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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 2, 1857.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

I know a house, its open doors  
Wide set to catch the scented breeze,  
While, dimpling all the oaken floors,  
Faint shadows of the swaying trees,  
Pass in and out like spectral things,  
Dim creatures born of summer light,  
Till through the deepening twilight springs  
A paler radiance of the night.  
Then softly in those silent hours  
Fair faces grow upon the gloom,  
And whisper'd words of unseen powers  
Breathe inward with the garden bloom  
Of roses clinging to the garden walls,  
And lawns smooth mown with punctual shears,  
While over roof and threshold falls  
The peace of many a hundred years.  
Enfolding low their ivory fringe,  
The lilies lie upon the pond;  
The first have caught the sunset tinge,  
And murmur, elfin-like, beyond;  
I think whoever sought that grove,  
To dream an hour of love or heaven,  
Might, wrapt in some strange mystery, rove,  
And find his year had grown to seven!  
Great elms, a glorious altar-veil,  
Screen off the yellow evening skies;  
Mid those thick branches, blue and pale,  
The gentle smoke doth curling rise,  
And wavering in the waveless air,  
A certain tender touch impart  
To what were else too calmly fair,  
Like memory in some heaven-faught heart.  
Across the broad unbroken glade  
Which guards this house on either hand,  
The beech-clumps sprinkle shadows of shade,  
These outposts of the forest stand  
And guard the kingdom of the deer,  
The stillness of their charm'd domain,  
Where Spring chimes matins every year,  
And Autumn leaves fall down like rain.  
For miles these beeches rise and fall,  
And ripple like some inland sea;  
From bough to bough the wood-birds call,  
And squirrels nest in every tree;  
Blue depths of distance melt away  
As far as vision may discern,  
And all the open slopes are gay  
With foxgloves and the tangled fern.

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE SANGUINARY DUEL.

BY JOHN L. ZIEBER.

A braggart has often taken for a brave  
reckless man, unless he was really known to  
be harmless, physically speaking, would possess  
the power of intimidating peaceably dis-  
posed persons.  
Jim Rankins was one of the class of indi-  
viduals above mentioned—he was a barkeeper  
in the tavern in the village of B—. He was  
not a native of that place, hence all his  
marvellous narratives about himself, as he related  
them could not safely be contradicted.  
But in the course of time "quitters" began to  
rise regarding the veracity of all his daring  
adventures—he enlarged so much that none  
but the most verdant believed him, and he soon  
found that his hearers would occasionally wink  
at the most of his most daring exploits.  
There resided in the village another indi-  
vidual whose name was Oliver Mills; he was  
naturally affected, he blustered and foamed  
furiously, and the majority of the citizens avoid-  
ed him. He was a large athletic man of about  
twenty-four or five, and a quarrelsome fellow  
he never hesitated to knock a man over who  
dared to insult or affront him.  
There existed a rivalry between the two in-  
dividuals which was destined to create a gene-  
ral "blow up" some day, as Jim once expres-  
sively said. The two were not on speaking terms,  
and could either tell it was so; they could  
know that a cordial hatred for each other  
burned in their bosoms, and neither sought to  
quench it. Both were ever eager at the  
least affront, to challenge the other, with  
difference; Jim would challenge his foe  
to mortal combat—pistols—while Oliver Mills  
would use Nature's cudgels—fists only.  
One evening Rankins sat in a grocery store  
with many of the villagers of congregated;  
and was relating some marvellous stories, and  
just reached the most interesting point,  
when the word "liar," in a loud tone rang  
through the apartment.  
In a moment Jim sprang upon his feet, and  
demanded who the individual was who  
dared apply such an obnoxious epithet to him.  
"Twas me said it, you darned blower,"  
cried Mills, as he strode forth, and con-  
fronted the astonished bully.  
Now it should be known that Rankins ne-  
ver admitted any of his adventures when Mills  
present, he had probably reasons of his  
own for so doing; but on this occasion he was  
surprised. Mills and the proprietor  
of the store had been in an out house for some  
time, examining some hams, and they re-  
turned just as Rankins was in the midst of his  
story—Mills listened but a moment, when he  
uttered the word above mentioned.  
For a moment Rankins stood eyeing his  
talky rival as if undecided how to pro-  
ceed, but at length he cried:  
"Sir, you must recall that vile word or fight  
me."  
"Well, if I must, I must," said Mills calm-  
ly.  
"Well then apologise at once," said Ran-  
kins, seemingly misunderstanding his  
intentions.  
"You are blasted!" exclaimed Mills, "I'll  
fight you!"  
"I'll fight you," cried Jim, in confusion, "I thought  
you were going to apologise—to retract the  
word you made use of."  
"Never mind what you thought, I'll fight  
you," replied Mills.

