

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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TOWANDA:

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## Selected Poetry.

### THE FOUR BELONGINGS.

Childhood's dawn, I'm thine!  
Here I wait in merry hours  
Wearing thy golden wreaths of flowers,  
Ducks on every lough are singing,  
All the air with music ringing,  
With the sunbeams flash and quiver  
On the eddies of the river.  
Ah, they change! the songs are done;  
Clouds fit softly o'er the sun;  
While, with mournful step and slow,  
From my childhood's home I go—  
Home no longer mine.

Hold me, life! I'm thine,  
Far away, a sunny vision,  
Belongs me to fields elysian.  
Though some clouds are drooping low  
With twilight haze and glow,  
When the summer rain is o'er,  
Smiles are brighter than before.  
Thy 'is vain' sad hearts be still;  
There remains one sparkling rill;  
Sleep and drink, thou weary heart,  
Like and I'll meet again—  
Life no longer mine.

Clasp me, love! I'm thine,  
Through all other light depart  
See this sun-light of the heart,  
Yet, what's the matter with thy side,  
Thou best, what's better?  
Ah, 'is vain' the shadows flow  
Over my heart—thou, too, must go!  
Love, farewell. Life's dream is done!  
When the shadow, thine the sun;  
Thy star of grief and pain,  
In the light we meet again—  
So forever mine.

Take me, death! I'm thine,  
Only through thy solemn portal  
Can I reach the light immortal,  
Where the amaranths unfading,  
Beneath heavenly bloom are shading,  
While within thy darkened porch,  
With thy dim, inverted torch,  
Thou dost chant soft, holy psalms;  
And we wait, with folding palms,  
Till, 'tis last triumph won,  
Thou shalt bid thy lovers done—  
Take me, death, I'm thine.

## Miscellaneous.

### Turkey Foot, the Indian.

The intelligent reader of pioneer history need not be told that after the signal defeat of the Potawatamies in 1794, by Gen. Wayne, nearly all the remnants of this tribe had fled to the westward, and that a state of peace had been established as the result of these treaties—the one at Greenville, and the succeeding one at Fort St. Vrain, by Governor Harrison—both of which, or to a period very recent, led to the battle of Tippecanoe the long-continued peace of the tribes had then been secured.

Notwithstanding the fact that the tribes had themselves to keep the peace, there were still a few fractious Indians of the baser sort, who, at a kind of independence, and start-up on their own hook, set at defiance the orders of our government and the councils of their own tribes. Of this number was Turkey Foot, a Potawatamian, who had been a member of a band of desperadoes, and of whom he was the leader or chief. He preyed upon the property and lives of the whites and red men.

The earliest accounts we have of this bandit represent him as a bad Indian. He was from some cause to have had a natural inclination to steal, and an equal disinclination to labor; hence, it was almost a necessary consequence that he should become a thief or hunter, or do something for a livelihood. Turkey Foot, however, was too much like some of the modern aristocrats of civilized society to make himself by stooping to the performance of any trade that had the appearance of useful and so in his laziness he turned free-lance.

It should be known in this connection, that the majority of the Indians, and nearly all the chiefs, had consented to the treaties of peace, yet there was quite a respectable number who entertained vengeful feelings and a disposition towards their pale-faced conquerors; and that the moral or immoral actions of their portion of the tribes were made known and protect the lawless operations of the rascals, at least to such an extent as to take the lives of the perpetrators of such crimes. After committing numerous deeds of violence, rapine, and injustice against both the Indians and the whites, he was finally indicted for the murder of a white man, and was brought to trial in the court of the United States.

Thus perished one of the most infamous of men, a vile murderer and wretch, whose enormities were shocking in the extreme, and who spared neither age, sex, nor condition, but committed barbarities upon all—male and female, white and red.

The editor of the Woonsocket Patriot makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his, that has been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick! "Her anxiety," quoth he, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick-yard, that hen is not for sale."

them and their possessions, until both should be swallowed up.

This was false as to the intention of our government at that time, though the representation, in some degree, has since become a fact of history, owing, perhaps, to the unlooked for and unprecedented tide of emigration, which has ceaselessly rolled its waves westward. But after much earnest labor, Mr. Parker began to succeed so well in his work that those interested in the continuance of the state of excited feeling he was allaying and moulding to his purpose, became alarmed lest he should finally prove entirely successful in his efforts, and restore tranquility where they desired fermentation and strife—the preparation for an open rupture.

