

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.  
The Reporter is published every Thursday morning by E. O. Goodrich, at \$2 per annum, in advance.  
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### Original Poetry.

For the Bradford Reporter.  
**THE STRANGER'S SMILE.**  
BY PAUL PERMONT, JR.  
Some lights there are upon my memory streaming  
That mark life's journey with a summer gleam,  
And wake me from a night of bitter dreaming—  
The very brightest is the stranger's smile.  
I wandered far from my paternal home,  
No voice familiar in that foreign land,  
I sought an unending friendship telling—  
How welcome then the stranger's cordial hand.  
Romantic scenes could not delight my vision,  
The trailing winds no joy in me would give,  
They only needed me with a gay derision,  
Till the stranger friendly words had spoke.  
The jasmine sweeter was the sky was bluer,  
I felt at home again with fancy free;  
O'er me was a heart more pure or truer  
Than seemed the stranger's kindly heart to me.  
Sightless in life are often made the rougher  
By an unthinking world's formality,  
While sweet relief may come to those who suffer,  
In one good word of hospitality.  
Be careful all to entertain the stranger,  
Be kind to ye through earth's wilderness drear;  
It is an outpost, think of his great danger—  
Heaven may to him be in a stranger's smile!  
TOWANDA, July 11, 1865.

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE PALE FLOWER.

My old friend Joe Harris, who has long since been dead, was when a wild young man, induced to try his fortune in the new world. He left England with the intention of settling in America, but, to the surprise of his friends, he returned home in middle age, an altered man, settling down in a little village, where he lived a bachelor's life till the end of his days. That there was a romance of some kind connected with the old man's sojourn in America, was well known, but the particulars were never divulged, till a few years before his death, when he related the little episode to me which caused his return to England. The following is, as nearly as possible, in his own words:  
When first I saw the upper Missouri, no white man had ever crossed the Black Hills, or woke with his rifle the echoes of the Rocky Mountains. The vast prairies, which lie at the base of the Cordilleras, stretching for hundreds of leagues towards the Mississippi, had never heard the voice of a pale face, or been pressed by the foot of civilization. All was wild, solitary, and sublime. Even the trader had not penetrated this wilderness; and the beaver built, the buffalo herded, the eagle soared, and the red man hunted, safe from Christian rapine and wrong.  
St. Louis was a frontier town, and still in the possession of the French, and it was quite a common thing for the Sioux to come down there to trade. A young brave of that nation was there when I arrived; I met him at the Governor's and we soon got quite intimate. He was a noble fellow, as tall and graceful as an Apollo, and with a volume of sinew that might have been the model for an Hercules. We went so far as to change names, and so he always called me "the War Eagle." At last he asked me to visit his country, and hunt the buffalo beneath the Black Hills. Young and venturesome, it was the very thing I wanted, and I was something to penetrate where no white man had ever been. So, bidding adieu to civilization, I shouldered my rifle, and plunged into the pathless wilderness under the guidance of my young Sioux guide.  
We crossed prairies, upon which one may travel for months without seeing a hill, a tree, or speaking to a human being. The sun rises and sets on a boundless expanse of green. At times you will find the prairie as level as the ocean in a calm; and then for several weeks you will travel among rolling uplands like the same ocean in a storm; and by-and-by you will come upon short steep hills, like the cross-chopped heads of a hundred thousand buffaloes will go tramping by, shaking the solid earth like an earthquake; and now the shadowy outline of Indian horsemen will be sweeping gracefully along the far off horizon. And such scenes we journeyed for weeks. When hunger overtook us we would bring down a buffalo, light a fire, and select the choicest morsel, and have a feast worthy of kings; and at nightfall, spreading our buffalo robes beneath us, we lay upon the velvet turf, with the balmy stars glittering to sleep, and millions of stars were in the calm blue sky above. It was a wild but fascinating life, ever full of brilliant variety. Now we would be leaving, and now parting of some friendly Indians. At such times what a choice would palaver to the old chiefs, and talk of the great medicine man as he called me— "Oh, if he thought this wouldn't do—how quickly he would creep around their villages at night! Once or twice we had to slip out our way through; and we only escaped the thousand Pawnees, encamped on the prairie, by gliding with the current past them in a bark canoe during a night storm. When we discovered the Sioux village, far down on the horizon; and a hundred warriors, with their spears, and a hundred horses, were already on their way to welcome us. They had never heard before of white men—than they almost dragged me from my horse, and bore me in triumph to their village.

