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TOWANDA:

Saturday Evening, January 29, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

"WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?"

BY MRS. L. H. STODOLSKY.

Ye lock the vault—ye bar the tomb,
And to their keeping rear,
Upon the sable bier,
But that which made your idol dear,
The essence so refined,
That woke the sigh, the smile, the tear,
The soul, ye may not bind.
Again ye come—the heeded gem
Of which ye rear'd with care
The marble arch, the fretted shrine,
The sculptur'd column fair;
Where is it—ah! the fearful change!
The flesh hath mock'd your trust,
The bone its fellow bone forsok,
And mouldering sank to dust:
Thus o'er the close-seal'd tomb, where first
The Lord of glory slept,
The Roman soldiers, still and stern,
Their sleepless vigil kept,
Down came—the vigilant watchman quail'd,
The buried form hath fled,
And even'd affection vainly sought
The living 'mid the dead.

Miscellaneous.

Battle with an Elephant.

In a few minutes one of those who had gone off our left came running breathless to say that he had seen a mighty game. I halted for a minute, and instructed Isaac, who carried the big Dutch rifle, to act independently of me, while Klein boy was to assist me in the chase; but, as usual, when the gun began, my followers thought only of numbers. I bared my arms to the shoulders, and having published a draught of aqua pura from the canteen of one of the spoons, I grasped my trusty two grooved rifle and told my guide to go ahead. We proceeded slowly as might be for a few hundred yards, following my guide, when he suddenly stopped, exclaiming "Klow!" and before us stood a herd of many bull elephants, packed together in a narrow grove about a hundred and fifty yards in advance. I rode towards them, and as they observed me they made a loud rumbling noise, and tossing their trunks, wheeled right and made off in one direction, crushing through the brush and leaving a cloud of dust behind them. I was accompanied by a detachment of my dogs, which were in the pursuit.

The herd now had come, and diffidently I had begun to behold these elephants, rose fresh before me. I determined that on this occasion, I would do my duty, and dashing my spurs into Sunday's stirrups, I was very soon much to close in upon the safety. The elephants now made an attempt to turn to my left, whereby I obtained a good view of the ivory. The herd consisted of six bulls; the two were full grown first rate elephants, the other two were fine fellows, but had not yet reached perfect stature. Of the four old fellows, I had much finer tusks than the rest, for a few seconds I was undecided which of those to follow, when suddenly the one which I fancied had the best tusks broke his comrades, and I at once felt convinced he was the patriarch of the herd, and followed him accordingly. Cantering along, I was about to fire, when he instantly turned and sneezing a trumpet-blast so strong and shrill that the earth seemed to vibrate beneath my feet, he charged furiously after me for several hundred yards in a direct line, not altering his course in the slightest degree, for the trees of the forest, which he stepped and overthrew like reeds in his headlong career.

When he pulled up his charge, I likewise halted, and as he turned to retreat, I let fly at his shoulders, "Sunday" capering and prancing, and giving me much trouble. On receiving the ball the elephant shrugged his shoulders, and made off at a fine majestic walk. This shot brought several of the dogs to my assistance, which had been following the old elephants, and on their coming up and barking, another headlong charge was the result, accompanied by the never-failing trumpet-blast as before. In this charge he passed close to me, when I saluted him with a second bullet in the shoulder, of which he did not take the slightest notice. I now determined not to fire again until I could make a steady shot; but although the elephant turned repeatedly, "Sunday" invariably disapproved me, exasperating so that it was impossible to fire. At length, exasperated, I became reckless of the danger, and springing from my saddle, approached the elephant under the cover of a tree, and gave him a bullet on the side of the head, when, trumpeting so shrilly that the forest trembled, he charged among the dogs, from whom he seemed to fancy that the blow had come: after which he took up a position in a grove of thorns with his head towards me. I walked up very near, and as he was in the act of charging, (being in those days under the wrong impression as to the practicability of bringing down an elephant with a shot in the forehead) stood coolly in his path until he was within fifteen paces of me, and let drive at the hollow of his forehead, in the vain expectation that, by so doing I should end his career. This shot only served to increase his fury, an effect which I have remarked shots in the head invariably produced; and continuing his charge with incredible quickness and impetuosity he all but terminated my elephant-hunting career. A large party of the Boobies who had come up, yelled out simultaneously, imagining that I was killed, for the elephant was at one moment almost on the top of me. I, however, escaped by my activity, and by dodging round the trees. As the elephant was charging, an enormous thorn ran deep into the sole of my foot, the old Boobies brogues, which I that day sport-