"Very well, sir, I'll send my second to yours  
tomorrow to arrange matters."  
"Arrange thundersation," cried Mill, "What  
do I want with seconds? If you send any  
one to me to arrange things, I'll smash his  
face just as I'm going to yours."

"Sir," said Jim, with an air of dignity, "you  
entirely mistake the nature of our contem-  
plated meeting, I fight only with the weapons of  
a gentleman—pistols or swords?"

"Why you blasted cowardly skunk," cried  
the enraged bully, "you don't mean to say  
that you refuse to fight me?"

"I shall not disgrace myself by resorting to  
the vulgar practice of settling such affairs, arm  
only will suit," said Jim.

"Well, don't you call these arms?" said  
Mills, throwing himself in an attitude, and  
displaying a pair of limbs of that name.

"You understand me," said Jim, and saying  
this he left the store.

Those present now persuaded Mills to accept  
the challenge, and one of them, a great  
wag, volunteered to act as his second.

The two seconds met, and secretly resolved  
to amuse themselves at the expense of those  
two pests of B—.

The hour fixed upon for the meeting was 2  
o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, and  
the distance agreed upon was only ten yards.

They met, and judging by their features, one  
would have supposed they would rather have  
been somewhere else, and under different cir-  
cumstances, they looked really miserable.

The seconds once more pretended to endeavor  
to reconcile the two young men, but nei-  
ther would withdraw a word; both yearned  
for blood, if their assertions could be relied  
upon.

They finally took their places, pistols in  
hand, and hearts in their throats—the second  
who was to give the signal to fire, approached  
the surgeon, and said:

"I suppose you have your implements handy  
in case an amputation is necessary?"

"Yes, sir," replied surgeon Thompson, who  
was aware that the pistols were not even load-  
ed with wads, though in the present case, had  
they contained balls they would have been  
just as harmless in the hands of those two lubberly  
cowards.

Had it been a "fist fight," Mills would have  
fought Rankins with pleasure, but he had a  
horror of powder and ball—he would not have  
accepted the challenge had not Bill Krane, his  
second, assured him that Rankins would not  
stand fire, so here he was now in a horrible  
situation, with the eyes of twenty-five or thirty  
of his acquaintances upon him, who would  
be so many witnesses against him if he did not  
requit himself manfully.

The remarks of his second relative to the  
amputation of limbs were as daggers to his al-  
ready excited feelings, and the effect of those  
apparently sincere words told with equal effect  
upon the other boaster—both were as pale as  
sheets.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asked the  
second.

"Yes," stammered Rankins with nervous  
trepidation. Mills would not trust himself  
with his voice, so he merely inclined his head.

"At the word 'three' you will please to  
fire," said the other, "now prepare for victory  
or death!"

The two stretched them stood daring at each  
other with blanched cheeks and dilated eyes;  
at the word "one," they started convulsively,  
and both turned a shade paler. When "two"  
was pronounced they presented an appearance  
at once pitiful and ludicrous. Mills perspired  
like an over-worked slave—his mouth stood  
open with fear, and his unoccupied hand open-  
ed and shut again in a nervous manner.

