of the Post offices in this territory will compel us to receive communications for a while through the Postoffices in Missouri. To avoid unnecessary risk we choose to have everything coming to us forwarded as above.

DESTINY OF KANSAS.—To show the sentiments on the slavery question prevailing about Fort Leavenworth we quote the following resolution, adopted at a meeting held near that place about the 1st of Sept., with but four dissenting votes. We have no doubt it represents the views of the people in that vicinity, as they are principally from western Missouri. A similar resolution would not receive four affirmative votes in the valley of the Kansas river, as the people here are principally from the northern and eastern States, and as far as our information extends, are unanimously opposed to slavery.

Resolved, That Kansas Territory—and as a consequence, the State of Kansas—of right should be and therefore shall be slave territory."

COOL YET ACCOMMODATING.—A manly name Bahr in Sebastian county, was lately in very peculiar circumstances. Whilst absent from home a vagabond by the name of Rose made the acquaintance of his family and actually so far transcended the bounds of propriety as to induce Mrs. Bahr to consent to run away from her husband. Accordingly he yoked up Bahr's oxen, loaded the effects about the house, and placed Mrs. Bahr and her two children on the top of them, and was just about to cry out "git up Berr," when Bahr made his appearance. He had already heard of his wife's unfaithfulness and came up weeping.

"Oh, Polly Jane, Polly Jane, are you going to leave me and take away Bob and Sarinda?" Mrs. Bahr answered not a word, but the attention of Rose was drawn to the lamentations.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bahr?" said Rose.

"Polly and the children is going to be separated from me," responded Bahr.

"No need of that, Mr. Bahr, no need of that. Come and go along with us; in fact we need you to carry water and chop wood. Cheer up and come along. Don't look at the dark side of life, you'll have a first rate time. Get up Berr!"

HOW TO ENLIGHTEN HIM.—A bashful Yokel was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. Yokel called one day when she was alone at home. After settling the merits of the weather, Miss said, looking slyly into his face. "I dreamed of you last night."

"Did you? why now?"

"Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me!"

"Why now! what did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh, I dreamed she wasn't at home!"

A light dawned on Yokel's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack—perhaps Yokel's whip and perhaps not; but in about a month more they were twain, &c.

Selected Poetry.

MARTHA MASON:

A Song of the Old French War.
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Robbie Rawlin, frosts were falling,
When the raven's horn was calling,
Through the woods of Canada;
Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,
Gone the spring-time's bud and blowing,
Gone the summer's harvest mowing,
And again the fields are gay;
Yet away, he's away;
Faint and fainter hope is growing,
In the hearts that mourn his stay.

"Martha Mason, Martha Mason,
Prithee tell us what's the reason
That you mope at home to-day;
Surely smiling is not sinning;
Leave your quilting, leave your spinning,
What is a-Jay store of linen,
If your heart is never gay;
Come away, come away!
Never did did beginning
Make the end of life a play!"

Overbending, till she's blending
With the flaxen skein she's tending,
Pale brown tresses smoothed away
From her face of patient sorrow,
Sits she, seeking but to borrow
From the trembling hope of morrow,
Solace for the weary day.

"Go your way, laugh and play;
Unto him who heeds the sparrow
And the lily, let me pray."
"With our rally, rings the valley—
Join us!" cried the blue-eyed Nelly;
"Join us!" cried the laughing May,
"To the beach we all are going,
And to save the task of rowing,
West by north the wind is blowing,
Blowing briskly down the bay!"

"Come away, come away!
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,
Let us take them while we may!"
"Never tell us that you'll fail us,
When the purple beach-plum mellow
On the bluff so wild and gay;
Hasten, for the oars are falling;
Hark, our merry mates are calling;
Time is it that we were all in,
Singing twined down the bay!"

"Nay, nay, let me stay;
Sore and sad for Robbie Rawlin,
Is my heart," she said, "to-day!"
"Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin,
Some red squaw his moose meat's broiling,
Or some French lass, singing gay,
Just forget as he's forgetting;
What's the use of always fretting;
If some stars must needs be setting,
Others rise as good as they!"

