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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, June 24, 1854.

Selected Poetry.

A PRETTY FOOT.

BY T. D. CURTIS.

There's magic in a pretty foot,
And well the ladies know it—
And she who has a pretty one
Is pretty sure to show it;
At times you too are married by
The nicest little ankle,
That shoots an arrow through the eyes,
Within the heart to rankle.

Of course you turn your gaze aside,
And all your blushes stifle,
For well you know she's not aware
Her skirts are raised a trifle;
But should you think she might perchance
Have on a loosed garter,
Your fingers itch to play the part
Of honest lady's waiter.

Though tantalized till he is crazed—
Stark mad with wild romancing,
That witching foot along his brain
A thousand waltzes dancing,
The while it merely lightly pats
As thoughtless she may move it—
No modest man would dare to dream
There is a leg above it.

But when it trips across the street,
Through mud, and mud, and vapor,
By sheerest accident you see
How beautiful the taper;
And as it steps upon the walk,
Amid the crowd to mingle,
Two roguish eyes look up and say,
"I wonder if she's single!"

But I would have no lady think
I fancy her a schemer,
And bid her to remember that
The poet is a dreamer;
He sees what others do not see,
And seeks for hidden beauty—
No pretty fool can lure him from
The path of moral duty!

Miscellaneous.

A BORDER TALE.

BY FRANK.

In the year 1831, while acting as surveyor in the new State of Iowa, I was a witness of one of those real and startling tragedies which so often occur along the borders of civilization in the West—While serving in that capacity, I had often witnessed deeds of valor and desperation, and a foolhardy courage which made my blood grow cold—but the incident to which I allude displayed, on one hand such unmitigated vindictiveness of spirit together with the most reckless daring and total disregard of death, and on the other, such pure affection and such delicate refinement for the then wild wilderness to exhibit, that it stands out in bold relief above the memory of the many startling scenes I witnessed and the trials and the hair breadth escapes that I underwent.

One night after having nearly completed my operations in that part of the country, and preparatory to taking my final leave of it, I walked forth from the tent in which my companions were busily engaged in devouring their supper of broiled venison, and strolled along upon the banks of a quiet stream that rolled its deep and silent waters through a vast and fertile country, finally to empty into the Mississippi. The sun was fast declining in the west, his bright rays danced only at intervals through the dense forest, intercepted by the hanging boughs and hoary trunks of huge oaks that perchance had stood the fierce blasts of an hundred winters still unscathed. The gay carol of the forest bird was dying away while they sought, with yielding wing their places of nightly rest—the almost ceaseless chatter of the squirrel was still—the sound of the cracking bough, as it fell beneath the hoof of the fleeing deer, was no longer heard, and all nature seemed wrapped in the silence of repose.

Ucheeding my footsteps, I wandered far down along the banks of the quiet stream, and seated myself upon a broken and decayed stump, nearly encircled by the trunk of a tree on either side. My mind was enraptured in that deep reverie which so often steals over us as twilight's balmy hours come on, and might long have remained so had not my attention been suddenly aroused by the approach of a group of Indians along the banks of the stream. Instantly my hand grasped my ever faithful pistol when suddenly the foremost Indian, changing his course, entered a thick clump of bushes and soon emerged from them, walking upon the trunk of a tree, that had fallen across and completely scanned the stream that rolled quietly below.—The other Indians followed in quick succession their leader, whom I now saw, as his manly form rose towering above his followers, was a destined chief of the tribe that occupied the country around me, and which I had for some months been engaged in. I had met him once only, but I was greeted with that respect and welcome which a stranger ever meets among the Indians.

His dress was richly fantastic—his face covered with many colored paints, his moccasins embellished with curiously wrought beads and a huge painter's skin hanging from his brawny shoulders, gave him an air of superiority over the rest. As they passed singly near the stream, I saw that each was more than ordinarily tastefully dressed, which denoted some unusual occurrence. I remained concealed till the last had passed over and entered the thick foliage upon the opposite bank, and then stepped forth, I saw them hurrying down by the side of the stream, in the direction of the old chief's lodge, where I knew to be some half a mile below. They were soon lost to sight; and while musing, partly upon the beauty of scenery around, I was startled by the sound approaching footsteps, seemingly from behind me. I had hardly sunk back into my hiding place, when thro-

with a heavy sound into the water. The third and last was now rapidly passing across, when an arrow went whizzing past me and stuck in a tree over my head. Instantly my finger pulled the trigger and the sharp crack of a pistol rang upon the air as the Indian leaped from the log, and fell with shrill cry of horror into the stream. My pistol had done its work but the flash revealed my person to the half-breed, who drew forth his tomahawk and was about to hurl it at me, as the lover of the maiden sprang out behind him. Suddenly and by an almost superhuman effort, the half-breed with his precious burden, gained a footing upon the log and was fast crossing, when I raised my arm to fire upon him, but suspecting my design, he shielded himself by bringing the form of the maiden before him. Scarcely had he done this however, when the swift and sure tomahawk of the lover buried itself in the arm that bore his treasure, dividing its tendons so that it released its hold and the maiden fell heavily upon the log. Not so with the half-breed, however, for the blow from the tomahawk caused him to lose his footing and fall, but as he did so he grasped with one arm the garments of the maiden, and dragged her after him, muttering—

