

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 20, 1858.

[From Punch.]

### THE FIGHT OVER THE DEAD BODY OF KEITT.

(A ROMANTIC PASSAGE FROM THE GREAT AMERICAN EPIC, THE WASHINGTONIAD.)

Keitt, goddess, the wrath, the ontamble dander of

Keitt, of South Carolina, the clear grit, the tall, the on-

Keitt, sheathed wopped his own niggers till northerners

Keitt, but as niggers to wop, and hills of the smallest po-

Keitt, and long was the fight on the Constitution of Kan-

Keitt, passed into dusk, and dusk into lighting of gas

Keitt, on the floor of the horse the heroes unwearied were

Keitt, fighting, and tongues with excitement and ex-

Keitt, were becoming exhausted, and Representatives

Keitt, also.

Keitt, led to the war the anti-Lecomptonite phalanx?

Keitt, straight from the shoulder, the Pennsylv-

Keitt, vania Slasher.

Keitt, followed Hickman, and Potter the wiry, from woody

Keitt, hills, and stood with his brother—'adwallader stood

Keitt, with Elihu.

Keitt, hills sent the one, and woody Wisconsin the

Keitt, sent came with new milk, with gray hairs under his

Keitt, beard, the first chop location and water privilege near

Keitt, his fathers of old on the willow-fringed banks of

Keitt, Ohio.

Keitt, to the, to, I saw, and Montgomery ready for

Keitt, chief.

Keitt, against these to the floor led on the Lecomptonite

Keitt, Carolina, the clear grit, the tall, the on-

Keitt, dashed.

Keitt, and Reuben Davis, the rail boss of wild Miss-

Keitt,issippi.

Keitt, and scowry McQueen, and Owen, and Lovejoy, and

Keitt, Mississippi sent to the war. "trees jancti in uno."

Keitt, had had the warfare of words; it was four in the

Keitt, morning.

Keitt, and expectation and liquor all were ex-

Keitt, tinguished.

Keitt, tird of talk, bespake Reu. Davis, "O Rou-

Keitt, a formation blackguard, and I've concluded to

Keitt, elish him."

Keitt, and, up to his feet he sprang, and loosening his

Keitt, shirt, he snatched a grip, as a bar hunter down in

Keitt, Arkansas

Keitt, to go in at the bar, when the dangerous varmint

Keitt, was cornered.

Keitt, and, Grow," he cried, "you Black Republican

Keitt, puppy.

Keitt, on the floor, like a man, and darn my eyes, but

Keitt, I'll show you."

Keitt, answered straight-litting Grow, "Waal now, I cal-

Keitt, culate, Keitt.

Keitt, driver shall leave his plantation in South Car-

Keitt, olina.

Keitt, to crack his cow-hide round this child's ears, if he

Keitt, knows it."

Keitt, he spoke, when the hand, the chivalrous five

Keitt, fingers of Keitt,

Keitt, clutched at his throat—had they closed, the speeches of

Keitt, Grow had been ended—

Keitt, never more from a stump had he stirred up the free and

Keitt, enlightened.

Keitt, though smart Keitt's mauleys, the mauleys of Grow

Keitt, were still smarter;

Keitt, straight he shot—not Owen Swift or

Keitt, Neil Adams

Keitt, in his right with more delicate feeling of dis-

Keitt, tance.

Keitt, as answer on a snarl, so dropped Grow's right into

Keitt, Keitt.

Keitt, where the jagular runs to the point at which Ketch

Keitt, his doghouse.

Keitt, like a dog snarl Keitt, his dollars rattled about,

Keitt, and

Keitt, and his friends o'er the body; first, Barke-

Keitt, shale, and

Keitt, and McQueen and Davis, the rail boss of wild

Keitt, Mississippi;

Keitt, they gathered round Grow, catavomously up as

Keitt, to show him;

Keitt, without Potter they reckoned, the wiry from woody

Keitt, Wisconsin;

Keitt, striking out right and left, like a catamount varmint

Keitt, headed forward.