# The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. \$2 per Annum, in Advance. VOLUME XXVI. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JULY 20, 1865. NUMBER 8.

Here I lived for months. Here, too, I met the sister of my Sioux friend, a being all grace and beauty, and with a complexion so fair that she was called "the Pale Flower." Few in any climate are so beautiful as was Meneateah. She had an eye like a gazelle, dark and languishing; hair soft and silky like the tresses of a mountain nymph and a form as light, elastic, and sylph-like as ever trod greenward, or haunted the classic woodlands of old Greece. And then, how artless she was! "Tis no use to deny it; woman, endearing woman, is sweet the wide world over; and with what chattering in bad Sioux, and telling moonlight tales of my own land, I began to look upon her almost as a sister; and the dear creature, I really believe, thought of me with even tenderer emotions. But if she did, her tongue never breathed it. I fell sick once, and she was my nurse. I really think if it hadn't been for her kindness I should have died. She bathed my fevered head, sang me songs to lull me to repose, and almost wept for joy when I recovered.

Well, at this time the Sioux were at war with the Pawnees, and it was not till six months after my arrival that a great war was held between the hostile chiefs, and the hatchet buried in the big lodge of the village. As soon as this was settled, my Sioux friend found leisure to escort me to the Rocky Mountains, where we went for a great hunt.

In a fortnight we reached our destination—and I stood upon one of their lofty peaks amid the region of eternal snows. What a magnificent scene! Below—peak, cliff, and gentle slope fell down into the plain on each side; while far away to the west, over forest and river, the setting sun sunk into the vast Pacific. The eagle stalked unharmed on these solitary recesses, and the sun shone down on the clouds thousands of feet below. Now the hoarse roar of a catarrh broke majestically on my ear, and now the imprisoned wind, like stifled thunder, was heard far down some dark ravine. I lifted up my voice, waking the echoes that had slumbered since creation. A crowd of sublime emotions thronged in my bosom. Never had civilized foot stood where I stood. A continent was beneath me; its past history was a dream; and the names of the races that peopled it were unknown. The graves of nations were under my feet.

I well remember when, on our return, we first caught sight of the Sioux wigwags dwindled on the horizon to a speck, and the eagerness with which we pressed on across the prairie to reach our homes before nightfall. Suddenly we saw a crowd issuing from the village, and contained scarcely a single warrior. Instead of the wild tumultuous joy which attended our first arrival, when a hundred braves swept huzzling around us on their fleet horses, we were met with solemn silence, and all the stoicism of the Indian character. The cause was soon explained. A party of our Sioux friends, when returning from a visit to a neighboring village, had been waylaid by the Pawnees, who, after murdering the braves, had carried off the women as captives. My sweet prairie flower was one of the prisoners.

"Does my white brother hear?" said her brother, turning to me with unnatural calmness, but a fire burning in his dark eye that forebode a fearful vengeance—"does my white brother hear?"

"I told him that I would go with him to the world's end to rescue Meneateah, and then a smile of approval lighted up the countenance of the young chief, as he replied in his deep, guttural tones, "Good—very good. The War Eagle and his brother will be after the dogs of Pawnees before sunset."

The proposition was hailed with a shout; we made our preparations for the war party; and, before the moon was an hour high, we were already far upon the track of the flying Pawnees.