Rankins' face was actually greenish white,  
his knees smote together, and finally his hat  
fell off—his hair stood on end! It could not  
be decided then which of the two was the most  
frightened.

Suddenly both seemed to nerve themselves;  
they assumed a more determined demeanor,  
and looked less horrified. The spectators  
thought they would now really fire, a fact  
which before was very much doubted.

At the word "three" they both raised their  
pistols, and then simultaneously dropped their  
arms again, and pistols in hand they took to  
their heels in opposite directions. It now ap-  
peared evident to those assembled, that the  
look of firmness which the "duellists" exhib-  
ited previous to their giving out the word  
"three," was only a determination to run, in  
case the other persisted in remaining firm, but  
unfortunately, both were too cowardly to see  
how much courage the other possessed, hence  
the result above.

Now it occurred to Rankins, at the moment  
he turned his back, that Mills also took to his  
heels, so in order to maintain his reputation  
as a brave man, he turned back again after  
running a dozen paces or so. But unfortun-  
ately for him, Mills became possessed of the same  
idea, and acted upon it likewise, so when the  
valiant challenger presented his pistol—duel  
fashion, he was horrified to behold the redoubt-  
able challenged party apparently ready to fight  
it out. Both were horror struck, and the ef-  
fect was instantaneous, but it operated in two  
distinct ways on the individuals most concern-  
ed. Mills fled a second time, this time, how-  
ever, dropping the pistol; the waggish second  
picked up the weapon, and discharged it after  
the fugitive.

This capped the climax; Mills thought his  
opponent shot at him, and he redoubled his  
speed executing some superior feats of running.  
Rankins when he heard the report of the pistol  
took it for granted that he was shot, and  
with a howl of terror he sank upon the ground.  
When he returned to consciousness he found  
himself alone; all had left the spot; he re-  
turned to the tavern through some byway, and  
next morning the first stage conveyed him to  
a distant town.

He was never again seen in B—, and  
Oliver Mills became a respectable citizen, only  
once when he spoke somewhat sharply to a  
neighbor who differed from him in politics, the  
latter merely said:

"Do you want me to challenge you to fight  
a duel?"

This was enough to silence him.

Thus, by judicious management of Bill Krane  
the wag of B—, the inhabitants of that  
town were rid of two obnoxious individuals by  
driving one out of the village and changing  
the other from a blustering bully into a sensi-  
ble man.

### Premonitions of Death.

The first symptoms of approaching death  
with some is a strong presentment that they  
are about to die.

Ozanam, the mathematician, while in appar-  
ent health, rejected pupils from the feeling  
that he was on the eve of resting from his la-  
bors; and he expired soon after of an apo-  
plectic stroke.

Fletcher, the divine, had a dream which  
shadowed out his impending dissolution, and  
believing it to be the merciful warning of  
Heaven, he sent for a sculptor and ordered  
his tomb.

"Begin your work forthwith," he said at  
parting, "there is no time to spare."

And unless the artist had obeyed the admon-  
ition, death would have proved the quicker  
workman of the two.

Mozart wrote his requiem under the convic-  
tion that the monument he was raising to his  
genius would, by the power of association,  
prove a universal monument to his remains.—  
When life was fleeting very fast he called for  
the score, and musing over it, said, "Did I not  
tell you truly that it was for myself that I  
composed this death chant?"

Another great artist, in a different depart-  
ment, convinced that his hand was about to  
lose its cunning, chose a subject emblematical  
of the coming event. His friends inquired the  
nature of his next design, and Hogarth replied:  
"The end of all things."

"In that case," replied one, "there will be  
an end of the painter."

What was uttered in jest was answered in  
earnest, with a solemn look and a heavy sigh:  
"There will," he said, "and the sooner my  
work is done the better."

He commenced next day labored upon it with  
unremitting diligence, and when he had given  
it the last touch, seized his pallet, broke it in  
pieces, and said: "I have finished."