"I go not alone, but thou shalt die with me!"—and both sank beneath the water. The young Indian had already sprang upon the log, and as the garments of the maiden rose to the surface, he leaped in, eager to rescue her from the grasp of his enemy. The wily half-breed, soon as he saw the arm encircle the maiden, rose upon the surface of the water, and with his hunting knife commenced an attack upon the Indian, who having to sustain both himself and her whom he prized more than life, could only parry the thrusts of his assailant. The conflict was only momentary; for the half-breed was so deeply wounded that after one or two blows he disappeared beneath the water, and the young Indian, supporting his precious burden, was nerving all his strength till assistance could be rendered. I had already sprang upon the log, and was about to leap into the water, when a shrill cry, that still rings in my ears, rent the air, and casting my eyes down, I stood horrified to behold the life blood spiring from the mouth of the maiden. The half-breed's knife had done its work, and sank with its possessor to the bottom.—As I stood gazing upon the strange and tragic scene the young Indian turned one glance upon the now lifeless form of the maiden, and then folding it to a still closer embrace, they sunk thro' the water to a long and last repose. In a moment more, not a ripple was left, but the smooth, quiet stream rolled on as silently as before, leaving no trace to tell the sad tale.

Thus perished the remnant of this once powerful tribe, for the old chief, when hearing of the sad fate of his daughter, returned to his burning wigwam, and in the frenzy of his grief cast himself among the burning ruins and became a part of the unrelenting conflagration; while the remaining warriors either joined another tribe or faded before the advance of civilization. By the light of the lurid flames, I wandered back to my tent where my companions stood horrified at beholding the greatest of scenes—a forest on fire.

A MAN BEFORE ADAM—A conglomerate work, to use a geological phrase, has lately been published in Philadelphia, entitled "The Types of Mankind," made up of contributions from the late Dr. Morton, Agassiz, Usher, Nott and Gliddon. This work is destined to create something of a commotion in the religious world. The idea of the unity of the race of man is totally discarded by the authors, one and all. Dr. Usher makes the astounding statement in this work, that a human fossil had been found in New Orleans, in the course of some excavations in that city, to which a pre-Adamite age is attributed. According to his authority, the skeleton of a man, of the conformation of our native Indians, was discovered at a depth of sixteen feet, lying below a succession of four fossil cypress forests, to each of which the age of 14,400 years is given. Agassiz is said to have accepted this as a fact, and based upon it his assertion that man existed upon the earth at least 150,000 years ago.—The theologians must either disprove this statement, or be compelled to admit a new exegesis of Holy Writ.

The work to which we have alluded makes, by-the-by, liberal drafts upon the interesting treatise on the "Black Man," first published in the Evening Post.

FACTS FOR MECHANICS.—St Paul was a mechanic, a carpenter. The great architect of the universe, in the mechanism of the heavens and the earth with its productions, displays a power and skill which human hands may attempt to imitate in vain.

Next to farmers, mechanics are the most numerous and important class of the community, and have much importance to become men of science and knowledge. His operations bring into use scientific principles, which it is his interest to understand. Every apprentice boy who spends a short time daily in reading, is likely to become a man of influence and respectability. Character is the best capital a young man can have in commencing business. Mechanics, like farmers, make enlightened statesmen. In 1826, a few farmers in a small village in Massachusetts, organized a Lyceum for mutual improvement. From that humble origin has risen the general institution of Lyceums in every section of both continents.

It is evident that if the farmers and mechanics throughout this vast country should enlist in earnest in the great work of self-education, they might reform and hand down pure republican posterity.

"Mother, don't you wish we had the tree of evil in our garden?"

"Why, Josh, you serpent, what do you mean?"

"As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree couldn't we get all the precious stuff?"

"Eben says justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express."

An Arctic Winter's Walk.

Dr. Kane gives, in his account of the GAINNELL Expedition, just published by the HARPER, the following notice of a walk:

Now let us start out upon a walk, clothed in well-fashioned Arctic costume. The thermometer is, say—25 deg., not lower and the wind blowing a royal breeze, but gently.

