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[Fayetteville, AR] The Arkansian, January
1860-March 1861

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[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN

January 6, 1860 – March 15, 1861

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 1, masthead

Terms of Publication.

The "Arkansian"

is Published Every Friday Morning

At Two Dollars a Year, Payable in Advance;

or

Three Dollars at the expiration of the Year.

Job Work,

(Every Facility Being Most Excellent,)

Executed well and at very reasonable Prices;

Invariably paid for when delivered.

J. R. Pettigrew & E. C. Boudinot:

[The Constitutional Rights of the South.]

Editors and Proprietors.

Vol. 1, No. 45

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 1, c. 1

Carrier's Address

to the Patrons of the

"Arkansian."

Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine

Was very remarkable—very—

For most exorbitant prices of swine,

And the rumpus at Harper's Ferry;

For a Summer intolerably hot

To him wanting a shelter o'erhead,

To fat men and women whose lot

Was to sleep close together in bed;

For a long and merciless drouth

That made the waters go dry.—

Made farmers low down in the mouth,

And corn correspondingly high;

Above these all,—

O, hear ye all—

Hear, O, England,—hear O, France!—

Hear, each nation

In creation,—

Naked,—half-clad—wearing pants—

Hear it—know it—

O, winds, blow it
That *the* act far in advance
Of the present time or Age, is—
Two bold Arkansas sages,
Philanthropic in their feelings,
Just and liberal in their dealings,
Modest both in dress and features,
Dearly loving those sweet creatures
That make Fayetteville a glory,
Started—now to end the story—
The Arkansian—this newspaper—
A bright torch mid gloomy vapor.

Let me see,
In this fast city—
Place where men
Are wise and witty,
And the ladies
Awful pretty,
What past things
Should swell my ditty:--

Two new churches large and high
Near the square have been erected,
And two citizens thereby
Are by knowing ones suspected,
To have snapped old Satan's fetter—
Changed from doing bad to better,--
They are,--no no, it would shame them
Here to print them,--can *you* name them?

Last autumn we had a grand Fair
Where every fine gelding, and mare,
Mule, donkey, hog, heifer, and cow,
Fine wagon, fine axe-helve, and plow,
Fine paintings, fine linseys and wide,
And thousands of fine things beside,
Were shown, three days, on the ground
Prepared by the liberal bounty
Of the generous citizens found
In the limits of Washington county;
Each owner was sure of a prize
And the gaze of envious eyes:
And some got red rags
And were glad,
Some got blue ones,

Some got mad,--
Some got drunk
On strychnine whiskey
Grew morose,
Or capered frisky.
Ran their horses,
Broke all rules,
"Ripped and hollered"
Just like fools.

A very eloquent relater
Should describe the great Theatre
That arose with stately form
And took Fayetteville by storm;
Proudly did old Huntley walk,
And funnily Mulholland talk,--
Sweetly did Frank Pierson do
And Miss Boulden drest in blue;
And we shouted every one
Like furious Frank and fiery Hun
At the discordant, ugly, Dunn
Singing his "Whole hog or none."

And then came Hindman full of wrath
Fighting all hands that crossed his path
(A path so crooked that his fate
Must be to cross it who walks *straight*;)
Onward he went in furious drive
To where the exulting "*Thirty-five*"
Had whisky,--fat beeves, several head,
Roasted and savory, ready spread:--
Much they enjoyed the doings great,
Much Hindman spoke, and much they ate;
Yet notwithstanding the great speech,
The whiskey drank, and the roast bee eaten
The Clerkship was beyond their reach—
Their candidate was badly beaten!

Long enough has been my song—
Perhaps 'twere better shorter;--
Sir, you do exceeding wrong
To withhold my quarter.

Jim F. Smith,
Carrier.

Fayetteville, Arks.; }
New Year's Day, 1860. }

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

Southern Factories.—In an article on this subject the New Orleans *Picayune* shows that the Southern States have accomplished far more than they have received credit for in the way of manufacturing their own cotton and woolen goods, while a steady progress is making in this direction. It says:

In South Carolina, as far back as 1850, there were eighteen cotton factories, which were worked with credit.

In Georgia thirty-five cotton factories then were in full operation, with a capital of \$1,736,156, producing 7,269,291 yards of sheeting and 4,198,351 pounds of yarn. Three woolen factories were also in full tide of successful experiment, manufacturing 340,560 yards of cloth.

In Alabama were found thirteen cotton factories, with a capital of \$581,900, and three woolen factories, which returned handsome annual profits.

In Louisiana a beginning had been made, two cotton factories having commenced operations.

Kentucky and Tennessee had embarked more largely in this species of industry, the former contained eight cotton and twenty-seven woolen factories, the latter thirty-three cotton and four woolen factories.

These facts, true in 1850, did not present the condition of Southern manufacturing companies in 1859. We have made progress in this department of industry really creditable, and the influence of the success of such undertaking upon public sentiment will undoubtedly render our home wants a noticeable point of the next census.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

A little plant is found upon the prairies of Texas, called the "compass flower," which under all circumstances of climate, changes of weather, rain, frost or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers towards the North, thus affording an unerring guide to the traveler, who, unaided by the needle, seeks to explore those vast plains alone.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

For President:
Jacob Thompson,
of Mississippi.

Subject to the decision of the National Democratic Convention to be held in Charleston, S. C. in June next.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Cherokee Neutral Land

The last Fort Scott Democrat, which honors us but seldom with a call, has again made its appearance on our table; and our attention is called to a nice little article on the Cherokee Neutral Land. That paper encourages the intruders on that tract to remain, and by the tenor of its views invites others to intrude. The dishonesty of its course towards all parties, the intruders, Indians, and the Government, entitles the Editor of the Fort Scott Democrat, and his counsellors [sic] to

the execration of all honest men.

He is encouraging men to violate the laws and treaties of the United States, induces them to expend their labor, and waste their means in settling on a tract of land that does not belong to them, or to the Government; and whom the Government will surely, as it is bound to do, remove, to the loss of their improvements and time. On the other hand, he invites the aggression upon this tract, because it belongs to the *Indians*, trusting that when it becomes settled they will be forced to sell; and towards the Government their course is equally dishonest, mendacious and sordid; not satisfied with the bounty of a pre-emption right on the New York lands, and with the favors of the Government towards them, already derived, this clique of land speculators of which the Fort Scott Democrat is the organ, expect to force the Government to open another field for their speculations.

At this very time while the Fort Scott Editor is encouraging the intruders to believe that they will be protected in their lawlessness, orders are posted through this tract requiring these very intruders to leave at the peril of military coercion.

As to the influential democratic members of Congress who will force the Government to buy this land, the editor builds too high expectations. These democratic members are known to be "*land speculators*" also, and their influence will become very much weakened, when their patriotic designs are understood, in full as they are now in part. There is a democratic Secretary of the Interior, also a "democratic" Commissioner of Indian affairs who have special charge of these subjects, and whose high and honorable position, and reputation are such guarantees against this scheme of spoliation. There are also democratic members of the Indian Committees who will have a special eye to the contemplated *squatter philanthropy*; and these "democratic" gentlemen are as good and influential democrats as the free soil, quasi-"democratic" members referred to by the Editor of the Fort Scott paper.

The assurance of the editor, of the protection that Arkansas will receive from the "Third Party" of Southern Kansas, is as ridiculous as gratuitous. The law loving character of Southern Kansas, can well be imagined, when we read in one number of their own paper, of two lawless acts unequalled by any that ever occurred in Arkansas. The editor informs us through his columns, that a mob of armed men, lawlessly seized and carried off the poll books at one of the precincts in Southern Kansas; and that on another occasion a mob rescued a prisoner from the United States Marshal. *These* are the institutions, which he proposes to extend to our border; and *that* is the composition of the "*Third Party*," which is to rule the destinies of Southern Kansas.

This condition of society may be, and no doubt, since he seems so well pleased with it, is good enough for the Editor of the *Fort Scott Democrat*, but we do not covet such neighbors. If negro stealing has stopped in Kansas, it must be because there is no more of that kind of property to prey upon; that land stealing is not yet extinct in that region, we may conclude from the lustful itching of the editor to get a hold on the Cherokee Neutral Land.

We have one suggestion to make in behalf of the intruders on the Cherokee Neutral tract; it is this: as the Fort Scott Editor regards the intrusion such a safe transaction, so profitable and advantageous to the settler, and as he is so much interested in its settlement, it would be very proper, honest and candid, for him to settle on that land, and expend his capital and labor in the investment, and not hold aloof, while he pushes others to the risk.

We have thus shown the real motives of those who are most clamorous for the Government to buy this land; the lever on the side of the Indians is of a like avaricious and speculative character; strenuous efforts have been made for the last ten years, by the spendthrift chief of the Cherokees to dispose of this land; his gluttonous drains on the treasury, his

extravagantly liberal wages to murderers, and his own miserable and dishonest pretensions for loans has emptied the National Treasury and had forced him to invent some speedy [tear] method of "making a rise;" [most of rest of paragraph torn off] assassination of the best man of the Nation, for *acquiescing* in a forced sale of land, and who smacked their lips as the bloody spectacle of old men shot upon the high way and of husbands and fathers dragged from the side of their wives, and inhumanly butchered upon their own hearthstones, *now*, recommend, and exert all their influence to accomplish the very policy which they once denounced as traitorous and unpatriotic. *Now*, invite, with unflinching effrontery, and daring impudence that very visitation, which was so unmeritably and unjustly awarded those who braved the hypocritical and bloody Chief by opposing his schemes of spoliation and self-aggrandizement. John Ross, the selfish and avaricious Chief of the Cherokee Nation, has become more notorious than ever by the exposure of his dastardly schemes we have made; the Louisville Journal, and the Memphis papers with other influential and leading journals of the United States, have been attracted by our exposition of the designs, and character of the wicked ruler who presides over the Cherokee Nation, and their comments and animadversions, without the pretense, even of a vindication by the villain Chief, will have their effect. The Government of the United States will perceive not only this base subterfuge of the *Fort Scott Democrat*, but will be able to penetrate the sordid designs of John Ross and his faction. The Gov. will see, that this miserable Chief, impoverished by expenditure and exorbitant [sic] living, ruined by lavish and prodigal wages, paid a set of cut-throats and assassins, has at last come to the dangerous necessity of proposing and supporting the very measure he has ever before been so active in opposing.

The Neutral Land will not be sold, because the mass of the Cherokees are unwilling to part with it, and because, the very delegates appointed to negotiate a sale, will fear the popular indignation, too much to press a sale.

Wm. P. Ross, we understand, will not go as one of the delegation; we are glad of this, for we have always regarded this individual as unworthy of his family, and worthy of a better association; but we *hope*, and confidently expect that Mr. John Ross, who has, for his own mercenary advantage, set this ball in motion, will not at this dark hour, shirk the responsibility of his act, but boldly take the lead and dare the vengeance of his people; for Wm. P. Ross there is an excuse; for John Ross there is none; *he*, at least is bound to lead this dangerous experiment.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 3-4

Bentonville, Ark. }

Dec. 27, 1859. }

My Young Friends.—I received a letter from Bentonville informing me that *Zeke* and *Dinny* were cussing me and Uncle Bolan and Tommy, and said we got them into scrapes and then deserted them when we had no further use for them. So I concluded to come down here once more.

I went to the stable and consulted *Skewbal*. I asked him what he thought of taking a cold ride for the sake of *Zeke* and *Dinny*; his long ears fell like two collard leaves. I saw that was no go. Won't you for our old friends *Hugh* and *Creg*, *Woolstock* and *Duke*, who used to keep you in a nice stable and let you lick salt out of one of *Dinny's* kettles; and this time they will give you *some* corn and fodder. I know you got very gaunt during the last trip, but think of your importance in Bentonville. *Skewbal* still flopped his ears and answered *neigh*. I then told him that his particular and congenial friends *Big Alek* and *Tallowfat* were in trouble and he must help them out; at this, he sort o' tucked up his ears and *looked* interested, but when I named the *Osage*

Miller and reminded him of the *shorts* and *bran* at the mill, his ears stood straight up. I then piled it upon him, and said: you know *Skewbal*, you and he are from the same stock on your father's side, although there is a smart difference in the size of your ears; for the sake of your common ancestor go to his help. He then snorted and nodded his head up and down.

After breakfast my distinguished companion and myself left Steep Hollow.—When I arrived here, I found our friends in a peck of trouble about the infernal "One of the 35." You know I claimed the authorship and thought the matter settled.—Now, I tell you confidentially, and you are to let no one know it but the readers of the *Arkansian*. We had all adjourned over to the *Osage Mill*; there was *Doctor Smooth*, *Osage Miller*, *Philosopher Ben*, *Hugh*, *Dinny*, *Zeke*, *Big Alek* and *Tallowfat*. Tommy furnished me with the first copy. I gave it to *Tallowfat* to put it into his handwriting; and he was to claim the authorship. We had a hearty laugh over the idea of *Tallowfat* becoming an author, but the good soul did not now the difference between a good composition and a bad one, and never dreamed that his neighbors who had seen hundreds of his letters, would detect the cheat. Poor fellow, after six hours of hard writing he finished his job, but it was so badly spelled, it had to be written over again; then the *Osage Miller* dotted the *i*'s, *Philosopher Ben* crossed the *t*'s, and I scratched out the extra letters.

The next thing that called our attention was the *responsibility* part. I tried to get *Doctor Smooth* as he was the *decentest* man in the crowd, to assume it, but he refused, because it would implicate him as a democrat. Then as the *Osage Miller* had said so much about it and was so *active* in getting the letter out, I thought he ought to father it, but he refused, with a long rigmarole about the fights he *liked* to had in Utah. He said he resigned from the army to avoid *difficulties* in Utah, and lost a Brigadiership thereby; and of course he would not be so imprudent now. Finally I removed all their fears; by saying that we had convinced a great many people that Boudinot was a refugee Indian; and as the first law of chivalry permitted a white man to slander an Indian without being responsible we could act with impunity. If Boudinot should demand satisfaction, the author could refuse to fight on that ground. Upon this *Tallowfat* came forward and stood god-father to the bantling, especially, he said, as it had such a doubtful reputation, being the offspring of so many reputed fathers. To mystify the matter and give color for mistakes, *Hugh* was to write another and sign in figures "1 of the 35" and *Big Alek* was to be called the father, but when called upon he was to say that he did not write *that* one; and so we could *dodge* along.

Now, the trouble is, Boudinot would not be caught in our trap, and gave the lie to *Peck* and *Big Alek* so as to make no mistake. Whereupon *Osage Miller* wrote two cards for *Tallowfat*; one had the name spelled *right* and that he sent to the Herald of Disorganization in Fort Smith; the other had the name spelled *wrong*, and that they sent to the *Arkansian*. They were both written in the *Osage Millers* best english. It was arranged that when Boudinot called upon *Tallowfat* for a retraction, he was to deny that it was his name, as he wrote it differently; and if Boudinot pushed the matter and demanded satisfaction he was to refuse to fight an Indian. But some of our friends were so leaky as to talk about our plan; Boudinot heard of it and instead of writing to *Tallowfat* he denounced him as an ill mannered *ignoramus* and a *wilful liar*. This plagues *Tallowfat* very much; and the worst of it is, we are afraid that Boudinot can prove all he says. We understand that he has been collecting *Tallowfat's* letters.

We have been begging *Osage Miller* to step in and do the thing in a military style; we expect he will as he has talked so much about it and is so much *hurt*. One thing he agreed to do, and did it. That is, go to Fort Smith and give the disorganizing editors of the Herald a sack of flour and a bag of meal to let him edit their paper one week. He knew they were very low down

and would sell out for one week, *dog cheap*. He is to say that "we are informed by a respectable (?) gentleman (?) that *Tallowfat* is an intelligent man." I urged him to say he was an *educated* one, but he refused, saying everybody would know that he was the *very respectable individual* who indorsed *Tallowfat*, and he could not be responsible for such a roorback. He explained the difference between an intelligent and an educated man in this manner. "A horse, a dog, particularly a newfoundland dog might be intelligent and yet not know a letter in the book; but to say one is an educated gentleman, would be to intimate that he had received a liberal education, and the presumption would be that such an accomplished individual could spell his words correctly, punctuate and arrange his sentences according to the rules of syntax.

We had an excessive laugh at the *Osage Miller* puffing himself in the newspapers, as a "respectable gentleman," and how his neighbors would take such a paragraph. The *Osage Miller* is regarded by his neighbors something like the Frenchman's flea; but he *is* respectable for all that, I will swear to it. Puffing is common among Tommy's friends now.

We have fixed up a nice thing that will knock Wilson into fits. Tommy is to write it in Washington and send it to Peck. It is all about rascality and corruption; a great many persons will believe it, and it will help to call off attention from Tommy's Viator letters and the lies that he and Martin and Calhoon and Peck have told about it. Look out for it pretty soon in the *Old Liner*.

We have the advantage of our adversaries; and say what we please; there is "35" of our crowd and we can dodge and push the responsibility from one to another; and besides our leaders are not only artful dodgers but such villainous blackguards that we won't be sued for slander, as nothing we say can be proved to be injurious to any one's reputation.

I have half a notion to send *Skewbal* to Fayetteville to consult with Tommy's friends there. What say you? do you think he will be treated with proper respect?—Let me hear from you; I expect to remain here until spring.

Ringtail.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Land Steamer.

We saw, in the streets the other day, a Locomotive. No we didn't see that, but we did see a wagon with a stove in it, with the smoke streaming out from the pipe *a la* locomotive.—We commenced speculating, could not learn from what part this strange vessel hailed; but that its destination was Texas; and concluded that it must be the precursor of the Railroad that is to pass this way enroute for the far off Pacific.

This is an age of progress. Think of it a wagon with a stove in it.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Fayetteville Schools.

At no period of the history of this place have its institutions of learning been in a more prosperous condition than at present. The buildings of the Female Seminary have been greatly enlarged, new ones constructed, and the naturally beautiful grounds, rendered doubly so by the good taste and management of the management of the Principal, Mrs. L. Foster Smith. The

inside of the school, we have no doubt, fully meets the expectations formed from appearances without. All the departments of learning usually taught in a Female Seminary are presided over by experienced and competent instructors.

The Female Institute under the Superintendence of Prof. T. B. Van Horne has recently received an addition in its corps of teachers. The place of Miss Pauline Jones has been supplied by Miss M. A. Howland, late teacher in the Phipps Union Female Seminary, Albion, New York. She is, from reputation, and from the exhibition of her talents, eminently qualified to teach painting in oil and water colors, pistil painting, drawing in pencil and crayon, pellis [sic?] work, and all kinds of needle work; she executes herself in the highest style of art.