The print was published in France under  
the title of "Finis," and in October, the curi-  
ous eyes which saw the manners in the face  
were closed in the dust.

Our ancestors, who were prone to look in the  
air for causes which were to be found upon  
the earth, attributed these intimations to  
various supernatural agencies.

John Hunter has solved the mystery, if  
mystery it can be called, in a single sentence.  
"We sometimes," he says, "feel within our-  
selves that we shall not live; for the living  
powers become weak, and the nerves commu-  
nicate the intelligence to the brain."

His own case has often been quoted among  
the marvels of which he offered this rational  
explanation. He intimated, on leaving home,  
that if the discussion which awaited him at the  
hospital took an angry turn, it would prove  
his death. A colleague gave him the lie; the  
coarse word verified the prophecy, and he ex-  
pired almost immediately in an adjoining  
room. There was everything to lament in the  
circumstance, but nothing at which to wonder,  
except that any individual could show such  
disrespect to the great genius, a single year of  
whose existence was worth the united lives of  
his opponents. Hunter, in uttering the pre-  
diction, had only to take counsel in his own  
experience, without the intervention of invis-  
ible spirits. He had long labored under a dis-  
ease of the heart; and he felt the disorder  
had reached the point at which any sharp agi-  
tation would bring on the crisis.

Foot, prior to his departure for the Conti-  
nent, stood contemplating the picture of a  
brother author, and exclaimed, his eyes full  
of tears: "Poor Weston!" In the same de-  
jected tone he added, after a pause: "Soon  
others shall say, 'Poor Foot!' and to the sur-  
prise of his friends, a few days proved the jus-  
tice of his prognostication. The expectation  
of the event had a share in producing it; for  
a slight shock completes the destruction of  
prostrate energies.

The case of Wesley was singular. The  
morning before he died he asked Cavendish  
the hour, and was answered: "Past eight."  
"Eight of the clock?" replied Wesley,  
"that cannot be eight of the clock—may, nay,  
it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight  
of the clock you shall lose your master."

The day he miscalculated, the hour came  
true. On the following morning, as the clock  
struck eight, his troubled spirit passed from  
life. Cavendish and the bystanders thought  
that he must have had a revelation of the  
time of his death; and from the way in which  
the fact had taken possession of his mind, we  
suspect that he relied upon astrological pre-  
diction, which had the credit of a revelation in  
his own esteem.

A PARSON IN DIFFICULTY.—A young par-  
son lost his way in a forest, and it being  
vehemently cold and rainy, he happened upon  
a poor cottage and desired a lodging or lay left  
to stay in, and some fire to warm him. The  
man told him that he and his wife had but one  
bed, and if he pleased to lay with them he  
should be welcome. The parson thanked him  
and kindly accepted it. In the morning the  
man rose to go to market, and meeting some  
of his neighbors he fell a laughing. They  
asked him what made him so merry about the  
month. "Why," says he, "I can't but think  
how 'shamed the parson will be when he  
awakes to find himself alone in bed with my  
wife."—Pittsburgh (Pa.) Post.

THE THREE PHYSICIANS.—The celebrated  
French physician Dimeonville, on his death-bed  
when surrounded by the most distinguished  
citizens of Paris, who regretted the loss which  
the profession would sustain in his death, said:  
"My friends, I leave behind me three physicians  
much greater than myself." Being pressed  
to name them, each of the doctors supposing  
himself to be one of the three, he answered,  
"Water, Exercise and Diet."

## FAREWELL ADDRESS

### OF GOV. JOHN W. GEARY.

To the People of Kansas Territory.

Having determined to resign the Executive  
office and retire again to the quiet scenes of  
private life, and the enjoyment of those domestic  
comforts of which I have so long been depriv-  
ed, I deem it proper to address you on the oc-  
casion of my departure.

