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## TOWANDA

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1847.

### Truth and Freedom.

BY W. D. SALLABER.

He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves besides—Cowards,

For truth, then let us battle,  
Whatever fate betide,

Long the boat that we are freemen,  
We have made and published wide.

He who hath the truth and keeps it,  
Keeps what not to him belongs,  
But performs a selfish action,  
That his fellow mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the truth, and trembles,  
At the dangers he must brave,  
Is not fit to be a freeman;  
He, at best is but a slave!

He who bears the truth, and places  
Is high prompting under ban,  
May boast of all that's manly,  
But can never be a man.

Friend, this simple lay who reads,  
Be not thou like either them—  
But to truth give utmost freedom  
And the tide it raises stem.

Bold in speech, and bold in action,  
Be for ever! Time will test,  
Of the free-souled and the slavish,  
Which fulfills his mission best.

Be thou like the noble Roman—  
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear,  
Speak! no matter what betide thee,  
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostles,  
Be thou like heroic Paul;  
If a free thought seek expression,  
Speak it boldly! speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers:  
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!  
And, if thou hast Truth to utter,  
Speak! and leave the rest to God.

[From the Philadelphia Casket.]

### CROGHAN.

Or the Hero of Fort Sandusky.

Toward the close of a sultry day, in the middle of July, 1791, was seen gliding along the broad, and placid bosom of the Ohio, a solitary boat, in which were three watermen, a gentleman with his wife and child, a large Newfoundland dog, and some packages of merchandise, which, with various implements of husbandry, constituted the entire cargo.

Their appearances indicated much fatigue, from long exposure to the scorching rays of a summer sun, whose declining beams lent a transient lustre to the lurid clouds which now rose above the eastern horizon, in threatening magnificence, portending a night of unusual inclemency; while the resplendent orb, as if conscious of the distress he had caused the impatient little company, seemed hastening to cover the confusion of his reddening countenance beneath the shades of the western forests.

Scarcely had the upper edge of his expansive forehead sunk beyond the verdure of the mighty oaks, when a vivid flash from a distant thunder cloud announced the approach of the gathering tempest, and admonished them of the propriety of seeking refuge nearer to the shore, until nature should again have resumed her former serenity. Accordingly doubling a projecting point of land, a short distance before they approached an overhanging cluster of stunted cedars, and taking a few turns of a rope around the trunk of the stoutest, moored their flimsy bark in apparent safety for the night.

No sooner had this been accomplished than the watermen, taking each from an earthen jug, which lay snugly secured in the bow, a hearty swig of Monongahela, followed by a copious draught of Heaven's imperial, laid themselves down to rest; while the others, as if fearful of some impending calamity, awaited in mute apprehensions, the issue of the menacing scene.

Long and loud grew the roaring of the murmuring thunder, and quick and appalling the flashing of the forked lightning, whilst ever and anon, as the terrific blaze burst upon the gaze of the affrighted passengers, threatening every thing with instant annihilation, each shrunk for protection to the rest; and the next moment all was again enveloped in dreary and impenetrable darkness. Near and more near the tempest approached, and fast poured the rain in accumulating torrents; when the little boat, who had hitherto observed an unbroken silence, looked innocently into the face of his mother, who was now pressing him close to her bosom, as if to afford him greater safety from the fury of the contending elements, asked in a soft but anxious tone, "Ma, I wonder if that Washington firing at the English!"

She, only replying by a kiss of his youthful brow, resumed: "If I was there, 'pointing to a flaming cloud, 'I'd help him to kill every one of them."

"My son," said his father, who was no less surprised than amused at the military spirit evinced by his little bantling, "if ever the time arrive, when your country shall need your services, I hope you may not be found wanting, neither in determination to oppose the aggressions of her foes, or in prudence to direct you as to the surest means of maintaining her rights."