The College, under the supervision of President Baxter, the poet, scholar and orator, sustains the high reputation it enjoyed under the direction of President Graham.

The primary school of Walker & Feemster keeps pace with the progress of the rest of the schools.

Fayetteville is bound to maintain her supremacy in this respect, and, we would advise the Editor of the Old Line Democrat to make it a visit before he again sneeringly alludes to it as a place "*somewhere in the Northwest.*"

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Notice!

All white men, citizens of the United States and their families, who are now on the Cherokee Neutral Land, are hereby notified to leave immediately and any one not complying with this notice by the 1st day of April next, will be removed by the military force of the United States.

The United States Government is bound by treaty stipulations to protect the interest of the Cherokees in the aforesaid land, and further leniency will not under any circumstances be shown to such intruders as are now, or may be hereafter found on said land.

All white men citizens of the United States who have permits to stay on the Neutral Land are included in the above notice, and their permits will be void and of no avail on and after the first day of April 1860.

George Butler.
U. S. Indian Agent.

Cherokee Agency, December 28, 1859.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 4, c. 4

C. S. Hauptman,

House Sign & Ornamental Painter. Paper hanging, Glazing, Varnishing and Polishing done with neatness and dispatch. Paints of all kinds, always on hand. Fayetteville, March 5, 1859.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 4, c. 5

Tobacco
Factory!

Fayetteville, Arks
C. Jackson & Bro.

Have constantly on hand, an assortment of all the various qualities of Chewing Tobacco, manufactured by them, which they will sell at prices warranted to give satisfaction. Their Tobacco is put up in 50 pound boxes: 7 ounce plugs: which is a very convenient size for retailing, at home or abroad. Those who are dealing in the article, are invited to call and examine their stock on hand. They are desirous of introducing their manufacture of Tobacco into the trade of Northwest Arkansas; and therefore will offer it at such prices as WILL DEFY competition, and at the same time, keep the money expended for that commodity, in circulation at home.

They wish to purchase all the

Leaf Tobacco

that the farmers can raise; for which they will pay good prices.

Aug. 12, 1859.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 4, c. 6

Steam
Wool-Carding Machine;
Fayetteville—Arkansas.

We cheerfully announce to the people of North-west Arkansas and South-west Missouri, that we are better prepared than ever, to accommodate them with carding. Having attached another sett [sic] of Cards, and

A Steam Engine!

for propelling the entire machinery, we feel satisfied that no other Mill in the country can turn out work with so little delay; thereby obviating weeks or months of anxious [illegible].

The Machinery is all New;

in good condition, and is attended exclusively by us. From our long experience in business, we feel assured that we can render ample satisfaction to all who patronize us.

Terms: Six and a fourth cents per pound cash, or the fifth pound of wool.

May 14, 1859.

A. & J. D. Crouch.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 6, 1860, p. 4, c. 6

Shaving Saloon!
Joseph Zillier

Presents his compliments to the citizens of Fayetteville and all persons visiting the city, and informs them that he is prepared to accommodate them with shaving and hair-dressing to their ample satisfaction, at reasonable rates and good style. Call at the "Striped Pole," west of the Court Square, and if you do not find "a [illegible] stock full of Candy," you will find plenty of

Razors and Scissors sharp and keen,
With many Napkins white and clean.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 13, 1860, p. 1, c. 1

Adorning Homes.

Dear Editors.—If you please, I would like very much to speak to the Pioneers of Arkansas, through your columns. My brother Pioneers, when we first came west to Arkansas, our Architecture was neither Doric, Ionic, nor Corinthian, but was what we called squatter cabbins [sic], ten or fifteen feet long, with a single door, and chimney built up as high as the mantle piece, which supplied the place of smokehouse, corn crib, kitchen, parlor and bed room. After years of hard labor we built a second house, twenty feet long, with two doors, and the chimney built up above the roof, we could then invite the circuit preacher to hold meeting at our house, notwithstanding we failed to get a Solomon on the circuit, yet, we were always glad to meet the preacher, it was like cold water to thirsty souls to hear him speak of a better Country, for we had indeed a hard time in this country. My friends, you bare those hardships with patience, which was a virtue to you then; virtuous patience is now an evil, and a disgrace to your characters. From a change of circumstances, I say down with your squatter cabins, and build yourself a neat cottage, with half a dozen doors and windows, and set out a few fine native trees and flowers, in the front yard at least, and you will then taste some of the delights and pleasures of a civilized life. Now, if you will not follow the progressive movements of the age and country in which you live, sell out at once, to make room for a better class of people, invest your capital in emigrant waggons [sic] and teams, and pursue the squatter race to the end of the world.

I would say to the farmers of Washington County, we are once more locked up in the chilling embrace of winter, but the soft air and balmy showers, fitful gleams of sunshine will ere long bring life and animation to the millions of embryo leaves and blossoms that now lie quietly folded up in the bud, and sleep the sleep of winter. A few vernal showers and bright sunny days will show you a coat of verdure bright as emerald. Let us follow nature in her mineral laws, and now be preparing ourselves for action when spring shall open upon us. The seeds of knowledge may be sown even in the winter, the farmer can cultivate his mind when his soil is bound in frozen fetters. The farmer should take time to read some of the best books, at least those on Agriculture and Horticulture. Horticulture is one of the most pleasing employments in life, the rural scenes which it affords are instructive lessons, tending to moral and social virtue, teaching us to look through nature up to nature's God. Horticulture, and its kindred arts tend strongly to fix the habits, elevate the character of our whole population; but look at the condition of our western emigrants, with their long covered wagons, which are the Noahs ark of their preservation, they emigrate, they squat, they locate; but before it can be fairly said that they have a fixed home, they sell out to some less adventurous Pioneer, and taking the wagon of the wilderness, migrate westward once more; their migratory habits will not suffer them to remain long in one place.

The most of my life has been spent among the Pioneers. The English language does not

furnish words of sufficient force to express my utter contempt for such a life; I would rather live a hermit on the summit of the Alps than follow the Pioneers. I am even at this time, twelve miles from your pleasant city of Fayetteville, with but little sympathy among my neighbors in my favorite pursuits; in your rural and pleasant city, I have the sympathy and friendship of the best citizens; I have not language to express my gratitude to them for books, trees, flowers and other courtesies shown to me by them. Should I ever become a great historical writer, I will write their names in letters of gold, and hold them up to all future generations as my benefactors. Yet the fields and woods are full of instruction, and many pleasant hours are spent in the study of Botany and Geology, there are numbers of lessons here for the Botanist and Geologist, many rare and curious flowers bloom amid the depths of these woods and forests, many of them wave on the mountain crag unseen, and untouched, but they are not less beautiful for being wild flowers. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." Could I but have a few congenial friends with me to kindle a flame of social sunshine around me, I would be happy even in this wilderness of woods and forests. But alas, my heart pains me when I look around and see so many things that are so uncongenial to my feelings.—Now do not understand me to say natural things, for I have the best natural scenery in the world, nature has been so lavish of her gifts here, that it now only requires the finishing touches of the rural artist to make the landscape exceedingly beautiful and lovely; and that soul would be dull indeed that would not swell with emotion and rise with admiration to behold the beautiful and varied scenery with which I am surrounded. I would advise all ladies who have husbands, to surround themselves with trees and flowers, for I will inform them, should they be ignorant of this fact, that a man in some respects at least, is precisely like any other animal; give him a pretty place to stay in, and treat him kindly, and he will not leave you, but if he has to live in a disagreeable house and be treated unkindly, he will be sure to seek the smiles of other ladies; and those too of questionable character, he is almost sure to take to the use of tobacco, or some other stupefying drug from this to the intoxicating cup, gambling room, the prison, and the gallows.

Thousands have gone this road, in part at least, all for the want of a pleasant home. You may go to the midnight revel, among the debauchees, and mark the inmates, follow them to their respective places of abode, and not one in a thousand will return to a beautiful and pleasant home; order, neatness, taste, and beauty, are strangers there; no beautiful Maples, nor graceful Elms, adorn their homes. No climbing plants hang in graceful festoons from their trees and houses, but you will there find old houses looking forlorn and dejected, as if there was not even a latent spark of the love of the beautiful in the souls of their inmates, when the affections are so dull, and the domestic virtues so blunt, that men do not care how their homes look; they are not only graceless looking about their homes, but care very little for fulfilling any moral obligations whatever. Such men depend upon their throats for all their exquisite sensations.

We trust that at no very distant day, the last such specimen will leave our country.

Farmers of Washington County, I have a question of very great importance for you to answer. Why are so many of your dwellings still unprotected from the burning heat of summer, and the pelting of the pitiless storms and tempests of winter.

I would suggest to you, that it is ignorance, or the love of money. You are too much occupied with making a great amount of money, to understand how to enjoy a little, well; you exhaust both mind and body, in making more money, and thereby rob yourselves of more than three-fourths of the delights, and pleasures of life. I think every man's home is a perfect index to his character. The Phrenologist, would perhaps look at the organs of the head, to find out character, but I would much rather look at a man's home.

I know that some of you will object to this test of character; you would prefer any other test whatever, for your home would give you an unenviable character, but one as true as the best mirror could give of your physiognomy. Then adorn your dwellings, school houses, and places of worship. Why should we stand still, when progress is the great law of our being? but think for a moment of the rapid progress made in the arts and sciences.

See a Fulton experimenting with a small steam-boat, on the Hudson; and then think of the vast, the world-wide improvement, which has since been made in steam navigation. See a Franklin on the Philadelphia commons, bringing the lightning from the nether heaven, on the string of a kite, and then think of the glorious achievements of a Morse, in making the lightning do his bidding on the Telegraph. The lightning, which once flashed only to terrify and alarm mankind, is now by scientific discovery, made to execute beautiful embellishments in the shop of the artizan [sic], or is tamed and housed up, and employed to carry our news across the Continent. However strange and wonderful the improvements that have been made by our fathers, they fail to satisfy the people of this progressive age, who are inventing ships for navigating the air, perhaps, propelled by steam or gas and adopted to carrying merchandise and passengers from one Continent to another.

Whoever lives to see the end of the next cycle of our race, will behold in the great valleys, and prairies of the west, the garden of the world; the stores, and resources of nature, are boundless as infinity; who can tell, what things are in store for the world in the future. There is perhaps, in the very stones, and earth upon which we walk dayly [sic], dormant, and latent elements, that ere long, will revolutionize the world and bring about a state of things never anticipated by man since his creation. I love to think of this world purified, renovated, exalted in intelligence and virtue, as it will in future time be.

M. S. G.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Cherokee Lands.

Messrs. Editors:--Since my last letter to you I have seen, in the columns of your paper, that Geo. Butler Esq., Cherokee Agent, has advertised a "notice" to all squatters and interlopers who have thrust themselves upon Cherokee soil, that they must "vacate" by the 1st of April next—ominous day—or be therefrom ejected by the U. S. Military.

This is a good but late step. It ought long ago to have been taken, and the Military now be employed in removing those lawless, speculating land-lovers. Too much importance cannot be put upon this innovation, invasion, of Cherokee and Slave rights. Not satisfied with acquiring Kansas, these freedom-shrieking land-stealers are bent on gaining the lands of the Cherokees, Creeks and Choctaws, where slavery has long been peacefully established. The longer these land-invaders are suffered to remain the more claim will they set up to the ownership of the land, the more will they cry out that Government should buy the land they have invaded for the benefit of these Abolition, meddling, land-speculating, "third party" squatters. These may obey the injunction of Butler's "notice;" these may leave before, *and after* the 1st of April next; but I don't believe they will. They may stay away after their forcible ejection by the U. S. Military; I don't believe that either. They have got a taste of Cherokee land, have got their teeth in for a good bite, and they will, therefore, be loath to let go. They know full-well that the Indian Territory west of Arkansas is far superior to Kansas, and they hanker after it, as well as for the niggers

within. They will not quit their hold quietly, and consequently something else must be done besides advertising notices of Military coercion, should they not leave the land they have lawlessly seized.

It becomes the welfare of the Cherokees, as well as the citizens of the border counties of this State, to enquire *what is this something else?* What will stem and throw back this wave of Abolition immigration now threatening Cherokee territory; which has already settled upon Cherokee lands not only within the limits of the "Neutral Land," but deep down within the Cherokee country proper?

The Cherokee soil must be preserved, unless broken in its integrity; the door then must not be opened to immigration rashly and NEVER to Northern immigration. It should be eternally shut out. The faith of Treaties ought to remain inviolate, but what if Northern immigration cannot be checked? what if the faith of Treaties cannot be maintained? what if the integrity of Cherokee soil cannot be preserved? What if the Cherokees cannot continue to occupy their present political status? These are grave questions. They require serious, studying reflection and grave answers.

I can think of but one remedy. That, the interests of Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, and the slave state of Arkansas demand shall be put in virtual force ere the land be over-run by hordes from the North. This is the remedy. *This Territory must be preserved to slavery.* Any step is legitimate and right that will secure this end. This territory belongs to the South; and if a dissolution of the Union should occur this territory will be claimed by the South, and, in all probability, become the last great battle field where shall be fought the last fight against Slavery—for I believe, in the nature of things, that Slavery is to be ultimate victor in all its contests.

In order, therefore, to preserve this territory to slavery and to its present owners, the Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws should have their lands surveyed, and a sufficient portion set off to each family of each tribe; the residue of each tribe to be held as the domain of each, to be by them and to slave-holding immigrants, men from the South with whom each tribe has long been friendly, commercial and social interaction. This is the only way whereby the Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws can maintain possession of their respective territories.—They cannot remain much longer as they now are. Their land is too well known and too tempting. Their own safety demands a change above indicated. If they do not soon take some such step, with the aid of Government, their lands will be inundated with a flood of Black Republican immigration, and the names, rights and privileges of Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws be swallowed up for ever. Rather than such should be the event, I will exhort the South to rush in and take possession of this land ere it be too late to snatch it from the jaws of Abolition.

These fears of Northern immigration into the Indian Territory west of Arkansas may be, by some, regarded as idle and unworthy of thought. To all such I have only to say: Look at Kansas. Ten years ago it was an unheard of wilderness more wild than the wildest part of the territory west of us, and less known. How long did it take Northern immigrants to possess Kansas? How long will it take it to occupy Cherokee lands? Ten years hence will not witness less great wonders and ravages than ten years since. A word to the wise etc."

Your friend,

Be Ready.

Beattie's Prairie, Jan. 8th, 1860.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Clarkeville Arks. }
Dec. 21st, 1859. }

Messrs. Editors:--We are all on the *qui vive* for the good time coming, Christmas, the time when all is mirth and enjoyment, is nearly here and we young folks are anticipating a vast deal of fun. But while this is the case rumors of a far different character are float. It has been ascertained that the negroes of this and several adjoining counties intend to start for Kansas or leave as soon as the arms, which were promised them, should arrive from Cincinnati. Three white men of Dardanelle are implicated in the plot whose names have been divulged by the negroes at that place. We are wide awake and prepared for any emergency. Patrols are out every night in town and throughout the County.

The Harper's Ferry affair and these rumors of an intended stampede of the negroes have prompted our citizens to get up and organize a Military company, of which O. Basham was elected Captain, E. T. Adams 1st., C. B. Gillespie, 2nd., and J. T. Stone 3rd Lieutenants.

In consequence of more exciting topics of conversation I hear very little about politics. . .
Truly yours,
Aristides.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 13, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

The Concert.

Mr. Alf. Howard, the celebrated violinist and guitarist performed in this place to small audiences on Monday and Wednesday night last.

Mr. Howard is everything he is represented to be; on the violin he probably has no superior in the United States, and on the guitar he excels any one we have ever heard; it is exquisitely delicious to hear the "fairy like music" he produces; his voice is rich, full, and melodious.

The inclemency of the weather accounts for the small houses he had on Monday and Wednesday; on Thursday—his last night here—he had quite a large and appreciative house. Mr. Howard goes from this place to Van Buren and Fort Smith, and we heartily commend him to the kind consideration and patronage of the citizens of those places, and any others he may visit.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 13, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Van Buren, Ark. }
Dec. 31st, 1859. }

Messrs. Editors.—Writing the date of this letter puts solemn thoughts into my head and sad feelings in to my heart. The last day of old '59! When and where will another such a year dawn upon us.—The multitude of events, crowded into this year are only equalled [sic] by—what? nothing under the shining sun. Those golden rays shot from the blazing forrest [sic] of light never illumined the world during a more momentous year, for America at least, than the one which silently dies this night.—The moral, social and political firmaments have been exhibiting, throughout the year, signs portentous to us as a great nation.—Startling phenomena have been displayed, which fill the heart with gloomy forebodings of for the future. That these may not be forerunners of ill to America, is the only wish which should now fill the bosom of all true patriots. The self-created vicigerents [sic] of Christ on earth, in the crime smitten regions of the

North, have by their conduct brought shame upon religion and have mocked at charity. They have steeped the priestly robes in the political cesspool until they are reeking with filth of earth, instead of shining in the beauty and purity of heaven. The pulpit has been, by them, changed into an oracle of politics and blasphemy. From it they have denounced vengeance upon their brethren forgetting that He whom they so flagrantly insult hath said "vengeance is *mine*."—They have not hesitated to exalt the infamous thief to an equality with the holy Stephen, and even with Christ himself.—Who is the god of such ministry? At their doors lies the blame for the traitorous war which has been lately initiated against the South. The men of the North who wish to deport themselves well towards the South, who is *ruler*, of the "Cotton King," cry out that the abolitionists are only a small faction classing itself with the Republican party in order to avoid the stigma of Abolitionism. Strange indeed, if true. Why do they send such men as Sherman to Congress? A man who hesitates not to avow his endorsement of a pamphlet treasonous in itself and published by a branded thief. Why do they tolerate the traitorous doctrine preached from degraded pulpits, which is listened to by thousands, in the churches of Beecher, Cheevy, etc.? Those doctrines are as much treason against the State of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, as they are against Georgia or South Carolina. If they are not all either abolitionists or connivers [sic?] at their destructive hands, why do they not take some steps to stop this eternal flow of treason. A reliance upon the conservatism of the North will prove a dependence upon a broken wheel. Let the South stand to her rights and repel the invader of them with fire and sword.

Our own State is not behind in political events of importance. One man has already allowed his ambition to overleap itself, and in his fall has dragged many after him. He can attribute his misfortune to none but himself. He alone has been the cause of all. He began a bitter and relentless warfare upon *men*; and has proved unjust to the task of overthrowing them. He has "burnt his ships and broken his bridges," and cannot make a military and orderly retreat. Who can he blame, who can his friends blame? Not content with speaking himself to death, he must now hasten the *denouement* [sic] by *writing* himself high in the pictures, that his fall might be further and surer.