To prevent the consummation of this object, the parties interested appear to have held a kind of secret council among themselves, and the result of their deliberations was that Parker was to be put to death. But how? Tecumseh was not yet prepared to bring on a state of open hostilities, as his grand schemes for universal confederacy of all the tribes were not yet completed. M'Kee, the British agent, took it on himself to see that the bloody deed was done, and thus the matter was settled.

To succeed in killing Parker, and yet not commit the Indians, M'Kee had only to call in the aid of Turkey Foot, whose services he engaged by a promise of reward—he was to kill Parker, and receive pay for the work of murder, and at the hands of this agent of a civilized and Christianized country!

The bargain was struck; and in pursuance of his part of the contract, Turkey Foot took four of his men and started on the trail of his intended victim, who all unconscious of the threatening danger that hung over him, went peacefully on in his work of reconciliation. He had reached the limits of his mission, and was on his return track, when the murderous assassin came on his track. Down the Mississippi he went, and down they followed after him. They neared him every hour, yet he knew not that they were scenting his track as the wolf does his prey! They were near—so near that the place and time for the perpetration of the crime were fixed, and the wretched hours were fleetly wafting the short interval into the eternity of the past! The time arrives—the steady murderers approach their victim—a moment, and the work of death is done. But Mr. Parker is not the person slain. He had, from some cause, hastened his movements, thus saving his life by a few hours, and two Frenchmen met the fate that was intended by the murderers for him.

Gov. Harrison was speedily informed of this cold-blooded atrocity, and demanded of the Potawatamies that Turkey Foot and his accomplices should be given up; and their great chief, the Sun, declared his desire to have him punished, and his willingness to endeavor to secure him. In consequence of this turn of affairs, the desperadoes now became the fugitives, and were pursued by the Indians who had volunteered to carry out the wishes of Harrison and the Sun. Turkey Foot expected a reward from M'Kee for the two scalps of the Frenchmen, and was making his way to his place of residence, when this new complication of affairs made it necessary for him to change his course, and he fled across the Mississippi into Missouri, where he remained for a length of time, not daring to show himself where he was known.

So soon, however, as the excitement died away, and other topics began to engross the attention of those who sought his life, he returned and recommenced his life of crime and villainy. It will not comport with the limits of this brief sketch, for us to even name the enormities he committed, their name being legion; but so numerous were they, and withal, of such an outrageous character, that Governor Harrison at last demanded of his tribe that they should deliver him up under pain of the displeasure of the United States. The chief promised that he should be taken either dead or alive; but the government would not hear to his death, and demanded that he be brought in alive, that he might be punished according to the laws of the country, in accordance with a provision in the treaty of Greenville. The chief then promised to bring him in as the Governor desired, and with a body of his followers, set out to hunt him up. They met him unexpectedly, as he was crossing a small prairie, he not being aware of their intentions, and the chief addressed him in a friendly manner, as he approached, and took him by the hand, determined at the same time to hold him fast until he was surrounded and secured.

But no sooner did Turkey Foot perceive the intention of the chief, than with great dexterity and presence of mind he brought his rifle, which was upon his left shoulder, around in such a manner as to present the muzzle direct at the chief, and thus the two stood. It was a moment of great suspense! Another second, and one of the two might be in eternity; but the chief had no weapon of defence ready, and his life seemed to be the certain sacrifice. A rifle broke out, and the sharp crack of a rifle broke out shrill upon the quiet morning air, and Turkey Foot lay in the agonies of death! A young Indian had perceived the perilous situation of his chief, and shot the miscreant dead on the spot ere he had time to discharge his own piece. His scalp was taken to Governor Harrison, to whom an account of his death was rendered, and the circumstances were considered an excuse for not complying with the request to have him brought alive.

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## A Night of Horror.