"This," said the mother, "reminds me of a dream, which last night broke in upon my disturbed slumbers. Methought I was ranging a wild and desert tract of country, somewhat resembling that which now lies before us, in quest of some human habitation where I might obtain sustenance and lodging for myself and child, whom I carried in my arms. The fall moon shone brightly through the foliage of the towering trees; the wind which had hitherto agitated the forest, was now sunk into silent repose; not a leaf was in motion, and nought

was heard on either side but the low murmur of a distant cascade, and the rapid flutter of the gloomy night-bird, as it shot through the branches and immediately disappeared in the surrounding arbors. Suddenly the woods opened into an extensive prairie, an eagle darted from a lofty pine top—I saw him pursue his flight high in the air, to the bright luminosity of night and scratch on its face with the end of his beak, in large characters the name of my child, when, uttering a shriek, which was ten thousand times resounded by the distant echoes, a crowd of nymphs, clothed in flowing robes, exceeding in whiteness the purest snow, issuing from a fleecy cloud, and standing on its summit, bowed three times to the name; then offering a cloud of incense, which seemed to ascend to the highest heaven, they proclaimed with a shout, which shook the earth to its centre—'AMERICA'S VALIANT SON.' I started in astonishment at the vision which my imagination had conjured up; and having, with much difficulty, assured myself that it was all a delusion of the fancy, I again laid me down, still meditating on the strangeness of the scene.

"Dreams," remarked the father, "are of little consequence, and though it sometimes happens that something similar to what we have dreamt does fortuitously occur, they are, however, not the more to be credited on that account. Yet, I cannot but acknowledge that I have myself been a little disturbed by dreams for some nights past, which seemed to me by their unusual tenor, to forbode something strangely wild and uncommon."

While they were thus speaking, flash followed flash in such rapid succession, that there was presented to the eye a continued stream of flame, which, being reflected by the river, gave it so much the appearance of a torrent of liquid lava, as to cause them to shudder as they looked apprehensively at its luminous surface.—The dog howled piteously, and approaching the child, began to lick his extended hand; when suddenly the electric fluid, descending by the aged cedar, struck the boat, killing the three watermen and stunning the gentleman and his wife, then passing through the bottom, it expended its fury in the current beneath.—In a moment the boat sunk with all it contained, except the dog, which, with peculiar sagacity, seized the child by his garment and bore him to the bank, where, leaving him in safety, he returned for the mother, whom he also succeeded in saving. Then plunging in again he eagerly sought his master, diving several times beneath the turbid waters; but alas! he sought in vain, for, incapable of any exertion at the time of sinking, the treacherous element bore him away; and the poor animal was at length obliged to abandon the search and return, exhausted, to the destitute pair who owed their preservation to his fidelity.

Slowly did the unhappy mother recover her scattered senses sufficiently to discover the misery of her situation; and bitterly did she bemoan the rude fate that had thus deprived her of an affectionate husband, and cast her helpless and worse than alone on a desolate wilderness, without any other prospect than to die of famine, or be destroyed by the sunburned savage, or the beasts of the desert. But as water finds its level, so does grief sometimes meet consolation even in the bosom of necessity, and merge the woeful reflections of the past in the paramount need providing for the future.

Having long sought a place of shelter from the weather, she at length, finding no better asylum, took refuge in the hollow of a blasted sycamore, where, reclining with her child, exhausted nature soon became insensible, and both sank into a profound sleep, which was only disturbed occasionally by a convulsive sigh or the whistling of the expiring storm; while Tiger, squatting on the herbage without, vigilantly kept guard for the night.

Thus they remained until the orient beams of expanding morning burst asunder the fettering ties of the sombre shroud which had trampled the earth in its darkening folds, when the feathered tenants of the sylvan landscape merely chanting their notes of gladness, hailed in strains of softest melody, the triumph of tranquility over tempest, of light over darkness; all was gaiety and cheerfulness, and the resplendent luminary of day, as he rose in resplendent majesty above the tops of the wood-crested hills, seemed smiling in ecstasy at the beauty exhibited by the renovated face of nature.