Keitt, to the rescue, and with him the Washburns,

Keitt, Cadwallader, Elihu;

Keitt, like Barke-shale's broad basket walked Potter's one,

Keitt, two—hard and heavy;

Keitt, like a wind in a tree, dropped Grow and let

Keitt, out at Elihu.

Keitt, like a fountain had flowed the claret of Washburne

Keitt, the elder.

Keitt, for Cadwallader's care—Cadwallader, guard at his

Keitt, brother.

Keitt, at Barke-shale's nob, into Chancery soon would

Keitt, have drawn it.

Keitt, was it then for Barke-shale, the wig that waved over

Keitt, the forehead;

Keitt, in Cadwallader's hands it came, and the weaver re-

Keitt, sisting.

Keitt, to the congreer naught but the scalp of the bald-

Keitt, headed foreman.

Keitt, like a dove, a dove on the waters of

Keitt, trouble.

Keitt, sent, held as new milk, with his grey hair under

Keitt, the beard.

Keitt, peace to deaf ears, and getting considerably

Keitt, damaged.

Keitt, in the rear, as dubious what it might

Keitt, do.

Keitt, a stone-wear spitoon against whoever might

Keitt, seem to deserve it—

Keitt, mattered to him the Hall a foeman worthy his wea-

Keitt, pons.

Keitt, his battle of men, till into the thick of the

Keitt, battle.

Keitt, to the heralds of old, stepped the Sergeant at-Arms

Keitt, and the Speaker.

### Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775.

At the meeting of the New York Historical society, on Tuesday evening, the 6th, Mr. Bancroft read a paper on the battle of Lexington, April 19th 1775, being in substance a chapter from his forthcoming history of the revolution. The near approach of the anniversary of that initiatory fight, from which have sprung such vast events gives peculiar interest at this time and in this community to the eloquent sentences of the learned and laborious author.

On the afternoon, he said, of the 8th of April, the day on which the provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and in consequence, the committee of safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 17th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, commanded by the incompetent Lieut. Col. Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the common to East Bridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading through wet marshes that are now covered by a statey town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed the departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.

Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinel received orders to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war across Charles river. As was still as suited the hour. The ship was riding with the young flood, the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns, as fast as light could travel.

A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on he waked the captain of the minute men of that town, and continued to roam almost every house on the way to Lexington.

The troops had not advanced far, when the firing of guns and the ringing of bells announced that their expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith sent back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April between the hours of 12 and 1, the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divined at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a son of liberty," from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning a peal from the belfry of the meeting house called the inhabitants of the place to their town hall. They came forth young and old, with their fire-locks, ready to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Among the most alert was Wm. Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and his prayers he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock, that they held the defence of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence with arms proved his sincerity and strengthened their sense of duty.

From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and volleys from minute men spread the alarm. How children trembled as they were scared out of their sleep by the cries—How wives with heaving breasts seconded their husbands; how the countrymen forced suddenly to arm, without guides or counsellors, took instant counsel of their courage. The mighty chorus of voices rose from the scattered farm houses, and as it were from the very ashes of the dead. Come forth, champions of liberty; now free your country; protect your sons and daughters, your wives and homesteads; rescue the houses of God of your fathers, the franchise handed down by your ancestors. Now all is at stake the battle is for all.

Lexington in 1775, may have had some 700 inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the fervent Jonas Clark, the bold inditer of patriotic state papers that may yet be read of their town records. In December, 1772, they had instructed their representative to demand "a radical redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town meetings, they voted to increase their stock of ammunition, "to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defence against their enemies." In December they distributed to "the train band and alarm list" arms and ammunition, and resolved "to supply the training band with bayonets."

ton Common was alive with the minute men; and not with them only, but with the old men also, who were exempt, except in cases of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called and of militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered their names.—The Captain, John Parker, ordered every one to lead with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers sent to look for British regulars, reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with an order to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern near the southeast corner of the Common.

Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire towards Woburn.

The last stars were vanished from night when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn a Major of marines, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired, and the drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille to humanity.—Less than seventy—perhaps less than sixty—obeyed the summons. And in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men were paraded in two ranks a few rods north of the meeting house.

How often in that building had they, with renewed professions of their faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers, and the protector of their liberties. How often on that village green, hard by the burial place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birth-right inheritance of freedom. There they now stood side by side, under the provincial banner with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulously not to begin civil war, and as yet unsuspecting of immediate danger. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load. The remaining companies came up, and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers.—Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute men cried out, "Disperse, ye villains; ye rebels disperse; lay down your arms and disperse!" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged his pistol, and with a loud voice cried "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then, by a heavy, close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the common was as a field of murder, not of battle; Parker, therefore, ordered his men to disperse.—Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was, perhaps, grazed, and a private of the 10th light infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

John Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington; had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him on his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when sound a heart as ever throbbled for freedom was still by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Mozzey, and so died the aged Robert Munroe, the same in 1758 had been an ensign at Louisburgh.—Jonathan Harrington, jr., was struck in front of his own house on the north side of the common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on his hands and knees towards his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into meeting house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and killed, after they had left the green. Ashael Porter, of Woburn who had been taken prisoner by the British, on the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the common.

Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before the time; the blue bird and the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green, lay in death the gray-haired and the young; in the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded; a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes who were more than of noble blood proving by their spirit that they were a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the right of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the struggle which they began. Their names are held in grateful remembrance and the expanding millions of their countrymen, renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from the accidental impulse of a moment; their action was the slowly ripened fruit of Providence and of time. The light that led them on was combined of rays from the whole history of the race; from the traditions of the Hebrews in the gray of the world's morning; from the heroes and sages of republican Greece and Rome; from the example of Him who laid his life on the cross for the life of humanity; from the religions creed which proclaimed the divine presence in man, and on this truth as in a life boat, floated the liberties of nations over the dark flood of the middle ages; from the customs of the Germans transmitted out of their forests to the councils of Saxon England; from the burning faith and courage of Martin

Luther; from the trust in the inevitable universality of God's sovereignty as taught by Paul of Tarsus, and Augustine, through Calvin, and the divines of New England! from the avenging fierceness of the Puritans who dashed down the mitre on the ruins of the throne; from the bold dissent and creative self-assertion of the earliest emigrants to Massachusetts; from the statesman who made, and the philosopher who expounded, the revolution of England; from the liberal spirit and analyzing inquisitiveness of the eighteenth century, from the cloud of witnesses of all the ages to the reality and the rightfulness of human freedom. All the centuries bowed themselves from the recesses of a past eternity to cheer in their sacrifice the lowly men who proved themselves worthy of their forerunners and whose children rise up and call them blessed.

Headless of his own danger, Samuel Adams with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed, "Oh! what a glorious morning is this," for he saw that his country's independence was rapidly hastening on, and like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did but bear him the more swiftly towards the undiscovered world.

Mr. Bancroft concluded amid much applause and was unanimously voted the thanks of the society, which then adjourned.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin, May 3.]

### An Anti-Lecompton Sunday School.

It is to be presumed that all the Sabbath Schools in Philadelphia are anti-Lecompton, but the sentiments of one of them came out in rather an unexpected way last Sunday.—An occasion of unusual interest had brought a very full attendance on the exercises of the school, and in honor of the event, the pastor or rector of the church, under whose care it is, delivered a capital address, which was rather oddly interrupted. He was giving the hundreds of bright and intelligent little people, who eagerly listened to his simple and beautiful address, reasons why they should love the Saviour.

He said: "Now children, you should love Him because He is a friend whom it is an honor to have. Suppose you should get a letter from some one in the penitentiary—would that be an honor?"

"Of course all the larger children said, 'No,' and the hundreds of younger ones echoed—'No, Sir!'"

"Well then," said the minister, "suppose Governor Packer would write to you—would that be an honor?"