The office from which I voluntarily with-  
draw, was unsought by me, and at the time of  
its acceptance was by no means desirable.—  
This was quite evident from the deplorable  
moral, civil and political condition of the Ter-  
ritory—the discord, contention and deadly  
strife which then and there prevailed, and the  
painful anxiety with which it was regarded by  
patriotic citizens in every portion of the Amer-  
ican Union. To attempt to govern Kansas  
at such a period, and under such circumstances,  
was to assume no ordinary responsibilities.—  
Few men could have desired to undertake the  
task, and none would have been so presump-  
tuous, without serious forebodings as to the re-  
sult. That I should have hesitated, is no mat-  
ter of astonishment to those acquainted with  
the facts; but that I accepted the appoint-  
ment, was a well-grounded source of regret to  
many of my well tried friends, who looked upon  
the enterprise as one that could terminate in  
nothing but disaster to myself. It was not  
supposed that order could be brought in any  
reasonable space of time, and with the means  
at my command, from the then existing chaos.

Without descending upon the feelings, prin-  
ciples and motives which prompted me, suffice  
to say that I accepted the President's tender  
of the office of Governor. In doing so, I sac-  
rificed the comforts of a home, endeared by  
the strongest earthly ties and sacred associa-  
tions, to embark in an undertaking which pre-  
sented at the best but a dark and unsatisfac-  
tory prospect. I reached Kansas, and entered  
upon the discharge of my official duties, in the  
most gloomy hour of her history. Desolation  
and ruin reigned on every hand, homes and  
fresides were deserted; the smoke of burning  
dwellings darkened the atmosphere; women  
and children driven from their habitations,  
wandered over the prairies among the wood-  
lands, or sought refuge and protection even  
among the Indian tribes. The highways were  
infested with numerous predatory bands, and  
the towns were fortified and garrisoned by  
armies of conflicting partisans, each excited  
to frenzy, and determined upon mutual exter-  
mination. Such was, without exaggeration,  
the condition of the Territory, at the period of  
my arrival. Her treasury was bankrupt.—  
There were no pecuniary resources within her-  
self to meet the exigencies of the time. The  
Congressional appropriations, intended to de-  
fray the expenses of a year, were insufficient  
to meet the demands of a fortnight. The laws  
were null, the Courts virtually suspended, and  
the civil arm of the Government almost en-  
tirely powerless. Action—prompt, decisive,  
energetic action—was necessary. I at once  
saw what was needed, and without hesitation  
gave myself to the work. For six months I  
have labored with unceasing industry. The  
accustomed and needed hours for sleep have  
been employed in the public service. Night  
and day have official duties demanded unremit-  
ting attention. I have had no proper leisure  
moments for rest or recreation. My health  
has failed under the pressure. Nor is this all;  
to my own private purse, without assurance of  
reimbursement, have I resorted, in every emer-  
gency, for the required funds. Whether these  
arduous services and willing sacrifices have been  
beneficial to Kansas and my country, you are  
abundantly qualified to determine.

That I have met with opposition, and even  
bitter vituperation and vindictive malice, is no  
matter for astonishment. No man has ever  
yet held an important or responsible post in  
our own or any other country and escaped cen-  
sure. I should have been weak and foolish in-  
deed had I expected to pass through the fiery  
ordeal entirely unscathed, especially as I was  
required, if not to come in conflict with, at  
least to thwart evil machinations, and hold in  
restraint wicked passions, or rid the Territory  
of many lawless, reckless and desperate men.  
Beside, it was impossible to come in contact  
with the conflicting interests which governed  
the conduct of many well-disposed persons  
without becoming an object of mistrust and  
abuse. While others, whose sole object was  
notoriously personal advancement at any sacri-  
fice of the public good and at every hazard, it  
would have been ridiculous to anticipate the  
need of praise for interested action; and  
hence, however palpable might have been my  
patriotism, however just my official conduct, or  
however beneficial in its results, I do not  
marvel that my motives have been impugned,  
and my integrity maligned. It is, however, so  
well known, that I need scarcely record the  
fact, that those who have attributed my labors  
to a desire for gubernatorial or senatorial hon-  
ors, were, and are themselves the aspirants for  
those high trusts and powers, and foolishly im-  
agined that I stood between them and the con-  
summation of their ambitious designs and tower-  
ing hopes.