I have no news of importance to communicate. The work upon the Railroad from this place to Ozark will be commenced on or about the 1st of February, and continued until completion. All who feel an interest in the road, hold their heads high now, in anticipation of the full realization of their hopes. No news yet from the Hindman & Johnson *fracas*. Some begin to think the Col. wo'nt [sic] "put," others say he will certain. Biscoe's special pleading has set many of H's friends against him. They don't like the idea of their "pet" holding himself out for a fighting man, and then dodging the issue because Johnson, in his (H's) fatherinlaw's [sic] imagination has been practicing with "a particular weapon." They think Thomas ought to be up to the *scratch* with any weapon, and ought to put in no plea but the general issue, and put himself "upon the country." Time will disclose the result.

Pittman who escaped from jail in Sebastian County is still at large. I believe no attempts have yet been made to arrest him. No other items of importance.

Yours, etc.,

Pacific.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 13, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Attention Military.

A meeting will be held in the Court House, in Fayetteville, at 1 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday 21st inst., for the purpose of organizing a company of Cavalry or Mounted Rifles. Persons desirous of joining will please attend.

W. R. Cunningham.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 13, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Madame Jaussen

Will teach an evening class in French, at the Seminary, commencing on Thursday February 2, at 7 o'clock, p.m. Ladies or gentlemen wishing to avail themselves of her tuition, will please make early application.

Terms.—Ten Dollars for Forty Lessons.

Fayetteville, Jan. 13, 1860.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 13, 1860, p. 3, c. 6

Ossawattamie Brown is Hung,

But I may be found at the old Ware Room of James Sutton, ready and prepared at all times, to exchange Flour, (38 pounds superfine) for one bushel good wheat. Flour, Meal and "Hominey" [sic] on hand, and for sale low for cash.

J. T. Sutton.

Dec. 15, 1859.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 1, c. 3

Marriage.—is to a woman at once the happiest and the saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements, everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure.

The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she has dared impart every embryo feeling and thought, the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor [sic] and the counselled [sic], and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate, all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed, and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her; buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hope—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and coward-like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence that love had inspired. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet make no effort to supply their place for on him be the responsibility of her errors—on him who has first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her, with a weakening spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wild storm and wily temptations of a sinful world.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

The White Republicans.—The last Talladega (Alabama) papers publish the basis of a new association just organized in that quarter, calling themselves the White Republicans, the object being to make the South independent of the North by measures of self-reliance and non-intercourse. Their platform is as follows:

Section 1. Every one of us binds himself to do everything in his power, individually, to build up the prosperity of the South, and withdraw his patronage from the North, dispensing entirely with articles of Northern manufacture and trade as far as he can, and by exercising a rigid economy in the purchase and use of all such articles as he cannot dispense with for the present.

Sec. 2. Every one of us binds himself not to travel to the North, not to support for any office, nor to sustain in any business or profession, any man in the South that does, unless it be bona fide as a merchant or trader, or for health by the advice of a physician, or on account of some strong tie of nature.

Sec. 3. Every one of us binds himself not to send any child there to be educated, nor any young man to take a course of study in law or medicine, nor to sustain any one among us that does or that is educated there, except those that will graduate in the year 1860, or previously.

Sec. 4. Every one of us binds himself not to take after this time any paper or periodical published there, nor to sustain any man among us that does, except it be an editor or publisher who may receive an exchange for his own publication.

Sec. 5. Every one of us binds himself not to purchase any article of ready made clothing from the North brought on after this time, except socks, suspenders, or other under clothing, and not these, if he can reasonably avoid it, nor to sustain any man among us who does.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

Down on the Tennesseans.—There is said to be an old farmer living in Red River county, Texas, well-to-do in the world and hospitable, but who has a most inconceivable prejudice against Tennessee and Tennesseans, insomuch that he will not entertain a man from that State. His mode of ascertaining a Tennessean is something like pro-slavery men of Kansas in determining a Yankee, by the pronunciation of the word "*cow*;" the Yankee calling it "*keow*." His word is calico, which he says the Tennesseans informally pronounce "*caliker*." A stranger rides up, and probably asks the privilege of spending the night at his house. The old planter, before answering definitely, pulls out a singular piece of calico from his vest pocket, and showing it to the stranger, asks him what he thinks of it. Why that's *caliker*, ain't it?" he naturally replies.—"Hang me, sir!" shouts the old planter, "you're from Tennessee! Sir! you can't stop here, sir! you must ride on!"

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

The New Christian Church.

This building constructed by the Christian denomination of this county, is so far finished as to be open for service.

The first sermon was preached in it, on Sunday last, by President Baxter; the subject was, the peculiarities of the Christian persuasion, and the differences that existed between it, and others which assume distinctive names. The subject was eloquently, plainly, and tersely treated.

In the evening a discourse was also held, and announcement made that there would be services in the church every night of the present week. All that we have heard, have been characteristic of that sincerity and truth, force and reasoning which ought to attend the elucidation of divine truth.

The building is a model for a church; the appearance outside is neat and well proportioned; while the chapel is by far the handsomest room for a "country church" that we have ever seen. The pulpit was planned by Mr. White of this place, built by Mr. G. D. Baker, and ornamented by Mr. C. S. Hauptman; it is neat, plain, and perfectly beautiful.

The ladies deserve the credit for the arrangements in the room; with the refined taste and better judgment of that class of humanity, it may be taken for granted that everything which they controlled or directed is just as pretty as it could be.

A new—for this place—regimen has been proposed and partially adopted with regard to seats in church; heretofore it has been customary for the ladies and gentlemen to separate at the church door and take seats on different sides of the house; but the plan is much better, *we* think, to dispense with this singular formality; many an ugly pond of tobacco juice will be saved the floor, if the ladies and gentlemen would sit together. We are no old foggy, and are in for this, as well as all other internal improvements.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Picture of Fort Smith.

A week or two since we were presented with a beautiful lithograph of Fort Smith. The drawing was executed by the Artist of Arkansas, Ed. P. Washbourne. It is a beautiful picture, and a perfect likeness. We have seen many pictures of scenes and place that we were compelled through courtesy to admit as being attempts at portraiture; but in the picture before us, there is house for house, tree for tree, feature for feature, in every particular.

We have ordered a first quality frame for ours, and we shall value it as the finest ornament of our sanctum. We hope to see shortly a representation of the Athens of Arkansas, and hope further that it may be as highly appreciated and as widely spread as the engraving of the Queen of the River Valley.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 1-2

Arkansas Prospects.

Something like the following conversation occurred in _____, in Missouri, between a citizen of Fayetteville and a gathering of men in the village tavern, who had learned from the tavern register that our friend was an Arkansian.

"Stranger, are you from Arkansas?"

"I have the pleasure to be one of her citizens; I'm an "Arkansaw Traveller."

"What part of the State do you hail from?"

"The Northwest part, from the town of Fayetteville, county of Washington."

"Stranger, how do you like your country?"

"First rate; there's no better anywhere. Come and see for yourselves."

"How long have you lived there?"

"All my life."

"Do you know much of the State?"

"Well, I know a great part of it; most of it from actual observation; and all the remainder from the best and safest testimony. I know that Arkansas is a great country."

"What part do you prefer?"

"Of course, living in the North-west part, I prefer it. But other sections of the State possess equal, and to some superior, attractions. It is according to the tastes and means a man has as to what part he likes best. He can chose [sic] from variety and find [what] suits. If a man is wealthy, owns many negroes, he had better raise cotton, and should choose lands either in the Arkansas, Red or White river vallies [sic] or those of some of their affluents. If I desired to cultivate cotton, to *produce* it, I should select land in the Arkansas valley, as good cotton district as there is in the world. I live just beyond the cotton land line proper, it being only a day's ride from Fayetteville. But Arkansas is a large State, the southern boundary being distant 250 miles from the northern; so that we have more than one climate and unite within our country the grain and grazing lands to the cotton. The eastern half, bounded by the Mississippi, is sheltered by a broad belt of timber and differs from the west part bordering on the Great Prairies."

"Is there much cotton land yet unoccupied and what is it worth?—are your negroes healthy?"

"Thousands and thousands of acres are yet virgin, worth from \$1.25 to \$10 per acre. Improved cotton lands can be bought for \$10 to \$75 per acre. Our negroes are as healthy as they can be—they don't die as often as your mules. If you Missourians dislike and dread the pressure of free-soilism, which we from Arkansas can see is pressing you, I know of no country that would please you better than Arkansas.—Such of you as own slaves could not make a better investment than in buying cotton lands there. There are planters in our State who make from \$2,500 to \$80,000 per annum; and the cotton bears a premium in market."

"How are you off as to transportation of cotton?"

"The Arkansas, Red and White rivers, with some of their tributaries, besides the Mississippi, wash our State. The first two afford navigation from five to seven months annually; while White river, so far as the cotton lands extend, is equal to the Mississippi for boating. Above the cotton lands the river, with a comparatively small outlay, could be made perpetually navigable into the heart of the grain country, even unto the limits of Washington county."

"Is there any free-soil feeling in your midst?"

"None whatever; unless it is locked in the breasts of some who dare not even mention the word. We are as free from all Abolition effects as yet as if their vile sentiments had never been bruited all over the North; that is, we are utterly free from any practical effect. Like all the South, however, we perceive the threatening approaches of Black Republicanism, and that at any time we may be exposed. We do not ignore the fact that Arkansas also, as well as Missouri, has Kansas on her frontier. But our people are organizing military companies for self-protection in case we should be aggrieved by Abolition; and also, when needs be, to drive from the Indian lands west of us all Abolitionists who may invade or settle upon these lands."

"What is the health of your State, both in the cotton and grain regions? What kind and how much water have you?"

"The climate of Arkansas is a delicious medium between the severe winter and the hot, short summer of northern latitudes. Our winters are generally mild, varied, in order to contrast its blessings, some years with "cold snaps." Our proximity to the Great Prairies gives us something like the coolings of the sea, the breezes from the [tear in paper] Plains blowing over

us much abating [tear in paper] of summer. The cotton [corner torn out] their waters running between or over beds of limestone, flint, chert or sandstone. The advantages for mills, especially in Benton the county north of Washington, are numberless and unequalled [sic]; and there are very many mills of the first class. The climate and health of my country are not surpassed by any portion of the Great Mississippi Valley. The diseases, peculiar to a new country, are easily subdued, while throughout almost the entire State we are fortunately exempt from epidemics and contagions prevalent in portions of this Valley. Some summers, latterly, we have been vexed with droughts which injured our grains, grasses and cotton; while in few instances the frost has injured cotton."

"What is the quality of lands in your and contiguous counties?—and at what rate are they held?"

"There are to be found in Washington, Benton, Madison, Carroll, Crawford and other adjacent counties, as fertile land as ever 'crow flew over;' the rich black loam, the rich 'mulatto' land, the strong yielding 'hickory upland' and the equally productive prairie land are all excellent and tempting. West of us, however, is a country the finest, in my opinion, in the Mississippi Valley.—Washington and other counties are only the "breaks" of this *good* land. It now belongs to the civilized Indian tribes; but it is to be hoped that they will open their surplus territory to the settlement of honest, *Southern* white men. Then that country will be the garden of the West, or rather the centre. Lands may be bought in the counties named above at 75 cents to \$1.25 an acre. Improved lands sell at \$5.00 to \$20.00."

"What are the staple products of your own section, and your conveniences for market?"

"Grain is our staple at present. The finest of wheat is raised by our farmers, the yield being from 12 to 30 bushels to the acre. The best of flour is manufactured therefrom. Corn, oats, rye, barley, and *all* the grasses grow hugely with us. Bluegrass, timothy and clover will do and does do as well as in Kentucky or Tennessee. Tobacco, so far as it has been cultivated, proves an excellent crop. It is beginning to attract attention. Horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs need no better country. They thrive well, require no great feeding extra in winter; and as my county gets older, they will be first of their kind. No better apples can be raised on earth than in my region. We have all the varieties. It is a natural apple country. Pears, plums, peaches, grapes and all the berries flourish exceedingly. Garden "truck" is plenteous and second only to California.—Fine openings for sheep raising, especially in Washington and the hillier counties, offer. Men can purchase even in the near vicinity of Fayetteville, where they may enjoy all the advantages a man may wish for, the best of land for sheep. There are great inducements for sheep raisers, as it is in our county as yet almost an untried field, sufficiently tested, however, to prove its great capability. Wool sheared from blooded sheep in my region may be found as fine as any, equal, indeed, to the best Spanish Merino or Saxony. Our climate is so perfectly adapted to sheep, that those who should raise sheep and shear wool could excel the sheep raisers of colder and severer latitudes. Not near so much food would be required, and the staple would be improved by the geniality of our climate. As to our facilities for market, have already mentioned them. Time will so perfect them that in the whole United States they will not be excelled. In the morning, as it is now getting late, I will take great pleasure in detailing to you more of the advantages of the fine and great State of Arkansas."

[To be continued.]

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Ozark Institute, }
29th December, 1859. }

T. C. Peek, Esq:--

. . . Unable to be out, I have no news to tell you.

On the 16th inst., I fell on the ice, crippled my ancle [sic] and am on my crutches. I have heard of many pleasant parties around us; and happy festivities in our schools, where teachers, pupils and patrons with bright eyes and pleasant smiles met around the Christmas tree, and spent the evening in the interchange of good feelings and christmas presents.

Of our schools I would like to say a word, but cannot now.

I hope you may soon double the number of your subscribers.

Respectfully,

Robt. W. Mecklin.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Mounted Rifles.

A Mounted Rifle company was organized by the citizens of this county, on last Saturday, by the election of the following officers:

Captain—J. M. Tuttle; 1st *Lieu*, P. P. Vanhooose; 2d *Lieut*, W. R. Cunningham; 3d *Lieut*, J. R. Pettigrew.

Another meeting of the company will be held at the Court House, on Saturday the 4th prox. for the purpose of completing the organization. We understand that on that day the non-commissioned officers will be elected and other necessary arrangements will be made; a full attendance is required.

It seems that the desire among our citizens to join a mounted company is prevalent; and the rapid increase of members of the company bids fair to swell it to an unusual size. We would suggest that another mounted company be organized. We do not think that a company ought to number over 80 rank and file. Were there a call for active service, we have no doubt that Washington county would turn out 500 men.

In connection with this subject, we beg leave to remind our contemporaries that our *Senior* has been promoted to a Lieutenant in this company; he no longer occupies that respectable position of a "high private;" and hereafter he will wield the sword as well as the pen, if the editorials of the *Arkansian* lose their milky character and assume one more sanguinary, we hope our readers will attribute the fact to this new position of our Senior.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Abolitionism at Home!

Messrs. Editors.—I beg leave to suggest that until we pull the beam out of our own eye, we had better leave the moat in our neighbor's alone. All your comments, though meant for a good purpose, against Abolitionists in the free States, are like so much chaff before the wind, if the people of Fayetteville harbor Abolitionists in their midst. If Abolitionists can be tolerated at home, our mouths should be closed towards those in the free States. If we can take by the hand

here in a State where slavery exists; the "free Soiler" the "free State man" and the "negro equality"—individual, why should we clamor against the people of the free States for tolerating this freedom of opinion? Messrs. Editors, let us "put our own house in order" and no longer suffer Fayetteville to be the reproach of our neighbors; let us no longer be regarded as harborers of Abolitionists.

It is said we have in our midst some of the filthiest Abolitionists, both men and women. One single instance, the report of which is current among us, is sufficient to turn the stomach of all decent white men; viz: that a certain white "*lady*" entertained at her house, until dark, a mulatto slave, and as the latter started to go home, she requested her dusky guest to wait a few minutes, when she would send for her *cousin* to escort her home.

A correspondent in the last Van Buren *Press* alludes to other cases, equally disgusting. It is time that our citizens should take this matter in hand, give it due investigation, and all guilty persons should be expelled from the limits of the city.—If some such course is not adopted the character of our city will suffer; and our schools will go down. Who of our friends abroad, will send their children to Fayetteville for educational purposes, when the present condition of society here is known?

Jeemes.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Fayetteville, Arks. }
January 18, 1860 }

Messrs. Pettigrew & Boudinot.—The Arkansian has become the most popular paper ever published in the city of Fayetteville, consequently the people look to it for a proper exposition of politics and morals.

As to your positions on the political issue of the day, they meet my full approval, and your course as to the morals of the community are good as far as it goes.—There is one of the lowest vices practiced here on the holy Sabbath; that of drinking mean whiskey; there are several doggeries in the city, and in each of them pop skull is either sold or given away on the Sabbath, from daylight until twelve at night, it is evident they do not give it away; but even if they do is it right, thus to profane God's holy day? Are there no State Statutes or city ordinances to stop their vile practice? If there is no city ordinance or Statute that will effect a cure of this crying evil. What say you to giving them broken doses in the Arkansian. I think if you will turn your battery upon these sinks of pollution, you will not only stop them from selling or giving mean whiskey to white men on the Sabbath, but also stop them from selling to negroes, which is the custom every Sabbath, if we are to judge from the drunken negroes on the streets. We have a beautiful young city, and shall the order loving citizens be compelled to submit to this outrage upon our citizens?

Yours,

Washington.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 20, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

I Am Rooting!

Not in my friend's garden or my neighbor's potatoe [sic] patch, but right into the pockets of my numerous kind and accommodating debtors, every one of them,—and the whangdoodle mourneth. If money is the root of all evil [I doubt it] that root is a very scarce root with me just

now; for the whangdoodle mourneth; but I am after it, and I must and I will have it; or the whangdoodle mourneth; and if I can't root the root out of you myself, I shall most assuredly call into requisition the assistance of Mr. Constable, [and everybody knows that he has a longer, keener and straighter rooter than I have, and can do better rooting;] who will escort you before our superiors; and where the whangdoodle mourneth, and I will "go the whole hog or none." But as I do not wish to cut off "supplies," I hope you all will "fork" without unnecessary grunting. Jan. 27, 1860.

T. M. Williford.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 2-3

Arkansas Prospects.

"Now, friend, we are ready to hear you according to promise, finish your account of your country. We are much pleased so far with your answers to our queries, and think you endeavor to give us the truth concerning Arkansas."

"I am much obliged to you for the interest you display in listening to my poor delineations of some of the characteristics of Arkansas, and the advantages which I consider my State is able to confer upon her settlers. Could you but hear some of her gifted sons portray the present and apparent future of Arkansas I know you would be charmed, and that many of you would seek homes in my beloved State."

"How many towns are there in your vicinity? what is their population, facilities, privileges, and inducements to settlers of different avocations?"

