

Bradford Reporter

Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. PORTER.

BY B. S. GOODRICH & SON.

WEDNESDAY

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., APRIL 10, 1844.

No. 44.

To the Wyalusing.

OF THE THOUSAND SOURCES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY CHARLES SORAN.

Cowper sing his Ouse,
Burns his flowery winding Ayr,
mountain stream, my bumble muse
thy poet—thou its care:
my strain may fleet away,
leaves upon the passing tide,
sink unnoticed in that sea,
nobler songs alone may ride;
strains will flow rejoicingly—
Lethian power can smother thee.
winter, but his icy chain
sounded from the rock; the tree,
high shorn, in smiles revives again,
spreads its arms imploringly,
seems that summer has looked down
upon the earth, to see if all
had escaped the reckless frown
of Winter, and destroying Fall—
Wyalusing, boundest gay,
singing in the joyous day.
crusts that lately marred thy course
lie upon the human soul,
touched by heaven's effective force,
and thou movest to thy goal,
with the joy the freed soul knows,
from thy glittering chains dost bound,
as thy spirit flows,
and life and hope on all around—
thy breast a holy prayer
upon the balmy air.
er yon hills in "sylvan war,"
chopper's echoing axe I hear,
saw mill from afar,
playing upon my ear;
blue-jay chirps upon the tree,
there the agile squirrel leaps,
whimpering proud, the "grey goose" sees,
trailing and diving in thy deeps—
life! there's life! the summer's gone,
stream we are not quite alone.
the hunter and his hounds—
what stirs you thicket?—'tis a fawn:
leaps in thy dividing bounds,
scapes, fear driven leaves the lawn,
scent seeks in yon beech shade—
the huntmen rave,
have they shall, e'er bard shall aid
quale them. Noble creek, to save,
a generous sport and tyrant blow,
wouldst have all as free as thou.
glory wreathes the mountain ridge;
y's tireless traveller sinks behind—
upon a rustic bridge,
gaze below with pensive mind;
sun-gilt clouds clear on thy bed
detected from their heavenly dome,
distant objects near me spread,
and me of my distant home;
fancy, of affection born,
transforms the clouds to those I mourn.
my heart is as thy stream,
my friends those clouds reflecting there
white, while bound to thy bed they seem,
Dwell over thee in midnight air—
a mirror of thy bosom, bright
acknowledges the glowing gaze,
friends bent o'er me as the light
and dark clouds o'er thy glassy face;
sees looks more beautiful on me come,
acted from that heaven—home.
stream! thy source is 'mong the hills
and mountains, clasp'ing rock and tree.
see fleet deer roves, and wild bird fills
scawtail sides with nature's glee:
thou boundest by my side,
thy eagle speed and majesty,
proud stream, thou didst imbibe
spirit song of liberty
'mong those heights where thou didst
freedom's cradle, and her home.
scales, forever flow thy tides!
scales are cheering herb and tree;
grass upon thy sides
the bowed head and blessing thee—
thy course! the ocean wide
thy charm—there spread, diffuse
and thy mountain pride,
through distant lands where slavery sees
chains, and bid him drink
waters free, and rise each link.
of the mountains, far thee well!
drives me from thy scene;
long ere spring's enchanting spell,
thee thy glorious garb of green,
hills, by other streams,
wandering feet with grief may press;
we will turn our thoughts' bright beams,
trace thy blooming loveliness;
through life, twin streams shall share,
will make sweet music there.

The Band of the Forty-Seven.