Close the lips for the first minute or two, and admit the air suspiciously through nostrils and gaskets. Presently you breathe in a dry, pungent, but grateful and agreeable atmosphere. The beard, eyebrows, eyelashes, and the downy pubescence of the ears, acquire a delicate, white, and perfectly enveloping cover of venerable hoar-frost. The moustache and under lip form pendulous beads of dangling ice. Put out your tongue, and it instantly freezes to this icy crust, and a rapid effort and some hand aid will be required to liberate it. The less you talk the better. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the luring aid of your beard; even my eyes have often been so glued as to show that even a wink may be unsafe. As you walk on you find that the iron work of your gun begins to penetrate through two coats of woolen mittens, with a sensation like hot water.

But we have been supposing your back to the wind; and, if you are a good Arcticized subject, a warm glow has already been followed by a profuse sweat. Now turn about and face the wind; what a devil of a change! how the atmosphere is wafted off! how penetratingly the cold trickles down your neck, and in at your pockets! When I a jack knife, heretofore, like Bob Sawyer's apple, "pleasantly warm" in the breeches pocket, has changed to something as cold as ice and hot as fire; caught three miles off with a freshening wind, and at one time feared that I would hardly see the big again. Morton, who accompanied me, had his cheeks frozen, and I felt that leghorn numbness mentioned in the story books.

I will tell you what this feels like, for I have been twice "caught out." Sleepiness is the sensation. Have you ever received the shock of a magnetic electric machine, and had the peculiar numbing sensation of "can't let her go," extending up to your elbow joints? Deprive this of its paroxysmal character; subdue, but diffuse it over every part of the system, and you have the so-called pleasurable feelings of incipient freezing. It seems even to extend to your brain. Its inertia is augmented; everything about you seems of a ponderous sort; and the whole amount of pleasure is in gratifying the disposition to remain at rest, and spare yourself an encounter with these latent resistances. This is, I suppose, the pleasurable sleepiness of the story book.

I could fill page after page with the ludicrous miseries of our ship-board life. We have two climates, bygones as well as thermometrically at opposite ends of a scale. A pocket handkerchief, pocketed below in the region of arctic, comes up unchanged. Go below again, and it becomes moist, flaccid, and almost wet. Go on deck again, and it resembles a shingle covered with linen. I could pick my teeth with it.

BRITISH "CONSOLS."—As many persons do not understand what is meant by "Consols," which are always a prominent article in the English money quotations, we give the following definition, from the Bankers' Magazine:

"They are the three per cent. English stock, which had its origin in the act of the British parliament, consolidating (hence the name) several separate Government stocks called in the act 'consolidated annuities,' and commonly quoted for brevity, 'consols.' When the consolidation took place the principal of the several funds thus merged, amounted to £9,137,821, but by the funding of additional and subsequent loans and parts of loans into this stock, it amounted on the 5th of January, 1836, to £36,760,282. Since that period only one loan has been raised—that for compensation to the West India Planters in the emancipation of slaves—£20,000,000—and a few millions have been paid off. The total in January 1843, was \$317,824, 981 English debt, and £6, 194, 874 Irish debt out of a total debt of £772, 401,851 sterling. The stock, from its amount and the immense number of its holders is more sensitive to its financial influence than any other, and is therefore, the favorite stock of the operation of speculators and jobbers. Its dividends are payable semi-annually."

HOW TO PROPAGATE CUCUMBERS.—After the plants are well above ground, and have been properly hoed, I cover the ground between them entirely over with saw-dust; this answers a four fold purpose: First—it suppresses the weeds. Second—it keeps the fruit clean from any grit that would wash upon it in violent showers. Third—it keeps the plant moist in case of drought. Fourth—it is a rich manure for the coming season.

Perhaps I ought to have added that it makes no difference from what wood the dust is obtained. (The treatment here suggested for cucumbers will no doubt, be found equally or more valuable as applied to strawberries and tomatoes, both of which are liable to injury from coming in contact with the earth during hard showers. Salt hay, or other cheap refuse matter would, no doubt, answer the purpose as well as saw-dust.) ED. DOLLAR. NEW-PAPER.

BRACING STRINGS.—Never use force. When you wish to put the yoke on for the first time, coax them with an ear of corn or a little salt. After they are yoked don't use the whip, but induce them to follow you for the corn or other feed you offer them. In that way you will save yourself much trouble, and your faithful servants much fear.—Agriculturist.

Eben says justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

Letter from Iowa.