All night we continued the pursuit, and only towards the morning did we pause for a little rest. In an hour or two we resumed our march, and night had long settled on the prairie before we halted to bivouac till morning. We had moved forward for some hours with extreme caution, for we suspected the enemy to be in our near neighborhood; and accordingly, when we stopped, runners were sent out to reconnoitre the Pawnee camp, and scouts stationed to prevent all possibility of surprise. At my urgent request I had been permitted by the young chief to accompany him to one of these outposts, where he proposed to spend the night. It was a still lazy evening. A few stars flickered through the mist; the moon waded heavily amid the clouds above; and occasionally the wind moaned across the silent prairie, with a low, mournful sound. In an hour, however, the clouds totally obscured the light, and a thick palpable darkness settled down around us. Occasionally a low sound, like the stifled neigh of a horse, would be heard amid the stillness; and then the wailing tones of the night-wind would come to the ear with a strange mysterious sound. A couple of hours had passed, when I fancied I heard a cry, like that of a human voice, coming out of the darkness a short distance ahead. I put my ear to the ground, and in a few moments I was conversing. "What they said, however, was in a language I knew not. I looked hurriedly around to apprise my companion of our danger; but I found myself—I could scarcely credit it—alone. For one minute I fancied I saw a dark form stealing along in the uncertain gloom; but even while I looked, the shadowy appearance vanished. Left to my own resources, I did not quit. Hurriedly throwing my rifle across my arm, with one foot extended, and every sense alive with excitement, I waited the approach of my foes. Had the chance given me I should have sold my life dearly; but all at once, as a dark form rose silently before me, I felt myself tripped up, and fell prostrate on the prairie. In another instant four swartly figures sprang up at my feet, and I found myself a prisoner. My hands were instantly bound, and I was hurried off toward the Pawnee camp. The Indians had approached by crawling noiselessly on their hands and feet; and while I was looking for them in the gloom, they had me already in their power. Never shall I forget the emotions of that night. I well knew the manner in which prisoners were treated, and I looked forward to a death of torture. Morning at length dawned; but it brought me no com-

fort. The savages who held me in their custody seemed to take a fiendish delight in anticipating the tortures they intended for me. I tried in vain to open a conversation with them; but they pretended not to understand me, maintaining a dogged silence. At last we reached their village. Boys, women, and children thronged around, heaping opprobrious epithets upon me, jostling, pelting, spitting upon me, and shouting in derision at my bonds. I knew it was useless to talk of mercy—I'd sooner die than show the white feather—and so I took things from a boy. I was carried triumphantly to a lodge in the centre of the village, and left to the gaze of the idle and curious while the old men deliberated about my fate.

What were my emotions during that terrible day! It was one thing to appear stoical, but not to feel. I shuddered to think of my probable doom; and I saw no hope of averting it. My Sioux friends, I doubted not, would hasten to my rescue; but I had seen enough of the strength of the village, in my hasty passage through it, to feel certain that its warriors trebled the force of my friends. There was no gleam of hope. But I resolved to die as became me.

At night the lodge was deserted, through a couple of warriors kept watch beside the door. After a day of agony I was glad to find relief even in a last troubled sleep; for I felt that I should never enjoy another.

I was buried in deep repose, when I fancied I heard my name breathed beside me, and awaking at the sound, I started half up and gazed around me. It was deep in the night, and everything in the village was silent. The fire had gone out in the lodge, and its white radiance was wrapped in darkness. The door was open, and through it a solitary star glimmered in the heavens; while the dark form of one of my jailors sat motionless and statue-like in the dim obscurity. I was about to return to my rude pillow, satisfied that the sound I had listened to was caused by my fancy, when I heard my name repeated distinctly in a whisper at my elbow, and turning suddenly around I beheld to my surprise, the form of Meneateah. Astonishment for a moment deprived me of speech, and before I could recover my utterance, my companion placed her finger on her lip, silently motioning towards the immovable sentinel at my door; at the same instant, before I could comprehend her meaning, she severed the bonds from my hands and ankles. I started to my feet with a joy words cannot explain; but a motion from my deliverer again warned me to be silent. She beckoned me to follow her, and hastily lifting one corner of the tent, ushered me into the fresh air. Pausing but a moment to listen if our escape had been detected, she again imposed silence upon me by a gesture, and led the way swiftly and silently towards the camp.

