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## WE WANDER BACK TO HOME.

The world's wide path, a shining way  
May open as we go,  
With picture, scene, and colors gay,  
From fickle fancy's flow;  
But as from way, once grand and cheer,  
There fades each brilliant chrome,  
The eye, afar through filmy tear,  
Will wander back to home.

When friendships wean—once leal and true—  
And coldly glimmer where  
The skies have lost their deepest blue  
To bring chill shadows there;  
One glinting gleam of sunshine, then,  
Athwart the sullen gloam,  
Will flash bright rays from childhood when  
Hearts wander back to home.

Tho' all the world should kindly greet  
Each footstep as we stray,  
And strew, with garlands 'neath our feet,  
The path 'long life's highway;  
Yet will the moments brighter seem,  
Where'er we ramble, roam,  
When lost in mem'ry's happy dream  
We wander back to home.

—Inter-Ocean.

## Besieged By Mutineers.

I was at Sultanpore, in the presidency of Bengal, when the terrible Indian mutiny delivered its first blow. There were uprisings and mutinies at various other places before any one at Sultanpore became seriously alarmed. The faith which the British had in the native soldiery would have been sublime had it not been blind. The English were in India as invaders and despots. They had given the people cause to hate them and hunger for their lives. The natives were a hundred to one. Princes had been dethroned, social customs overturned, and every Englishman was regarded as standing between the natives and their heaven. The English knew all this, and yet they had that blind faith which entails destruction. Because no rebellion had taken place, because the natives were servile and cringing, all argued that the outbreaks were caused by a few malcontents and would amount to naught.

There were three Americans of us at Sultanpore. We had been hunting in the Oude territory, and had been in Sultanpore for about three weeks to rest and plan another trip. We occupied a bungalow together and had several native servants. Some of these were related to some of the native police and to members of the Thirteenth Bengal Cavalry, who garrisoned the place. There were not over fifty white persons altogether at the station, and three-fourths of these were women and children. On Sunday, the 7th of June of that memorable year, I was lying in my hammock in the shade of the bungalow. My head was toward and within two feet of a thick hedge running along the west side of the house. I had been resting for an hour, when three or four natives crept up on the other side of the hedge and entered into a conversation, every word of which I caught. It was announced that the rank and file were to mutiny within a day or two, and the programme was so carefully laid that certain men had been detailed to shoot certain officers, and certain plunder was to go to certain individuals.

The talk continued for a full hour, and when the conspirators withdrew no sane man could doubt what was to follow. The tax collector of the district was a civil officer named Strogan, and he occupied a bungalow not over twenty yards away. After waiting for a couple of hours I strolled over there, and when opportunity presented itself I told him what I had heard. He had a wife and two children, and he was as pale as death when I had finished my story. He went at once to see Colonel Fisher who was in command of the post, that individual not only treated his communication with contempt, but sent an insulting message to me. It was to the effect that he wanted no interference in military affairs by any Yankees. He intimated to Strogan that I was probably half drunk, and declared that he was ready to stake his life on the loyalty of his men. This did not quiet the collector, however. When he returned he began packing up his valuables, and that night he made an excuse to get his family nearer the barracks.

On Sunday evening our native servants were as servile as dogs. On Monday morning their bearing was full of impudence. All noticed it and all were satisfied that the mutiny was close at hand. We had canvassed the matter over to see what we should do. If the garrison rebelled the odds were fifty to one in their favor. If they elected to slaughter every white person nothing could prevent them. While they knew us to be Americans, we were "ferringhees," and that was enough. They would kill us even for the sake of plunder. We decided that we stood no show at the station, and that we must take care of ourselves.

Had we started off on the highway for Ayoda or Bela we should have been ambushed or followed. It was finally concluded that we should retreat to an old ruin about five miles away—a spot we had visited the week before—and there wait for the cloud to blow over or the worst to come. Early Monday morning, on pretence that we were going to make surveys and excavations for the benefit of history, we secured a cart, loaded it with provisions, arms and ammunition, and started off, each of us mounted on horseback. We closed up the bungalow and took our servants with us. They seemed very willing to go, but we soon discovered the cause. On Monday night all deserted, taking our three horses along. They wanted us out of the way when the mutiny opened, just as the garrison might be weakened just so much. When through with those at the station, they would come and finish us. We had not unpacked the cart before they left, and they were, therefore, in ignorance of its contents.

