

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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DR. S. ARMOR, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, COLUMBIA, PA.
Office and Residence, Second Street, one door from Walnut, March 13, 1858.

THOMAS WELSH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.
Office in Whipple's New Building, below Beck's Hotel, Front Street.
Promotion attempted given to all business entrusted to his care.
November 23, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust Street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa., May 2, 1858.

H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Columbia, Pa.
Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1858.

J. V. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 6, 1857.

GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESALER AND RETAIL DRUG AND CIGAR DEALER, No. 100 North Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

WISTER'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY, for Coughs, Colds, A.C., for sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857.

WOLLEY'S All-Healing and Strengthening Balm, for sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857.

HONEY! Just received, a small lot of Superior Honey, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, No. 21, 1857.

SAPONIFIERS! at reduced prices, for sale by the barrel or case, by R. WILLIAMS, No. 21, 1857.

TOILET SOAPS!—The largest assortment in Columbia; call and examine for yourselves, at R. WILLIAMS, Drug Store, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

BRUSHES! BRUSHES!—A general assortment of Brushes, such as Sash, Stove, Hair, Horse, Tooth and Nail Brushes, just received and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY!—This Celebrated Medicine, always on hand, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, Nov. 21, 1857.

CORN Starch, Tapioca, Rice Flour, Tapioca, Sugar, Molasses, Family Medicines, &c., for sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857.

JUST RECEIVED, three dozen Dr. Bryson's Vegetable Balm, a certain cure for Dyspepsia, a fresh lot of "Van Sago and Pine Apples," Corn Starch, &c., for sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857.

HAIR DYE'S, Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the hair richly and last long, without injury to the scalp, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front Street, May 10, 1857.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purgative Mineral Water,—This pleasant medicine is highly recommended by the authorities for Epion Salt, Sciatic Powders, &c., can be obtained every day at Dr. E. B. HERB'S Drug Store, Front St., 12.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at Herr's Drug Store, a new and beautiful lot of Lamps of all descriptions. May 2, 1857.

A SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received and for sale by H. SUDAM & SON, Corner of Front and Union Sts., Columbia, December 20, 1856.

A LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Columbia, December 20, 1856.

HOOFLAND'S German Bitters. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, July 25, 1857.

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. SUDAM & SON.

HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c., just received by H. SUDAM & SON'S, Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Corner of Front and Union Sts., Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and News Depot, Columbia, April 18, 1857.

BEYER'S Family and Superior Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUDAM & SON.

JUST RECEIVED 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Blue-bonnet Meal, at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Dec. 20, 1856.

WELLS' Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUDAM & SON'S, Dec. 20, 1856.

FARR & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Commercial and other Gold Pens, the best in the market, just received, at P. STRICKLER'S, Columbia, April 12, 1855.

Why should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for so low a price, and so long as they will run, at STRICKLER'S, Columbia, April 28, 1855.

TABLE and Rock Salt, by the sack or bushel, for sale, low, by I. O. BRUNER, Co., No. 100 N. Front Street, Columbia, Pa., May 10, 1856.

DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL. Just received, fresh supply of this popular remedy, and for sale by I. O. BRUNER, Co., No. 100 N. Front Street, Columbia, Pa., May 10, 1856.

A LARGE assortment of Ropes, all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sale at THOMAS WELSH'S, March 13, 1857.

A NEW lot of WHEELS AND CAR GRASSING OILS, received at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, May 10, 1856.

Gold Cream of Glycerine, for the Cure and Prevention of Chapped Hands. For sale by McCORKLE & DELLETT'S, Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Nov. 7, 1857.

Poetry.

A New Forest Ballad.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

From "Andromeda and Other Poems," a New Volume. Ok, she tripped over Ocknell plain, And down by Bradley Water, And the fairest maid of the forest side Was Jane, the keeper's daughter.

She went and wrought through the broad gray lawn As down the red sun sank, And chill as the scent of a new made grave The mist smelt cold and damp.

"A token, a token," that fair maid cried; "A token that loles me sorrow; For they that smelt the grave by night Will see the corpse to-morrow."

"My own true love in Barley walk Does not haunt to-night, I fear; And if he meet my father's stern, His game may cost him dear."

"Ah, here's a curse on hate and ground, A curse on hate and hind; And a health to the Squire in all England, Leaves never a head behind."

Her true love shot a mighty lust Among the standing rye, When on his head that keeper old From the fern where he hid lie.