Potter County, Pa., is to a great extent a howling wilderness; yet the land is good, and efforts are making to have it cleared and settled. Mr. Arvine Clark, an experienced woodman, is an agent for parties who wish to take up lands in the wilderness and bring them into market; and in the course of his explorations he meets occasionally with rare adventures, of which the following is regarded by him as the most frightful that has ever befallen him during his long career in the backwoods. The story was related to the writer by Mr. C. himself, and may be relied upon as being correct:—

On the 4th of November last, Mr. C. was exploring the route for a new road to the settlement through a wild and gloomy wilderness. As the shades of evening drew on, he commenced to retrace his steps, as he supposed, through lands of Wm. Silver, Esq., of Philadelphia; but he was disappointed and lost his way. He became alarmed, and, as the dusk shades of night settled around, he found himself in a dense forest, at least eight miles from the settlement. Becoming very tired from rapid walking, he sat down upon a log to rest and contemplate for a moment his situation. His attention was suddenly arrested by a rustling in the bushes close by, and on looking cautiously around beheld a huge bear coming toward him. To draw up his trusty rifle and to shoot the beast was the work of a moment. Bruin gave a fierce and awful roar, which awoke the echoes of a gloomy solitude and then was still. Fearing that the beast was only wounded, Clark hastily reloaded his gun with only two balls, the last in his pouch, and discharged them into the body of the monster, when he cautiously approached and found that he was dead. He describes the roar of the beast, as he received his death-wound, as terrific and calculated to make the stoutest heart quail with fear.

A dark and gloomy night was settling down on him—he had no bullets for his gun—was in the wilderness without food and shelter, surrounded by wild animals. He had no matches to kindle a fire—his situation was desperate, and, to add to his further discomfort, it commenced raining. What was to be done? To remain there without fire was exceedingly dangerous. With these reflections he continued to grope his way through laurel, hoping to find a path that might lead to a hunter's habitation, but in vain. The night was dark as Egypt, and the howling of a pack of wolves greeted his ear. Being an old man he soon became exhausted, and found that he would have to remain in the night.

Coming to an aged hemlock he seated himself at its root for the night. Could he but obtain a fire, he would be comparatively safe. The effort was made by collecting some dry materials, and, loading his gun with powder, he fired the charge into a dry cotton handkerchief. It was a failure! As the gun was discharged, another bear, apparently within twenty feet of him, gave a hideous and awful roar that made Clark's hair stand on end. Bruin was terribly frightened by the discharge of the gun, and hastily scampered, much to the relief of Clark, who now began to fully realize the danger of his position.

Here he remained, not daring to fall asleep. About two o'clock in the morning, to add to the horrors of his situation, the yell of a panther was heard. The beast approached—came nearer every few minutes—uttered a screech that froze the blood in his veins! As a last resort to defend himself from the attack of the savage animal, he reloaded his gun, putting in some three-inch pieces and some steel pigs (for he had nothing else) which he hoped might do some execution. The animal came so near that the glare of his eyes in the darkness resembled two balls of fire! Clark every moment expected to receive the fatal spring—There he remained without daring to move, with the fiery eyes of the panther fixed upon him! In this dreadful situation, expecting every moment to be torn in pieces, he remained till break of day, when he was relieved from danger, and the animal disappeared. Hungry and weary and excited, he left for the settlement, where he arrived about noon and related his thrilling adventure. A party proceeded to the place where the bear was shot, and brought in his carcass, which proved to be a very large one. It was dressed and forwarded to New-York. It was several days before Clark recovered from the fatigue, the fear and the excitement of that night, which will never be removed from his mind.—Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Eagle.

I WONDER—When a young man is clerk in a store and dresses like a prince, smokes "foin cigars," drinks "noice brandy," attends theatres, balls, and the like, I wonder if he does all up on the avails of his clerkship? When a young lady sits in the parlor all day with her lily white fingers covered with rings, I wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes and do the work in the kitchen? When a deacon of the church sells strong butter, recommending it as excellent and sweet, I wonder if he don't rely on the merits of Christ for salvation? When a man goes three times a day to get a dram, I wonder if he will not by and by go four times? When a young man is dependent upon his daily toil for his income, and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread, or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say towards the top, for instance?

When a man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading them, but neglects to pay for them, I wonder if he has a soul or a gizzard? Ignorance and cruelty are as closely connected as Damon and Pythias. Who ever saw a dog-fighter who did not spell philosophy with an F?

If you mean to be happy when old, be temperate when young.

## TO ANGYLINE.

I dearly love the singing bird,  
And little buzzin' bee;  
But dearer far than all the world,  
Is thy sweet voice to me.  
O, very deep is daddy's well,  
And deeper is the sea,  
But deeper in my bosom is  
The love I bare for thee.  
Then smile on me, dear Angyline,  
To make my heart feel light;  
Chase the big dog and I will come  
A courtin', Saturday nite.