Ma Goodrich: My son, the writer of the enclosed letter, having originally learned the art of typesetting in the office of the Reporter, when published by your father, I hand it to you for publication—although a private letter, and intended only for the eye of the family—I have no doubt he has numerous friends who would read the letter with satisfaction. The novelty of his choice and the success of his enterprise in the famous Nebraska territory, time alone can only determine the correctness of his judgment. Yours, &c., D. M. BULL.

Towanda, May 24, 1854.

ST. MARY, MILL CO, IOWA, }
May 3, 1854.

DEAR FATHER:— I presume it is sufficient to refer you to the above date. This place is situated as you will observe by the paper I send you, on the banks of the Missouri river, and by looking out the window I can see the far famed territory of Nebraska. I visited Nebraska last week, but was not far in the interior. The country bordering on the river is beautiful. The plots on both sides of the Missouri are very extensive. There are numerous Indians directly opposite this place of the Omahas tribe, and a very indolent set they are.— Those on the frontiers are generally vagrants, as they depend upon begging for a subsistence. There is, however, some excuse for the Omahas, as they are at sword-points with the Sioux, who are much the strongest—they will not permit the Omahas to go on their yearly hunt for Buffalo, hence their vagrancy. I had to day a visit from two of the Omahas Chiefs—they speak English well, and have somewhat of an education. There was some war going on here yesterday. These Indians, in order to get a few dimes, undertook to exact toll of some emigrants as they were passing a small bridge.— The emigrants of course, refused to pay, when one of the Indians fired at them, but fortunately did not kill either of the emigrants, only wounding one slightly in the wrist. The Indians ran and the emigrants pursued them and killed two and wounded the third. I understand that the Chiefs have ordered their warriors to kill the wounded Indian if he makes his appearance on their shores, for violating the treaty with the United States. None of the tribe regret the death of the Indians that were killed.

This frontier country is half civilized. Persons do not consider themselves safe unless armed with a pair of revolvers and a Bowie-knife, carried in bold-relied.

Council Bluffs is situated twelve miles above this point, and is five miles back from the river. It is generally believed, that this place in a few years will take the lead, although very small at present. The Missouri is a strange river: in some places it changes its course every season, and looks as madly as any "mad-hole" you ever saw—caused probably the banks wearing away. We have a fine Steam Ferry boat at this point, of great capacity.— A large portion of the emigration for California leave the States at St. Mary. There is, nevertheless, a great strife between this place and Council Bluffs in regard to this emigration.

You will see by the paper I send you, that I am engaged here—My employers have been troubled with "one-horse" printers, and because I have had rather more experience than the former publishers, they think I am "some," and do not hesitate to tell me so. Wages to journeymen printers is \$40 per week. A friend of mine is anxious to have me join him in the publication of the "Nebraska Palladium," to be printed as soon as the territory is open for settlement. For the present I shall remain here, and at the same time shall make a choice in the now called Bellevue (an embryo city)—It is thought that the Capital will be located at Bellevue, which is directly opposite St. Mary. I shall endeavor to make a choice in the streets town, and if I am lucky, I will make a "pile," and if not, shall be no worse off, which is a "consideration devoutly to be wished." I am very well satisfied thus far with the enterprise I chalked out for myself previous to leaving good old Pennsylvania, whose institutions and last, not least, its sound Democracy, I shall ever cherish through life; and although I have chosen for a local habitation not exactly the garden of Eden, I hope in a few years to see the "wilderness blossom as the rose," and myself standing 5 feet 8 inches, a man among men.

Affectionately,
M. P. BULL.

A BOSTON BOY'S INDEPENDENCE.—An old gentleman of Boston, who was at the head of a large manufacturing establishment, held an apprentice addicted to a rather uncleanly practice, termed by anxious mamma, "picking the nose." Often had his employer expostulated with him on the impropriety of such a habit, to no effect. He was a rather close-fisted old customer, and one Fourth of July he informed the youth in question that he must work that day. The boy, of course did not relish this much, but went away grumbling, and on his "nose" calling at his place of business, to see how matters progressed, he found the boy instead of being at work, busily engaged, as usual, with his nasal protuberance. "There, John! this is the twentieth time this week I have detected you in that filthy act!" he exclaimed. "I don't care!" blundered the apprentice; "it's my own nose—and I'll pick thunder out of it!"

The following notice has been posted on the door of a church in London: "It is particularly requested that mustaches be not worn in this church during Divine service."

The humble shall be exalted, says the good book. Therefore those who want to get up in the world, must first get down. And that a long pull, a strong pull and a tremendous pull altogether.

What part of scripture do ladies fulfil when they kiss each other? Doing unto others what they would that men should do unto them.