The children, large and small, of course, shouted—'Yes, Sir!'"

"Now," pursued the speaker, "suppose Mr. Buchanan, the President, should write a letter to any one of you—would you not esteem that a very high honor indeed?"

Here ensued an awful pause—the bright faces looked puzzled, the mischievous ones began to laugh, and the younger ones looked anxiously towards the elder scholars their cue. The taller boys looked at each other a moment and finally said, "No, Sir!" and every child in the school, great and small, shouted out tumultuously "No, Sir!"

The teachers all smiled and the speaker laughed outright, but recovering himself in an instant, he said "Why, children this is all wrong! I like Mr. Buchanan. So ought you; you ought to love everybody; I had no idea of talking politics to you." He then went on to ask them if they would not like to receive a letter from Queen Victoria—"who certainly was a very estimable lady"—and the Queen of England not being involved in "Lecompton," the children expressed the opinion that a letter from her Majesty would be an honor.

The occurrence has furnished laughter to a large circle for two days, so we violate no confidence in this giving it to the public.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—A Western correspondent of Harper's Magazine gets off the following "good one."

"I was traveling in Virginia by stage and spending the night at a country tavern, where I was greatly entertained by the talk of the stage drivers and others sitting around the bar-room fire, in the evening. One old codger worded off a good thing:

"When I was down to the fair, a good many years ago, there was a prize offered to the one who would come nearest to perpetual motion. All sorts of machines of all shapes and materials, were fetched there and shown, and the marks of them told how long they would run. As I was walking about among them, I saw a sign over a tent—'all who want to see perpetual motion, and no mistake, meet at this tent.' So I paid the admission fee and went in.—Very soon a queer little man got on a box that served for a platform, and addressed the audience: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I'm a-going to show you the most wonderful invention you ever seen; it's been runnin' for full three years and if any body stops it, it'll run for ever.' And here he enrolled a strip of paper. This is a 'This is a Printer's bill!' And as he held it up to the gaze of the people they admitted, that whether the bill was paid or not, they had all been sold."

ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.—The great statesman and orator was travelling somewhere "out West," and put up for the night at a country tavern. "Mine host," in looking over the register, discovered the name of Henry Clay.—There was but one "Clay." Could it be possible that he had this distinguished man under his roof. He was astounded, delighted. Next morning, as soon as the "great man" appeared the admirable Boniface bustled forward, and made his rude bow.

"Mr. Clay, I believe, sir?" said he.

"That is my name," said the gentleman in his affable tone.

"Mr. Clay, the Congressman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, I've heard of you, and I thought I'd just ask if you wouldn't give me and my old woman a little speech before you go?"

### English Farming.

Butler Abbey is the residence of Thomas Crisp, Esq., one of the most noted breeders of short-horned cattle, of swine, and Suffolk cart horses in that part of England. I spent several days under his hospitable roof, and gave his stock of animals a pretty thorough examination. He farms about 3,000 acres and has hundreds of cattle and horses and thousands of sheep. Perhaps a ride round the farm, for it is quite too large to walk over, may give an idea of a large farmer's affairs in that part of England. Mr. Crisp is like most farmers, a tenant, and not the owner of the land he occupies. These tenancies, usually I find, are not by a written lease, but by a sort of understanding, not quite definite enough for my taste, and regulated much by the customs of the particular estate. A large proprietor, Lord somebody, or the Duke of something, owns some 20,000 or 30,000 acres, which has been in the family a thousand years, or at least from the time of William the Conqueror.—This proprietor usually gives no personal attention to his estates, so far as the rents are concerned, but intrusts all such affairs to a steward, who makes bargains with the tenants and the lord of the domain sometimes does not even visit a farm in a generation; the tenant occupies at a fixed rate, which he pays half yearly in cash; and although neither party is bound for more than the year, the tenant often occupies for his lifetime; and his son takes the farm at his decease. Landlords are willing to give long leases, but tenants seem to prefer the yearly system, so far as I have observed.