"Cease, I pray, go your way!"
Martha cries, her eye-lids wetting;
"Poul and fable the words you say!"
"Martha Mason, hear to reason,
Prithee put a kinder face on—
"Cease to vex me!" did she say.
"Spake you true instead of lying,
If I knew the pines were sighing,
O'er his grave, and wild birds crying,
I, as now, would say you nay.
But away, far away,
Turns my heart, forever trying
Some new hope for each new day."

When the shadows hied the meadows,
And the sunset's golden ladders
Climb the twilight's walls of gray,
From the window of my dreaming,
I can see his firelock gleaming,
And his smile of welcome beaming
Brightly on his homeward way;
But away, swift away,
Glides the fond delusion seeming,
And I kneel again to pray!"

Look up, Martha! worn and swartly,
Glowed a face of manhood worthy,
"Robbie!"—"Martha!"—all they say.
"O'er went wheel and reel together,
Little eared the owner whither;
Heart of lead is heart of feather,
Noon of night is golden day;
Come away, come away;
When true loves meet each other,
Why should prying idlers stay!"

THE HONEY-MOON SEASON.—The Sandusky Register affirms that the "honey moon season" is raging some in its neighborhood, and publishes the following diagnosis of the "affection" for the benefit of those who may fall victims to its ravages:

Second day—speechless ecstasy—bliss impossible to be expressed.

Fifth day—Bliss still in the ascendant—appetite begins to "look up."

Ninth day—Lady eats her dinner without being kissed between every mouthful.

Twelfth day—"Oh! you naughty naughty boy!" not said quite so frequently.

Fifteenth day—Gentleman fancies a walk solus—comes home and discovers his charmer in tears.

Sixteenth day—Gentleman and lady have returned to the world of sighs, gentle chidings and promises "never to go alone in future." Are invisible nearly all day.

Eighteenth day—Lady is presented with magnificent breakfast; gentleman consults her about the details of their domestic arrangements.

Twenty-first day—Gentleman and lady fancy a "little change," and go to church.

Twenty-fifth day—Lady begins to "pick up," preparatory to return from her wedding tour; gentleman assists her, and only kisses her once during the operation.

Twenty-eighth day—On the journey, gentleman keeps his "lady bird" very snug.

Twenty-ninth day—Commit the dreadful faux pas of falling asleep in each other's company.

Thirtieth day—Arrive at home; greeted by mother-in-law; hugs her dear son, and vanishes aloft with her daughter; husband dancing attendance in sitting room for two hours, already feels savage because the dinner is getting cold, and spirit begins to rebel against the mother of his Amelia. Amelia presently descends looking very charming; husband brightens up, dinner put on the table; mother-in-law drinks wine and is affected to tears; Amelia consoles her "Ma"—evening wears on; mother-in-law leaves; Augustus returns inward thanks, and goes to bed, determined to be at the store very early in the morning and wake up the clerks.

Doesticks Runs with the "Maheen."

701 NARROW STREET.
New York, October 30, 1854.

I am not known by the cognomen of "Mose," nor do I answer to the name of "Sykesy"—neither, as a general thing, promenade the middle of Broadway with my pantaloons tucked in my boots. Still, by the way of a new excitement, I lately joined the fire department, and connected myself with the company of Engine 97.

Bought my uniform, treated the company, took up my quarters in the bunkroom, where I slept by night in a bed occupied in the day time by a big yellow dog. First night wet to bed with my boots on ready for an alarm. At last it came; seized the rope with the rest of the boys; started on a run; tugged and toiled till we got into the 11th district, four miles and a half from home: found the alarm had been caused by a barrel of shavings, and the conflagration had extinguished itself; had to drag her clear back; tired most to death; it wasn't funny at all; turned in; half an hour, new alarm; started again—Hose 80 laid in the same alley, got our apparatus jammed on the corner; fight; 97 victorious; got our machine out, and carried off the fore-wheel of 80's carriage on our tongue; reached the fire; big nigger standing on the hydrant; elected myself appraiser and auctioneer; knocked him down without a bidder, took water; got our stream on the fire; fun; worked till my arms ached; I got to rest, foreman hit me on the head with the trumpet, and told me to go ahead; thought I—n, but kept at it; child in the garret; horrible situation; gallant fireman made a rush up the ladder; batted his way through the smoke—re appeared with a child in each arm, and his pockets full of teaspoons.