"The chief towns in my region are Fort Smith, Van Buren and Fayetteville. There are besides pleasant little villages in the counties adjacent. Among these Bentonville, the county seat of Benton, is the more interesting. I will begin with Fayetteville, and though not able, in an ordinary conversation, to supply you with its complete statistics, yet I will essay to set before you some of its belongings. Fayetteville is the most beautifully situated town in our State, and, for that matter, can not be surpassed by any in the United States. Sun, shadow and the Ozark Hills have hung around the town the most enchanting and picturesque landscapes. No two of them are like; of the single town of Fayetteville one can get a thousand differing and equally charming views. Were the town and its surroundings to be carved out and placed on the Plains, midway to the Rocky Mountains, thousands would travel thither merely for the enjoyment of their beauties. The town is situate on a high hill, over-looked by others still higher; is not far from one branch of the "beautiful but neglected" White river; is healthy and salubrious as to climate; while from its hill sides gush living springs of the 'first water.' I rank the town as to population the third in the State; Fort Smith and Little Rock leading it. In point of education Fayetteville out ranks any other in the State, and it would be hard to find its superior in the West Mississippi Valley, outside St. Louis and the Great Towns. Should you desire to educate your children you may travel East and fare worse. The advantages with us are very great. We have a College of wide reputation, and one distant sixteen miles, also, which have already done much and bid fair to do very much more, to be first class schools. The College buildings are elegant and commodious, their professors able, library, apparatus, &c., ample—especially for a new country and young institutions. Two female schools of the highest order are successfully established in our town, whose facilities for the education of girls, in *all* branches, are super-eminent. The buildings cannot be excelled by any like town in the United States, and hardly surpassed by the largest

towns. Hundreds of youth have been educated in these schools and they are easily capable of educating 4 to 500 yearly. There are good primary schools, in our midst, also. Of course, with all these advantages of education, Religion is not neglected in Fayetteville. Four churches flourish there. In morals Fayetteville possesses the fame that always attends the means and advantages found in its midst. Handsome public, business and private buildings adorn the town. Business is great for a town of its inland character. There are eight stores, and some smaller establishments, where you may buy as good, cheap and elegant goods as fancy prompts. Our merchants are intelligent men. We enjoy the works of good lawyers, while doctors grow fat in keeping us healthy; they are *weighed* in the balances but not found wanting. We have finished mechanics of all kinds. A large Merchant Steam Mill puffs under the town hill, while water Mills, of the same class flutter in the vicinity. Lots, improved and unimproved may be bought at reasonable prices, and no better *lot* need a man desire than a home in Fayetteville. There are young ladies there, too, who can improve such *lots*. Good farms in the neighborhood may be purchased equitably. Some of the land is superb, and some not so good, and some yet again not worth much. Yet the greater portion is fit for cultivation of some sort, profitable cultivation, too. Our market is like unto that of all such towns. We are distant from the Arkansas river, at Van Buren, our port, fifty-four miles. *Hereafter*, we will possess larger facilities that way. For the South-west Branch of the Missouri Pacific Railroad cannot stop at the Missouri line. That would not pay; and as it will not reach California *in a year or two*, the only way to make it pay is 'tap' the Arkansas river at Van Buren. At that place they have already broken ground on the Fort Smith and Little Rock Railroad, which also will not pay unless it 'taps' the Missouri Road, and St. Louis *leveys* her portion of the Arkansas Valley commerce. The COTTON COUNTRY, too, begins at Van Buren and *that* must be 'tapped.' So you see our chances are tolerably bright for a railroad, and, consequently, a telegraph. We have now, however, running through our midst that triumph of Staging the 'Overland Mail.' If all the world's a stage, surely the Overland Stages are the only ones that run across a world. This 'institution' is a blessing especially in these days of no mails [tear across corner] permanent privileges of Fayetteville. In politics, too, we are not behind our neighbors, and we possess a fair share of political influence. Our newspaper is equal to all occasions and would reflect credit upon a larger town than Fayetteville. Salt, pepper and spice are not stinted in its columns. If you subscribe for and read this paper, the 'Arkansian,' you may learn all about Fayetteville, much valuable information, besides many other things worth knowing."

"Well, what of the other towns, Van Buren and Fort Smith? If they are as fine as your own we must acknowledge that you are indeed blessed; we will be compelled to admit that in the eager rush of emigration to Texas and California, Arkansas has been over looked and neglected."

"It has been so indeed. 'Silver and gold have we none,' but we have that which brings them plenteously; our rich ores of zinc, lead, iron, manganese; our marbles, limestones, oilstones, coals; our vast forest of valuable woods and timber; our immense and inexhaustibly fertile cotton, grain and grazing lands, are riches whose wings are clipped. I have said so much of my own town that I shall not have time, now, to say what ought to be said of Van Buren and Fort Smith, which are strictly commercial towns. Fort Smith is the largest town in the State, has a population of say 2,500 inhabitants. A vast deal of business is done there. It is on the western confine of the State, borders on the Choctaw and Cherokee Ter. With its West it has a great trade. The inhabitants are very enterprising. There are many buildings within it, that would be noted in large cities, of stone and brick. You hear there the constant ring of the dollar, the clatter of the hammer and the roar of the bellows. The town is a miniature San Francisco. There unite

the St. Louis and Memphis Overland Mail Routes. There they hope will be commenced the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, to run along the 35th parallel. This parallel is very popular there—coiled all around the place. One newspaper and a steamboat are christened after it. Three newspapers are published there. Fort Smith is destined to be a city of no mean size; the people thereof are sanguine it will be a Great Railway Depot. Some folk even go so far as to think it the central city of the Union. It is the Queen of the Arkansas Valley. Should the Grand Trunk begin there a prophet might tell the result. I wish I could map before you the regions that naturally pour commerce into the laps of Van Buren and Fort Smith. First, there is the Arkansas main; then the Illinois, Grand, Verdegris and Upper Arkansas rivers; then the Red Fork of Arkansas; then the long Canadian, with its co-equal branch the North Fork, whose waters leap out from the Spanish Peaks. All these vallies [sic] of the richest land in the world are tributary to Van Buren and Fort Smith commerce. Besides this, the commerce from New Mexico and Texas will pass into and through these towns. To them naturally belongs the commerce of New Mexico; and when railroads connect them with Texas and the far Rio Grande you will see all Texan and Mexican merchants congregating at, or journeying through these towns, and thro' them, also, will vast quantities of Mexican and Arizonian silver be carried. From the character of the inhabitants of these towns it is reasonable to suppose that some of this last mentioned commodity will 'stick.' Van Buren is a town of solid merchants and capital. It is improving according to time, not hastily but substantially. One newspaper is published there. The second newspaper, long time the exponent of the Frontier, ever published in North-west Arkansas, was the 'Intelligencer' of Van Buren. Its citizens, like all Arkansians, are liberal and hospitable, and their town is one of the pleasantest places in the world in which to live. In Railroad enterprise, Van Buren is going ahead, and from the known character of its people they will 'do or die;' they will have a railroad if any Arkansas people can get one. Be sure of that. Van Buren is just on the Cotton Line; in its very streets you can raise the plant. Like picking up gold in the streets of Sacramento, you may 'pick' cotton in the yards of Van Buren if there you wish to raise it. This cotton fact will have a hearing on the future of Van Buren. Thousands of acres of the very best of cotton land lie contiguous to the town; which land is now in the culture of cotton, or inviting the planter to purchase and occupy. I do not know any finer cotton section now open. Those who wish to buy land to produce cotton will not do themselves justice without examining it. Van Buren will be a cotton city some day, and the now silent 'Cotton Factory' will be put to labor and bring forth many other factories. In the vicinity of Fort Smith in Sebastian county, near Van Buren, is abundance of coal. Van Buren is four and a half miles distant from Fort Smith. Both towns possess the advantages common to all like towns; superior to many. They offer great temptations to settlers—merchants, lawyers, doctors, mechanics, workmen—and capital. Little Rock is the capitol of the State. It is what a town situate in the heart of a cotton region should be. It is the seat of elegance, fashion, and wisdom. There our legislators make laws; there our belles and beaux [sic] shine as they do in Broadway; there congregate all on distinguished men, statesmen, lawyers, editors, poets, painters; and there you may meet planters worth their hundreds of thousands. Little Rock is a chivalric city and will become a stately capitol; more so it is to be hoped, than the present State House. All three of these towns are beautifully situated upon the banks of the Arkansas river. Little Rock is distant from Van Buren about 150 miles.

"Friend, it has commenced raining and it will probably be stormy all day. You had better not attempt to travel, but give us to night something more of your State. Say, how will it suit you? Here you are comfortable; outdoors 'tis violently uncomfortable, and were you to start you could not go far. Let us hear more of Arkansas."

"Well as it rains rather hard for good travelling, and, as here I am dry in body and talk also, I conclude to tarry another night. I am happy my account is considered, by you, worth listening to, and shall be glad to continue it."

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Van Buren, Ark., Jan. 18th, 1860.

Messrs. Editors: Our city presents a scene of noise and business. The old citizens are so sparsely mingled with the crowd of strangers that they seem lost in the ebb and flow of human beings who fill our streets. It does one good to catch a glimpse of an old familiar face in such a multitude of new ones. Men begin to walk rapidly, talk rapidly and do business rapidly; few loungers are seen, except around the tipping shops; all seem busy with nothing but golden moments in store. What a strange, but not unaccountable influence, even the commencement of a railroad, exercises upon men. The beginning of the grading of our road has drawn hundreds of strangers to our, heretofore, quiet city.—New stores are opening, trade is flush, money in demand, but not so much so as produce of all kinds, corn, wheat, beef, pork, bacon, etc., all command high prices. Real estate has gone up far beyond the expectation and calculation of the most shrewd watchers of the market; every acre in the county will soon be taken up and fine farms opened all through the county, even upon the less fertile lands. Planters from older States are continually flocking in and purchasing land for from \$15 to \$20 and \$25, which could have been bought 24 months ago for \$5 or \$10.—The grading of the railroad brings laborers into demand and the Contractors have issued handbills for 500 hands, immediately, with a promise of employment for two years. The construction of this road has ceased to be a project, and is now a reality. Time is the only question. You are aware of the fact that a Railroad Convention, was held at Little Rock on the 10th instant, for the purpose of attempting a consolidation of the Memphis & Little Rock and Little Rock & Fort Smith branch, roads, and Companies, which resulted in nothing. The Memphis Company has become thoroughly imbued with that hostile feeling which has characterized the conduct of Little Rock towards the North-west, for years, and of course *agged* on by interested parties at Little Rock, they would exact all and concede nothing. Their proposition for consolidation sufficiently manifests their feeling. They proposed to join the lands granted this road with their lands, destroy the present Directory of this road and elect a new Board, by the consolidated Company—that *after* they had completed their road to Little Rock, upon the faith of *all* the lands, *then* they would go on and build this road *if they were able*. . . .

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Things Two Hundred Years Hence.—

Scene—Library in the house of an elder gent somewhere in Australia. Old gent telegraphs to the kitchen, and waiter ascends in a balloon.

Old Gent—John fly over to Calcutta, and tell Mr. Johnson that I shall be happy to have him sup with me. Never mind your coach now. Go.

John leaves and at the end of five minutes returns.

John—Mr. Johnson says he will come; he has got to go to St. Petersburg for a moment and then he will be here.

Old Gent—Very well, John. Now, start the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife's room, and tell her that Mr. Johnson is coming; then brush up my balloon, for I have an engagement in London at twelve o'clock.

John flies to execute his orders, and the old gentleman runs over to the West Indies for a moment to buy a fresh orange.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 10, 1860, p. 1, c. 6

What It Won't Do to Do.—It is curious how many thousand things there are which it don't do to do on this cozy planet of ours, whereupon we eat, sleep and get our dinners. For instance: it won't do to plunge into a lawsuit, relying wholly on the cause, and not equipped beforehand with a brimming purse. It won't do for a man, when his horse kicks him, to kick back. It won't do to crack jokes on old maids past the age of forty. It won't do, when a mosquito bites your face in the night to beat your own cranium to pieces with your fist under the impression that you are killing the skeeter. It won't do for a man to fancy a lady in love with him because she treats him civilly. It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty face until you have seen it at the breakfast table. It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the chair of Secretary of State while the "back counties remain to be heard from."

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 10, 1860, p. 1, c. 6

What is an Editor?—Some one gives the following graphic description of a country Editor. We could add several items additional, but feel outsiders would set the whole down as a "chunky joke." An Editor is "an individual who reads newspapers, writes articles on all subjects, sets type, reads proof, works on press, folds and packs papers, prints jobs, runs on errands, saws wood, works in the garden, talks to all who call, receives blame for many things he never did, works from 4 A.M. to 9 P.M., and never collects half his debts. Who does not wish himself an editor?"

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 10, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Somebody says that a young lady should always ask the four following questions before accepting the hand of any young man.

Is he honorable?

Is he kind of heart?

Can he support me comfortably.

Does he take a paper and pay in advance.

Our "devil" suggest the idea that a lady should also ask: Does he drink whisky?

Somebody also says that a young gentleman before asking the hand of a young lady in marriage, should also ask four questions:

Is she industrious?

Is she amiable?

Can she cook a meal?

Can she make her own dresses?

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

The Cane Hill committee of vigilance met a few days ago, and gave peremptory notice to several suspicious characters to "vamoose the ranch," promising in case of refusal, to hand one over to the Grand Jury, and to make a *suspension* of the other. We do not know all the particulars, but are satisfied that Cane Hill is determined to purge herself of the infamous characters that invest her borders.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

A gentleman in the spring time of life, when walking with a lady, stumbled and fell. On his resuming his perpendicular, the lady remarked she "was sorry for his unfortunate *four pas*." "I did not hurt my fore paws," said he, "I only barked my knees."

People who understand French can appreciate this joke.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 17, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Fashion is the race of the rich to get away from the poor, who follow them as fast as they can.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 24, 1860, p. 1, c. 3

The Sequel.

Our readers have all heard the story of soaping the clergyman's tin horn at a camp meeting, so that when he went to call the congregation together, he blew the soft soap over his brother clergymen, and how he exclaimed:

"Brethren, I have served the Lord thirteen years, and in that time I have never uttered a profane word, but I'll be d_____d if I can't whip the man that soaped that horn."

Our readers, we say, have all heard this, but perhaps never heard the sequel as given to us by a gentleman present.

Some two day after, a tall, swarthy, villainous looking desperado strolled on the ground and leaned against a tree, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent which was being made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat, commenced groaning in the very bitterness of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. O, no—there was pardon for the vilest. No, he was too wicked there was no mercy for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the preacher, "have you stolen?"

"Oh worse than that!"

"What! have you by violence robbed female innocence of its virtue?"

"Worse than that—oh, worse than that!"

"Murder, is it?" gasped the horrified preacher.

"Worse than that" groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced peeling off his outer garments.

"Here, brother Cole!" shouted he, "hold my coat—I've found the fellow that soaped that horn!"

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 24, 1860, p. 1, c. 3

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—nice and delicate hands—but somewhat difficult to "keep going" when they get to "running" to parties and dry-goods stores.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 24, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

"She isn't all that my fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and, what is worse than that, she isn't all she paints herself."

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, March 9, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Question for a Debating Society.—The question before the meeting is this: If a fellow—what is a fellow—and his gal—are about to be parted for a time—and they prepose [sic] to exchange daguerreotypes, and for that purpose the feller goes into a daguerreotype shop—and is to pay for having the "pictures took," and he has only money enough to pay for one picture in a magnificent case—and one picture in an ordinary case—which picture should be put in the magnificent case—his own ugly mug or hern [sic]? Would it be gallant in him to put her mug in the ugly case? Would it be jinerous [sic] in him to put his mug in the ugly case which she is to keep? That's the question before the meeting.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, March 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Fayetteville, March 10, 1860.

Mr. Boudinot:--I write this for the benefit of single ladies. A young lady not long since said playfully, in my presence, that "it was so nice to be married, for one could go to everything that came along, and always be sure of an escort." Please allow me through your paper, to give her and others a peep behind the scenes. I wanted to go to Dr. Crane's lecture, and intimated the fact to my beloved Sam. He was busy "figuring up" something, and expressed his desire for me not to disturb him, by lowering his eye-brows and shaking his head from side to side, at the same time going on with his 6 and 7 are 13, and 8 is 21." I waited till he had finished and again made known my desire, as it was then time to go, but he was in a brown mood and didn't hear me. Fifteen minutes passed and I again began saying that I would like to hear the lecture as I had not attended any, and this was his last night—but Sam looked as thoughtful and unwinking as though his miniature was being taken. In about five minutes he said, "Did you speak to me? Lecture? Want to go? Certainly, certainly—"Well said I let's hasten, for we are late. Wait a minute and I'll be ready, and I was ready cloaked and gloved "in no time." "Plenty of time, no use in hurry," says my slower half, and with hands in his pants pockets, and eyes turned admiringly towards his new boots he slowly walked towards the kitchen, stopped before the stove yawned—gave some directions to a black boy about tomorrow's work, yawned again, thought he smelled smoke, asked what was burning—found it was nothing but a piece of paper, but must needs examine the stove pipe and sound it, then strolling into the yard, the cows silky ears must be stroked and the strap that fastened her bell on rebuckled. Then as the clock struck 8 he was seized with the idea that our pet pig's back needed scratching, and taking up a garden hoe, commenced a vigorous hoeing of the bristles the wrong way, imagining that the pig enjoyed it immensely because it didn't hurt him enough to make him grunt, or because he was too fat and lazy to manifest it, if it did. Next, he put his hands in his pockets again, and his head into the corn house, looked in and asked how much corn there was, then went into the house yawned again and said: "Do you want to go to the lecture?" "Of course, don't you see I'm ready?"—"Well, wait a minute till I wash my hands." The hoe handle and the cow's back had given those hands a fine brown glazing. He dips the hands into the water without soap, and taking them out, wipes all the dirt off on a clean white towel, and affectionately asks me if I will *run* and get him some of my nice hair oil. *Of course I can.* He put one drop on the crown of his head and three on the back of his coat, then wipes the oil off his hands on a clean handkerchief, that I just took from his drawer for him, seizes the clothes brush and brushes his hair, then commences a careful, and to no effect, examination of his teeth and wonders if some of them need to be filled, looks at his tongue, says the lecturer can cure consumption, and asks me if I think he has it. (He has gained 25 lbs the last year.) Winds up his watch, jumbles in his pockets to see if he has lost anything; suddenly remembers that he

"must change something before he forgets it," then takes off his new boots which he has worn all day, and puts on the old ones, because the new ones are "too tight and uncomfortable," when suddenly discovering that he is ready, rewards my patience with "come, come, Betsy hurry up, or we shall be late," but, "wait a minute, I *must stop* to fasten that dog up, or he will play the mischief while we are gone." Now, all right—come along, do make haste my dear," so he drags me over rough wide walks, loose stones, brick bats, old tin pans, and sleeping pigs, spraining my ankles and skinning my "shiney [sic] shoes" and at least out of breath and patience I got to the house to see it crowded, even to the door steps—and from the steam the lecturer seems to have gotten up, he must have been holding forth some time. I object to going in, and he says: "Do Betsy dear come along, plenty of room, there goes Pettigrew with a chair for some lady he has just brought." (A very good evidence to me that seats were scarce.) I *played sick* to get home, but got better when we got there. Sam leaves me *at the gate* saying he "will just go back a minute and see what they are about, won't be gone long, etc.," advising me in accents tender and *hurried* (for even he is hurried *now*) to go to bed, and if my head aches "bathe it with some of that liniment" (Magic) and off he goes. I soon forget my disappointment in an interesting book, and about 11 o'clock Sam comes rushing in with "oh you ought to have been at the lecture, it was so interesting—you ought to have gone. Why, dont [sic] *you* never care about attending lectures" &c, &c. Now girls, don't expect to find the promptness of the *lover*, in the *husband* unless you want to be disappointed, for they are all more or less like mine in that respect (unless perchance, Editors are an exception.)