Nought was there to mar the hilarity of the joyous scene, save the inmates of the hollow-hearted sycamore, who, awakening by the growing harmony around, sought with sadness somewhat to alleviate the cravings of appetite and recruit their wasted vigor. A few nuts and wild berries were all that their utmost exertions could procure, upon which, however, they fed with eagerness; and having slaked their thirst at a purling rill, which hastily pursued its rippling course along the side of a gentle declivity, they pressed forward in quest of some settlement, where the lenient hand of sympathizing humanity might mitigate their sufferings. Three days did they spend in fruitless search, until at length exhausted with fatigue and hunger, they sat them down under the shade of a weeping willow, to await that stern destiny which now appeared inevitable; when a hunter at a distance seeing the dog indistinctly through the brambles, and mistaking him for a grisley bear, leveled his rifle and fired. But, alas! the ball intended for Tiger's head passing him by, buried itself deep in the bosom of the unfortunate lady beyond, who starting suddenly upon her feet, uttered a piercing shriek and then fell insensible to the earth. The astonished hunter hastening to the spot, was furiously attacked by the faithful animal, but stepping aside he avoided the plunge and instantly laid him prostrate with the butt-end of his piece. Then seeing the helpless victim weltering in her blood, he ran to her assistance and lifting her up—horror seized his vitals; his frame shook in agony—he staggered, and with a groan fell senseless beneath his burden. The tide of life gradually resumed its wonted course, and recovering himself, he took from his pouch some cotton with which he stopped the hemorrhage and tying up the wound with a bandage torn from his neck cloth, he chafed

her temples with a little whiskey; from a flask which hung at his side; then running to a rivulet hard by he filled it up with water, and applying it to her lips, she heaved a long drawn sigh. Still did he persevere in his endeavors to resuscitate her, until at length she looked up, and stretching forth her arms, exclaimed: "Oh, Albert! my dear brother!"

"What has caused this blood?" said she examining her garments as she rose to a sitting posture. "Has some person been endeavoring to murder me in this solitary wilderness?"

"I am the guilty one," he replied, wiping aside a trickling tear. "'tis a doleful meeting after a seven year's absence. Would to heaven, Annette, we had never again met, rather than I should thus be the means of inflicting misery on the playmate of my infancy—the object of my tenderest affection!"

"Tell me," she resumed with a faltering voice, "how it came to pass? I am already astounded the fault could not be yours."—and having listened to a brief rehearsal of the melancholy occurrence, she added: "It is well; you are free from censure; and I thank the Almighty Ruler of the Universe for having in his mercy directed you hither for the preservation of my child though it were even at the expense of that poor remnant of life which, but for him, I was already willing to resign. But you will ask what revolution of nature has cast me on this abode of solitude without a protector or guide, so far from the scenes of my childhood—the graves of my ancestors."

"Not now," said he, "we must haste to my cottage close by the side of yonder brush-wood that skirts the brow of the mossy precipice; and when we have found a surgeon to repair the breach I have made, and you have recovered sufficient strength to enable you to converse without difficulty or danger, I will listen to your tale of sadness; till then you must endeavor—"

"Look!" she exclaimed, staring wildly, "see you that grim visaged cannibal preparing to plunge his glittering blade in the vitals of him who lies at his feet, and struggling to disengage himself from the murderous grasp of that dingy hand which encircles his throat—haste I save him—Oh, heavens! 'tis my husband—Ah, see, the deed is done!"—and with a frantic laugh she relapsed into her former insensibility. He looked but saw nothing.—The dreadful conviction now flashed on his mind, that the wound which he a few moments before fondly hoped was not mortal, had, together with her former enfeebled condition, so operated as to produce mental alienation; and that, in all probability, she was shortly to die a maniac.

Again he used all exertions to revive her, until finding his utmost efforts unavailable, he lifted her in his arms and carrying her to his dwelling, left her in care of his wife, while he, mounting his swiftest steed, rode away for the nearest physician. He brought him, but too late, for death having sufficiently dallied with his prey, now sat triumphant on her pallid countenance, hurling defiance at the feeble resources of men; and ere the careering orb of day had finished his circuit of the ethereal canopy, her gentle spirit, weary of its terrestrial thrall, sprang away in ecstasy towards the mansions of bliss.

Deeply afflicted by his melancholy bereavement, her sorrow-stricken brother dug in the centre of his flower garden, her lonely grave, and having bedewed her bier with bitter punctation, laid her mortal remains quietly to rest in the maternal lap of her parent dust, placing at her head as her simple monument, a plain pine slab, upon which he cut with his knife in rude but deep characters, the two words, "POOR ANNETTA."