Our first move on Tuesday morning was to select a place for defence. The ruins were those of a large temple and outbuildings, covering about four acres of ground. About the centre of this space was a thicket, with a fine spring of water. From this thicket was open ground in every direction for half a mile. Most of the blocks of stone were of a uniform size, and the three of us could handle them. By noon we had enclosed a circular space thirty feet across and five feet high, and had placed all our stuff within it. The afternoon we spent in filling the interstices in the wall to make it bullet proof, and in covering in a portion of it. Before night we had a fort which we believed we could defend against a hundred natives. There was no doorway to it, and we should have only the top of the wall to guard.

Once or twice during the afternoon we heard the reports of carbines on the highway, half a mile to our left, and had no doubt that the mutiny had occurred as planned. We did not, however, deem it prudent to leave our work to investigate, and it was well we did not. The outbreak occurred early in the forenoon, just as planned, and the Colonel was the first victim. He was shot down by some of the native officers of the cavalry, and he had no sooner fallen than they turned upon their English Captain. Strogan was the third man killed. He was shot in front of his own bungalow, as was also another civil officer who was with him. The anxiety of the mutineers to secure plunder permitted the women and children to find a place of safety, and all eventually escaped to Bela, and from thence to Cawnpore. It was toward evening of Tuesday before a squad set out in search of us. Our servants were anxious to see us murdered, for the sake of the "loot" to be divided. About dark, while we were wondering if one of us had not better go out after information, we heard a voice calling us, and recognized it as that of my syce or groom. We climbed out of our fort and went to the edge of the thicket and answered him, and he soon appeared. Matters had changed. The slave had exchanged places with the master. The fellow was as cool and impudent as you pleased. When we asked what had become of the horses, he promptly acknowledged to having stolen mine, and further informed me that I ought to be very thankful that he had not taken my life as well. He informed us of all that had occurred at the barracks, and stated that a party had come out to make terms with us. Being that we were Americans, and had had nothing to do with their oppression, they did not thirst for our blood. If we would surrender everything we had we could go where we pleased. If not they would kill us and take what they wanted.

We very soon sent the fellow away with an answer. If we escaped from this gang it would be to fall into the hands of another. We should be defenceless and penniless, and what could we do? We told him we had decided to fight it out, and as soon as he disappeared we returned to the fort. The two other members of the party were Henry Wilds and George Fisher. We had then been in India together for a year, and had stood back to back in many tight places. Wilds was a typical Yankee, good-natured but courageous, and his long arms had the strength of a horse's leg. The thicket was so dense that our fort could not be seen unless one penetrated it a few yards. The natives simply supposed that we were lying close in the centre of the jungle, and half an hour after the groom left us about thirty

musketts began blazing away at our position. Some of the balls whistled over us, others entered the earth, and now and then one struck the heavy blocks of stone with a dull ring. We took turns as sentinel, while the other two slept, and soon after midnight all was quiet.

It was 10 o'clock next morning before we were troubled again. Then the members of the old gang seemed to have been added to, and fifty or more musketts kept up a pretty steady fire until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. By this time we ought to have been all shot to pieces, as the bullets had cut through every foot of the jungle. The natives believed it was time to advance and see. We could locate them by their loud talk and constant dissensions, and when we found that all had gathered on the eastern edge of the thicket and were about to advance, we climbed out, crept forward, and lay down behind a big block of stone to receive them. They entered the thicket as a mob would have done, and the first three men sighted were dropped in their tracks. This caused a panic, and they withdrew, and aside from a few stray shots fired to let us know that we were still besieged, we were not annoyed until next morning. Then we heard a great hurrah, and after a little were given the information that they had brought down the two pieces of artillery from the station to shell us out. They were very slow in getting to work, and when they began firing it was plain enough that they knew nothing about artillery. On the first four shells fired, all went too high and burst far beyond us. The fifth one burst short and threw the dirt over our walls. Then we decided to cool their ardor a bit. We climbed over the walls, got out of the line of fire, and crept to the edge of the thicket. There we saw a mob of over a hundred natives with the two guns planted within pistol shot. One of them had become disabled by ramming the ball down before the cartridge, and the other was about to be fired. We selected three of the gunners, fired together, and they fell dead on the grass. Before the gang could get out of range we killed two more and wounded a third. Then Wilds ran forward under cover of our rifles and spiked both pieces by driving some nails, which he happened to have in his pocket, into the vents. Seeing a move to flank us we returned to our shelter, and all the rest of that day and all night were left in peace. On the third day there were but twenty natives in the besieging force, and they fired into the thicket only at long intervals. On the fourth day this force was reduced to ten. At noon Wilds made a scout and found them eating dinner, and we crept up and killed one and wounded two, and consequently raised the siege. We could have gone away now had we had any place to go to, but we had decided to remain.