P. B. M.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, March 16, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Hotels.

Rev. J. E. Spencer a very intelligent and accomplished gentleman, editor of "The Theocrat," published at Harmony Springs, Benton county, Ark., recently paid our promising young city a visit, in company with his lady. The following were some of the pointed and forcible impressions made upon his mind.

["] The merchants and professional men of Fayetteville are truly gentlemen of a high order. Fayetteville, however, lacks one thing and that is a good hotel. She has really no hotel at all. There is a pile of lumber there, *with a hole in it*, where people crawl in and stay for the night, but our ideas of a hotel would not allow us to give it the title. We remained there the other night, ourself and companion, taking two meals each, and the landlord charged us *only three dollars*, besides we were obliged to labor hard from ten o'clock until four in the morning, keeping our room lighted all night, to defend our person against the attacks of certain ravenous insects which dwell in and about aforesaid *hole*, and which delight to take their evening meal from the blood of humans. Our labor and loss of blood was worth three dollars more, making in all \$6—a pretty strong bill for a back woodsman like us.["]

Dr. Spencer never uttered a greater truism than when he said Fayetteville lacked a good hotel. And his description of his lodgings contains as much sober truth as cheerful humor. The want of a good hotel has been a subject of regret to us, and has been a serious drawback upon the city. Travelers and visitors are invariably pleased with Fayetteville, but have never tarried longer than was absolutely necessary, on account of the absence of good accommodations. We are happy to inform Dr. Spencer, however, that a new era is dawning upon the city in this particular.

Mr. Taylor has taken possession of the old Washington House and we have no doubt that he will make it a pleasant place of entertainment.

A new hotel has also been established in the brick building opposite the Christian chapel; it is called the City Hotel, and will be under the supervision of Mr. Dan Neal, whose energy, attention and good taste will assuredly attract corresponding patronage, and a favorable notice from the public. We had the pleasure of dining at this new institution and heartily recommend it as creditable to the place.

The veteran landlord, Mr. Onstott is now holding forth on the south side of the public square.

These houses, together with a neat cottage hotel kept by Robt. Hodge, make four houses of entertainment which are now in operation in this place, and we are confident that the competition between them will instill [?] a decided improvement in this line. We hope and believe Dr. Spencer will not have to pass another sleepless night in Fayetteville.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, March 23, 1860, p. 1, c. 3

Candidates for the Presidency.

We copy the following letter from the Memphis *Appeal*, under date of Groveland, Miss., Jan. 10th, and, while we cannot fully endorse the whole (especially the concluding paragraph), think some of its sentiment decidedly good, and worthy of note: . . .

Sam Houston—The Sir John Falstaff of American politics; a jolly old adventurer of the mock heroic breed; a wonderful compound of the savage and the civilized man—the Camanche [sic] and the Christian; an irregular magnet to all that class of our people who love whisky, think politics a "good joke," and admire audacity! audacity! audacity! as the three best titles to success in life. . . .

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, March 23, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

We notice from the Ft. Smith Herald that the citizens of that city have recently been treated to a balloon ascension by Prof. Shotts; a new and interesting attraction.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, March 23, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

A boy got his grand-father's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire; he, however, liked the fun of loading and so put in another charge, but was still afraid to fire. He kept on loading but without firing, until he got six charges in the old gun. His grand mother learning his temerity, smartly reproving him and grasping old continental, discharged it. The result was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back.—She promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out:—"Lay still, granny, there are five more charges to go off yet!"

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, March 30, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

Young Peapod fell in love yesterday.—Says he felt like a barrel and a half of new maple sugar, sliding down a rainbow, greased with butter at forty cents a pound.—Peapod soon after left to get his life insured.

A jolly citizen approaching a Baptist minister, said to him that hoops were wholly inconsistent with the doctrines of his church. The clergyman inquired the reason, when the wag stated that they forbid *close* communion.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, March 30, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

To Pikes Peakers.

Fayetteville is the best point for getting an outfit, west of the Mississippi. It sells goods cheaper than the river towns, has thousands of oxen ready to drive to Westport and Independence in the vicinity, and has a large and excellent wagon road to the extreme settlements of the Nation. At all points between here and the Verdigris, a considerable distance on the way, eggs, poultry, fresh meats, provender, etc., can be had in abundance. There are many wagon shops in town, and all articles that any one ought to wish for the trip.

A weighty consideration: there isn't a Jew in Fayetteville.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, May 18, 1860, p. 1, c. 1-4

[From the Arkansian of April 9, 1859.]

Read This!

Haynesville, Clinton Co., Mo., }

March 2, 1860. }

Post Master: Fayetteville, Arks.

Dear Sir:--I desire information in regard to your county, with a view of seeking a new home in a more Southern clime, and having no acquaintance in your county, and knowing that all county seats have a Post Master, and knowing that he might be a clever fellow, with a head and heart, I take the liberty to address this little *bundle* of interrogatories to you, hoping you will answer them at the first leisure moments you have.

What is the population of your town; the number of stores, churches and schools—how far from the river—how far from the mountains—what other towns in your county?

Is yours a good farming county; what portion is mountainous—what can well improved farms be purchased for per acre, what for unimproved land per acre; is the soil rich and fertile; what is the growth of timber; how is the water; and above all how is the general health, what diseases are most prevalent; how long and how cold are your winters; is yours a good stock raising county; and what are your facilities for market?

Have you generally plenty of fruit such as peaches, apples &c; can you raise *plenty of vegetables*, especially the Irish potatoe [sic]; do you raise any rice and cotton there; for corn *wheat* and hogs, will your section compare with a more Northern one?

How far are you from the Indian Territory? Is your country well supplied with goods and merchandise at fair prices; is the Indian trade worth anything to your county; is your county improving.

Have you fish and game of any importance left? Is your country subject to chills and fever? By answering the above you will confer a great favor on an unknown friend, and perhaps be the means of bringing several families to your county. There are a few of us that have *some means*, and we are determined to move somewhere in your State. Please answer these interrogatories *if you can upon the square*, and give me all other information in regard to your county and State that you may have—all items however small will interest me, in regard to snakes, flies, gnats, mosquitoes or anything of the kind. Many of my friends came in to see me last night to talk over our Arkansas adventure—we are coming too, that's certain. What portion

of your county is prairie?

Respectfully,

J. T. B.

The above interrogatories are put earnestly, by a man evidently solicitous of getting accurate answers. With the interrogator however, we have no acquaintance; but being assured by Hon. M. Oliver, ex member of Congress of Missouri, who is now in our city with his family, examining the county, with a view of locating in it, that he is well acquainted with Mr. B, and that he is a worthy gentleman, we the more readily and cheerfully respond to his questions. We shall, to the best of our ability, reply in the same spirit. What we give shall be statistical facts which can readily be proved. We are glad to note such enquiries coming from strangers. All Arkansas, so long overlooked and traduced, is every day, more and more, attracting the immigrant. We have no gold places within our limits; but in all that goes to make a great and prosperous State, we are preeminent. Does any stranger desire a happy and fruitful home? We say emphatically, with truth and soberness, come to Arkansas. Do you wish to raise stock?—Come to Arkansas. Do you wish to cultivate wheat, other grains and grasses? Come to Arkansas. Do you wish to plant cotton? Arkansas is the *first* country of earth for that great staple. Do you wish to work as a mechanic? Arkansas offers a wide and profitable field. In short, all that the handy fingers of industry find in other parts of the United States to do, may be found here.

Three fourths of Arkansas lie within the "Cotton Belt." The other fourth embraces the finest of grain, grazing and tobacco lands.

With this general preface, we proceed to answer Mr. B.'s questions in the order asked.

The population of Fayetteville is between 15 and 1800; that of the county is near 20,000; that of the State about, or over, 400,000. In Fayetteville there are 10 stores. Business, retail—probably the heaviest of any town in the State. Merchandise is of a superior and tasteful quality. Goods are cheap. All kinds of merchantable barter taken in exchange.

There are 4 churches; Cumberland Presbyterian, Methodist and Episcopal. They are well attended; for our people are church-going and God-fearing. The Sabbath schools are thronged, and their system and perseverance of instruction excellent. There are churches and "campmeeting grounds" all over the county. Of the 4 church buildings in Fayetteville, two are neat and good brick.

With schools of a high grade no country is better supplied; teachers, training, advantages, buildings, are all of the best type. Here indeed may pupils gain as good an education as in any village of the United States. The buildings are not only well adapted and neat, but they are elegant and would grace any town. They are far superior to many an academy of the boasted East. In this town is the "Arkansas College," within whose walls the scholar may progress as far as he elects. It is already an *Alma Mater* beloved of hundreds. Here also the "Female Institute" and "Female Seminary" shed their benign influence.—Besides these there are good primary schools. At Boonsboro, a village 16 miles southwest from Fayetteville, in the same county, is another school, known as the "Cane Hill College." It is also a College of high standing, efficient teachers, instruction and system, where the young man from any country may finish his education. At or near Boonsboro are other good schools. We aver in truth that no county is better blessed with facilities for education than Washington county. It has long been noticed in the south-west. Pupils attend these colleges, seminaries and schools from all parts of the State, from the Indian Territories adjacent; from Louisiana, Texas and Missouri. And these schools are always full. The teachers are among the best educated gentlemen and ladies of the older States.

For confirmation of our remarks, we refer Mr. B. to the advertisements of schools in our columns. There he will see that the courses of study are elevated; indeed, as high as in any schools of the country.

Fayetteville is 50 miles northwards from the Arkansas river, upon which is transported the greater portion of our commerce. But the town is *on* the waters of White river, which stream may be made almost permanently navigable within 20 miles of the town by an outlay of say \$75,000. It is better capable of improvement than any stream in the South-west; equal, if not superior, to the Kentucky.

There are no mountains proper in Arkansas. But it is a hilly, broken State. Fayetteville is situated amidst the hills—itsself upon a hill. The country is delightfully diversified with summit and vale. No town has more picturesque surrounds. A thousand differing views might be taken of the place. There are some two or three other towns in the County; Boonsboro, Evansville, and Cincinnati—the two last being quite small.

No better farming land can be found in the world than occurs in Washington county. The bottoms are alluvial and excellently fertile. The uplands are very rich and grow grains, grasses and corn to perfection. The mountain slopes and tops are often equally fertile with the bottoms, and are covered with like growth. The prairies are rich and admirably fitted for grazing. There is no better tobacco soil anywhere. Wheat harvest range from 12 to 40 bushels to the acre. It is almost always a sure crop. Corn yields from 30 to 65 bushels per acre. Other grains and grasses in proportion.

About one half of the area of Washington county is "mountainous." Of the other half—say about one-sixth is prairie. Arkansas soil is as rich as any on the globe. Improved lands can be purchased from \$5 to \$18 per acre. Lands may yet be entered at 50 cents to \$1.25 per acre. The principal timber is oak of the various kinds; walnut, ash, hickory, cherry, locust, birch, maple, and other forest woods abound.—There are also extensive and valuable pineries. One of these, 18 miles from Fayetteville, supports a large steam saw mill, shingle and planing machines. In any quantity lumber may be obtained and at cheap and easy rates. We have among us skillful mechanics, every means for building not only cheap and comfortable houses, but elegant tasty. Such houses are not uncommon with us.

The water is pure, cold, sweet, and abundant. Bold, clear springs burst from almost every limestone or chert hillside; affording unexampled means for mills and machinery. Most of these springs flow through the driest [sic] of seasons. There are many mills already in the country; room for many more. One first class merchant steam grist mill is in the town of Fayetteville; four first class water power grist mills within ten miles. Wheat sufficient for all, and ready market for flour. Several other mills in the county.

Washington and adjoining counties are as healthy as any part of the United States. To those persons who on account of health desire to find new homes, no climate presents stronger inducements than this of Washington and neighboring counties.—The air is pure, the water fine and the country broken; currents of air continually sweep amid the hills and along the vallies [sic], consequently the air becomes never stagnant nor charged with malaria. The principal diseases of this county are fevers, the most severe of which are typhoid and pneumonia. But sickness here is easily checked if early noticed. We have physicians here of as good repute and skill as in any clime. The good health of North-west Arkansas is proverbial.

Our winters, with some exceptions, are mild, with, some years, no cold weather. Stock, especially in the less settled portions of the country, often live the entire winter in the woods and prairies unfed. Still feeding is necessary 3½ months of the year. Frost commonly appears about

the first of November; grasses rise usually about the first of March, though not affording much pasturage until a month after. This is a tempting stock country, none better this side of Texas or California.

Our present "facilities for market" lie chiefly in the navigation of Arkansas river. Van Buren, a town of great business, on the Arkansas about 55 miles distant, is our port. Thence over "Boston mountain" goods etc. are hauled in wagons. The Arkansas is ordinarily navigable to Van Buren and Fort Smith—a like town four miles off—from three to nine months the year. Steamboats ply constantly in the trade between the above mentioned points and New Orleans, Memphis, Louisville, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. Some of these steamboats are owned in Van Buren and Fort Smith. They bring up the river for Arkansas and the Indian Territory west, vast quantities of merchandize of all sorts. Our future facilities for connection with the great marts of the East are notable. These consist in the improvement of White river, which then will, each year give several months of navigation to Washington county, and will hereafter conduce immensely to the wealth of this county, as well as those below.—Also we are only 70 miles distant from the terminus of the Missouri South West Branch Rail road, which terminus will be reached in the coming five years. To this point the road naturally is fine. To our south, also, the terminus of the Fort Smith and Little Rock Rail Road is distant (being to us at Van Buren) 55 miles. To this Road a magnificent grant of land has been donated by Congress. And considerable spirit begins to be manifested concerning its construction. Thus it will be seen that a cross railway of only 124 miles will unite us, some day, to these two Great Roads.

Our postal privileges are very great, equal to any country where there are neither rail roads nor telegraphs. Daily lines of four horse stages run through Fayetteville, from Little Rock Arks., to Tipton, Mo., the present terminus of the Missouri Central Rail Road. The California Overland Mail passes through our town twice a week each way—with a post office and depot here. This mail has reached this place from San Francisco in 19 days. Passengers have been "put through" from St. Louis to Fayetteville in 18 hours. These mails are permanent and were called forth by the wants and demands of the people.

We enjoy abundance of the finest of all kinds of fruit. The apple is indigenous as fine apples of the best varieties are produced in this county as in Ohio, Kentucky or New York. Hundreds of wagon loads have been hauled from Washington and near-by counties to Texas, yielding handsome returns. This county is in fact the southern boundary of the apple region.—Arkansas peaches are as delicious and perfect as the far-famed Jersey. Pears, plums, cherries, indeed all kinds of fruit known to temperate regions are grown here abundantly. Grapes also thrive remarkably well; the native grape being also of a superior quality. Our vegetables are second only to those of California. Fine Irish potatoes are annually raised in great quantities, and the finest of sweet. No rice is cultivated. The "upland" variety, however, could easily be raised. The Creek Indians, some 90 miles west of us, in the same latitude, produce it some years in considerable quantities.

In cotton, Arkansas exceeds the world. It is celebrated and bears a premium in market. The saline properties of the alluvial and inexhaustibly rich bottoms of the Arkansas and Red rivers furnish peculiar food and protection to this great and valuable Plant. It can be raised nowhere else in the same perfection as in Arkansas, both as to fineness of staple and quantity per acre. Very little cotton is grown in Washington county, and that simply for domestic uses. It is here not a profitable crop. But Fayetteville is only a day's ride from a part of the Arkansas Valley, the finest cotton region on earth; every portion, up to latitude 35' 20', being equally good. The upper portion of the Arkansas Valley, below 36, is an exceeding desirable cotton

region. The river navigable; in the vicinity of two large towns, Van Buren and Fort Smith near to Fayetteville and Washington county, with all their advantages of schools, health, water, water powers, grain and grazing soils, scenery; itself a healthy region. Upper Arkansas Valley presents rare and unsurpassed attractions to the Cotton Planter.

Game and fish do not abound as of yore, nor are they as plentiful as in contiguous counties, but still enough of both to give the hunter some sport and furnish food for the table.

Fayetteville is distant 20 miles from the Indian Territory; the county borders thereon. The Indian trade has been and still is indirectly worth a great deal to the county. Large sums of money are annually paid out to the Indians. They are civilized, possess an extraordinary rich country, have fine schools, and own excellent farms, stock and plantations.

Snakes, gnats and musquitos [sic] are not numerous enough to be regarded as a pest; they are scarcely heeded.

Our society is as good, refined and cultivated as any where in the South, which, we take it, is the best in the world.

We have also minerals, ores of lead and iron in Washington county, which promise to be of great value. The county (and State), has been partially surveyed by an eminent geologist, and he estimates Washington to be rich in lead and iron. Our rocks are different Species of limestones—some very valuable for lime—flint and sandstones. We have also fine clay for brick.

In fine, this and circumjacent counties as well as the State at large, possess the elements of great wealth, prosperity and power. We only need more labor and industry diffused among a greater number of hands to become great, to become great, rich and happy. To the immigrant then we can say in truth; if you are in search of a good home, come to Arkansas. You will not be disappointed.

We have thus endeavored, at some length to answer Mr. B.'s queries. We have so done "on the square." We invite him and his friends to come and verify the truth and worthiness of what we have said; to learn that we have dealt in facts alone.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, May 18, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Pavements.

Mr. Editor.—I would respectfully ask permission through the columns of your valuable paper to propound the simple interrogatory to our City Fathers, why it is that they have so long overlooked the propriety, and almost absolute necessity of enacting a law, providing for the paving [of] the side walks of our public streets?

The fact that they are clothes with power to compel owners of property to pave its front, is uncontroverted.