Nine years had sped their monotonous course and sunk to oblivion in the faithless ocean of eternity, when sitting by his fireside on a gloomy evening in October, in a pensive mood, his left elbow resting on his knee and his forehead on the palm of his hand, he muttered to himself in low and broken accents: "God have mercy on my sinful soul. Why has heaven doomed me to the misery of being the murderer of my only sister? I would that I were—"

"Hark!" said his wife, as she approached from an inner apartment, "heard you that hollow moan, as of some one in agony?"

"'Tis naught," replied he, "but the wheezing breath of expiring autumn, hastening to bury its withering face in the icy mantle of winter; or the looting of the fattening herds in the adjacent pasture grounds."

"List! there it is again," she resumed, going towards the door, "it seems to proceed in the direction of the lane leading from the road. I fear it must be some way-worn traveller requiring for want, or writhing, perhaps, under the assassin's dagger. 'I'll see, at all events.'"

"Stay," said he, starting from his chair, "there seems something unearthly in the sound; it must be the troubled ghost of Annette coming to haunt me, for surely no mortal ever uttered such a hideous groan as that which now assailed my ear. But be it unearthly or not, I must ascertain the cause." So saying he sallied forth, rifle in hand.

"Murder! help! help!" cried a voice near the extremity of the lane; he beheld by the glimmering of the rising moon, a man lying on the ground and firmly grasping the leg of another who was struggling to make his escape; but finding his exertions to extricate himself inefficient he flashed his pistol in the face of him who held him, and with a desperate effort disengaging himself, ran swiftly towards the road, while the cottager followed in close pursuit. But the pursued perceiving him gaining on him, suddenly turned round and fired a second pistol, the ball of which whizzed harmless by his ear.

"My turn next," cried the cottager, dropping on one knee and leveling his piece, "stand, or you speed to eternity!"

"Try your skill my hearty," was the reply, as he unreluctingly pursued his course.—It was his last, for the next moment his ball pierced his back below the left shoulder, passed through the heart, and he fell a breathless corpse.

"Well done!" exclaimed the man behind,

as he saw him tumble to the ground, "thou hast saved me ten thousand dollars by timely arrival, of which a title shall be thine for the valorous spirit thou hast displayed, and more anon, should my circumstances prove propitious, as my speculations have led me to anticipate."

"Thanks, friend, for your gratitude; but as I have done for you no more than I should consider it the duty of another to do for me in a similar situation, I shall accept of no compensation; the consciousness of having saved the life of a fellow being, by ridding the world of a villain, is of itself a sufficient reward: whence come you?"

"From Virginia and destined for Chillicothe, the place of my residence. Proceeding to your house to seek lodging for the night, I was assailed by that robber who springing from his ambush, stopped my horse and demanded my money; and on my hesitating to surrender it, stabbed me in the side with a dagger, which as I fell to the ground, broke in two; then placing his knee on my breast, he took from me my pocket book, with which he was about to escape, when you fortunately came to my assistance."

Having returned the pocket book the cottager with the assistance of his wife, helped him to the house, and extracting the broken blade with a pair of pincers, dressed the wound, as well as circumstance would admit. A few days were sufficient to restore him to convalescence, when amusing himself with examining the various species of flowers in the garden, his eyes fell on a grave, decorated with taste, and surrounded with evergreens. He approached, and observed the board which indicated the head, read in a subdued but sympathetic tone, "POOR ANNETTA." He appeared for a moment absorbed in thought, then looking round, inquired of his host, whom he saw busily employed at a small distance, "Who was this Annette, whose humble epitaph marks the site of her lowly sepulchre?"

"Alas!" replied he, with a deep sigh, "my ill-fated sister, whom the destinies decreed to die by my own hand."

"What," exclaimed the stranger, with a look of mingled astonishment and horror, how could that happen?"

He related to him the circumstances of the unhappy tragedy.

"Where is her husband?"

"I know not, for I have never seen him, she having married after my departure from the place of my nativity, and died before I had an opportunity of making any inquiry respecting him."

"And what has become of the child of whom you have just spoken?"

"That is he at the end of the garden—as dutiful a boy as ever was doomed by heaven to the hapless condition of an orphan. But it grieves me that he should thus advance into manhood amidst interminable forests, without an opportunity of receiving a suitable education; for though young in years and untutored as the bounding wild deer, he occasionally displays a nobleness of soul and facility of discernment, which seems destined for a higher sphere of life than that into which concurrent events have cast him."