But whatever may be thought or said of my  
motives or desires, I have the proud conscious-  
ness of leaving this scene of my severe and  
anxious toil with clean hands, and the satisfac-  
tory conviction that He who can penetrate the  
inmost recesses of the heart, and read its se-  
cret thoughts, will approve my purposes and  
acts. In the discharge of my executive func-  
tions, I have invariably sought to do equal  
and exact justice to all men, however humble  
or exalted. I have eschewed all sectional  
disputations, kept aloof from all party affilia-  
tions, and have alike scorned numerous threats  
of personal injury and violence, and the most  
flattering promises of advancement and reward.  
And I ask and claim nothing more for the  
part I have acted, than the simple merit of  
having endeavored to perform my duty. This  
I have done, at all times and upon every oc-  
casion, regardless of the opinions of men, and  
utterly fearless of consequences. Occasional

ly I have been forced to assume great respon-  
sibilities, and depend solely upon my own re-  
sources to accomplish important ends; but in  
all such instances, I have carefully examined  
surrounding circumstances, weighed well the  
probable results, and acted upon my own del-  
iberate judgment; and in now reviewing them,  
I am so well satisfied with the policy uniform-  
ly pursued, that were it to be done over again  
it should not be changed in the slightest particu-  
lar.

In parting with you I can do no less than  
give you a few words of kindly advice, and  
even of friendly warning. You are well aware  
that most of the troubles which lately agita-  
ted the Territory, was occasioned by men who  
had no special interest in its welfare. Many  
of them were not even residents, while it is  
quite evident that others were influenced alto-  
gether in the part they took in the disturban-  
ces by mercenary or other personal considera-  
tions. The great body of the actual citizens  
are conservative law-abiding, peace loving  
men, disposed rather to make sacrifice or com-  
pensation and consequent peace, than to insist  
for their entire rights should the general good  
thereby be caused to suffer. Some of them,  
under the influence of the prevailing excite-  
ment and misguided opinions, were led to the  
commission of grievous mistakes, but not with  
the deliberate intention of doing wrong.

A very few men resolved upon mischief,  
may keep in a state of unhealthy excitement  
and involve in fearful strife an entire commu-  
nity. This was demonstrated during the civil  
commotions with which the Territory was con-  
vulsed. While the people generally were anx-  
ious to pursue their peaceful callings, small  
combinations of crafty, scheming and design-  
ing men, succeeded from purely selfish motives,  
in bringing upon them a series of most lament-  
able and destructive difficulties. They never  
desired that the present peace should be af-  
fected; nor do they intend that it shall continue  
if they have the power to prevent it. In the  
constant croakings of disaffected individuals  
in various sections, you hear the only expres-  
sions of evil desires and intentions. Watch  
then, with a special, jealous and suspicious eye,  
those who are continually indulging surmises  
of renewed hostilities. They are not the friends  
of Kansas, and there is reason to fear that  
some of them are not only enemies to the Ter-  
ritory, but of the Union itself. Its dissolution  
is their ardent wish, and Kansas has been se-  
lected as a fit place to commence the accom-  
plishment of a most nefarious design. The  
schemes has thus far been frustrated, but it  
has not been abandoned. You are intrusted  
not only with the guardianship of this Ter-  
ritory, but the peace of the Union which de-  
pends upon you in a greater degree than you  
may at present suppose.