INFLUENCE OF A NEWSPAPER.—A school teacher, who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a good newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the *Ogdensburg Sentinel*, as follows:—

"I have found it to be an universal fact, without exception, that those scholars, of both sexes, and all ages, who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared to those who have not, are—

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and emphasis, and consequently read more understandingly.
2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.
3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography, and in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the important places, nations, their governments and doings on the globe.
4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.
5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more clearly and correctly expressed ideas.
6. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers, are always taking the lead in the debating society, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency and clearness in their use of language.

AN ARTISTIC QUALIFICATION.—The great thoroughfare of every large city is boiling over with character; they loom up in the maze of pedestrians at every step, and are known, some by their hair, others by their dress, and a majority by their folly. Brown and Smith, two gentlemen known to every one who walks the street, were out a few days since, when they were met by an over-dressed individual, who appeared as if he thought he was somebody, and wanted everybody to know it.

"Do you know that chap?" said Brown.  
"Yes, I know him; that is, I know of him," said Smith.  
"Well, who in the name of common sense is he?"  
"Why, he is a sculptor."  
"Such a looking chap as that a sculptor! Surely you must be mistaken."  
"He may not be the kind of one you mean; but I know that he chiseled a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

AN AMERICAN RIFLE AGAINST WILLIAM TELL'S BOW.—The following instance of daring sport is related in the *Albany Transcript*:

The feat in shooting performed by Tell, the Swiss patriot, in shooting an apple off the head of his son, has been told over and over again, and was a wonderful piece of execution, close calculation and great daring. Something similar was attempted and successfully performed in the village of Pittstown, Rensselaer County, New York, about a week since. The circumstance was related to us as follows: There had been a turkey shoot at which several "crack shots" had assisted; after the shoot was over the crowd adjourned to the tavern; and the whole party, somewhat elated, commenced talking about William Tell, when Horace H. Wadsworth, remarked that he was as good a shot as ever Tell was, and said he, "find me a man, and I'll prove it," whereupon Alonzo Grogan stepped forward and said, "I'm the man for you to practice upon."  
"Very well," said Wadsworth, "get an apple and I'll try it." Search was made for an apple, but not finding one readily a potato was substituted, and the crowd adjourned from the bar-room to the yard adjoining the barn.—"Measure off twenty paces," said Wadsworth. The distance was paced. Grogan took his place, with cap off, and potato on his head, when Wadsworth deliberately raised his rifle, drew a fine shot on the potato, and discharged his piece at arms length! No one expected that he would do it, and for a moment consternation was depicted on the countenance of all the by-standers, until Grogan, putting his hand on his head, said in an agonizing tone, "Am I dead? Is there any blood?" It was found that Grogan was not dead, but that the potato had been cut in twain and that no blood had been drawn, though a ridge about the size of a person's finger had been raised on the top of his head by the force of the ball. Grogan, who did not think that Wadsworth would fire, was seriously alarmed for a few minutes afterward, as he believed his skull was split. He says that if any smart shot wants to practice shooting potatoes off a person's head, they must find some one besides him to be their target.

A young lady, recently married to a farmer, one day visited the cow houses, when she thus interrogated the milk-maid: "By-the-bye, Mary, which of these cows is it that gives the buttermilk?" Mary frowned.

A man's own good breeding is his best security against other people's ill manners.

Those who blow the coals of others strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces.

## A Battle with Alligators.

[From "Sporting Adventures in the Philippine Islands.]"

One sultry afternoon, as Don Arturo, his pretty wife, and myself were seated at a window in the Spaniard's country residence, conversing on various topics, occasionally sipping a glass of wine, and partaking of some of the rich fruits, which were placed in an old-fashioned silver tray at our elbows.

"I will tell you what we will do to amuse ourselves," cried the Spaniard, suddenly removing his cigar, and glancing up and down the river Pasig, which quietly flowed along within a stone's throw of the house. "What say you to shooting alligators, my friend? That will be amusement worthy of men who have passed through the trying scenes of the earthquake with unshaken nerves. What say you, shall we go?"

"On one condition—that we invite my friend Allen to be of the party."

"Invite him by all means," cried Don Arturo, with warmth. "I will write him a note requesting him to ride over to night, and start with us in the morning."