I was too well acquainted with Indian life not to know that we momentarily ran the greatest risk of discovery, and that certain death awaited us if surprised in attempting an escape. Acute in ear, prompt in action, relentless in revenge, it was an act amounting to madness to attempt flying from our savage foes. As we stole noiselessly through the village, I scarcely dared to breathe, lest we should arouse the sleeping inmates within. Once, they bay of a distant dog startled us, and the wind sighing over the prairie was magnified into the voices of pursuers. Meneateah still led before me, occasionally pausing to listen, and then stealing softly among the wigwags towards the outskirts of the village. Not a word as yet had passed between us; and I could not account for her opportune aid. How had she obtained her liberty? By what means was my prison house gained unobserved? Even amid all our danger I could scarcely refrain from inquiring; but my sweet guide always silenced me by the same hurried gesture. We had just reached the edge of the village, when suddenly a dark figure emerged into the light. It was a Pawnee scout, returning from the prairie. We had scarcely time to glide behind the shadow of a lodge when he came so close that I could have touched him. I felt my companion tremble violently. For a moment I held my breath in agony, but the scout passed us, and was lost to sight behind the clustering lodges. With a thrill of joy we found ourselves in another instant on the open prairie. A momentary ejaculation of gratitude to Heaven burst from my bosom, and then, turning to my guide, I inquired in what manner she had been enabled to null suspicion and to come to my aid.

Until this moment Meneateah had not uttered a word, nor had she scarcely lifted her eyes from the ground. When she did so now, it was with a timid, uncertain glance, half in doubt in what manner I might regard her conduct. The excitement which had hitherto sustained her had passed away, and her native modesty began to assert its supremacy. Her words, though soft as music, were trembling and low.

"The Pale Flower," she said, "has done a great thing in the eyes of the white warrior—has she not? The maiden of his own land come not to the lodge of their enemy to set free their warriors; and Meneateah should not have done so, even though she loved the War Eagle like a brother." "No, no," said I, taking her hand, "the War Eagle owes his life to Meneateah." "The Pale Flower is dear to the white warrior—what can he do to repay her?"

"It is good, then—Meneateah has not done wrong?" said the Indian girl, looking up into my face, with her dark eyes swimming with the tears of joy she could not repress.

"No, my sweet preserver," said I; for no one could have withstood that look. I pressed her to my bosom; I kissed away her tears; while she in all her artless happiness, leaned upon my shoulder. "But how did you escape yourself?" said I, after a few moments' silence; "and when did you learn I was a prisoner. Will the Pale Flower tell her brother?"

Shooking Tragedy.  
Wednesday's Philadelphia North American gives the following account of a recent tragedy in that city:  
The tendencies of the retail liquor traffic, by unprincipled people, were illustrated on Monday last, near midnight, by a terrible tragedy at a grocery, No. 1,107 North Third-st. The circumstances are extremely shocking.

A woman named Adeline Reidy formerly kept the tavern above referred to. Joseph and Isaac Sides were two brothers. Adeline resides in St. John-st., between Willow and Noble. She keeps a drinking house, and has a number of women boarders. She was a married woman but her husband had left her some time since.

Joseph Sides had also left his wife, and he, with Adeline's husband, had opened a tavern in Third-st., below Girard-ave, the scene of the terrible tragedy. This place also contained a number of female boarders, and was similar in reputation to that kept by Adeline.

On Monday afternoon Adeline and her bartender drove to Fairmount Park. Here they met Joseph Sides in another carriage, accompanied by a woman. The party conversed together amicably. On their way home all stopped at Sides's he being proprietor of a tavern at the corner of Germantown-road and Girard-ave. Here several drinks were taken, after which they drove to the house at Third and Girard-ave, kept by the wife of Joseph Sides and Adeline's husband. Several more drinks were taken, and all seemed to be very friendly. Adeline suddenly left, went to her home, changed her dress, and came back to Third and Girard-ave. Upon entering the door she encountered Joseph Sides, and asked him where Johnny Reidy, her husband, could be found.