On the fifth day, about 9 o'clock in the morning, a rabble of about 600 natives, most of them soldiers, who were on their way to Cawnpore, were turned aside to attack us. Each one had a gun and plenty of ammunition, and for three hours they kept up a creditable fire. They could see nothing to shoot at, but fired into the thicket, and at least five hundred bullets hit the walls of our fortress. We did not fire in reply, as it would only have betrayed our position. At noon, when their fire began to slacken, we made ready for a charge. There were two spare guns, and all well loaded. Then, while waiting, Wilds piled up a couple of hundred stones about the size of his fist from the plentiful supply once used in the rubble work of the buildings. The thicket was surrounded two lines deep, and at a signal a general advance was made. Had we been without cover we should have been killed or captured. When they saw our fort the orders were to storm it. The walls were so low that one could "boost" another up, and before we opened fire there was a living fringe all around us. In one minute only the dead were in sight. Wilds fired once and then resorted to the rocks, and I honestly believe he disabled a dozen men. Four of the killed fell into the enclosure, and the bodies of two more were pushed outside.

This ended the fighting. The rabble went off, and for the next ten days not a native came near us. At the end of that time we got word that the British had the upper hand again at Sultanpore, and we left our fort and returned there. Not one of us was the worse off, and yet we had done considerable toward reducing the number of mutineers. One of the

natives wounded in the last fight told me that the "General" who ordered the charge against the fort told his men that it was no use to longer bother us, as all Americans were in league with Satan, and that his Majesty would prevent their bullets or swords from harming us.—*New York Sun.*

## Revival of Opossum Hunting.

Opossum hunting, which was so popular throughout the South before the war, is being revived in Southern Alabama, and nightly at the present season of the year, whenever the moon is right, the woods are scoured by parties in search of this peculiar specimen of the marsupial quadruped, which abounds in this section of the country. There is no sport which is undertaken with a greater relish or is more thoroughly enjoyed by those experienced in it than opossum hunting. The custom is to start out at night time in parties of five or six. Colored men are employed to handle the dogs, blow the horns, climb the trees and "tote" the game. On reaching the woods the horns are blown and the dogs let loose. The tracing of an opossum is signalled by the barking of the dogs. The opossum invariably takes refuge in a small tree, and suspends itself by the tail from a limb. An expert hand climbs the tree, grasps the quadruped by the tail, whirls it around his head two or three times and flings it to the ground. The moment the wily animal strikes the earth it lies as though dead, and permits itself to be nosed and tossed by the dogs without exhibiting the slightest signs of life. This is called sullying or making believe dead. A six or seven foot sapling is cut and split part way down the center, the end of the opossum's tail is drawn into the cleft, and each time an animal is caught it is served in the same way, and the stick is carried over the shoulder, with the opossums dangling by the tails from the cleft. After an all night's sport the parties meet the next day and form a great barbecue. Opossum, when properly cooked, is a most delicious meat, and has the flavor somewhat of roast pig. Barbecues of this kind are becoming quite a fad in Southern Alabama, and are generally followed by dancing and other amusements. An opossum farm has been started in this country, which promises to be a grand success.—*Washington Star.*