"Wherefore this halt, Diego?" said Don Mathias de Castro, thrusting his head from the window of a huge, ill-contrived leather vehicle, the hindmost of three similarly constructed conveyances, which attended by a couple of dozen horsemen; armed to the teeth, had just at that moment come to a stand still in a mountain pass of the Pyrenees. Wherefore halting here, and be—to them, Diego?" cried the irascible Hidalgo. "Ride to the front, sirrah, and order the headmost carriage to push forward as quickly as possible. We're in the worst part of this ugly road; and the Seven and forty, as thou well knowest, infest the neighborhood. Spur on, sir. This is no place to be caught napping in."
"I will so," said the attendant, spurring and lashing his horse amongst the press; for the road being sandy, with high rocks on either hand, the horseman and vehicles, from the anxiety of the rear to get forward, had become somewhat confused and jammed together.—"Out of the way there!" cried Diego, clear the road, and let me to the front men! Get on there can't you?—What hinders us? Forward, I say!—The general's angry at this halt."
The beautiful Elvira de Mendoza, leaning back in the vehicle in which she was seated beside her guardian, the beforesaid Don Mathias de Castro, hid her peerless features in her hands, as the vivid flashes of the forked lightning darted through the front windows of the vehicle they were passengers in, and displayed the rocks, precipices and hanging woods they were surrounded by, brightly as though, for the moment, a hundred flambeaux had suddenly flashed through the forest scene.
"Get on, sirs!" roared the impetuous noble, once more thrusting his impatient head from the window. "Drive on! Drive on! Drive over those men in front, coachman, if they don't choose to move out of the way! Fire and fury! why don't you move on, you scoundrels!"
"May it please your lordship," said the serving-man, Diego, from the place where he was now jammed up amidst the press; "we can't stir a peg to the front. The pass is choked up here in the narrow part; a large number of broken-down carts and tumbrils are before us, and the men are dismounting to remove the obstruction. The night, too, is so dark, Seignior, that, but for the lightning, we should not have found out what opposed our progress."
"Let them not dismount!" roared Don Mathias. "Bid them stand to their arms: we shall be attacked here. I thought how it would be! Here let me out this instant!"
So saying, the Hidalgo seized a pistol from his waist-belt, kicked open the door of the carriage, jumped into the road, and, plucking forth his toledo, made for the front of the cavalcade.
"Halloo there!" roared a voice louder than the thunder-clap,—halloo there! Who dares remove our baggage, and disturb our bivouac? Shoot them, Mateo! fire men, upon the scoundrels!—Char-ge!"
No sooner had the words rang out from amongst the carts and waggons which obstructed the advance of the travelers, than, from front, and rear, and flank, the carriages and escort were assailed. Forty-seven bullets whistled amongst the belated travelers, forty-seven swords leaped from their scabbards into the air, and forty-seven ruffians, clad in back, breast, and head piece, dashed upon the affrighted and helpless party.
A short, rapid, and murderous combat instantly ensued. The horses of the vehicles were slaughtered like cattle in the shambles; the drivers and footmen were cut down and hurled beneath the wheels; the escort, unable to make much resistance, were dragged from their horses, and dealt with to a man; the male passengers within the carriages were killed almost before they could set foot upon the ground; and Don Mathias de Castro, a general in the Spanish service, after fighting for full five minutes like an infuriated tiger, died amidst the hoofs of the horses of his own serving-men.
Almost before the confusion was over, the female passengers of the three vehicles were dragged, fainting from their seats, and became the prey of the banditti. A ferocious ruffian, with the proportions of an Aberdeen porter, and a beard like a coppice of brushwood, had possession of the radiant, exquisite, and unmatched Elvira de Mendoza, she, for whose slightest glance all the cavaliers in Madrid were dying, was now the hopeless and insensible captive