ed, being worn through, and this caused me severe pain, laming me through the rest of the conflict. The elephant held on through the forest at a sweeping pace, but he was hardly out of sight when I was loaded and in the saddle, and soon once more alongside. About this time I heard Isaac blaring away at another bull; but when the elephant charged, his cowardly heart failed him, and he very soon made his appearance at a safe distance in my rear. My elephant kept crashing at steady pace, with blood streaming from his wounds; the dogs, which were knocked up with fatigue and thirst, no longer barked around him, but had dropped astern. It was long before I again fired, for I was afraid to dismount, and "Sunday" was extremely troublesome. At length I fired sharp, right and left, from the saddle; he got both balls behind the shoulders, and made a long charge after me, rumbling and trumpeting as before. The whole body of the Bamangwai men had now come up, and were following a short distance behind me. Among these were Molyson, who volunteered to help; and being a very swift and active fellow, he rendered important service by holding my fidgety horse's head while I fired and loaded. I then fired six broadsides from the saddle, the elephant charging almost every time, and pursuing us back to the main body in our rear, who fired in all directions as he approached.

The sun had now sunk behind top of the trees; it would very soon be dark, and the elephant did not seem much distressed, notwithstanding all he had received. Riding up to him, I dismounted, and approaching very near, I gave it to him right and left in the side of the head, upon which he made a long and determined charge after me but I was now very reckless of his charges, for I saw he could not overtake me, and in a twinkling I was loaded, and again approaching, fired sharp right and left behind his shoulder. The wounds which he had received began to tell on his constitution, and he now stood at bay beside a thorny tree, with the dogs barking around him. Having loaded, I drew near, and fired right and left at his forehead. On receiving and by various sounds and motions, most gratifying to the hungry natives, evinced that his demise was near.

Again I loaded, and fired my last shot behind his shoulders; on receiving it, he turned round the bushy tree beside which he stood, and I ran around to give him the other barrel, but the mighty old monarch of the forest needed no more; before I could clear the bushy tree he fell heavily on his side and his spirit had fled. By this time all the natives had come up—they were in the highest spirits, flocking around the elephant, laughing and talking at a rapid pace. In a few minutes night set in, when the natives, having illuminated the jungle with a score of fires lay down to rest without partaking of a morsel of food. My dinner consisted of a piece of flesh from the temple of the elephant, which I broiled on the embers. In the conflict I had lost my shirt, which was reduced to streamers by the waik-a-bit thorns, and all the clothing that remained was a pair of buckskin knee breeches.—Cumming's Hunting adventures in South America.

ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT.—Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature dining at a Boston hotel, one of them asked Mr. M., a gentleman who sat opposite.

"Can you reach them pelators, sir?"

Mr. M. extended his arm towards the dish and satisfied himself that he could reach the "pelators," and answered.

"Yes, sir."

The legislator was taken aback by this unexpected rebuff from the wag, but presently recovering himself, he asked.

From the Journal of E. Hunt.

My First and Last Night in London.

It was in the fall of 18—, that the ship which I belonged to, after a voyage of four months in the northern Atlantic, hove in sight of the Scilly Islands, and as we were bound for London, shaped our course up the channel, and, in a few days, were anchored in the Downs. Having been short of provisions for some time back, we were obliged to stop and replenish. The next day, however, we were towed up the river, and entered the Commercial Dock on the 28th of October, 18—. It was a grand sight to me, for I had never been in London and the city seemed like the world, in comparison to my humble village in the west of England. We were to be paid off on the morrow, and I determined, as soon as I was at liberty, to take a stroll and see some of the sights about which I had so often heard. At twelve the next day, all hands proceeded to the office in Leaden-hall street, and received, severally, the amount due them. There were just ten pounds coming to me, and I started off to see how I could best make it conducive to my pleasure. I had been strolling round for some time, looking at the Tower and other places of note, and finally walked into one of the parks, to see what I could of the London fashions. I was leaning against a tree, watching a party which attracted my attention, when I was suddenly accosted by a female, apparently about eighteen or twenty, neatly dressed, and with an expression which, although pleasing, seemed somewhat sad.

"What is it you wish, my good lady?" said I. She looked at me a moment and said—

"You are a sailor, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been in London?"

"I arrived yesterday."

"Have you been here before?"

Prairie Life.

Although much has been written on prairie life, many wild adventures, and yet many a wider scene has been left undescribed. Poor Ruxton who died at St. Louis, left us a highly entertaining and valuable work, "Scenes in the Far West," which is enriched with many a story and scene that, no doubt, to the people of the East, seem like tales from the "Arabian Nights." There is so much originality about the manners and habits of the trapper and frontiers man, that one is struck with their peculiar language or mode of expressing themselves, as well as their singular costume. They are, in fact, as distinct and marked a class as sailors, and have as many odd and quaint sayings. It is generally the commission of crime, some disappointment in life, or a native love of adventure and peril, that make these men desert the comforts of civilized society for the wilds and haunts of the red man. We can imagine the terrible reaction which takes place when the storm of passion, or the wreck of disappointed hopes, sweeps over the sensitive soul and leaves a desolation, a ruin of the former man. It is misfortune like these which dry up and scorch the finest feelings; some mortal wrong or injustice committed by others towards them, in revenging which they have been compelled to leave their homes and become exiles in the Far West.