You should therefore, frown down every ef-  
fort to foment discord, and especially to array  
settlers from different sections of the Union in  
hostility against each other. All true patriots,  
whether from the North or the South, the East  
or the West, should unite together for that  
which is and must be adopted as a com-  
mon cause, the preservation of the Union; and  
he who shall whisper a desire for its dis-  
solution, no matter what may be his pre-  
tensions, or to what faction or party he claims  
to belong, is unworthy of your confidence, de-  
serves your strongest reprobation, and should  
be branded as a traitor to his country. There  
is a voice crying from the grave of one whose  
memory is dearly cherished in every patriotic  
heart, and let it not cry in vain. It tells you  
that this attempt at dissolution is no new  
thing; but that even as early as the days of  
our first President it was agitated by ambitious  
aspirants for place and power. And if the  
appeal of a still more recent hero and patriot  
much needed in his time, how much more ap-  
plicable is it now, and in this Territory.

"The possible dissolution of the Union," he  
says, "has at length become an ordinary and  
familiar subject of discussion. Has the warn-  
ing voice of Washington been forgotten? or  
have designs already been formed to dissolve  
the Union? Let it not be supposed that I im-  
pute to all those who have taken an active  
part in these unwise and unprofitable discus-  
sions a want of patriotism or of public virtue.  
The honorable feelings of State pride and local  
attachments find a place in the bosoms of the  
most enlightened and pure. But while such  
men are conscious of their own integrity  
and honesty of purpose, they ought never to  
forget that the citizens of other States are  
their political brethren, and that, however mis-  
taken they may be in their views the great bod-  
y of them are equally honest and upright with  
themselves. Mutual suspicions and reproach-  
es may, in time, create mutual hostility, and  
artful and designing men will always be found  
who are ready to foment these fatal divisions,  
and to inflame the natural jealousies of differ-  
ent sections of the country. The history of  
the world is full of examples and especially in  
the history of republics."

When I look upon the present condition of  
the Territory, and contrast it with what it was  
when I first entered it, I feel satisfied that my  
administration has not been prejudicial to its  
interests. On every hand, I now perceive un-  
mistakable indications of welfare and prosper-  
ity. The honest settler occupies his quiet dwell-  
ing, with his wife and children clustering  
around him, unmolested and fearless of dan-  
ger. The solitary traveler pursues his way un-  
harmful over every public thoroughfare. The  
torch of the incendiary has been extinguished,  
and the cabins by which it were destroyed,  
have been replaced by more substantial build-  
ings. Hordes of banditti no longer lie in wait  
in every ravine for plunder and assassination.  
Invasions of hostile armies have ceased, and  
infuriated partisans, living in our midst, have  
emphatically turned their swords to plowshares,  
and their spears into pruning hooks. Laborers  
are everywhere at work—farms undergoing  
rapid improvements—merchants are driving a  
thriving trade—and mechanics pursuing with  
profit their various occupations.

Real estate, in town and country, has in-  
creased in value almost without precedent, un-  
til in some places it is commanding prices that  
never could have been anticipated. Whether  
this healthy and happy change is the result

solely of my executive labors, or not, it cer-  
tainly has occurred during my administration.  
Upon yourselves must mainly depend the pre-  
servation and perpetuity of the present pros-  
perous condition of affairs. Guard it with un-  
ceasing vigilance, and protect it as you would  
your lives. Keep down that party spirit, which,  
if permitted to obtain the mastery, must lead  
to desolation. Watch closely and condemn in  
its infancy every insidious movement that can  
possibly tend to discord or disunion. Suffer  
no local prejudice to disturb the prevailing har-  
mony. To every appeal to these turn a deaf  
ear, as did the Savior of men to the prompt-  
ings of the deceiver. Act as a united band of  
brothers bound together by one common tie.  
Your interests are the same, and by this course  
alone can they be maintained. Follow this,  
and your hearts and homes will be made light  
and happy by the richest blessings of a kind  
and munificent Providence.

To you, the peaceable citizens of Kansas, I  
owe my grateful acknowledgments for the aid  
and comfort your kind assurances and hearty  
co-operation have afforded in many dark and  
trying hours. You have my sincerest thanks  
and my earnest prayers that you may be abun-  
dantly rewarded in Heaven.