of Roderigo Rapsalliano—a bear-eyed, broad shouldered villain—the lieutenant of the band of the Forty-seven.
Torches now also flashed from the clefts and crevices of the rocks, which immediately overhung that part of the road where this onslaught had taken place, and in a few minutes more the vehicles were sacked, and, as it were, almost thrust inside out. Trunks and packages were strewn about, rich apparel torn from them, jewels and gold sparkled in the sand, and in fact, a scene ensued which only the pencil of a Salvator could have done justice to. Of the passengers, and escort attendant upon the three carriages, which had a few minutes before entered the mountain pass, not one, except some half a dozen hapless females, remained living to tell the tale; whilst the lurid glare of the flaming branches of pine, carried by some ten or a dozen miscreants, who had till now lain in ambush, flashed from the steel hauberts of their comrades, displaying their savage visages, in contrast to the grim and death-stamped features of the victims whom they had butchered and who, almost heaped together, lay bleeding amidst their wounded steeds and overturned vehicles.
The captain of the banditti was the only one of his party who remained inactive whilst the band was engaged in plunder. Sitting on his horse, a little aloof from the scene, he watched for a few minutes their proceedings. After wiping his trenchant blade upon the leather sleeve of his doublet, he sheathed the weapon, and moving up to the spot where his lieutenant was at that moment engaged in conveying the inanimate form of the Lady Elvira from her carriage, he bade him, in a stern voice, call off some of the men from plunder, and bring the captured females instantly before him.
Roderigo, who had just begun to eye the lovely creature in his arms with the wonder of a savage who sees beauty for the first time, upon this order, placed her upon the ground beside him, and grasping his bugle, wound half a dozen notes upon it, as a sort of call for certain of the band to rally around him.
"I'll take charge of your prize for you, comrade," said a man, stepping up close beside him, and extinguishing with his foot the torch which Roderigo had thrown to the ground, when he had placed Elvira upon the bank.—"I'll take charge of your prize, whilst you attend to the captain's order; leave her with me here for a moment."
"Not so," returned the lieutenant gruffly; "mind your own affairs. She's mine—I'll not quit her! What devil made you put out the light? Attend me to the trusting tree."
So saying, he turned, and stooped to raise and bear off his victim; but a deadly thrust met him as he did so, and the blow taking effect in his bull neck, just above the cuirass, he fell dead without a groan.
In another moment the lady was seized in the powerful arms of this new assailant, thrown across a steedlike a sack of flour, and silently and quickly conveyed into the thickest part of the forest.
This transfer of the beautiful Elvira had been so quickly made, and the banditti were so fully occupied with the business in hand, that he who had thus obtained possession of the greatest prize had some little time for a fair start, before the incident became known, and he accordingly made the best use of it. Leading his horse into a gorge in the mountain, along which a rivulet formed its pebbly bed, and in whose murmur the hoof-tread of the steed was drowned, he pushed on with caution and despatch. After hurrying onwards for some few hundred paces, his further progress was stayed by coming to the end of the gorge, a huge flat rock rising, like a wall of alabaster before him, from whose high top the waters flowed; whilst the narrow passages on either hand were so precipitous and overgrown with brushwood, that cumbered with the inanimate form of the lady, it was extremely hazardous to adventure down. Pausing for an instant to listen, he found that his exploit was detected, and that several of the band were dispersed in pursuit. He heard plainly the rapid approach of horsemen up the path he had just traversed. Dismounting the lady, he turned his horse's head into the opening on the right; and striking him smartly with his rapier, the steed plunged into the ravine; he then took the weapon between his teeth, and descending into the little basin into which the cascade fell, he immediately rushed through the torrent, and entered a small

cavern, or grotto, on the other side,—a place so effectually concealed by the falling stream and requiring so much resolution to reach it, that unless some fortuitous accident had discovered it no one would possibly conjecture its existence.
When the lady awoke to consciousness, the situation in which she was placed was sufficiently startling and alarming. She found herself reclining upon the hard floor of a capacious cavern, amidst the roar of waters, which falling over its entrance, threw their spray over her damask cheek. A small lamp hung in a recess at the further end, and at the entrance stood a tall figure his drawn rapier being grasped in one hand, and a petronel in the other.
Hastily parting the long tresses from before her eyes, as recollections of the horrid slaughter she had so recently witnessed flashed across her brain, she continued to gaze upon the dark form before her, and which stood with its back towards her, without being able to find words to utter a single sentence. After a while, the fixed sentinel at the cavern's mouth, slowly and quietly quitting his guard, turned round and approached her; and Elvira, casting herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, besought his pity and protection in accents of despair and horror. The stranger was a tall, stately and noble looking man; so much the Lady Elvira discovered by the feeble glimmer of the lamp which hung in the recess of the grotto the moment he turned towards her. He stooped, and, raising her from the ground, addressed her in words of comfort and re-assurance. If, as she surmised, he was the captain of the robbers, he at least showed symptoms of some nurture, and there was a grace and dignity in his deportment which bespoke him descended from a better and more honorable station.
"Be of good comfort, madam," he said; "I trust that the immediate danger has passed. You have been fortunate in having escaped the clutches of the Forty-seven,—a horde of the most infernal miscreants that ever infested the Pyrenees!"
"Merciful heaven!" cried Elvira, "then I am not in the power of that dreadful band?"
"You are not, lady," he returned.—"My presence near the scene of your disaster enabled me to render you the service I have done in rescuing you."
"To whom am I indebted for so darling and so humane an act?" eagerly inquired the lady. "Oh! tell me your name, gallant stranger, that I may ever remember it in my orisons."
"Ask it not, madam," said he, "lest you return the trifling service I have been so fortunate as to render you, by giving me a pang sharper as the stiletto of the bravo from whose power I even now snatched you. I am nameless, madam, but not homeless. I have a refuge not far from this place, where, Heaven willing, I will convey you in safety. Suffice it, I am no robber, but a knight of Alcontra; and my vow enjoins me to the assistance and protection of beauty in distress. Circumstances have made me nail up my gates forever from the world; but your hapless condition must absolve me from breaking through a resolution I had formed to mingle with mankind no more."
"And my guardian, and our attendants?" said Elvira, covering her face with her hands. "Have I no companion in my escape?"
"They are past help, lady," he returned. "We must not think of them, since we need all our energies to avoid the perils which still surround us, and reach the refuge which I hope remains."
"Is not often, nay, I believe this to be the first time, that the Forty-seven have ventured into this part of our mountains; and it would be well for us to remain in concealment here till morning dawns: but I fear the stream is becoming more swollen by the present storm, in which case we might be imprisoned, and perhaps starved to death in a living tomb; since then, it would be impossible to pass out without being beaten down and killed in the attempt."
So saying, the cavalier once more bade her have no fear of his fidelity; and saying that it would be necessary for him to reconnoitre before he dared remove her from concealment, and pursue their journey; he prepared to leave the cavern.
"Should I not return in one hour, lady," said he, "remain here no longer, but follow my example; dash through the water fall, and gain the possible bank; that done conceal yourself in the ravine upon your left till day break, continue then along it for a couple of miles, and in the woods be-