Old gentleman from the country; much excited, wanted to help, but didn't exactly know how; he rushed into a fourth story bed room; threw the mirror out of the window; frantically endeavored to hurl the dressing table after it; seized the cool scout, hurriedly put in the poker, bootjack and a pair of worn-out slippers, carried them down stairs, and deposited them in a place of safety four blocks away; came back on a run, into the parlor; took up the door mat, wrapped up an empty decanter in it, and transported it safely into the barn of the nearest neighbor; he kept at work; by dint of heroic exertions he at various times deposited, piece by piece, the entire kitchen cooking stove in the next street, uninjured; and at last, after knocking the piano to pieces with an axe, in order to save the lock, and filling his pockets with the sofa castles, he was seen to make his final exit from the back yard, with a length of stove pipe in each hand, the leading fork tucked behind his ear, and two dozen muffin rings in his hat, which was surmounted by a large sized frying pan.

During the next week there were several alarms—fire in a big block full of paupers—first man in the building; carried down stairs in my arms two helpless, undressed children, thereby saving their valuable lives; on giving them to their mother, she amid a whirlwind of thanks, imparted the gratifying intelligence that one was afflicted with the measles, and the other with the Michigan itch. Fire, in a boarding school; dashed up a ladder; jumped through a window; entered a bedroom; smoke so thick I couldn't see; caught up in my arms a feminine specimen in a long night gown; got back to the window; tried to go down; ladder broke under me; stuck adhesively to the young lady; and after unexampled exertions, deposited her safely in the next house, where I discovered that I had rescued from the devouring element the only child of the block took.

Fire in a storehouse—went on the roof; explosion; found myself in somebody's cellar, with one leg in a soap barrel, and my hair full of fractured hen's eggs; discovered that I had been blown over a church, and had the weathercock still remaining in the rear of my demolished pantaloons. Fire in a liquor store—hose burst; brandy "lying round loose; gin "convulsed;" and old Monaghanella absolutely begging to be protected from further duration; I toted water too much for my delicate constitution; carried home on a shutter. Fire in a church—Catholic—little miable images all round the room in niches; wall began to totter; statues began to fall; St. Andrew knocked my hat over my eyes; St. Peter threw his whole weight on my big toe; St. Jerome hit me a clip over the head which laid me sprawling, when a picture of the Holy Family fell and covered me up like a bed quilt.

Fire in a big clothing store—next day our foreman sported a new silk velvet vest, seven of the men exhibited twelve dollar doeskin pants, and the black boy who sweeps out the bunkroom and scours the engine had a new hat and a flaming red cravat, presented, as I heard, by the proprietor of the stock of goods, as an evidence of his appreciation of their endeavors to save his property. I didn't get any new breeches; on the contrary, lost my new overcoat and got damaged myself. Tell you how—fire out, order came "take up 97;" took off the hose; turned her round; got the boys together, and started for home; corner of the street: Hook and Ladder 100, (Dutch.) Engine 73, (Irish.) Hose 88, (Yankee;) and our own company came in contact; machines got jammed; polyglot swearing by the strength of the companies; got all mixed up; fight; one of 88's men hit foreman of Hook and Ladder 100 over the head with a spanner; 97's engine clipped one of 73's men with a trumpet; 73 retaliated with a paving stone; men of all the companies went in; resolved to "go in" myself; went in; went out again as fast as I could, with a black eye, three teeth (indigestible), I have every reason to believe, in my stomach, intermingled with my supper; my red shirt in carpet rags, and my knuckles skinned, as if they had been panned at a Chatham street Jew; got on a hydrant and watched the fun; 88's boys whipped everything; 73's best man was doubled up like a jack-knife by a dig in the place where Jonah was; four of 97's fellows was lying under the machine with their eyes in mourning; hook and ladder took home

two thirds of their company on the truck; and the last I saw of their foreman he was lying in the middle of the street, with his trumpet smashed flat, his boots under his head, and his pockets inside out. Four policemen on the opposite corner, saw the whole row. On the first indication of a fight, they pulled their hats down over their eyes, covered up their stars, and slunk down the nearest alley. Got home, resigned my commission, made my will, left the company my red shirt and fire cap.—Seen enough of fire service; don't regret my experience, but do grieve for my lost teeth, and my new overcoat. Sorrowing, sorrowfully yours,

Q. K. PHILADELPHIA DOESTICKS, P. B.
P. S.—Have just met the foreman of 73—ha had on my late lamented overcoat; ain't big enough to lick him—magnanimously concluded to let him alone.