Where is the citizen whose cheek is not tinged with the blush of shame, on beholding our fair Daughters forced to the middle of the street, in order to avoid the yawning mud holes which characterize our side walks, or jump from place to place in horror of being engulfed [sic] in their dismal and filthy depths.

It is to be hoped that the Council will take under consideration and rid our little City of this disgracing state of affairs.

A Citizen.

The Mountain Meadow Massacre.

The Salt Lake Valley Tan, of February 29th, contains a statement in regard to the massacre at Mountain meadows, in September, 1857; when 120 men, women, and children, emigrants from Arkansas, were murdered by Mormons. When Judge Cradlebaugh commenced the session of his court in Utah, supported by the military, among other witnesses who privately, under fear of assassination, informed him of outrages in the territory was one who participated in the Mountain Meadow massacre. He gave the following account of the murder.

Previous to the massacre there was a council held at Cedar City, which president Haight and Bishop Higby and Leed attended. At this council they designated or appointed a large number of men residing in Cedar City, and in other settlements around, to perform the work of dispatching these emigrants. The men appointed for this purpose were instructed to resort, well armed, at a given time, to a spring or small stream, lying a short distance to the left of the road leading into the meadows, and not far from Hamblin's ranche [sic], but concealed from it by intervening hills. This was the lace of rendezvous, and here the men when they arrived, painted and otherwise disguised themselves, so as to resemble Indians. From thence they proceeded, early on Monday morning, by a path or trail which leads from this spring directly into the Meadows, and enters the road some distance beyond Hamblin's ranche [sic]. By taking this route they could not be seen by any one at the ranche [sic].

On arriving at the corral of the emigrants a number of the men were standing on the outside by the camp fires, which from appearances, they had just been building.—These were fired upon, and at the first discharge several of them fell dead or wounded. The remainder immediately ran to the inside of the corral, and began fortifying themselves, and preparing for defence [sic] as well as they could, by shoving their wagons closer together, and digging holes into which to lower them, so as to keep the shots from getting under and string them. The attack continued, in a desultory and irregular manner, for four or five days. The corral was closely watched, and if any of the immigrants showed themselves they were instantly fired on from without. If they attempted to go to the spring, which was only a few yards distant, they were sure to fall by the rifles of their assailants. In consequence of the almost certain death that resulted from any attempt to procure water, the emigrants before the siege discontinued, suffered intensely from thirst. The assailants, at length, believing that the emigrants could not be subdued by the means adopted, resorted to treachery and stratagem to accomplish what they had been unable to do by force. They returned to the spring, where they had painted and disguised themselves previous to commencing the attack, and there removed their disguises, and again assumed their ordinary dress.

After this Bishop, with a party of men, returned to the camp of the emigrants, bearing a white flag as a signal of truce. From the position of the corral, the emigrants were able to see them some time before they reached it. As soon as they discerned it, they dressed a little girl in white, and placed her at the entrance of the corral, to indicate their friendly feelings to the persons bearing the flag. Lee and his party, on arriving, were invited into the corral, where they stayed about an hour, talking with them about the attack that had been made upon them. Lee told the emigrants that the Indians had gone off over the hills, and that if they would lay down their arms and give up their property, he and his party would conduct them back to Cedar City; but if they went out with their arms, the Indians would look upon it as an unfriendly act, and would

again attack them. The emigrants, trusting to Lee's honor and sincerity of his statement, consented to the terms; which he proposed, and left their property and all their arms at the corral, and, under the escort of Lee and his party, started towards the North in the direction of Cedar City. After they had proceeded about a mile on their way, on a signal given by Bishop Higby, who was one of the party who went to the corral with Lee, the slaughter began. The men were mostly killed or shot down at the first fire, and the women and children, who immediately fled in different directions were quickly pursued and dispatched.

Such was the substance, if not the exact words of a statement made by a man to Judge Cradlebaugh, in my presence, who at the same time, confessed that he participated in the horrible events which he related. He also gave Judge C. the names of 24 or 30 other men living in the region, who assisted in the massacre. He offered also to make the same statement in court and under oath, if protection was guaranteed to him. He gave as a reason for divulging these facts, that they had tormented his mind and conscience since they occurred, and he expressed a willingness to stand a trial for his crime.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, May 25, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

How to Write for the Press.

It would be a great favor to the editors and printers, should those who write for the press observe the following rules. They are reasonable, and correspondents should regard them as such:

1. Write with black ink, on white paper, with ruled lines.
2. Make the pages smaller than that of foolscap sheet.
3. Leave one page of each sheet blank.
4. Give the written page an ample margin all round.
5. Number the pages in the order of their succession.
6. Write a plain, bold hand, with less respect for beauty.
7. Use no abbreviations which are not to appear in print.
8. Punctuate the manuscript as it should be printed.
9. For italics, underscore one line; for small capitals, two; capitals, three.
10. Take special pains with every letter in proper names.
11. Review every word, to be sure that none is illegible.
12. Put directions to the printer at the head of the first page.
13. Never write a private letter to the editor on the printer's copy, but always on a separate sheet.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 1, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Runaway Negroes.

The country is full of runaway negroes. Every mail brings more or less hand bills with the usual heading, "Runaway."

Quite a number have recently escaped from the vicinity of Little Rock, among the number we notice that negro Frank formerly owned by Pettigrew of this place by him sold to William Wilson of this county and by Mr. Wilson sold to Mr. Padgett of Pulaski county.

Look out for him, a reward is offered. He will doubtless give his *cullerd* friends in this community a call as he passes through for Kansas. Every citizen should interest himself in arresting runaway negroes as a means of self defence [sic] to prevent their inducing other slaves to follow them.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 1, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The jail at this place is very full. The two negroes which ran away from their masters in this vicinity, are among the inmates. They were captured in the near edge of Kansas by some Southern travellers [sic].

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 1, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Panoramic Illustrations of Dr.
Kane's Arctic Expedition in
Search of Sir John Franklin.

This world renowned historical, scientific and artistic great work, has reached our city and the past two nights been visited by crowds of our citizens. The fame that has preceded this grand serial work of art, had prepared us to witness something unusually interesting, and to say that our expectations were fully realized is insufficient. Having perused with much care the thrilling work written by Dr. Kane, recounting the many startling incidents among the frozen north, we witnessed these illustrations with a great degree of satisfaction and pleasure.

The painting commences with a beautiful view of the bay and harbor of New York, the embarkation of the expedition and the roar of cannon, the cheers of the crowds on shore, bidding God speed to these devoted men who thus periled their lives in attempting to succor the absent navigators. This view is a very spirited and life-like one. On the way out they past the incoming British steamer Persia, under full headway, by moonlight. This is truly a beautiful scene, the gradual rising of the moon above the ever restless waters, the silver rays reflected from the waves with beautiful effect; the passing clouds obscuring the moon for a moment; the huge steamer slowly moving up the bay, the red light gleaming from the cabin windows with the most natural effect, the smoke and sparks pouring from the chimney; the gallant little vessels with their noble commander plowing their way seaward, all are presented with a naturalness that excites at once the admiration of the beholder. Unlike most panoramic exhibitions the vessels, clouds, water &c., appears to be actually moving, thus producing a most pleasing illusion. The arrival of the vessel among the ice, the glistening of the bergs reflecting the prismatic colors in all their splendor, the polar storms and falling snow, the hardships, trials and dangers that befell the explorers from the towering icebergs, the polar bear, the sufferings of the party from starvation and cold, the ultimate abandonment of the vessel after a long dreary winters passed in their icy entombment. The Esquimaux [sic] and their mode of life, the arrival off the Danish settlement, and the final approach of the American vessels sent in search of them, are all depicted to the life. In fact, the whole painting cannot but interest all those who admire the character of the man thro' whose indomitable energy the entire crew with a few exceptions, were rescued, thro' terrible privation and suffering, from a fate which has years ago befallen those whom they sought.

The different scenes are described in a most energetic manner by W. A. Paul, Esq., of New York City, a gentleman competent of doing justice to the subject. We also looked upon the

veritable rifle used by Dr. Kane and saved the lives of all [fold in newspaper] one of those sledge dogs used in working over these endless fields of ice. The exhibition will be repeated to-night and to-morrow, Saturday, evening at 3 o'clock, for the accommodation of families and those unable to attend the night lecture. We hope all our citizens will improve this opportunity of witnessing this interesting and truly national work of art. We cheerfully recommend Mr. Paul and his entertainment to the press and citizens wherever he may go.

S.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 1, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Couldn't Fool Her.—The Lafayette (Ind.) Courier tells an amusing story of a company of young ladies and gentlemen of that place who took it into their heads to adjourn from a social party to walk near the cemetery. As they approached the ghostly place a lady screamed. All eyes turned to the point indicated by her alarm, and saw a ghost coming toward them, appareled in orthodox white. They all run, but one sturdy woman of the strong minded class, stood her ground till the ghost got to her, when she seized it, and thrashed out of his frightful disguise a mischievous fellow who had heard the project of walking about the graveyard discussed, and hid himself there to give the party a fright. She led him back to the house; and in reply to the questions that poured upon her, said: "Can't fool me. I've seen too many men in sheets to get frightened at them!"

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 1, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Dow's Alphabetical Advice.

- A.—Always attend your own avocation, avoid ale houses and artful women.
- B.—Be benevolent but not prodigal, bury all bickerings in the bosom of forgetfulness.
- C.—Contrive to collect cash and keep it.
- D.—Do your duty and defy the devil.
- E.—Early endeavor to eradicate every error, both of head and heart.
- F.—Fight fairly when you fight; but the better way is not to fight at all. Fiddle for no fool.
- G.—Grace, goodness, gumption, and a little goose-grease, enable a man to slip through the world mighty easy. Get them and glory in them.
- H.—Harbor hope in your heart if you would be happy; but hark ye, hope can not sunder nor rot the rope of a hangman.
- I.—Inquisitiveness is insufferable indulge not in it.
- J.—Juleps may be called the juice of joy and the yeast of jest; but let them alone, for too much joking often destroys the joviality of the social circle.
- K.—Kindness kindles the fire of friendship. A kiss always avails more than a kick.
- L.—Love the ladies, look before you leap, eschew loaferism.
- M.—Make not mischief by meddling with other folks business.
- N.—Never be caught napping except in the night-time.
- O.—Order is Heaven's first law; obey it.
- P.—Pursue the plain path of probity, and put in practice what you will give in precept.
- Q.—Quarrel not, quibble not, be not fond of asking questions, nor addicted to queries.
- R.—Rum ruins respectability; renounce, renew, renovate.

S.—Seek salvation; oh, ye sinners! become saints, and ye are safe.

T.—Take time by the forelock; try to turn every moment to account.

U.—Union unites unity; in the whole universe there is unison; be you therefore united for the sake of unison.

V.—Vanity has connection with valor, remember that.

W.—Women and wine bring want, woe, and wretchedness, when wickedly indulged in.

X.—'Xtra 'xertions accomplish 'xtraordinary ends.

Y.—Yield to no tyrants—yeomen and their yoke-fellows are lords of the soil.

Z.—Zigzagging [sic] is characteristic of a zany; take a straight course through life, and zealously pursue it.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 16, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

Ugly Men.—In the eastern part of Ohio there resides a man named Brown, now a justice of the peace, and a very sensible man, but by common consent the ugliest individual in the west, being long, gaunt, sallow, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was hunting and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot alone, longer and gaunter, by all odds than himself. He could give the Squire fifty and beat him. Without saying a word, Brown raised his gun, and deliberately leveled at the stranger. "For God's sake, don't shoot!" shouted the man in alarm. "Stranger," replied Brown, "I swore ten years ago that if ever I met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him, and you are the first one I've seen." The stranger after taking a careful survey of his rival, replied: "Well, Captain, if I look any worse than you do, shoot. I don't want to live any longer!"

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 16, 1860, p. 1, c. 6

Wedlock in the West.—Youths in the West are thus exhorted to marry by one of the western journals:

A good wife is the best, most faithful companion you can possibly have by your side while performing the journey of life. A dog isn't a touch to her. She can smooth your linen and your cares for you; mend your trousers and change your manners; sweeten sour moments, as well as tea and coffee; ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosom, but not your temper, and instead of sowing seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirts, and plant happiness instead of harrow-teeth in your bosom. Yes! and if you are too confoundedly lazy, or too proud to do such work yourself, she will carry swill to the hogs, chop wood, and dig potatoes for dinner.—Her love for her husband is such that she will do anything to please him—except receive company in her every day clothes. Get married, I repeat you must. Concentrate your affections upon one subject, and don't disturb them, crumb by crumb, a host of Susans, Marias, Betseys, Elizas, Peggies, and Dorothies, allowing each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married, I repeat you must. Get married, and have some one to cheer you up as you journey through this vale of tears—somebody to scour up your dull melancholy moments, and keep your whole life and whatever linen you possess, in some sort of Sunday-go-to-meeting order.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Fashionable Wedding at Pensacola.

The Pensacola correspondent of the Mobile Register writes, on the 19th:

The marriage ceremony performed by Right Rev. Jno. Wuinion between Miss Maggie M. Mallory of this city, and Henry Bishop of Bridgeport Conn., took place at the residence of the

bride's father, Hon. S. R. Mallory, last evening at a quarter past eight o'clock. I did not attend myself, but sent an intimate representative, the light of whose countenance reflects the light of joy and radiant beauty in the countenance of others. I am indebted to a lady friend, whose faculty for minute observation far better than mine, and who is much better versed in the paraphernalia of a lady's wardrobe than your humble servant, for the following hurried description of the bride's and bridesmaid's attire, which may be of considerable interest to your lady readers. The dress of the bride consisted of a rich and heavy China brocade silk of immaculate whiteness, with a train [?] of well proportioned length, a bertha of the finest texture of point lace, and a veil of the same material, which, reaching to the floor, fell gracefully about her person, and was festooned to the head by an exquisite wreath of orange buds. A large diamond breastpin glittered near a small bouquet of fragrant flowers on her breast, and in her ears and on her symmetrically turned arm [illegible] diamonds of the same set, of dazzling splendor.

The bride thus robed in white, as she softly reclined on the arm of the groom surrounded by her joy wishing friends looked the perfect emblem of purity and unaffected simplicity, and was as beautiful and lovely as she is noted for her goodness. The first bridesmaid was attired in white, wearing as a head dress a wreath of lilies of the valley. The second wore white and blue, and the third white and pink, with head-dresses to match. They all looked so bewitchingly lovely that I cannot say anything in any one's praise, through fear of doing injustice to another.

Mr. Bishop is a gentleman of highly polished refinement, great suavite in mode and in every sense worthy of his youthful bride, whom we relinquish with an unwilling hand. The guests, exceeding two hundred in number, assembled at the appointed hour. Nothing occurred to mar the happiness of a person present, and never was a scene portrayed more brilliantly beautiful and more full of true loveliness. A great many officers of the army and navy, dressed in full uniform, were present, which lent additional eclat to the occasion. The bridal party consisting of the bride and the mother and sister-in-law of Mr. Bishop, leave to-day en route for the north.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 23, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Female Education.

In this enlightened land there is a certain class of men to be met with who think it entirely unnecessary to educate their females; generally speaking this class is coarse, illiterate and rude, they think a lady should be treated as a kind of necessary evil, a mere animal that they cannot well do without, yet one that they never can think of considering as their own equal. They think so she finds the pantry and cellar well stored she should be content. She is not considered capable of taking any interest in affairs of any kind, which were unconnected with her own household. I will admit that woman's province is home, then let her be qualified to fill that station with dignity.

Let her have free access to a good library, and instead of the distaff and other implements of housewifery, place in her hand a pen, and you will find her possessed of as brilliant an intellect and indulging in as lofty aspirations as any man, that ever displayed his talent to an astonished world.—To whom are we indebted for some of the most interesting volumes to be met with in all classes of literature? to the pen of female writers. But the best testimony I can now summon is the contrast between the nations that educate their females, and those that do not. In the dark ages of the world woman was scarcely a grade above the brute creation, till the

star of Bethlehem stole out amid the gloom of a Judean sky, and moved till it dissolved its dimmer light in the full effulgence of its antetype, what was woman but man's dependent monarch's inferior. God gave her a voice 'tis true which might be tuned in solemn chant, but too often like the bulbul of the orient, hers was the song of the vassal. God gave her a soul also; but that soul like a Honuna [?] bird of eastern literature, was too ethereal for the joys of the earth and too poorly fledged to fly to the Tree of Life for support, it lived on air, fed on odors, and never greeted a twig by clinging to it for a single moment.

Whence arose this imperfection in woman; surely she was not far man's inferior that she has no capacity for receiving the strengthening balm of knowledge. It must have arisen from the liberal appreciation man had formed of her intellect, the defect was in her mental training. She was educated, but how far did her educational resources extend. Naturally endowed with a vivid imagination, she must have sources for reflection, it follows that in his unenlightened state, she was very credulous, her mind was almost a blank, and capable of receiving any impression, the history of an hour's mission, and the message on which nymphs might be dispatched to some unseen power or some other such absurdities were often explained to her credulous mind, but to dwell in the presence of gods, angels, and partake of the manna fresh from the throne of knowledge was not the common privilege of woman, till the cyclopedia of four thousand years had flung its mantle on the shoulder of time.

The peerless Queen of Egypt could quaff the richest pearl but to analyze it, or trace it through its chemical form, had never entered her frivolous brain. Woman is the creature of loyal confidence and repose of soul. But not until a recent date was she permitted to drink deep at the fountain of light and knowledge; education came to her aid bearing in its casket a chaplet of unfading flowers bright as the halo of glory that surround the brow of saints, all she has to do, is to arouse her latent energies, direct her ambition aright, then stretch forth her hand seize the prize and it is hers forever; no earthly power can wrest it from her grasp, fortune and friends may fail, she may be doomed to buffet the darkest waves of adversity, many a storm may spend its fury on her innocent head, many a torrent may roar and dash along, many a wintry blast moan or howl, yet she has this ray of light, constant as the needle to the pole to cheer her dropping soul, and like the cloud and the pillar of fire, to the Israelites host, it steers her on, enables her to mount on fancy's wings, and soar amid the untold beauties of the universe, to grow familiar with the starry world, to catch and analyze the very sunbeams, the evening breeze, and the morning dew, to account by chemical laws, and mathematical calculations for all the varied and wonderful phenomena presented by nature.

Is not such a prize worth striving for? Up my fair friends and be doing, who will pause in fixed content if higher still the glittering prize lead on? each of you have the opportunity of gathering fresh laurels every moment. In this blessed land equal right and privileges are bestowed on all.

The star of female education is in the ascendancy here and the prospect is fair for it to reach its zenith soon and dazzle and astonish the whole world with its effulgent glory. God speed the hour; let it come bearing at the mast head of her anticipations the streaming pennon embellished with the potent words, wisdom and virtue.