fore you, you will behold the turrets of my chateau; give this token (my signet ring) to the sentinel who challenges, and you will be admitted. If I live, I will return hither in a quarter of an hour. Should I fail this is your only chance."
Then leaping through the torrent, he left the lady alone in the cavern. For the first few minutes after Elvira was left in solitude in his strange refuge, she felt inclined to follow the example of the mysterious stranger, and endeavor to escape both from him and the sort of grave in which she was entombed, by rushing through the waterfall which thus seemed to shut her out from the world. One moment she gazed with horror at the roaring cascade, which, in the darkness visible of the flickering lamp, looked black as ink; and the next she reflected upon the doubtful character of him who professed himself her protector. What if, after all, he should prove a member of the banditti, who had thus conveyed her to his lurking place for his own sinister ends? The thought was dreadful!—She doubted whether she possessed strength to struggle through the torrent, and paused as she was about to make the attempt. Then, again, the frank and noble bearing of her champion and his apparent devotion in thus venturing from the cavern in her cause, reassured her, and she resolved to obey his instructions, and bide the hour and the event.
Wet and shivering with the damp air of her prison-house, she wrapped herself in the embroidered cloak which the stranger had placed upon her on their first entrance, and seating herself on the rock, patiently awaited his coming, and before many minutes had passed he leaped breathless to her side.
"Quick, lady!" said he; "there is no time now to lose. We have no foe to encounter in our path; but the waters are on the increase, and that which was even now our safety, will in a short time prove our greatest danger."
With these words, he seized her in his arms, and once more darting thro' the falling stream, they stood the next moment in safety in the glen. Then sitting her on her feet, he took her hand, and led her down the ravine.
The two miles he had mentioned to her, in the rocky and overgrown path they pursued, were as much as ten in any ordinary road, and frequently the stranger was compelled to carry his companion over the dangerous ground. With the calmness of a stoic, however, and the true duty of a loyal knight, the stranger performed his task; and at length halting in the forest, he pointed to a solitary light before them, and cheered his wearied fellow-traveler with the news that their haven was in sight. Elvira now found herself under the walls of a lone and melancholy looking building, situated in the depth of the forest.
The storm had nearly passed away, and as the clouds rolled beneath the moon, the battlements showed black as the thick woods around them. The night breeze sighed drearily as the stranger, pausing before this ominous looking place, glanced cautiously around him, whilst the wolf howling in the forest was answered by the owl in the tower. I seemed, in short, the very situation for the strong hold of a robber band; and, accordingly, the lady was once more seized with feelings of dismay and distrust. She shuddered while she gazed upon the dark building before her, and almost dreaded to bear her conductor propose to her to enter its walls. There was something singularly cold and stern, too, in his manner, since they had left the shelter of the cavern. He had scarcely addressed a word to her as he hurried onward; and, although it is true that he had aided her, and given every assistance along the difficult path they had traversed, still his manner had been rather that of a guard to a captive, than of an attendant escort of a damsel in distress. However, there was now no choice in the matter; she felt that she must embrace the fate of the hour, be it for good or evil; she was in the power of her conductor, and to heaven she committed her future fate.
After pausing for a few moments, the cavalier took his bugle in hand, and wound a faint and long drawn blast thereon; it was instantly replied to by a sort of echo from within the walls.—A few minutes more, and the clash and clatter of arms resounded through the building, lights flashed from its loop-holed towers, a sentinel challenged from the gate house, the draw bridge was lowered, and taking his companion by the hand, the mysterious cavalier