## Prefer Their Own Ideas.

Very few artists care to paint pictures to order and conform their canvases to the tastes and ideas of a prospective purchaser. They prefer to follow their own inspirations entirely and sell the picture after it is finished. The experience of artists with patrons who want pictures, and who are willing to pay for them in advance, is that the patron in many cases wants to dictate the picture and use the artist simply as an amanuensis. The well-known landscape painter, Thomas Moran, once undertook to paint a picture and listen to the ideas of the man who was to own the picture after it was painted. He agreed that the customer should furnish the idea, and he was to do the mechanical part of the work at so much an hour, and he made what seemed to him a very profitable bargain. The painting was in progress for a whole year, and at the end of that time the bill for services was a magnificent affair, running up to over \$1000. The picture was not nearly so magnificent as the bill. The customer was fain to confess that Mr. Moran had carried out all his suggestions, and when he dwelt on this fact he was rather inclined to accept the result and grow enthusiastic over it. But he was thoroughly dissatisfied when he asked the artist to put his name to the picture and the artist refused. After that experience he decided to let the artist whom he dealt with furnish not only the brush and the skillful handling of it, but the ideas which prompted the brush's movements.—*New York Mail and Express.*

## An Extraordinary Man.

Usobirs Slaton, who died recently in Fayette County, Ga., was a remarkable man in many respects. He was eighty-one years old, and had lived in the same house for sixty-one years. By his first wife he had seventeen children and by his second fifteen. Around his bedside when he died were seventeen of his nineteen living children. He had grandchildren too numerous to mention. He had given nearly every one some of the land which he owned, and his children always lived close about him. He was six feet in height and had been sick only a few hours before death.

Many of the new apartment houses that have been built in London are fifteen stories high.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

The scintillometer, the invention of a Belgian scientist, which is used for measuring the scintillation of the stars, is now utilized by meteorologists as an aid to the prediction of the weather.

Soap bubbles blown with newly generated hydrogen gas have been found to act as electrical condensers, the liquid of which, when broken, exhibited a negative charge. It is suggested that this fact explains the so-called fireballs sometimes seen during thunderstorms.

The statistics gathered by the United States Sanitary Commission, concerning the height and other proportions of nearly a quarter of a million of soldiers, appear to indicate that young men are not, on the average, physically adult until they attain the age of twenty-eight years.

A Scottish mechanic has invented a new lamp for ships, being a cross between a candle and a paraffine lamp, but possessing all the advantages and none of the defects of either, there being no liability of explosion or of flooding the place with oil, in case of breakage, and there is no waste.

As a general rule, it is said to be a very difficult matter to gauge the speed of fishes. The fast fishes are trim and pointed in shape, with their fins close to their bodies. The dolphin and bonito are thought to be the fastest, and, although their speed is not known, they are fully capable of twenty miles an hour.

The use of luminous paint is rapidly growing in this country. England has heretofore had the monopoly of a luminous paint, which it has sold at \$3 per pound. Other countries, however, have entered into the competition, and Austria is now producing a paint which is placed on the market at fifty cents per pound. It is said to be made from roasted oyster shells and sulphur.

Late researches have shown that the duration of a lightning flash is not infinitesimal, as has been generally supposed, but that the flash lasts a measurable time. For instance: if a camera is set in rapid vibration and the plate in it is exposed so as to receive the impression of the flash, it is found that the impressions appear widened out on the negative, showing that the negative has moved during the time the flash was in existence.

A simple stove for warming rooms by means of solar heat has been contrived by Professor Morse. It consists of a shallow box, having a bottom of corrugated iron and a glass top. When this device is placed outside a building, where the sun can shine directly into it, the rays pass through the glass and are absorbed by the metal, raising it to a high temperature and warming the air of the box. The air thus heated is conveyed into the room.

In the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania experiments are being conducted in regard to the processes of the mind. Three of the principal kinds of experiments now being made are those to measure the memory of sensations of sight, sound and feeling; those to measure the time taken to express a sensation, and those to measure the time taken to receive an impression through the eye, etc. The means used to make these investigations are weighted wheels, gibbet-shaped machines, pieces of iron arranged to fall upon touching a lever, pivoted hammers, etc.