Sides replied, "He is in the yard," whereupon Adeline exclaimed, with an oath—"You are one of them," and immediately drew a large dirk, which she plunged twice into his back, under the left side, piercing the heart. Sides staggered, seized a chair, with the intention, it is supposed, of defending himself, and raising it about three feet, fell. The woman withdrawing the knife a jet of blood spouted upon the floor. There were two or three pulsations—probably spasmodic—of the punctured heart, that sent the deepened arterial blood in a welling stream, and the man was dead. The knife had cut to his heart.

Isaac Sides, the brother of the young man, attempted to detain the murderer. The woman is 24 years of age, has once been handsome, but bears upon her face the wrinkles that are the sign of ungoverned passions and habits of irregularity and dissipation. Isaac seized her, caught her by the back of the head, intending to push her upon her face and thus disarm her. He reckoned without his host. The girl or woman was nerved to strength beyond that of her sex. He failed to seize her hand, in which she held the gory knife. On the contrary, she turned upon him, and giving thrust after thrust with the rapidity of electric flashes, spilled out his viscera upon the ground. He died shortly afterward.

The murderer ran precipitately from the house to her own home, where she had clothed herself in sailor's garb when the police came upon her. On Tuesday Coroner Taylor summoned a jury and held an inquest upon the body of Joseph Sides.

TO-MORROW IN GERMANY.—In Germany the wood work, so far as English reporters know any thing of it, is mainly in the form of small trinkets and toys for children. The production of these is immense. In the Tyrol, and near the Thuringian Forest, in the middle States of the illorganized confederacy, and wherever forests abound, there the peasants spend much of their time in making toys. In the Tyrol, for example, there is a valley called the Grodnertal, about twenty miles long, in which the rough climate and barren soil will not suffice to grow corn for the inhabitants, who are rather numerous. Shut out from the agricultural labor of the neighboring districts, the people earn their bread chiefly by wood carving. They make toys of numberless kinds (in which Noah's Ark animals are very predominant) of the soft wood of the Siberian pine—known to the Germans as zibelunskiefer. The tree is of slow growth, found on the higher slopes of the valley, but now becoming scarce, owing to the improvidence of the peasants in cutting down the forests without saving or planting others to succeed them. For a hundred years and more the peasants have been carvers. Nearly every cottage is a workshop. All the occupants, male and female, down to very young children, seat themselves round a table, and fashion their little bits of wood. They use twenty or thirty different kinds of tools, under the magic of which the wood is transformed into a dog, a lion, a man, or what not. Agents represent these carvers in various cities of Europe, to dispose of the wares.

NIGHT, THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—Night levels all artificial distinction. The beggar on his pallet of straw snores as soundly as a king on a bed of down. Night—kind, gentle soothing refreshing night, the earthly paradise of the slave, the sweet oblivion of the worn soul, the nurse of romance, of devotion; how the great panting heart of society yearns for the return of night and rest! Sleep is God's special gift to the poor, for the great there is no time fixed for repose. Quiet, they have none; and instead of calmly awaiting the approach of events they fret and repine, and starve sleep, and chide the tardy hours, as if every to-morrow were big with the fate of some great hereafter. The torrent of events goes tearing past keeping eager expectations constantly on tiptoe and drives timid slumber away.

A young lady of California recently broke her neck while resisting the attempt of a young man to kiss her. This furnishes a fearful warning to young ladies. We know from personal experience (in days gone by, alas!)—it is the Sartoga Republican that speaks—how prone young girls are to peril their precious necks by twisting away from a fellow at a time when, by judicious exercise, or sit and hold-your-head steady-activeness, perfect happiness would have been shed abroad, and the ambient air made luxuriant with glory. Dear girls, hold your heads steady, and don't break your darling-necks!