The forest laws were sharp and stern, The forest blood was keen; They lashed together for life and death Beneath the hollow green.

The metal good and the walnut wood Did soon in flinders fly; They tossed their axes to south and north, And gnarled knees to knee.

They wrestled up, they wrestled down, They wrestled still and sore; Beneath their feet the myrtle sweet Was stamped to mud and gore.

Ah, cold, pale moon, thou cruel pale moon, The forest, with never a frown, On all the green and glistening things That are wrought in thorn and town.

And yet cold, pale moon, thou cruel pale moon, Thy light hadst never the grace To lighten two dyne Christian men To see one another's face.

They wrestled up, they wrestled down, They wrestled sore and still; The fiend who blinds the eyes of men, That might he had his will.

Like spent shafts awoke from the best, They dropped as full to rest; When the young man drove his slaying knife Deep in the old man's breast.

The old man drove his gunstick down Upon the young man's neck; And side by side, by the water brook, These jenasmen twain lay dead.

They dug three graves in Lyndhurst yard; They dug them side by side; Two youths lay there, and a maiden fair, A widow and never a bride.

Selections.

From Dickens' Household Words.

The Patagonian Brothers.

We are not related. His name is John Griffiths, and I am William Walder; and we called ourselves the Patagonian brothers, because it looked well in the bills and pleased the public. We met by chance, about six years since, on the race-course at Doncaster, and so took a sort of mutual liking and went partners in a tour through the inland counties. We had never seen or heard of each other up to that time; and though we became good friends, were never greatly intimate. I knew nothing of his past life, nor he of mine, and I never asked him a question on the subject. I am particular to have this all clear from the beginning; for I am a plain man, telling a plain story, and I want no one to misunderstand a word of what I am about to relate.

We made a little money by our tour. It was not much; but it was more than either of us had been able to earn before; so we agreed to stay together and try our fortune in London. This time we got an engagement at Astley's for the winter, and, when the summer came, joined a traveling circus, and roamed about as before.

The circus was a capital thing—a republic, so to say, in which all were equals. We had a manager, to whom we paid a fixed salary, and the rest went shares in the profits. There were times when we did not even clear our expenses; there were towns where we made ten and fifteen pounds a night; but the bad luck went along with the good, and, on the whole, we prospered.

We stayed with the company two years and a half in all, and played at every town between York and London. During that time we had found leisure to improve. We knew each other's weight and strength now to a hair, and grew bolder with experience; so that there was scarcely a new feat brought out anywhere which we did not learn, even to the "perche" business, and the trick of walking, head downwards, on a marble ceiling. The fact is, that we were admirably matched, which, in our profession, is the most important point of all. Our height was the same, to the sixteenth of an inch, and we were not unlike in figure. If Griffiths possessed a little more muscular strength, I was the more active, and even that difference was in our favor. I believe that, in other respects, we suited each other equally well, and I know that, for the three years and a half which we had spent together (counting from our first meeting at Doncaster down to the time when we dissolved partnership with the circus folks) we had never had an angry word. Griffiths was a steady, saving, silent fellow black brow, with little grey eyes and heavy black brows. I remember thinking of-fer once I would like for an enemy; but that was in reference to no act of his, and only a fancy of my own. For myself, I can

live with any one who is disposed to live with me, and love peace and good-will better than anything in the world.

We had now grown so expert, that we resolved to better ourselves and return to London, which we did somewhere about the end of February or the beginning of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-five. We put up at a little inn in the Borough; and, before a week was over, found ourselves engaged by Mr. James Rice, of the Belvidere Tavern, at a salary of seven pounds a week. Now, this was a great advance upon all our previous gains; and the Tavern was by no means a bad place for the founding of a theatrical reputation.

Situated half way between the west end and the city, surrounded by a densely populated neighborhood, and lying in the very path of the omnibuses, this establishment was one of the most prosperous of its class. There was a theatre, and a concert-room, and a garden, where dancing, and smoking, and rifle-shooting, and supper eating was going on from eight to twelve o'clock every night all through the summer, which made the place a special favorite with the working classes.

Here, then, we were engaged (Griffiths and I) with a promise that our salary should be raised if we proved attractive; and raised it soon was, for we drew enormously. We brought out the perche and the ceiling business; came down in the midst of fireworks, from a platform higher than the roof of the theatre; and, in short, did everything that ever yet was done in our line—say, and did it well too, tho' perhaps it is not my place to say so. At all events, the great colored posters were pasted up all over the town, and our salary was increased to fifteen pounds a week; and the gentleman who writes about the plays in the Sunday South, was pleased to observe that there was no performance in London half so wonderful as that of the Patagonian Brothers; for which I take this opportunity to thank him kindly.