entered his ominous looking dwelling house.
Elvira observed that they passed through a tolerably strong body of men at arms, who stood enranged within the first barrier, and who did the honors to her conductor pretty much in the same style that the turned out guard of a garrison in the present day presents arms to the commandant. A sort of Major-domo also met them within the court yard, and ushering them into the hall of the building, bowed, and withdrew. The hall of the castle, or chateau, to which the lady now found herself introduced, was of ample dimensions; and (for that rude age) displayed a considerable share of comfort, as well as feudal state. An ample fire glowed upon the hearth; a massive table stood before it; and wine together with more solid refreshments, seemed as though they had prepared for expected guests. Banners of an ancestral chivalry, also floated from the roof on each side; suits of armor "hung unscour'd by the wall," whilst arms of various denominations also festooned and ornamented the apartment numerous enough to furnish forth an infantry regiment of modern times.
The cavalier, doffing his high crowned beaver, formerly welcomed his love ly guest to his strong hold.
"It gives me pleasure, madam," said he, "in your favor to break through a firm resolve, never to taste the pleasures of the world, or open my gates in the way of hospitality again. The peculiar circumstances of your situation, however absolve me from my oath, and all I possess in this wild domain is at your service. I must however, promise to you, that the same circumstances which have made me a recluse here will also imprison you within these walls for an indefinite period, since the dangers with which I am at present surrounded will not permit of my offering you the protection of my own escort or suffer me to part with any of my retinue. Suffice it whilst beneath this roof that your comfort shall be cared for, and all your wants supplied."
In saying this, the cavalier proceeded to offer the Lady Elvira the refreshments of which she stood in some need; and, summoning an attendant, desired that the evening meal should be instantly served, whilst a chamber was being prepared for her. Hot and savory viands were accordingly brought in, as an addition to the supper, by a train of serving men, at one end of the hall; whilst from the door at the other extremity issued what the lady first termed a funeral procession since it consisted of some half a dozen females clad in sable suits, and veiled from head to foot.
They advanced to the table and remained stationary, as if waiting for leave to sit down and partake of the repast prepared.
The cavalier, whose brow had grown black as midnight as soon as he became aware of this accession to the party, was about to invite the Lady Elvira to a seat when the loud and repeated blast of a bugle without the walls suddenly arrested his attention. Making a sign to the attendant steward, that functionary left the apartment, in order to ascertain the meaning of such summons, and quickly returning, announced that two strangers, who had, apparently, been attacked by some of the Forty-seven, and who were moreover, belated and bewildered in the mountains, craved admittance and harborage within the walls. After some slight struggle, apparently between his firm resolve and his hospitality, the stern cavalier gave orders to have them conducted to his presence.
The new accession to the party consisted as had been mentioned, of two cavaliers; and both were as far from the common run of chance wayfarers as it was possible to conceive. Both were clad in rich traveling suits; such as the wealthy merchant, or indeed the noble of that period might be supposed to travel in. Their equipage, however, showed both tokens of a recent fray; and a foul and a toilsome journey. They advanced into the room, with all that bearing and dignity which belong to men accustomed to mingle with the nobles of the land; and the first words they spoke of apology for their necessary intrusion, proclaimed by their accent that they were Englishmen.
The taller, and more bulky of the two, seemed to assume the lead, although not the least superiority over his more quiet and dignified companion about whom there was, indeed, a presence and high bearing which claimed respect and homage at the first glance; and accordingly, his more free and assuming comrade was unregarded in his presence, and the attention of the host instantly bestowed upon the younger and quieter of the new comers.
[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]