I readily consented to this plan, and spent an agreeable afternoon in listening to stories of his adventures. Before dark Allen arrived at the Spaniard's house, and we all made all preparations for an early start on the next day. At an early hour we retired to rest, after despatching a servant to hire two boats for the transportation of ourselves and provisions to a small lake up the river.

We rose at daybreak, partook of a hearty breakfast, swallowed a few cups of coffee that was strong enough to bear an egg, and then walked to the river banks where the boats were awaiting us. One of the boats was filled with our tent, blankets and provisions, while the other, which was handsomely decorated, was reserved for ourselves. Four Metis, or half breeds, were detailed for each boat, to row or use their long poles, as the state of the river's current permitted.

"The *Alligator*," said Don Arturo, as we shot into the stream, lighting a fresh cigar, and reclining his head upon a bundle of pillows, "is a peculiar animal, and it requires some skill as a marksman to kill with a rifle shot. This is the season for the females to lay their eggs, so that we shall have plenty of chances to hit them before they take to the water—although I am bound to confess that they are now more ferocious than at any other time of the year."

It was near eleven o'clock before Don Arturo gave orders to the natives to pull for the land. We stopped under the shade of some large cocoa trees, unloaded the boats, and then bidding thanks of the men to follow, to carry our ammunition, started for the lake, about a mile distant. The sheet of water was not very large, covering an extent of about fifty acres; but I think that it was the most beautiful spot I ever saw. The foliage of the trees was rank with the richness of the soil; while all along the borders of the lake, bright colored flowers and dense creeping vines were spread from branch to branch, until even the sun could not penetrate with a single ray. Hundreds of birds, with plumage of the most gaudy description, were fluttering from tree to tree, too tame to be frightened at our approach; while monkeys, with impudent gestures, and bold, defiant chattering, gathered in groups, and wondered why we should thus invade their domain.

Upon arriving at the lake, we found a large raft, built of bamboo, which had been left by some sportsmen, a few days before, tied to a tree. Upon this we determined to embark, and try our fortune upon the water. The natives were sent back to the boats for paddles, while we proceeded to load our rifles. As soon as they returned, we shoved off, and worked our way slowly along the shore.

"As I am the most experienced alligator hunter," Don Arturo said, "I shall claim the privilege of the first shot; and if—"

"There is a chance then," Charley said, interrupting the Spaniard, and pointing to what I supposed to be a large log upon the surface of the water.

"By Saint Antonio, but you are right!" the Don said, dropping upon his knees for the purpose of steadying his aim, and trembling with nervous impatience.

"Well!" cried Charley, after a moment's pause, "are you not going to fire?"

"In a minute, amigo. Now I think I've got him on the line."

He discharged his rifle, and the ball flew harmlessly over the alligator, and struck the water about thirty yards beyond him.

"Did I kill him?" inquired the Spaniard, springing to his feet.

"I should rather think not," Allen answered, with a laugh; "what did you aim at?"

"The alligator."

"Then the alligator appears to be very much obliged to you; for see, he is swimming this way, and seems determined to make us a call."

"Pull for the shore!" shouted the Spaniard, dropping upon his rifle, and grasping a paddle. Charley quietly winked to me, raised his rifle, and the next instant its sharp report reverberated over the lake, and started more than a thousand monkeys into an unearthly chattering. I watched for the ball to strike, and saw the monster raise his head with a sudden jerk, and then lash the water into a white foam with his tail. In another instant he had disappeared beneath its surface.

"You have killed him, Charley," I cried.  
"Not so," Allen said; "the ball struck him in the month and to-morrow he will be as well as ever."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a cry from Don Arturo startled us. We turned towards him, and saw that he had forsaken his paddle, and was pointing with a trembling hand towards half-a-dozen black objects which were slowly swimming towards us, and were not more than thirty yards distant.

"By all the saints in the calendar, but we are in for it," Allen said, throwing a charge of powder into his rifle, and running down a ball with haste.

"What is the matter?" I enquired.  
"Don't ask questions, but fire at the nearest out. Hit him in the eye if you can."

I did not wait for further instructions, but took deliberate aim, and had the satisfaction of seeing the monster leap high out of the water, and then sink from view.

"Well done," Charley cried; "load again as soon as possible. We must fight our way to the shore, for every inch of ground will be disputed."