We lodged (of course together) in a quiet street on a hill near Islington. The house was kept by Mrs. Morrison, a respectable, industrious woman, whose husband had been a gas-fitter at one of the theatres, and who was now left a widow with one only daughter just nineteen years of age. She was very good and very pretty. She was christened Alice, but her mother called her Ally, and we soon fell in the same habit; for they were very simple, friendly people, and we were soon as good friends as if we had all been living together in the same house for years.

I am not a good hand at telling a story, as I dare say, you have found out by this time,—and, indeed, I never did sit down to write one before,—so I may as well come to the point at once, and confess that I loved her. I also fancied, before many months were over, that she did not altogether dislike me; for a man's wits are twice as sharp when he is in love, and there is not a blush, or a glance, or a word, that he does not contrive to build some hope upon. So one day when Griffiths was out, I went down stairs to the parlor, where she was sitting by the window sewing, and took a chair beside her.

"Ally, my dear," said I, stopping her right hand from working, and taking it up in both of mine, "Ally, my dear, I want to speak to you."

She blushed, and turned pale, and blushed again, and I felt the pulses in her little soft hand throbbing like the heart of a frightened bird, but she never answered a syllable.

"Ally, my dear," said I, "I am a plain man. I am thirty-two years of age. I don't know how to flatter like some folks, and I have had very little look-learning to speak of. But, my dear, I love you; and though I don't pretend that you are the first girl I ever fancied, I can truly say that you are the first I ever cared to make my wife. So, if you'll take me, such as I am, I'll be a true husband to you as long as I live."

What answer she made, or whether she spoke at all, is more than I can undertake to tell, for my ideas were all confused, and I only remember that I kissed her, and felt very happy, and that, when Mrs. Morrison came into the room, she found me with my arm clasped around my darling's waist.

I scarcely knew when it was that I first noticed the change in John Griffiths; but, that it was somewhere about this time, I am tolerably certain. It is hard to put locks into words, and to make account of trifles that, after all, are matters of feeling more than matters of fact; but others saw the change as well as myself; and no one could help observing that he grew to be more silent and unsociable than ever. He kept away from home as much as possible. He spent all his Sundays out, starting away the first thing after breakfast, and not coming back again till close upon midnight. He even put an end to our friendly custom of walking home together after our night's work was over, and joined a sort of tap-room club that was kept up by a dozen or so of idle fellows belonging to the theatre. Worse than this, he scarcely exchanged a word with me from morning till night, even when we were at meals. He watched me about the room as if I had been a thief. And sometimes, though I am sure I never wronged him willingly in my life, I caught him looking at me from under those black brows of his as if he hated me.

More than once I laid my hand upon his

sleeve as he was hurrying away on Sundays, or turning off towards the club-room at night, and said, "Griffiths, have you got anything against me?"—"or," "Griffiths, won't you come home to a friendly glass with me to-night?" But he either shook me off without a word, or muttered some sulky denial that sounded more like a curse than a civil answer; so I got tired of peace-making at last, and let him go his own way and choose his own company.

The summer was already far advanced, and our engagement at the Belvidere had well nigh ended, when I began to buy the furniture, and Ally to prepare her wedding things. Matters continued the same with John Griffiths; but, when the day was fixed, I made up my mind to try him once again, and invite him to the church and the dinner. The circumstances of that invitation are as clear in my memory as if the whole affair had taken place this morning.

It was on the twenty-ninth of July, (I am particular about dates,) and there had been a general call to rehearsal at one o'clock that day. The weather was warm and hazy, and I started early that I might not go in late or tired; for I knew that, what with the rehearsal and the new piece, and the Terrible Descent, I should have enough to do before my day's work was over. The consequence was that I arrived about twenty minutes too soon. The gardens had a dreary look by daylight; but they were pleasanter, anyhow, than the theatre; so I loitered up and down among the smoky trees, and watched the waiters polishing the stains off the tables in the summer-houses, and thought how shabbily the fountains looked when they were not playing, and what miserable gim-crack concerns were the stucco caves and the cosmoramic grotesques, and all the other attractions which looked so fine by the light of colored lamps and fire-works.