A story is told of an extraordinary meeting, and an act of revenge, said to have taken place many years ago, on the fork of the Pawnee. A party of four, who had been roving many years in the West all strangers to each other, were one day accidentally thrown together, when a strange and bloody scene ensued. These men presented a striking contrast in feature. The youngest was delicately made, with long, light hair, and blue eyes; his exposure had given him a rich, brown complexion. He was of the medium stature, and male for strength and agility. There was a dark wood over his features, which told that with him the light of hope had gone out. He was travelling on a mule, with his rifle in his gun leather at the bow of his saddle, when he overtook a man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder and pistols in his belt, who was six feet, and had a deep, wide scar on his right cheek. As day was drawing to a close, they proposed to camp, and brought up at the head of the Pawnee. Shortly after they had camped, a man was seen reconnoitering them, with a rifle in his hand, and having satisfied himself that the sign was friendly, he came modestly into the camp, and after looking sternly at the two men, was asked by Scar Cheek to "come to the ground." He was a stout, muscular man, much older than the other two, with a dead, habitual scowl, long, black, matted hair, and very unprepossessing features. Some common place remarks were made, but no questions were asked by either party.

It was near twilight when the young man, who had gathered buffalo chips to make a fire to cook with, suddenly perceived a man approaching them on a mule; he came steadily and fearlessly on to the camp, casting a look at the three, said "Took ye for Indians?" then glancing at the deer skin of the trio, he observed, "Old leathers—some time old, eh?" The man was about fifty years of age, his gray eyes contracted strangely with his dark, bronzed features upon which care and misfortune were strongly stamped. He was only clad by the miserable skins he wore; and as he dismounted, Scar Cheek asked "Where from?" "From the Kaw" (Kansas) he replied, throwing down a bundle of other skins. A ferocious and staking out his male, he brought himself to the ground, and taking his rifle, looking at the priming, and shaking the powder in the pan, he added a few more grains to it; then placing a thin, dry skin over it from the damp, he shut the pan. The group watched the old trapper, who seemed not to notice them, while Scar Cheek became interested and showed a certain uneasiness. He looked towards his own rifle, and once or twice loosened his pistols in his belt as if they incumbered him. The young man, and the stout man with the scowl, exchanged glances but no word passed. So far, no questions had been asked as to who the other was; what little conversation passed was very laconic, and not a smile wreathed the lips of any one of them.

The little supper was eaten in silence, each man seemed to be wrapped in his own thoughts. It was agreed that the watch should be divided equally among the four, each man standing on guard two hours—the old trapper taking the first watch, the young man next, and Scar Cheek, and he with a scowl following.

It was a bright moonlight night, and over that wild waste of prairie not a sound was heard, as the three lay sleeping on their blankets. The old trapper paced up and down before them, and then would stop and mutter to himself. "It cannot be," he said to himself, "but time and that scar may have disguised him. That boy, too, it is strange I feel drawn toward him; then that villain with his scowl!" and the muscles of the old trapper's face worked convulsively, which the moon beams falling upon, disclosed traces of by-gone refinement. The trapper noiselessly approached the sleeping men, kneeling down, gazed intently upon the features of each, and scanned them deeply. Walking off, he muttered to himself again, saying, "It shall be!" and then judging by the stars that his watch was up, he approached the young man and woke him, pressing his finger upon his lip to command silence at the time, and motioned him to follow.

They walked off some distance, when the trapper, taking the young man by the shoulder, turned his face to the moonlight, and after gazing at it awhile, whispered in his ear, "Are you Perry Ward?" The young man started wildly, but the trapper prevented his reply by saying, "Enough, enough."

He then told him that he was his uncle, and that the man with the scowl was the murderer of his father, and that he with the scowl had convicted him, (the trapper) of forgery by his false oath. The blood deserted the lips of the young man, and his eyes glared and dilated almost from their sockets. He squeezed his uncle's hand, and then, with

a meaning glance as he looked at his rifle, moved towards the camp. "No, no," said the old trapper, "not in cold blood; give them both a fair chance."

