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The Bronxer Reporter

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Selected Poetry.

Rich and Poor. With choicest meat the cloth is spread And clustered fruits from off the vine.

Miscellaneous.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN. BY T. S. ARCHER. "Have you called to see Mr. Parsons?" asked Mrs. Fuller, addressing her husband.

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

Peace with the serpent's nest? Peace with the traitor's nest? Who have established their mother's breast,

AN ADVENTURE IN THE ALPS.

Professor Tyndall sends to the London Times a narrative of a rather exciting adventure in the Alps. On the 3d of July he and two friends, with a couple of guides,

SHOTS AT ELEPHANTS.

Probably no man ever shot so many elephants as Major Rogers, once of the Ceylon Rifles. He kept an account of the number he had killed until it amounted to the moderate total of twelve hundred.

TRUE LOVE OF CHRIST.

It is very easy to think that we love Christ, and to love Christ when it is not Christ the Savior, the God-man, Christ the holy one; but when it is merely Christ the lovely one whom we love—love poetically.

EXPERIENCE A NECESSITY.

Nearly all the accomplishments of the ten years of life between twenty and thirty, may be summed up in one word, experience.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment for a female,

LOVE OF THE SEA.

Love of the sea—Love the sea? I do not love the sea, I love the beach.

A MAIDEN'S VOICE.

Her voice—would coax a nail out of a heart of oak.

THE BRONXER'S ADVICE.

Be particularly directed in that channel, might very readily mistake the one sister for the other, and so, not only intensely at the basket, the sister who had not gone into it might slip up from some place a short way off, and lead spectators to believe she was the one who had been apparently killed in the basket.

THE BRONXER'S ADVICE.

Some time ago, a gentleman living in Galie heard of an elephant in the jungle about eight miles off, so he set out in pursuit. He soon came upon the marks of the elephant, and then upon the individual in person. My friend had never shot an elephant before, and knew nothing of going up the wind or other similar dodges, and the consequence was he could not get a shot for ever so long.

THE BRONXER'S ADVICE.

When an elephant is killed, all the carnivorous beasts of the field, and birds of the air, come together to feed on his remains; among others, the wild bear, a gentleman was one day looking at the carcass of an elephant which had been shot some days previous, when he observed a movement in the body as if it had been again induced with life.

THE BRONXER'S ADVICE.

There are many stories of his wonderful escapes. Among others, the following:—One morning, after shooting five elephants out of a herd, he retired for breakfast under a tree a short way off, and directed one of his followers to go and cut off the tails of his victims. The man came back with three, and said the owners of the remaining two had vanished.