Well, just as I was sauntering on, turning these things over in my mind, whom should I see in one of the summer houses but John Griffiths. He was lying forward upon the table with his feet resting upon his clasped hands, sound asleep. An empty ale-bottle and glass stood close beside him, and his stick had fallen near his chair. I could not be mistaken in him, though his face was hidden; so I went up and touched him smartly on the shoulder.

"A fine morning, John?" says I. "I thought I was here early, but it seems that you were before me, after all."

He sprang to his feet at the sound of my voice, as if he had been struck, and then turned impatiently away.

"What did you wake me for?" he said, sullenly.

Because I have news to tell you. You know that the sixth of August will be our last night here. . . . Well, mate, on the seventh, please God, I am going to be married, and—

"Curse you!" he interrupted, turning a livid face upon me, and an eye that glared like a tiger's. "Curse you! How dare you come to me with that tale, you smooth-faced hound? to me, of all men living?"

I was so little prepared for the burst of passion, that I had nothing to say; and so he went on:

"Why can't you let me alone? Why do you tempt me? I have kept my hands off of you till now—"

He paused and bit his lip, and I saw that he was trembling from head to foot. I am no coward—it is not likely that I should be a Patagonian Brother if I was—but the sight of his hatred seemed to turn me, for the moment quite sick and giddy.

"My God!" said I, leaning up against the table, "what do you mean? Are you mad?"

He made no answer; but looked straight at me, and then walked away. I don't know how it was; but from that moment I knew all. It was written, somehow, in his face.

"Oh, Ally dear, I said to myself, with a kind of groan, and sat down on the nearest bench; I believe that at that moment, I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing.

I had a hard matter to get away from home when the afternoon of the sixth came round. My darling clung about me as if her heart would break, and although I did my best to cheer her, I don't mind confessing now that I went out and cried a tear or two in the passage.

"Keep up your spirits, Ally dear," says I, smiling and kissing her the last thing before I left the house. "And don't be spoiling your pretty eyes in that way. Remember I want you to look well, and that we are to be married to-morrow."

The multitude in the Belvidere gardens was something wonderful. There they were, men, women and children, thronging the balconies, the orchestra-stairs, and every available inch of ground, and there, in the midst of them, rolled and swayed the huge Wurttemberg balloon, like a stumpy, lolling giant. The ascent was fixed for six o'clock, that we might come down again by daylight, so I made haste to dress, and then went to the green-room to see after Mr. Rice, and hear something of what was going forward.

Mr. Rice was there, and three gentlemen with him, namely, Colonel Stewart, Captain Crawford, and Sidney Baird, Esquire. They were fine handsome looking gentlemen, all and every available inch of ground, and there, in the midst of them, rolled and swayed the huge Wurttemberg balloon, like a stumpy, lolling giant. The ascent was fixed for six o'clock, that we might come down again by daylight, so I made haste to dress, and then went to the green-room to see after Mr. Rice, and hear something of what was going forward.

"Do you see this?" said he, catching my arm a couple of inches higher up, and looking right up into my face. "Do you see this?"

"Here's health and success to you, my brave fellow," says Colonel Stewart, and a pleasant trip to us all!" and then I found that they were going up in the car with Mr. Staines.

And now, what with their light cheerful ways and pleasant talking, and what with the glass of wine that I had taken, and the excitement, and the hum of voices from the crowd outside, I was in first-rate spirits, and as impatient to be off as a racer at a starting point. Presently one of the gentlemen looked at his watch.

"What are we waiting for?" said he.— "It is ten minutes past six already."

And so it was. Ten minutes past the hour, and Griffiths had not yet been seen or heard of. Well Mr. Rice grew very uneasy and the crowd was very noisy, and so twenty minutes more went by. Then we made up our minds to go without him, and Mr. Rice made a little speech and explained it to the people, and then there was a cheer, and a great bustle; and the gentlemen took their seats in the car and a hamper full of champagne and cold chicken was put in with them, and I was made fast by one leg to the base of the trapeze, and Mr. Staines was just about to get in himself and give the signal to cut loose, when who should we see forcing his way through the crowd but Griffiths.

Of course there was another cheer at this, and a delay of eight or ten minutes more while he was dressing. At last he came, and it was now just a quarter to seven o'clock. He looked very sullen when he found that he was to be the undermost; but there was no time to change any thing now, even if I had been willing; so his left wrist and my right were bound together by a leather strap, the signal was given, the band struck up, the crowd applauded like mad, and the balloon rose straight and steady above the heads of the people.