Female education is not only known by what we see of female movements but by the healthful effects of her house-hold teaching and practices, these send out their genial influence from the sacred precincts of the family altar to the utmost verge of every enlightened land, she has at last broken the fetters that bound her down in ignorance, superstition, vice and groveling servitude. A holy mission is bestowed on woman to her is entrusted the first and earliest cares of

youth, she lays the foundation of every one's character; first impression of infancy are seldom if ever erased; every celebrated character that is recorded on the list of fame owes its greatness in some degree to female influence. The virtue, wisdom and prosperity of future generations depend on female education just as men neglect it they slight their own interest and happiness.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 30, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Improvements.

Our city is still steadily improving, every business house and dwelling occupied, and new buildings going up every day.

The Telegraph will be completed to, and an office opened in this city during the coming week.

We have also another newspaper, which unheralded, as the sudden flash of a meteor, made its appearance among us and immediately became one of the permanent fixtures of the city.

Again, our enterprising young men have purchased the necessary instruments and organized a "*brass band*." As soon as they get a little instruction there will not be a "savage breast" hereabouts but will be moved by a concord of sweet sounds.

With a telegraph office, two newspapers and a brass band, we will be able to hear all the news, print it, and blow it all over the country. One gentleman, more enterprising than all the others, has made the necessary arrangements for the purchase of an owl which he will *press* into the service and with the invention genius of a live Yankee make it an [sic] useful bird.

Candidates are coming out every day, not because they want office, but because of numerous solicitations and a willingness to serve the people in any capacity to which they may be called. None of them can be elected unless they announce in the papers.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 30, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Examination at the Institute.

The annual examination at this Institute, under the capable management of Mr. and Mrs. Van Horne, took place on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

The visitors there were numerous and greatly entertained and interested. The exercises of the pupils with the random questions, so contrary to the usual and deceptive mode of cut and dried examinations, put to them eliciting quick and correct answers, plainly proved the excellence of the discipline of the school, the progress of the scholars and the value of the Institution.

Parents, relatives, friends and lookers-on were much gratified with the results thus shown, and with the advancement of the pupils. From little Miss to the young Lady, as well as of the few boys in the school, the evidence of great improvement was encouragingly manifest, in all the branches taught, as well as in the accomplishments of music, painting, drawing, etc. Even the little girls who struck the keys of the piano brought smiles and congratulations from the audience, while the young Ladies proved that they were fitting themselves to adorn and bless the high station assigned them by God.

The Hall of the Institute was gracefully hung with many beautiful paintings, the work of

teachers and scholars; conspicuous among them shone exceedingly well executed copies of the great Cole's pictures, painted by the gifted Miss Howland. These pictures make quite a respectable gallery, as large, if not larger, than any in the whole State. They harmonize well with the glorious scenery around Fayetteville, and alike aid the student and child to love and know the Beautiful.

The programme for Wednesday night was interrupted by an untoward accident, the breaking of a lamp and the diffusion of the burning spirit-fluid. Much more fright amid the crammed Hall than harm resulted. After the confusion, buzz and dread produced by this alarm had subsided, the exercises again commenced.

The Compositions of the young ladies were interesting, full of good sense, beautiful thoughts, and were written in uncommonly good English. Their reading was clear and spirited. The six graduating young ladies, as they blushinglly received their honors, duplicated the three Graces.

The *Cantata*, under the direction of the unequalled Miss Corwin, was perfectly enchanting to the many ears who listened.—The music of her voice, with those of her aids, was sweet, and made one sigh because such voices do not forever ring beneath his or her roof-tree. Such music is not an every day matter in Arkansas, as yet; so bright, joyous and beautiful a sight never before gladdened this region, and a more perfectly drilled music throng would be wonderfully hard to find. It was indeed a bewitching display, spoke volumes for the skill of the celebrated teacher, and will long be remembered by the dense throng of citizens attending, as the most interesting scene ever witnessed in Fayetteville.

Mr. Van Horne has the most skillful and best corps of teachers ever in this part of the country. They can scarcely be excelled anywhere. There [sic] system of instruction, training and study is judicious and full of fruit, and promises high for the future success and fame of the Institute.—The appointments of the school library, apparatus, surroundings, etc., are all excellent and well known, and the two first only lack the accumulations of time.

The citizens were so much delighted with the *Cantata*, that by particular request it was reproduced on Thursday night.

Programme.

Prayer.

Music.

Compositions—Senior Class.

TH: Memory's Harp, Miss Belle Cardwell;

" What Nature says, Miss Clem. Watson;

Music.

TH: Buried Hopes, Miss Becca Stirman;

" Power of sympathy, Miss Anne Pollard;

Music.

TH: Flowers, Miss Sulena Marshall;
" Valedictory Ads, Miss Annette Arrington.

Conferring Diplomas.
Cantata of the Flower Queen.

ARGUMENT.—"The Flowers meet in a secluded dell, in the forest, to choose their Queen. A person discontented with the world, seeks in the same place, retirement from its cares and disappointments. The Flowers tell of love and duty; and the Recluse—learning that, to fill well the station allotted by Providence, is to be happy—resolves to resume the relations of life.

Personifications.

Recluse:	Miss Cornelia Corwin;
Rose:	Miss Nellie P. Jones;
Lily:	Miss Anne Pollard;
Croens [sic?]:	Miss Annette Arrington;
Dahlia:	Miss Clem. Watson;
Sweet Pea	Miss Minnie Tebbetts;
Verbena:	Miss Jenetta Nordheimer;
Mignonette:	Miss Josie Lee;
Camelia:	Miss Sallie Davidson;
Sun Flower:	Miss Salena Marshall;
Violet:	Miss Mary Sutton;
Hollyhock:	Miss Maggie Battenfeld;
Dandelion:	Miss Hettie Hughes;
Touch-me-not:	Miss Laura Onstott;

Chorus of Poppies.

Misses Fannie Rutherford, Bettie Dunlap, Julia Nordheimer, Ada Baker, Cornelia Skelton, Lizz Pettigrew, Lavina Bowers.

Chorus of Heatherbells.

Misses Anne Duke, Mary Graham, Winnetta Clarke, Annie Washbourne, Annie Marshall, Belle Sutton, Katie Bedford, Mollie Dickson, Lillie Tebbets.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, June 16, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

From Oregon.

Oregon, April 3d, 1860.

Messrs. Eds. Arkansian:--I have seen a number of your papers. It was a great treat. From it I learned how Fayetteville was improving and prospering, more than I had heard the past eight years. The advertisements were especially interesting to me. Politics had not changed much,

except that the negro questions was getting supreme.

In Oregon we have three parties, the Democrats, anti-Administration Democrats and the Republicans. The Republicans are considerably in the minority, even with the divided ranks of the Democracy; but it is hoped that these two wings will soon be reconciled. We should be very glad to hear that Gen. Joe Lane had received the nomination for President, as he is decidedly a Union man and an old war-horse.

I wish here to say something to the young men and women of my native State, Arkansas. Come West, come to the Pacific Coast where land can be had for the settling, and that of the first quality. Leave the old hive, take one another's sisters for help-mates and come hither and hew out your fortunes. Do not lie around the old hive like drones, but be men and try and do something for yourselves. Come, I say, and leave lands upon which you barely eke out a living, and settle here from lands that *will* remunerate your labor. There never was a better opening for poor beginners and chances for capitalists to invest money, than now on this Pacific Coast.— There are extensive forests to be made into lumber, with unsurpassed water power for mills, and a constant market. There are some fine prairie lands East of the Cascade Mountains yet to be settled, which are admirably adapted to grazing, wool-growing, farming etc., and offer homes for the taking. I say, then, come.

Yours, with respect,
J. C. Gilbreath.

Direct to Rainer, Columbia Co., Oregon.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, July 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Telegraph.

The wires were uncoiled and stretched from insulator to insulator, through and beyond this city, last Wednesday, on which day the electric pulse first thrilled through our midst. Fayetteville is now in instant connection with the world. May the Telegraph be the forerunner of more magnificent enterprises, until our city shall become a great inland city, the Seat of Learning, Science and Art, and beloved of Peace and Prosperity.

To the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Parsons, Telegraph Agent and skilful Operator, the friends of the Telegraph are greatly indebted for the office here.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, July 7, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

First Telegram to an Arkansas Paper.

We sent this day a health to the "Republican." That paper rejoins:

St. Louis, July 7, 1860.

"*Arkansian.*"

St. Louis greets Arkansas on the completion of the Telegraph to Fayetteville, in uniting the two cities so closely together new ties will be formed binding the North centre and the South more, indissolubly to each other. May the Union be perpetuated."

"Republican."

Amen.

"More Copy."

Once in autumn, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, pondering over a memorandum book of items used before, (book of scrawling head notes, rather; items, taking days to gather them, in hot and sultry weather, using up much time and leather) pondered we those times o'er. While we conn'd them slowly rocking (through our mind queer ideas flocking) came a quick and nervous knocking, knocking at the sanctum door. "Sure, that must be Kinks," we muttered—"Jinks, that's knocking at our door; Jinks, the everlasting bore."

Ah, well do we remind us, in the walls which then confined us, and before us, and around us, all scattered o'er the floor. Thought we, "Jinks wants to borrow some newspaper till tomorrow, and 'twill be relief from sorrow to get rid of Jinks, the bore, by opening wide the door." Still the visitor kept knocking—knocking louder than before. And the scattered piles of papers cut some rather curious capers, being lifted by the breezes coming through another door; and we wished (the wish was evil, for one deemed always civil) that Jinks was at the d---l, to stay there evermore; there to find his level, Jinks, the nerve-unstringing bore!

Bracing up our patience firmer, then, without another murmur, "Mr. Jinks," said we, "your pardon, your forgiveness, we implore. But the fact is, we were reading of some curious proceedings; and thus it was, unheeding your loud knocking there before." Here we opened wide the door. But phancy, now, our pheelinks—for it wasn't Jinks the bore, Jinks, nameless nevermore! But the form that stood before us, caused a trembling to come o'er us, and mem'ry quickly bore us back again to days of yore, days where items were in plenty, and where'er this writer went, he picked up interesting items by the score. "'Twas the form of our 'devil,' in an attitude uncivil; and he thrust his head within the open door, with 'the foreman's out of copy, sir, he says he wants some more.'" Yes, like Alexander, wanted 'more!'"

Now, this "local" had already walked about till nearly dead—he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—walked through the street called Market, and the byways funning off into the portions of the city both public and obscure; had examined store and cellar, and had questioned every "feller" whom he met, from door to door, if anything was stirring—an accident occurring—not published here before; and he had met with no success; he would rather kinder guess he felt a little wicked at that ugly little bore, with the message from the foreman that he wanted "something more." "Now, it's time you were departing, you scamp!"—cried we, upstarting; "get you back into your office, where you were before; or the words that you have spoken will get your bones all broken," (and we seized a cudgel, oaken, that was lying on the floor,) "take your hands out of your pockets, and leave the sanctum do it; tell the foreman there's no copy, you ugly little bore."—Quoth the devil, "send him more."

And our devil, never sitting, still is flitting, back and forth upon the landing just outside the sanctum door. Tears adown his cheeks are streaming—strange light from his eyes is beaming—and his voice is heard, still crying: "Sir, the foreman wants some more!" And our soul, pierced with that screaming, is awakened from its dreaming, and has lost the peaceful feeling it had before; for the fancy sill come o'er us, that each reader's face before us hears the horrid words—"we want a little more!" Words, on their foreheads glaring, "your 'funny' column needs a little more!"

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, July 14, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Mercury.—Quicksilver is rising—has been doing its "level best" to get out of the glass. To another column we refer our readers for the degrees which it stood on different days this week. More scorching heat, with the breezes that stir every day, was never known in this latitude.—Even the turkies [sic] are using fans to cool themselves. The young corn at 1 o'clock P.M., is all in curls, like young lassies getting ready for a Mechanic's Festival.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, July 28, 1860, p. 1, c. 7

I Wud Knott Dye in Wintur.
Bi the Orthor of "Thorts on a Faded Boka."

I wud knott dye in wintur,
 When whiskie punchiz flo—
When pooty gals are skeetin'
 Oar fealds of ice & sno—
When sassidge meet is phrying
 & Hickeri knuts is thick;
Owe! who kud thunk ov dighing,
 Or even getting sick?

I wud knott dye in spring tiem,
 & miss the turn up greans,
& the pooty song ov the leetle frawgs,
 & the ski larkes airly scream;
When burds begin thare wobbling
 & taters gin to sprowt—
When turkies go a gobblering,
 I wud not then peg out.

I wud knott dye in summer,
 & leeve the garding soss—
The roastie lam & buttur-milk—
 The cool plase in the gras;
I wud nott dye in summer,
 When every thing's so hott,
& leeve the whisky Jew-lips—
 Owe KNOW! ide rather nott.

I wud nott di in ortum,
 With peeches fitt for erting;
When the wavy korn is gitting wripe,
 & kandidates are treeting.
For these, and uther reasons,
 Ide nott di in the phall;

& sence ive thort it over,
I wud not die a tall.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, August 24, 1860, p. 1, c. 3

A Patriotic Lady.—We learn that a Douglas flag is stretched across the Main Street, in our sister city of Van Buren. A lady passing along the street, discovering it, would not pass under it, but took another street. We are well acquainted with the lady but will not give her name, although we would like to do so. We admire her spunk.—Times.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, August 31, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

For Kansas.

The Vigilance Police appointed by the late Public Meeting are doing their duty.—One man who has been residing in this town some time, was known and found to be entirely too free with negroes—had even sent negro wenches valentines, and the like—was put on the right road to Kansas.

Another, a refugee from the incensed Texans and whose son as is reported was there recently hung for Abolitionism and complicity in the house burnings there, was waited on by a committee appointed by the vigilance police and *respectfully requested* to start forthwith for cooler regions.

These examples and more than are sure to follow will give all immigrants hither ample warning to bring no abolition or freesoilism, no abolitionist or freesoilier with them—for here they cannot, shall not live.

All other classes of honest immigrants are welcome and invited. Come among us. We want men, women and children, more labor, more sinews.

The Vigilance Committee

have started. W. L. Reed and his family, the *Rev.* Anthony Buley, his son-in-law David Roper, and their families, northward.

These last admitted that they were anti-slavery, that they upheld and defended anti-slavery sentiments, and Roper impudently avowed he'd vote for an abolitionist if he wanted to. Buley also said he had heard that a reward was offered for him in Texas of \$1000.

These gentry have been invited to leave Arkansas and not stop 'til they reach a free state. Our fellow citizens of Missouri are advised to keep them moving north, unless they would see trouble.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, August 31, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Returning Texans.

A great number of people are emigrating from Texas, passing through our streets nearly every day. They have been driven thence by the scarcity of food and water. We always said that Texas was no place for the small farmer.

Owing to the watching paid all persons from Texas, these emigrants may fear trouble; but they need not apprehend any, for the honest man need fear nothing in this community.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, September 7, 1860, p. 1, c. 6

A True Woman.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing, and [illegible]—it is a being who can comfort and console him—one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate—one who can assist him in his joys, strengthen his principles, educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother and the mistress of a family. A woman—of the former description may occasionally figure in the drawing room and attract the attention of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, or to train up a child in the way he should go.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, September 7, 1860, p. 1, c. 5-6

[Summary: Confession of James M. Montgomery; a Horse Thief, now in Jail at Decatur, Wise County, Texas, made freely and voluntarily, without threat, or compulsion of any kind, quoted from the McKinney (Texas) Messenger.]

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, September 21, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Vigilance Police.—We are authorized to announce to the Public, that the committee organized and appointed by the people, by three several Mass Meetings, have surrendered their powers to the people from whence they were derived.

This committee acted in good faith throughout and for the public safety. Political prejudices operated against the committee and therefore they have disbanded.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, November 2, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

The Ladies.—God bless them! are lending their aid to the cause of Breckinridge and Lane and Southern Rights. When the ladies buckle on armor and go into the battle field, their cause is sure to win.—There is more than one John D'Arc yet living. The ladies are never wrong and in this instance they are concerned for their firesides and homes. Husbands, fathers, sons and lovers, to the rescue! Victory circles over you and will certainly perch upon your banners.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, November 24, 1860, p. 1, c. 6

At Council Bluffs, Iowa, the alarming discovery has just been made that Frank Bates, a young, dashing, popular lady-fascinating dry-goods clerk, is—a girl.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, November 24, 1860, p. 1, c. 6

The Governor of Vermont has recommended the passage of a law to make the vender of intoxicating drinks responsible for all injuries committed by those to whom he may have sold.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, November 24, 1860, p. 2, c. 5-6

A Southern Churchwoman's
View of Slavery.

I have thought it might be interesting to some of your readers, especially the northern portion, to hear something of what the Germans call "Our inner life." In a word it may be interesting to them to hear, honestly, a southern woman's opinion on slavery. I know, in spite of the great efforts made to enlighten the world in general, and the northern portion of these United States in particular, by Emerson, Greeley, Mrs. Stowe, H. W. Beecher, and others, there is a very great amount of ignorance as to the position and feelings of the white population of the south on this subject. I promise you to express frankly and truly, in the presence of God and the world, as an honest "Daughter of the Church," my belief on these matters. It may be used as a psychological curiosity by those of your readers who are interested in examining the philosophy of mind. I have spent a great deal of time at the North. Our country is not healthful for white people, for at least three of the Summer months. In Summer, with the majority of southern people, I have spent this time annually in travel. The north attracts us by its coolness and salubrity; we cannot be long among you without hearing ourselves and our institutions freely discussed; and, it has often been amusing and at the same time painful to me, to listen to the fierce argument and fierce vituperation poured out against my country and my people—amusing from the absurdity of the positions and premises of the adversaries, and sorrowful from their ignorance, hate and bitter condemnation. The southern people held up to view are an arrogant, ignorant, uneducated, inhuman, tyrannical set of men and women, lording it over the amiable, unoffending, innocent, oppressed slaves, driving them to work under the cruel lash, loading them with irons; in short, if you will just cut out a few pages of Irving's matchless "History of Columbus," detailing the iniquitous cruelty and barbarity, of the early Spanish settlers, under Orando, against the peaceful islanders of San Domingo, you will have a very correct description of the portrait frequently made before me, and to me, of southern masters and their servants. That is terrible! It makes me shudder and breathe hard to read the early history of America; and yet, there are many persons who believe we live in the constant exercise of the same fearful barbarities. "God forgive our enemies, persecutors and slanderers, and turn their hearts."