INTERESTING FACTS OF THE LATE ASSASSINS.  
Rev. Dr. Gillette, pastor of the First Baptist Church, improved the solemnities of the past week by an appropriate discourse, especially to young men.  
He had never been more impressed with the importance of this duty than during the sixteen hours which he passed with the convicts in the penitentiary between Thursday afternoon and that of Friday.  
On Thursday Dr. G. was called upon by Assistant Secretary of War Eckert, who invited him to visit the cells of the doomed convicts for the purpose of administering to them such spiritual consolation as was needed. Stepping into the Secretary's carriage, he at once accompanied him thither. On their arrival, Mr. Eckert introduced him to other officers, and then to the convicts.  
Their first call was upon Payne, whose real name he soon ascertained to be Lewis Thornton Powell, his middle name being after the Rev. Dr. Thornton, a Presbyterian clergyman of Charleston, South Carolina.  
Powell welcomed him, and at once proceeded to relate his early history. His father was a Baptist minister. The convict had been from infancy brought up under religious influence. At twelve years of age he was by his own father consecrated to God in baptism, and became a member of the church. In direct opposition to the wishes of his family he entered the rebellion. For a time he endeavored to retain his religious character, but became connected with Gilmore. This was his second great step downward. That was followed by his getting into Mosley's gang, which went far worse. His next companion was Booth.  
Dr. Gillette found Powell to be a young man of cultivated mind, ingenious, frank, candid, and an earnest supplicant for Divine favor.  
In conversation, he referred to his mother and wept bitterly—to his sisters—to the pleasant seasons once enjoyed by him in the church, the Sabbath school and the social circles.  
Powell frankly stated his conviction of the enormity of his crime. The moment he fled from the house of Secretary Seward and leaped into the saddle of his horse, his mind was quickened into a realizing sense of the horror of the damnable deed which he had perpetrated, and he became miserable, wretched—life itself became loathsome.  
The Doctor here corrected two points in the published statement. It was reported that he wore "a jaunty hat." That hat was placed upon his head by the advice and hands of Dr. G., when Powell's hands were pinioned behind him. Dr. G. suggested the hat on account of the intense heat of the sun.  
Secondly, it was said on the morning of his execution he ate heartily, &c. On that morning he positively declined taking any food; and was equally persistent in refusing stimulants of any kind.  
His last prayer was, as suggested by his friend, the Doctor, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."  
Dr. Gillette here addressed his audience with deep feeling, referring to his own sons, to the souls of his congregation, to the young men of this city who habitually visit drinking-houses, restaurants, &c.  
The preacher then visited Herold, and his description corresponded with those already published. With great eloquence he described the scene in which Herold's sisters were present. One of them read him from her prayer-book; and after Dr. G. had offered prayer, the same sister followed in an invocation to the Throne of Divine Grace on behalf of her brother, which affected all present.  
His next call was on Atzerodt. He at once commenced remarks which criminated Mrs. Surratt, but was gently reminded that higher duties now developed upon him—higher duties to meet his God. In this he acquiesced. For twenty-nine years, he acknowledged, he had been steeped in sin; the victim of base passions, and of the wiles of artful, designing men. His wonder was, if his soul could be saved! Rev. Mr. Butler, the Lutheran preacher, soon arrived, and attended him most faithfully.—From the latter clergyman we learn that he professed to have found peace with Heaven.  
The peculiarities of the Catholic church prevented him from offering any assistance to Mrs. Surratt, for she was attended by the Rev. Father Wigget and Walter. Dr. G. described the scene of the daughter's hasty return to her mother's cell—the anxious inquiries of that mother, "Is there any hope?" she replied, "hope is gone!" "Oh, Father Wigget and Walter prepare my mother for death!" In her agony, she fell against the speaker in the doorway, and said "hope is fled."  
The Doctor stated that these remarks were made strictly in a religious point of view, that being the place for none other.