Down sank the trees and the fountains, and the pavement of upturned faces. Down sank the roof of the theatre, and fainter grew the sound of the hurrahing and the music. The sensation was so strange, that for the first moment I was forced to close my eyes, and felt as if I must fall and be dashed to pieces. But that soon passed away, and by the time we had risen to about three hundred feet I was as comfortable as if I had been born and bred in the air with my head downwards.

Presently we began our performance.— Griffiths was as cool as possible—I never saw him cooler—and we went through every conceivable attitude; now swinging by our hands, now by our feet, now throwing summersaults over the other. And during the whole of this time the streets and squares seemed to sink away to the right, and the noises from the living world died on the air—and, as I turned and clung, changing my position with every minute, I caught strange flitting glimpses of the sunset and the city, the sky and the river, the gentlemen leaning over the car and the tiny passengers swarming down below like ants on an ant-hill.

Then the gentlemen grew tired leaning over; and began to talk and laugh, and busy themselves over their hamper. Then the Surrey hills drew near, and the city sank away to the right, farther, and farther.— Then there was nothing but green fields with lines of railway crossing them here and there, and pre-early it grew damp and misty, and we ceased to see anything, except through breaks and openings in the clouds.

"Come, John," says I, "our share of this business is done. Don't you think we might as well be getting in the car?"

He was hanging below just then, holding on by my two hands, and had been hanging so quite quiet, for some minutes. He didn't seem to hear me, and no wonder, for the clouds were gathering about so thickly, that even the voices of the gentlemen up above grew muffled, and I could hardly see a yard before me in any direction. So I called to him again, and repeated the question.

He made no answer, but shifted his grasp from my hand to my wrist, and then up to the middle of my arm, so raising himself by degrees, till our faces came nearly on a level. There he paused, and I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

"William Walder," said he hoarsely, "wasn't to-morrow to have been your wedding day?"

Something in the tone of his voice, in the question, in the dusk and dreadful solitude, struck me with horror. I tried to shake off his hands, but he held too fast for that.

"Well, what if it was?" said I, after a moment. "You needn't grip so hard.— Catch hold of the pole, will you? and let go of my arms?"

He gave a short hard laugh; but never stirred.

"I suppose we're about two thousand feet high," says he, and it seemed to me that he had something to tell me. "If either of us was to fall, he'd be a dead man before he touched the ground."

I would have given the world at that moment to be able to see his face, but what with my own head being downwards, and all his weight hanging to my arms, I had no more power than an infant.

"John!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean? Catch hold of the pole, and let me do the same. My head's on fire!"

He is a penitent man now, and an Australian settler, and, as I am told, well to do in those parts. This is my story, and I have no more to tell.

Romance of Western History.
Where is the West? Like the indefinite horizon, it is continually retreating. We thought it was but a short way off, and now it is beyond the Mississippi, and far away on the shores of the Pacific. The islands of the ocean, and then the Old World, will be our West!

To those of our readers who are now in this region we would say that Ohio and Kentucky were, only a short generation since, the West; then Indiana and Illinois were the far West; it was in those days, and in the valley of the Ohio, that Judge Hall laid the scene of a very interesting volume called "The Romance of Western History." Like all his works, it is elegantly written, smooth, and pleasant; but to those whose reminiscences lie back among the pioneers, or who, in their boyhood, associated with this romance (albeit less romance than fact) has a peculiar zest. It brings up, like a good picture taken in other days, the dress, attitude, and appearance of the old race, who once lived here and struggled through the semi-barbaric period of civilization. It is only by such that we can have our knowledge of them, for they can never return.

Let us quote a paragraph or two from this romance of history, that we may catch a sidelong glance at the old pioneer. Judge Hall relates a story of (as we understood it) Muldrow, who gave name to Muldrow, still in Kentucky. This man, who is one of the earliest pioneers, had a cabin in one of the rugged acclivities of the hill or mountain named from him. He had been there a year or two, and was searching for game, when he saw a small dog running in his track; and supposed an Indian was near.— In a few minutes the owner of the dog came stepping cautiously along, glancing jealously around, and making signals to his dog. The owner of him halted in front of the hunter, and full exposed to view.— He was a tall, athletic man, completely armed with rifle and tomahawk and knife; but whether he was a white man or Indian