In very early times, perhaps, there may have been some excesses committed by slave-owners. There may be, even yet, exceptions; I have heard of such; thank God, I never knew them. but I will say, "setting down naught in malice," that in every instance these lawless acts were committed, not by southern men and women, born and bred, but by men who came from other portions of the world, who bought negroes and land to make money as fast as possible, then to sell out and go back from whence they came, to spend it, and to become very loud-mouthed abolitionists.—They demanded of the negro more than he is physically capable of performing, broke his spirit by overwork and want of sympathy, and then deserted him in his helplessness and inefficiency. We do not act so. Our interest forbids it, if no other feelings actuate us. Our homes are here; our lives, our fortunes, our associations, past, present, and future are here. The earth is precious to us; the graves of our beloved sanctify it. We are an agricultural people. History proves that they are always most deeply attached to the soil from whence they draw their subsistence. Our negroes, in most instances, were our playmates; our nurses were negroes; our dear old black "mammys" are, to a southern child's heart, next to the mother that bore him.—We are attached to these people by every tie that can bind a human heart,—by these associations, by pity for their ignorance, their helplessness, their confiding nature, their loyalty, and their warm affection.

God help us—weak, infirm and fallible beings! We err often; but I say boldly, never, as a people, are we cold, indifferent, or systematically cruel to our poor slaves. Again, if we wished to be cruel, we dare not. Do abolitionists know that cruelty to negroes is a criminal offence, by

our laws?—that we cannot separate a child from its mother, under ten years of age, without danger of the penitentiary?—that, if a master maltreats a slave, he is "obliged to be presented" by his neighbors before our Grand Juries, which met in every parish in this State?—that the negro is forcibly taken from the master and sold, and the master is compelled to pay a heavy fine? Not only is the negro thus protected by law, but custom—scarcely less inexorable—does not allow families to be separated, if it is possible to avoid it. When estates are sold or divided, negroes are usually sold in flocks, or families; a southern planter never sells, if he can possibly avoid it. What is he to do, if he sells?—There is no other profession or vocation open to him in his own country. Unless he expatriates himself, he has no wish to sell.

As for southern mistresses—noble southern women, whose pecas [sic?] I have never met in any class of women, in any portion of the civilized world!—I throw the gauntlet down, and defy any man to point out such a *class* of women in the world as they are. Moral, chaste, devoted wives; tender and self-denying mothers; active, industrious housekeepers—not disdaining the most menial occupations, if it but add to the comfort and welfare of their dear ones; faithful mistresses—providing with their own hands, often, the clothing of their negroes—visiting and nursing the sick, day by day, and by night—baring for the little children—teaching to the best of their knowledge—these poor ones; refined, accomplished, intellectual, as many southern mistresses are—thinking it no more than their duty to exhaust their time, their sympathies, their affections, their lives, for these objects of their love; where can their equals be found? I do not know of such women, except in the days when Penelope spun, and Lucretia and Cornelia sat with their maidens. This, I say, is the general, not the exceptional, character of southern women. I honor and reference my sisters beyond any class of women in the world; it is my proudest boast that I, too, am a "southern woman."

What can you know, our northern sisters, of the life and work of a planter's wife?—you who are so comfortably fixed—your houses so conveniently arranged—your markets near and well furnished?—If your servants do not suit you they are discharged. Water, gas, coal, social advantages, books, lectures, music—how can you understand the position of a southern mistress—her many cares and anxieties, her responsibilities, her frequent isolation, her daily self-sacrifice? Would you like to spend all day long, with a pair of heavy shears in your hand, and cut out coarse negro clothing, till your hand ached with weariness? I know many hands, small and delicate as yours, that do this!—Would you like to go into the negro houses and stand hour after hour by the bed of the sick and dying, cheering and comforting the poor creatures? I know many as refined as you, who do this, and think nothing of it. Would you like to struggle with ignorance, stupidity, and the fearful tendency to immorality—alas, almost inherent in the negro? All around me, throughout the length and breadth of the land, are women who do this. And these are the women who, I have often been told, were helpless, indolent, weak, tyrannical creatures, who scarcely spoke "good English," but drawled out their apathetic sentences in a mixed jargon of Africanisms and English! I have been all over England, and my conclusion is that we speak better English than the English themselves; and many of us speak French, and Italian, and Spanish, and German as well as English; and almost every southern woman has some knowledge of music—I have sometimes spent an evening at the north, in the society of fifteen or twenty *ladies*, (I use the word advisedly), not one among them could play even on the piano! I know of but *two* Southern women, in all my acquaintance, who are entirely ignorant of music. I recommend to my countrywomen to use the Choral Service for their negroes, because as a usual thing, they all have some knowledge in music.

I could go on, and tell you of the experiments made, and still making, by southern people,

to improve and Christianize their servants,—tell you of a neighbor of ours who has even tried to introduce trial by jury among them, making them judge, among themselves, their misdemeanors; but I should be also obliged to inform you that the experiment failed—he finding, as Dr. Krapf, and all other African missionaries have, "that Africans live better under a monarchy than under republics;" that under the latter form of government, "the Africans are profitable in *nothing, either to God or man.*" Dr. Livingston says, "running away is a disease among these people;" and so, I suppose, we will have to endure that idiosyncrasy as well as we can. I am happy to say it is of much rarer occurrence among us now than formerly.

The times look dark for us now. God only knows what is to become of us and ours. The fearful storm of fanaticism that has been gathering, urged on by demagogues, is about to break over our heads.—The "irrepressible conflict," as you perceive, is near at hand. We have never sought it; we have retreated before it, step by step. We are driven now to our only fastnesses—our hearths, our homes. We stand at bay. God help us! God help you, and avert this fearful conflict! His arm only can help us now. But man's extremity is his opportunity. Let us pray, all of us; you, that you may be enlightened as to your true duty, and we, that we may be guided in the right way. Forsake our country, our institutions, we cannot. It is for life we contend—life for ourselves, life for these helpless, improvident people under our care and guardianship, who cannot endure, and exist, but under the protection and fostering care of white people. We cannot be false to this trust. Stir up, if you will, insurrection, rebellion, amongst us; arm with the assassin's knife the hands we have taught to be lifted in prayer; teach the tongues to curse us which we have taught to sing God's praises. We can die but once—the "noble army of martyrs praise Thee." Like Queen Esther, "if we perish, we perish."

Filia.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, December 1, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

A River Romance.—Says the N. O. Picayune of Monday afternoon:

A short well built youth was brought to the bar of Recorder Emerson's Court yesterday, when to our surprise the name of Linnie Brown was called, and the Recd'r addressing the lad who was smiling, blushing, and spitting tobacco juice, fined her ten dollars. The woman—for such was the lad—was taken temporarily to a cell below, and he questioned her the reason that led her to adopt the masculine garb. She said she could not get along as a woman, making but small wages and not getting paid half the time, and being strong and healthy she had shipped as a deck hand on board a steamboat, and had been following the profession for the last six months and liked it well.—She was a "good fellow" and had rather remain a man anyhow.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, December 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Concert.

On Friday night of Christmas week, the members of the Washington Saxe-horn Band will give a grand musical entertainment at the Court House in this city.—These young gentlemen, with their enterprise, should be patronized by the citizens of Washington county. They have labored hard and gone to considerable expense for their instruments and the employment of a teacher at a large salary, and can look only to our citizens for a compensation, to whom it is most beneficial. We should be pleased to see a large crowd in attendance. Call on Mr. James Trott, at the store of Stirman & Dickson, and Mr. Henry L. Smith, at the store of Quarles & Walker; of

whom tickets can be obtained for the small and trifling sum of FIFTY CENTS. Children and servants half price. Come one, come all, come everybody, and bring your neighbors and your neighbors' children.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, December 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

The Blue Cockade.—We learn from the Little Rock papers that the Blue Cockade began to make its appearance in that city last week, and from a correspondent that several members of the House and one Senator wore the Blue Rose. The excitement at Little Rock is manifestly on the increase.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, December 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Young Man.

Young Man, you look healthy, hearty, why don't you go to work? You are able to drink whisky and smoke cigars, why don't you earn the money to pay for them, instead of being a constant drain on your daddy's pocket? How long do you expect your daddy to live? His money has paid for your education and your law books, or medical books, now out for yourself and don't lounge on daddy. Resolve to be somebody. If you can't find work to do with your head, go to work with your hands. "Work!" is the watch word of the age—the safeguard of industry. It won't hurt you, People will only think more of you, and the young ladies will like you better—at least, the sensible portion of them—for they know if you ever marry, you'll be able at least to give your wife a good living. Then cut loose from the nursery strings and hang no longer to daddy, waiting for something to happen, but go to work, and make something happen. Don't wait forever for the iron to get hot before you strike, but go to work and make it hot by striking! Strike long, loud, late and early; and whether you become rich or not, (riches are not for all) you will enjoy a quiet conscience and a good living, and have the right to hold up your head among men and women, not as a drone, but as a pillar of society.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, December 22, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Christmas.—Next Tuesday is the eighteen hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the Christian religion. On that day much fun is generally anticipated by the young folks; big cakes, fine presents, egg noggs, and a good time generally is expected. We wish our friends much pleasure this Christmas, and hope they will not forget to honor the cause which gave these days of pleasure its name.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 5, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

The Occupation of Woman.—They are happiest, and will ever remain so, who can find a place for their activity in administering, or helping to administer, a household; and we do not hesitate to say in spite of the most enlightened remonstrance, not only that the occupation is more healthy and natural to a woman, but that it is in reality a broader field, call forth more faculties, and exercises and disciplines them more perfectly, than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the industrial avocations out of doors. It is only in the higher branches of superintendence and conduct of business that anything like it can be obtained. Women are in a position to suffer much less than men by the excessive division of labor and the narrowing influence it tends to exert. The greater part of them have a sphere in their own homes which calls for more varied

faculties and higher powers than the unvaried task of the factory or the work shop. Every woman must govern more or less, in her own house, or ought to do so; and to govern is not an easy thing, nor are servants and children the easiest things to govern; not indeed, by a wise and far-sighted application of general ideas but by choice of able ministers or immediate contact with the persons governed. Many women, even those whose minds are entirely uncultivated, show a power and breadth of capacity in administering their households, and controlling into harmony difficult tempers and unruly wills, which few men could rival.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 5, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Mr. Doesticks thus describes, in the *Sunday Mercury*, the game of billiards:

"I need hardly tell you that the game of billiards consists in punching ivory balls about on a big table, covered with green cloth, that looks like half an acre of meadow land; with an India rubber fence around it; that the balls are punched with long wooden ramrods, with wax on the end to save the wood, and leather put on to save the wax, and chalk put on to keep the leather from wearing out. You take your ramrod and rub chalk on the little end; then you lean over the table; then you squint; then you lift up your leg, then you fiddle a little on your left hand with your ramrod; then you punch your ball; if your ball runs against the other man's ball, you've done a big thing, and you poke up a lot of buttons that are strung on a wire. This is all there is to the game of billiards. Anybody can punch billiards—I can, and maybe you could."

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 5, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

A Buffalo Editor in Arkansas.—The Cloverland [or Cleverland? sic?] *Plaindealer* says that Mr. David Wentworth, formerly one of the Buffalo *Express*, recently started for California by the overland route. At Fayetteville, Arkansas, a few night since, while the stage horses were being changed, the passengers commenced talking politics, and Wentworth participated. He said he regarded Lincoln as the best man in the field and should support him. He followed this observation with several other observations of a still more inflammable manner, when the landlord, peregrinates on the half-horse, half-alligator principle walked around David several times, and then said:

"Stranger, ar' you a Black Republican?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well just stand still till I look at you again. I never saw one before. Ef the boys up stairs ain't too tired I'll get em up, and we'll give you a coat of tar and feathers!"

Wentworth earnestly declined the generous offer, and the passengers (who were mostly southern men, by the way,) interceding in his behalf, he was not troubled. Our informant is a gentleman directly from Arkansas, who was a passenger with Mr. Wentworth. Like Iago, Dave "spoke no more."

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 5, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

All About the Southern Cockades.

The Herald has been favored with a view of the secession cockades now so extensively worn by the fire-eaters of the South. Perhaps our readers may be curious to know what these badges of treason are:

South Carolina.—The cockade is made of three layers of very dark cloth, stitched at the

edges and fastened together by a gilt button, on which the following appears in relief: In the center is the "Palmetto," with two arrows (crossed,) and fastened together at the point of crossing with a bow know of ribbon. The following is the motto around the button: *Animous opibusque parati*—"Ready with our minds and means."

Virginia.—This consists of a double rosette of blue silk, with a pendant of lemon color, the whole fastened together by a gilt button on which appear in relief the arms of Virginia, with the name of the State and its motto encircling it. Its motto is "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*."

Maryland.—The cockade is formed of a double rosette of blue silk, with blue pendants, and fastened the same as that of Virginia, with the State button, and the single word "Maryland" beneath the arms.

The Union Cockade.—This is also a double rosette, the center one being of red silk, the inner one of white silk, and the pendants of blue. The gilt button that fastens the whole together shows the eagle of America, surrounded by the stars of the United States.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 5, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Male Crinoline.—Describing the immense preparations made by both sexes of the invited to the Renfrew Ball, in New York, the N. Y. Herald says in regards the gentlemen's costume:

The most costly cloths have been reported for the occasion, and those who considered \$40 and \$50 enough for a ball suit, have reached the amount of \$70 and \$80 dollars—not to speak of the other items including embroidered shirt bosoms and extraordinary as it may appear, [illegible] lined shirt breasts; for, after all the [illegible] which has been heaped upon the commodious, expansive light airy, elegant, and indispensable article of female attire the gentlemen have literally taken crinoline to their bosoms. They are formed of steel ribs, and are fastened round the body by means hooks and eyes—another [illegible], against which the ladies have every right to exclaim. The object of this crinoline arrangement, it is almost necessary to say, is to prevent that most disagreeable of all things, a collapse of the shirt bosom—a casualty which is not by any means infrequent in the ball room, for the prevention of which the gentlemen are primarily indebted to that much abused article to which we have alluded.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 5, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

The Concert.—On Friday and Saturday nights of last week, the citizens of Fayetteville and vicinity were very amusingly entertained by a concert from the members of the "Washington Sax-horn Band."—These young gentlemen displayed a great deal of wit and sarchasm [sic], and gained for themselves a great deal of credit.

The "high-land fling" was "done up" as well as we ever saw it done anywhere.—The young actress was a most beautiful "little creature," and was envied by the crowd, as being pretty, sweet, and having such "pretty little feet." The ladies blushed with shame for themselves, so far did the young actress out-vie them.

"Lucy Long," in the minstrel performance was most magnificently performed.—Lucy looked as "sweet as a pink," though her face was as black as the "ace of spades." She was the centre of attraction with the "darkies" of the band. Jaw bone was so completely attracted that he was driven to the floor by her most devoted lover "Reuben."

Everything passed off well, and furnishing to the public a better concert than has ever before performed in our city. The young gentlemen exhibited a determination to become good musicians, and they should be encouraged. Their performance on the brass instruments shows

that there has been no neglect on the part of their teacher Mr. Everhart, but that he has at all times discharged his duty.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, January 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Removal.

The office and entire business of the Arkansian has been removed to the second Story of the Dunlap buildings, immediately over the Drug Store of Mr. Barnard, west side of the Court Square; where we shall at all times be pleased to receive and accommodate those who are in any manner disposed to encourage this our new enterprise.

While it will ever be a source of pleasure and gratification to us, to receive and accommodate our friends in a business capacity, we most positively protest against that prolific source of annoyance to a printing office, the presence of loafers, yarn-tellers, and those over-charged with gas, and, like the northern wind of steam engine, gifted with the propensity and capacity of whistling. An idle head being the Devil's work-shop, we are not disposed to pay rent for his Satanic Majesty.—The little devil attached as a fixture to the establishment is the only one we can afford to furnish a shop or keep out of the storm. We all are what we profess to be, workers in fact, and are not willing to have our business disturbed or our rights infringed by those who follow a less honorable calling.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Oregon! Oregon!

Be it known that a company of Emigrants from Washington County, Arkansas, bound for Oregon, will leave in the Spring of 1861, as early as the grass will permit. The company urgently requests all those desirous of emigrating, to meet at Fayetteville, Arks. on the 16th of February, 1861, in person or by a representative, to determine the place of rendezvous [sic] and time of starting.

Emigrants.

Jan. 16, 1861.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Strayed.—An Arkansas paper of a recent date contains the following advertisement:

"Broke into the pocket of the editor of this paper sometime during the week, a ten cent piece. Who it belongs to, or where it come from is a mystery [sic] to us; and we earnestly request the owner to come and take it away; we have been without money so long that its use has been entirely forgotten. Upon one side is a beautiful lady with a handkerchief to her eyes—weeping to think that she has no mate—a night cap on a pole as a signal of distress."

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 15, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

[For the Arkansian.]
For Tobacco Lovers.

[Read it—read it—then heed it.]

Chewing in the parlor,
 Smoking in the street,
Choking with cigar smoke
 Every one you meet.
Spitting on the pavement,
 Spitting on the floor,
Is there any such enslavement
 Is there such a bore.

In hotel and grocery,
 Tobacco juice and smoke
Defile the floor and air
 And sicken us or choke.
How we do detest it
 How we do deplore,
On your vest to see the spit
 Trickle down before.

Your head held a little back
 When you go to speak,
Will keep the channels dry
 Between the chin and cheek.
In halls where ladies sit
 Silk and tissue skirt
Wipe up vile tobacco spit
 Mingled with the dirt.

Foeted [sic] breath forever
 Saturated clothes,
Would that we had been never
 Created with a nose.
Ladies with their long dresses
 Sweeping down the street
Gathering up the nasty mess
 Smear it round their feet.

Puddles at the corners
 Swelling into one,
Forming lakes and rivers
 Drying in the sun.
Maidens when you marry
 Tobacco worms don't take,

Think not Dick or Harry
Will quit it for your sake.

Declare the thing a curse,
And when the gents come to woo
You pop the question first—
Sir, do you smoke or chew.
Mark well each word or look,
And if they don't say no
Just cross them off your book
And tell them why you do.

Some gents will carry spice
Some cinnamon, some cloves,
Make good use of your eyes
And good use of your nose;
For when the wedding's o'er
Perfumes they throw away,
They spit upon the floor
They smoke and chew all day.

Does a lover promise
To quit the weed for you
See he has a firm bump
And conscientious too.
If you are no phrenologist
Let time the truth make clear
And wait until he resists
Temptation for a year.

Hannah.

[FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.] THE ARKANSIAN, February 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

For Oregon:--Last Saturday was the day appointed for the meeting in this city of those of our fellow-citizens, who contemplate emigrating to Oregon this Spring; at which time forty-three names were enrolled for the journey across the plains. This number embraces over twenty families. The meeting adjourned over to the 16th of March. See advertisement.