They cautiously returned to the camp and found both the men in a deep sleep. The uncle and nephew stood over them. Scar Cheek was breathing hard, when he suddenly cried out "I did not murder Perry Ward!" "Liar!" said the trapper, in a voice of thunder, and the two men started and bounded to their feet. "Red Skins about?" asked they in a voice. "No, worse than red skins," said the trapper, "Perry Ward is about!" and seizing his knife he plunged it into Scar Cheek's heart. "Then take that," said he with a scowl, and raising his rifle, the trapper fell a corpse. With a bound and wild cry the young man jumped at the murderer of his uncle, and with his knife gave him several fatal wounds. The struggle was a fearful one, however, and the young man also received several cuts, when his adversary fell from the loss of blood, and soon after expired. Thus ended this strange meeting, and thus were father and uncle revenged.

In Vivo Veritas.—"Mr. B.—, a distinguished advocate and attorney general of a far 'down east' state, was sitting with his hat over his eyes and his chin on his breast, bolstered up on either side with chairs and table, and sleeping as comfortably as the indomitable spirit of gin would allow, in the court house at A.—, when 'the court' entered and took his seat on the bench. Observing the situation of Mr. B.—, which had not changed on the entrance of 'the court,' the judge looked at the sheriff, who seemed to understand that it was his duty to get the sleeper into 'condition.'"

"Mr. B.—, the court is in."

"I won't give the reply. Suffice to say, the sheriff had a decided objection to going to the murky and sulphurous place to which he was consigned."

"Mr. B.—, said the judge, 'we have observed with profound regret, your conduct during the past week; and this morning we find you in no better condition to take up your cases than before. We are disposed to bear with you no longer. You disgrace yourself and your family, 'the court,' and the profession, by your course of conduct.'"

This reproval elicited the following colloquy:

"Did your honor speak to me?"

"I did, sir."

Heroism and Cruelty.

A most touching instance of heroism, and one of the most atrocious acts of cruelty, the both of which are vouchsafed by the most respectable authority, occurred during the Colombian struggle for independence. The Spanish General Morillo—the most blood-thirsty and treacherous tool of the Spanish King; who was created Count of Cartagena, and Marquis de la Puerta, for services which rather entitled him to the distinction of butcher or hangman—while seated in his tent one day during the campaign of Carracaca, saw a boy before him drowned in tears. The chief demanded of him for what purpose he was there. The child replied that he had come to beg the life of his father, then a prisoner in Morillo's camp.

"What can you do to save your father?" asked the General.

"I can do but little, but what I can shall be done."

Morillo seized the little fellow's ear; "Would you suffer your ear to be taken off to procure your father's liberty?"

"I certainly would," was the undaunted reply. A soldier was accordingly called, and ordered to cut off the ear with a single stroke of the knife. The boy wept but did not resist while this barbarous order was executed.

"Would you lose your other ear rather than fail of your purpose?" was the next question.

"I have suffered much, but for my father I can suffer still!" was the heroic answer of the boy.

The other ear was taken off *paracerasi*, without flinching on the part of the noble child. "And now go!" exclaimed Morillo, untouched by his sublime courage; "the father of such a son is dangerous to Spain and must die!"

In the presence of his agonized and vainly suffering son the patriot father was then executed. Never did a life picture exhibit such truthful lights and shades in national character—such dark, treacherous villainy—such lofty, enthusiastic heroism.—*De-publican.*

The Snake and the Crocodile.

The following thrilling account of an engagement between a boa-constrictor and a crocodile in Java, is given by an eye witness:

It was one morning that I stood beside a small tank, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond, was a gigantic oak tree, and in its thick, shining, evergreen leaves, lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps always bent on mischief.

Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent, quick as thought he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of a tree, but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his folds round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and by his contractions, made the scales and bones of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to gain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a signal began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water.

The crocodile also was still, and though only the spines of his back were visible, it was evident that he, too, was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself by making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly tipped over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.

A Blessed Prospect.—The ties which bind together a family who all have a good christian hope, shall never be dissolved. Death comes among them, but we take the bible in our hands, and inscribe on their tombstones. "Pleasant in life, and in eternity not divided." One after another falls, until the last of the circle is carried to his long home, but the grave cannot retain them. By and by the family is to meet again—husbands and wives—parents and children—masters and servants are one day to stand within the gates of the New Jerusalem, all washed and sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

A swell clerk of the city, who was spending an evening in a country tavern, cast about him for amusement. Feeling secure in the possession of the most money, he made the following offer:

"I will drop money into a hat with any one in the room. The one who holds out the longest, shall take the whole and treat the company."

"I'll do it said an old farmer.

The cockney dropped in a quarter—the countryman with a bangtown copper.

"Go on," said the cockney.

"I won't," said the farmer, "take the whole and treat the company."

"Well, John I am going East, what shall I tell your folks?"

"Oh, nothing; only if they say anything about whiskey, just tell them I've got some."

The increasing delight in natural scenery is one of the proofs that man is growing near to God.