To the ladies of the Territory—the wives,  
mothers, sisters and daughters of the honest  
settlers—I am also under a weight of obliga-  
tion. Their pious prayers have not been raised  
in vain, nor their numerous assurances of  
confidence in the policy of my administration  
failed to exert a salutary influence.

And last, though not the least, I must not  
be unmindful of the noble men who formed  
the Military Department of the West. To  
General Persifer F. Smith and the officers act-  
ing under his command, I return my thanks  
for valuable services. Although from differ-  
ent parts of the Union, and imbued with sec-  
tional prejudices, I know of no instance in  
which such prejudices have been permitted to  
stand in the way of a faithful, ready, cheerful  
and energetic discharge of duty. Their con-  
duct in this respect is worthy of universal com-  
mendation, and presents a bright example for  
those executing the civil power. The good be-  
havior of all the soldiers who were called upon  
to assist me, is in fact, deserving of especial  
notice. Many of these troops, officers and  
men had served with me on the fields of Mex-  
ico against a foreign foe, and it is a source  
of no little satisfaction to know that the laurels  
there won, have been further adorned by the  
praiseworthy alacrity with which they labor-  
ed to allay a destructive fratricidal strife at  
home.

With a firm reliance in the protecting care  
and over-ruling providence of that Great Be-  
ing who holds in His hand the destinies  
of men and nations, I bid farewell to  
Kansas and her people, trusting that whatever  
events may hereafter befall them, they will, in  
the exercise of His wisdom, goodness and power,  
be so directed as to promote their own  
best interest and that of the beloved country  
of which they are destined to form a most im-  
portant part. JOHN W. GEARY.

Lecompton, March 12, 1857.

"I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE."  
—The above, if we rightly remember, is the  
inscription upon a sun dial in Italy. It incu-  
cates a beautiful lesson which many are prone  
to disregard. It would teach us to remember  
the bright days of life, and not forget the  
bleeding God is giving us. Life, it is true, is  
not all bright and beautiful. But still it has  
its lights as well as shades, and it is neither  
wise nor graceful to dwell too much upon the  
darker portions of the picture. He who looks  
the bright side of life, and makes the best of  
everything, will, we think, other things being  
equal, be a better, happier man, than those  
who, as Franklin says, "are always looking  
at the ugly leg," and find occasion for com-  
plaint and censure in almost everything they  
meet with.

A simple and modest man lives un-  
known, until a moment, which he could not  
have foreseen, reveals his estimable qualities  
and generous actions. I compare him to the  
concealed flower springing from an humble stem,  
which escapes the view, and is discovered only  
by its perfume. Pride quickly fixes the eye  
and he who is always his own envious dispenser  
of every other person his only obligation to  
praise him.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—A Frenchman, being  
troubled with the gout, was asked what  
difference there was between that and the  
rheumatism. "One very great difference," re-  
plied Monsieur; "suppose you take one rise,  
put your finger in; you turn ze screw till you  
can bear him no longer—dat is ze rheumatism;  
den's suppose you give him one turn more—dat  
is ze gout."

A lady relating her matrimonial expe-  
rience, said:  
"At first on retiring of a cold night, my  
husband used to say to me, 'put your dear lit-  
tle footies with mine'; but soon it was 'keep  
your hooos off me.'"

Many a young lady who objects to being  
kissed under the mistletoe, has no objections  
to being kissed under the rose.

A staid compositor made an error in the  
above rendering it, "has no objections to being  
kissed under the rose."

Woman, by the decree of nature, has  
smiles, like the kind heavens, for all creation;  
and when clouds intervene, and she is sad, her  
very tears like the rain and dew, are equally  
beneficial.

A man may edify another by his gifts,  
and yet be unedified himself; he may be prof-  
itable to another, and yet unprofitable to  
himself. The raven was an unclean bird, and  
not good meat, but God could make her the  
bearer of good meat to Elijah.

To reform the world, begin first with  
yourself, then with your neighbor.