Buried Alive.

An English sailor, named Jackson, spent two among the natives of the Feejee Islands, in the South Sea. From the narrative of his adventures we quote one passage describing a burial alive. A young Feejee man was ailing; he had lost his appetite, and fearing to be reproached by the Feejee beauties for being a skeleton—shame being an unendurable emotion—resolved to be buried alive.— Jackson tried to dissuade him from the sacrifice in vain, and the scene now to be described, followed—

"By this time, all his relations had collected round the door. His father had a kind of wooden spade to dig the grave with; his mother had a new suit of tapa; his sister some vermilion and a whale's tooth, as an introduction to the great god of Rage-Rage. He arose, took up his bed and walked, not for life, but for death—his father, mother and sister following after, with several other distant relations, whom I accompanied. I noticed that they seemed to follow something in the same way that they follow a corpse in Europe to the grave, (that is, as far as relationship and acquaintance are concerned,) but, instead of lamenting, they were, if not rejoicing, acting and chatting in a very unconcerned way. At last, we reached a place where several graves could be seen, and a spot was soon selected by the man who was to be buried. The old man, his father, began digging his grave, while his mother assisted her son in putting on a new tapa, and the girl (his sister) was besmearing him with vermilion and lampblack, so as to send him decent into the invisible world, he (the victim) delivering messages that were to be taken by his sister to people then absent. His father then announced to him and the rest that the grave was completed, and asked him, in rather a surly tone, if he was not ready by this time? The mother then held him, and likewise the sister. He said, "Before I die I should like a drink of water." His father made a surly remark, and said, as he ran to fetch it in a leaf doubled up, "You have been a considerable trouble during your life, and it appears that you are going to trouble us equally at your death."

"The father returned with the water, which the son drank off, and then looked up into a tree covered with tough vines, saying he should prefer being strangled with a vine-to being smothered in the grave. His father became excessively angry, and spreading the mat at the bottom of the grave, told the son to die 'faka tamaku' (like a man), when he stepped into the grave, which was not more than four feet deep, and lay down on his back with the whale's tooth in his hands, which were clasped across his belly. The spare-dishes of the mats were lapped over him so as to prevent the earth from getting to his body, and then about a foot of earth was shovelled in upon him as quickly as possible. His father stamped it immediately down solid, and called out in a loud voice, 'Sa tiko, sa tiko,' (You are stopping there, you are stopping there,) meaning "Good-bye, good-bye." The son answered with a very audible grunt, and then about two feet more earth were shovelled in and stamped as before by the loving father, and Sa tiko called out again, which was answered by another grunt, but much fainter. The grave was then completely filled up, when, for curiosity's sake, I said myself, 'Sa tiko,' but no answer was given, although I fancied or really did see the earth crack a little on the top of the grave. The father and mother then turned back to back on the middle of the grave, and having dropped some kind of leaves from their hands, walked away in opposite directions to a running stream of water hard by, where they and all the rest washed themselves, and made me wash myself, and then we returned to the town, where there was a feast prepared. As soon as the feast was over, (it being then dark,) began the dance and uproar which are always carried on either at natural or violent deaths. All classes then give themselves up to excess, especially at unnatural deaths of this sort, and create all manner of uproar by means of large bamboos, trumpet-shells, &c., which contribute to the general noise which is considered requisite to drive the spirit away, and deter him from desiring to dwell or even hover about his late residence."

CUCUMBERS, SQUASHES AND MELONS.—Dig large, broad holes, and fill them with hog manure, stamping it down closely, and making it as compact as possible. Draw on one inch of soil, drop your seeds, and cover one half of an inch deep. Over this covering spread half an inch of the finest old charcoal manure, mixed with a liberal quantity of charcoal and house ashes. As soon as the plants appear, commence watering with urine, and apply gypsum. Keep the weeds down, and the surface around the plants flat or rather concave, in order that the water applied may be carried directly to the roots. There are many methods of growing these vegetables, but the above is perhaps the safest for garden purposes. In thinning, it is not well to take out too many plants at first, as those left may be destroyed, and cannot be supplied by others.—(When they have got fairly into rough leaf is soon enough for this business to be attended to.—Boston Olive Branch.)

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks are born dumb?"

"Why, hem! why certainly madame. It is owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of speech."

"La me!" remarked the old lady, "now just see what it is to have a physic education. I've ex-ecuted my old man more'n a hundred times that are same thing, and all I could ever get out of him was 'kase dey iz.'"

"Well I'm glad I asked you, for I never could a died satisfied without knowing it."

When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When has more than sufficient grounds.