Q. K. P. D., P. B.

End of a Tennessee Frolic.

BY SAM SLICK.

Well, we danced and burawed without anything of particular interest to happen till about three o'clock, when the darndest muss was kicked up you ever did see. Jim Smith set down alongside Bet Holden, (the steel trap gal) and just give her a hug, bar fashion. She took it very kind till she seed Sam Henry a looking on from behind about a dozen of gals, then she felt to kicken, and a hollerin', and a screechin', like all wrah. Sam he come up and told Jim to let Bet go. Jim told him to go to a far off country whar they give away brimstone and throw in the fire to burn it. Sam hit him strate across the eyes, and after a few licks the fightin' started. Oh, hush! It makes my mouth water now to think what a beautiful row we had. One fellow from Caly's Cove knocked a hole in the bottom of a fryin' pan, over Dan Tucker's head, and left it hanging 'round his neck, the handle flying about like a long cue, and that it hung till Jake Thurman cut it off with a cold chisel nex' day! That was his share for that night, sure. Another fellow got knocked into a meal barrel; he was as mealy as an Irish tater and as hot as a hoss radish; when he busted the hoops and came out he rared a few! Two fellows fit out of the door, down the hill into the creek, and there ended it in a quiet way all alone. A perfect mule from Stock Creek hit me a wipe with a pair of windin' blades; he made kindlin' wood of them, and I lit on him. We had it head and tails for a long time, all over the house, but it the truth must be told and shame my kin, he warped me nice; jist to save his time, I hollered. The kicking he gave me made sorter uneasy and hostile like; it wakened my wolt wide awake. The little fiddler came serongin' past; his fiddle up over his head to keep it in tune, for fightin' was given toller able brisk. You are the one, thinks I, and I jist grabbed the dough-tray and split it plump over his head! He totted down right that, and I paddled his 'tother end with one of the pieces! While I was a mollifying my feelings in that way, his gal slipped up behind me and fetched me a rake with the pot hooks. Jule Sawyer was thar, and jist annexed to her right off, and a mighty nice fit it was. Jule striped and checked her lace nice, like a partridge net hung on a white fence. She hollered for her filler, but oh, shaw! he couldn't do ner a bit of good; he was too busy ubbin' first his broken head, and then his blistered extremities; so when I thought Jule had given her plenty, I pulled her off, and put her in good humor by givin' her soft sander. Well, I thought at first if I had a drink I'd be about done, so I started for the creek, and the first thing I saw was more stars with my eyes shut than I ever did with them open. I looked around, and it was the little fiddler's big brother! I knowed what it meant, so we locked horns without a word, thar all alone, and I do think we fit an hour. At last some of the fellers heard the joits at the house, and they cum and dug us out, for we had fit into a hole where a big sunnump had burnt out, and there we was, up to our girds, a peggin' away face to face and no dodgin'!

BEAUTIFUL "EPITAFF."—The San Diego Herald publishes the following, written on a young man who was accidentally shot:

"Here lies the body of Jems hambrick who was accidentally shot on the bank of the pacus river by a young man."

he was accidentally shot with one of the large colts' revolvers with no stopper for the cock to rest on it was one of the old fashion kind brass mounted and of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

THE KNUCKERBOCKER TELLS THE FOLLOWING: A little boy after listening some time to his mother's efforts to get a pedlar to "throw in something" with everything she purchased, cast his longing eyes on some primers in the trunk. The pedlar read his wishes, offered to give him one. The little fellow hesitated but when urged said: "I don't know as I can take it unless you will throw in something."

TEEMER SOLITUDE.—Oh! Charles, dear, they tell me you are ordered off to the Theatre of War. I beg of you, therefore, dear, as you love me dear, to bear in mind one thing—and that is, above all, not to forget to take your opera glass, with you, for I know myself how extremely inconvenient it is to go to the Theatre without one.—(Young lady's fair well letter.)—Punch.

"Mr. Jones, have you a match?" "Yes sir—a match for the devil—there she is mixing dough!" Mr. Jones pointed to his wife, and then pointed for the front yard. The last we saw of him he was putting down the road, closely pursued by his offended lady and a cistern pole.

The question has been asked, why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves whilst it is considered correct for ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.