I glanced towards the Don as I loaded, and saw that he was seated on the raft, his rifle lying by his side, and his eyes fixed upon the approaching alligators with a strong expression of fear upon his face. The rowers also had ceased their labor, and were nearly as pallid as their master. Charley shouted out something speaking to the natives in their own language, which they understand much better than they do Spanish. They at once obeyed his order, grasping their oars with energy; and dashing them into the water, they urged the light raft along at a rapid rate.

It appeared as though each discharge of our rifles brought fresh alligators to the surface, for I saw no less than a dozen with their heads out of the water, watching our movements with great interest, and gradually drawing nearer, as if they wished to revenge themselves for the injury inflicted upon their companions. Presently one much larger than the others darted towards the raft; and when within a few feet suddenly disappeared from view.

"Mind your footing," shouted Charley, sinking upon his knees; "the brute will try to capsize us."

I had hardly time to follow his example when the raft was struck a violent blow, and shook as though every bamboo in it would break. I clung to the lashings for support, and vainly shouted to the natives to do the same. They either did not understand Charley's warning or were too anxious to reach the shore to pay any attention to it, for they still paddled on—when suddenly one of them lost his balance, and with a yell, fell headlong into the water.

In an instant every alligator disappeared beneath the surface, and only a few bubbles which slowly rose, told of the struggle that was going on beneath.

"Now for the paddles!" shouted Allen, springing to his feet and grasping one, while he motioned to me to take the other.

"Bat the native?" I gasped.

"I had better before this time, and they are quarrelling over his bones below. They have tasted blood; and if we do not reach the shore before he is eaten there will be another victim. Pull for your life, if you value it."

I dashed the paddle into the water, and we urged the raft rapidly towards the landing, which was only about fifty feet distant.

"Look," cried Charley, glancing over his shoulder, "but don't spare your strength."

I followed the direction of his eyes, and saw more than fifty black snouts raised above the surface of the lake, and after a short survey disappeared.

"The devils know where we are," Allen exclaimed, without ceasing his toil; "but we shall disappoint them this time."

"I vow a gold canister to Saint—"  
At this instant the raft struck the shore, and the Spaniard, without waiting to complete the vow, sprang to the land, and was quickly followed by the natives and ourselves. We had barely secured a foothold before half-a-dozen slimy monsters rose beside the raft, and even rested their heads upon it, to be certain that it was vacated. I was too thankful at our escape to molest them; but not so with Allen. He took deliberate aim at the largest, and fired.

In an instant we were covered with mud and water, which the alligator in his death struggle hurled upon us; and then all was calm, and the monster's dead body floated beside the raft. As if by magic every black snout had disappeared, and the waters of the lake were untroubled. The death of the native was hardly alluded to by the Spaniard, for they value not the lives of metis in Manila.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT A MAMMOTH SLEIGH-RIDING PARTY.—A correspondent of the *Spring field Republican*—and a lively writer he is—relates the following particulars of a sad accident which occurred at a recent mammoth sleigh-riding party in that vicinity.

There was a mammoth sleigh ride projected, and the sister was invited. But her skirts had not the amplitude she desired, to enable her to shine; so, the afternoon before the ride was to occur, she went to the shops and purchased the material for a new whalebone skirt. Sitting down to her task immediately, she worked until midnight to finish the article.—The lady was exultant, tried it on before she went to bed, and finally, committed herself to her diemus with tired hands and aching eyes. The next day as the sleigh made its appearance at the door, she came out radiant and expansive as a full blown poney. While the party were away, they got high—not intoxicated or anything of that kind, but hilarious and happy. On the return of the party, the brother instead of helping his sister out of the sleigh in the usual manner, grasped her in his arms, in the experience of his strength and animal spirits, and carried her into the house in spite of all her entreaties, and remonstrances. "Oh John! Oh, John, don't you ought to be ashamed! Now I do think, there now don't," she exclaimed, as she struggled in the rapid passage to the house. As John rushed into the hall, the mother, who was a trifle deaf, made her appearance, and holding up both hands exclaimed, "What is the matter with Emily?" John brushed past the old lady, and deposited the girl in a chair, where she sat perfectly stupefied with vexation. "Are you hurt, Emily?" said the old lady anxiously.—"Speak, dear! what is the matter?" "Yes," replied the girl, bursting into hysterical tears, "I'm crushed—I'm—I'm killed. He's b b roken every bone in my—my—sk sk skirt—boo!—boo!—"

What is the difference between a butcher and a gay young lady? The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.