## Stoned by an Eagle.

Messrs. White and Elder, of Gridley, Mont., went hunting for an eagle's nest in the Buttes. They found it on top of the highest peak, and three little eaglets were comfortably domiciled therein. The mother bird was absent. Elder took one of the little birds and began the descent of the mountain. Ere they had traversed 200 yards the old bird returned and assailed them. White carried both of the eaglets while Elder tried to keep off the mother by throwing rocks at her. The scheme worked very well for a while, until the latter, instead of swooping down at them, began picking up rocks weighing from five to fifteen pounds and letting them drop on them from an elevation of fifty to seventy-five feet, when the daring sportsmen concluded 'twere better to quit, and dropped the eaglets and fled from the scene.

There are over 800 ordained ministers in Madagascar, and nearly 4400 native preachers; 61,723 church members; 230,418 adherents, and 1043 schools with at least 100,000 scholars. The local contributions amount to nearly \$15,000.

## FUN.

It is a wise fool who knows enough to keep it to himself.

If riches have wings, we wish they would occasionally fly our way.—*Epoch.*

Even the most poverty-stricken hotel proprietor is inn-dependent.—*Lawrence American.*

The rooster is one of the most tidy of all the members of the animal kingdom. He always carries a comb with him.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A fireproof pocketbook is one of the latest inventions. It is probably intended to prevent money from burning holes in the pockets of the owners.

He—"Why should you be so angry at me for stealing just one little kiss?" She—"Any self-respecting woman would be angry at a man who kissed her just once.—*Dramatic Critic.*

Don't kick too hard against book agents. They have their uses. Perhaps but for them your front door wouldn't be open once a month, nor your best parlor get a breath of fresh air once a quarter.—*Danville Breeze.*

"Before I go," he said, in broken tones, "I have one last request to make of you." "Yes, Mr. Sampson!" said she. "When you return my presents please prepay the express charges. I cannot afford to pay any more on your account."—*Harper's Bazar.*

## Washington Reporters.

"Ah, the times have changed and the newspaper business in Washington isn't what it once was," sighed the Old Campaigner as he gazed at the half-finished dish of Frankfurt and potato salad before him and watched the waiter uncork another bottle of beer. "Now, when I was a correspondent here just after the war," he continued, "there was a different regime among the news-gatherers from that of the present day.

"The correspondents were older men, among them such names as old 'Father' Gibrignt, J. McCulloch, Whitelaw Reid, Donn Platt and Ben Perley Poore. They did not have to 'hustle' for news. The matter they sent was more in the nature of editorial comment, and a correspondent had to be up with the times. There was little telegraphing done, but the correspondents wrote their matter as they felt like it and mailed it when they were ready.

"Now, how different it is! Here are three or four score bright, energetic young men in the field, smart fellows and active. They are on a keen jump all the time after news. As they get an item they scurry off to the telegraph office and put it on the wire. They venture few opinions, but they will rush facts for all they are worth! Some of the papers control special wires, and send off 6000 and 8000 words a night. The average citizen has no idea what a beehive of news-gatherers there is in this city, who toil by night and enlighten the people of the country through the daily press of the daily affairs of the nation down to the smallest detail. I am glad of the change. I like the style of the day. It is enterprise, and the people at large appreciate it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

## Trying to Cook Snow.

A little California girl, finding snow in the piazza corners one morning, and supposing it to be a new sort of flour, made up several "patty cakes," and gravely took them into the kitchen to cook them. She put them on top of the range at the back, and went out at once for more "dough." When she returned, her mother's Chinese cook stood by the range with a broad grin on his usually stolid face.

"O Sam, did you go and eat my cookies?" cried Lily.

"Fie eatee Lily's cooky," answered the smiling Sam.

After the little girl's mother had been called, and had explained the mystery, Sam told how he also had once been deceived as to the nature of snow.

Sam had been a laundryman in San Francisco when he first came to America, and it was quite natural that he should apply the unknown substance to the uses of his trade.

"Me no findee snow s' China, all same here," he said. "Me findee heap snow down San F'an'sco one day. Me catchee pan full, all samee starch! Hot water! Starch all gone, all samee Lily's cooky."—*New York News.*

A Montreal police sergeant says that there are many hundreds of men, women and children in that city in such abject poverty that they are almost destitute of both fire and food.