The tenant farmer seems to go on and make the permanent improvements, often at great expense, and lays out his work as if he owned the fee-simple; and on the whole homes are more permanent in this land of mere tenants than in the land of fee-simple owners, with migratory habits. The farmer pays a rent of (say) five dollars an acre annually for his land, and conducts his operations in his own way, provided he does not cut down trees, plough up any pasture land, or disturb the game, such as hares, partridges and pheasants, which go where they please, and do as much damage as they like, unmolested.

A keeper—that is, a game-keeper—lives on the estate, whose business it is to protect the game, and catch the poachers who presume to touch these animals, which are held as sacred as the geese in Rome's capital. The game laws are, and ever have been, a fruitless source of crime and suffering, and always will be, till human nature is thoroughly changed. On every estate where I have been I have noticed with indignation the ravages of those useless animals called game in the fields of the finest wheat, while neither farmer nor laborer dare even drive them away, on penalty of his lord's displeasure, and the loss of his lease next year. I will say however, that properly viewed this waste of human food is not the loss of the farmer, but of the landlord, because land not subject to the preservation of game is for that reason leased at a higher rent.

There are no large barns for grain and hay in the south of England as with us, but those products which we so carefully protect are never hoarded. I have discussed the topic a good deal with farmers here and they have reasons for their course; some I cannot venture to answer. They say they cannot afford the expense of barns, and that if they could, hay would heat and burn up by spontaneous combustion if put in them. The climate there is much more moist than ours, and I think the stems are not so violent. Hay does not dry so readily nor injure so much in the stack as with us, and, on the whole, if English farmers like their own mode of management, we will find no fault with their judgment; but I am sure it is poor economy for New Englanders to follow their example in that particular. The low price of labor and the high price of building material in England make it favor of stacks and against barns.

In Mr. Crisp's farm-yard I saw an original of the farm-yards in which Landseer and Herring and other painters of animals so much delight. Around in some order, though with no great regularity, are huge stacks of wheat, barley, hay, and straw, as large as goodly sized barns, all neatly thatched and trimmed.

There is a donkey, quietly meditating on the better condition of half a dozen cart-horses that are standing to their knees in straw, eating rye, grass and clover from the rack; and there are a dozen black pigs, of two months, with their maternal relative, rooting about the feet of the horses. Flocks of ducks are waddling about in the same yard, and hens and chickens mix into the scene in crowds. A big dog is chained to the gate, and a smaller is barking to any stranger that approaches.—Under the long, tile-roofed shed a dozen carts keep company with as many long-handled, long-nosed, long-beamed ploughs.

A steam engine is pulling away, quietly and busily, with a thrashing machine. Two or three men are passing up the sheaves from the rick, and two women on the top of the threshers received it and untie the bands, while two more men are pitching the straw on to a new stack about as large and high up as a forty-foot barn; while on top of the same stack a boy is mounted on a horse of near a ton weight, riding constantly about to tread down the straw. The horse and rider remind you of an equestrian statue on a very large pedestal; and as the horse is gradually rising higher and higher, you wonder how he is ever to get down again, seeing that the stack is perpendicular on every side, and fifteen feet high already. Everywhere is straw a foot thick—about the yards, in the stables, in the cow stalls—the great object seeming to be to tread it down for manure.

We went down to the tide water which bounds one side of the farm, and examined the embankment against the sea. The embankment extends 22 miles, and the "marshes," as the drained lands are called, are some of the most valuable wheat fields I have ever seen.—I have since examined the "Lancashire fen," and the mode of draining by immense steam engines, as well as large tracts reclaimed from

the sea elsewhere, and I feel safe in saying that the heaviest crops of wheat I have seen in England are upon these same fens and marshes. They require a peculiar treatment, and a different rotation from the uplands; but the whole subject is well understood and may be studied with advantage by all of us who live on the banks of rivers, or on the coasts of the Atlantic.

Upon one part of the estate we found brick and tile works, where all the operations of making, setting, and burning