"What is his name?"

"He was so young when he fell under my protection that I could not distinctly understand it from him, but I think he said Croghan, or some such name, and therefore we call him Croghan."

"A brother of mine with his wife and child, left Virginia some years ago, for Chillicothe, since which time I have received no tidings of them—his name was Croghan, his wife's Annette; and I am not without suspicion that her's is the grave at which I now stand."

"Had her child any particular mark on him?" inquired the cottager, with earnestness, as he dropped the spade upon which he was leaning, and advanced a few paces.

"Yes; a red blotch on his left arm, with which he was born."

"The very same!" exclaimed he taking another step and grasping the hand of his guest, with a vehemence which almost squeezed the blood through his fingers' ends, "your suspicion is, alas, but too well founded. It is indeed the grave of Annette Croghan."

"Ah!" said the stranger, with a saddening aspect, "my brother must be dead also; for his love for her was too great to admit the belief that any thing but death could have caused their separation. Knows the boy nothing of his father's fate?"

"I have often questioned him, but he has no recollection of aught respecting him."

"To-morrow I shall resume my journey, and now seeing that he is equally dear to us both, if you are willing to confide him to my care, I will provide for him and give him an education conformable to your exalted estimate of his capacity."

"Nothing could induce me to part with one for whom I have so long cherished such a tender solicitude, but the injustice, which in all probability, I should not be able to repair; and however painful to my own feelings, the separation may be, I feel it my duty to afford him an opportunity of rising by your assistance, to that distinction which he otherwise may never attain."

"The morning had no sooner ushered in its early dawn, than they bled o'er hill and dale, through moor and mountain; and having arrived at Chillicothe, Croghan was placed at school with a gentleman of considerable eminence, where he had not remained a great many moons before his assiduity raised him to an equality with the most advanced of his school-fellows; and gained him the applause and admiration of his teacher; save and except that his prying genius would at times prompt him to ask questions concerning his studies which caused the worthy knight of the birch no inconsiderable degree of trouble to expound, until eventually, his admiration began gradually to subside and give place to approval and cool reserve, to the so-called amusement of his pupils who took particular delight in seeing old Plato so frequently called him, forced into a cranny by Alchibates, and observing the contortions of his countenance,

as he endeavored to evade by stratagem, the difficulties propounded.

His surpassing powers of mind were also combined with such a happy mixture of apparent simplicity and coolness of determination, that he became a favorite with them all, so that whenever there was a project on foot either for enterprise or amusement, he was universally consulted and adopted as their leader; and never did the subjects of the Great Mogul or those of the Grand Seigneur yield more implicit obedience to the will of their sovereign, than did his little band, to the dictates of their chosen chieftain. Even old Plato secretly envied him the facility which he led them; and so great was his desire to possess the same way over their feelings, that he would at any time, have cheerfully purchased at the expense of a moiety of the remnant of his half expended cranium, that spell by which his pupil seemed instinctively to guide them; but which notwithstanding all his ingenuity and experience, he found it impossible to attain. His prominent characteristics were promptness in determining, and intrepidity in executing whatever he had designed; nevertheless, when an object of distress happened to cross his path, no one recorded by the page of history, could evince finer feelings, or manifest greater benevolence in alleviating the poignant sting of misfortune, not excepting even that far-famed philanthropist, Uncle Toby.

One day seeing a poor stranger mocked and ill-treated by a number of boys, whose notice had been attracted by the grotesque appearance of his dress, he approached and placing himself between him and his tormentors, began to remonstrate with them on the impropriety of their conduct, upon which the oldest of the gang, who was considerably larger than himself, asked if he wished to fight. To which he replied, that he only fought when obliged to, but that if he again dared to insult the poor man whom he had now under his protection, he should find that his bulk did not frighten him. No sooner were the last words pronounced than the sturdy bully to show his contempt of the threat, dung at the old man a lead ball, which he held by the tail, when Croghan instantly struck him with a force which had well nigh inverted his position; but he, recovering himself, tapped with considerable effect, the nether region of his adversary's organ, yet nothing daunted by the profusion of the vital stream, Croghan boldly stood his ground, and making with his left hand a feint to strike his antagonist in the face, dealt him with the right, a blow on the stomach which fell him to the ground and for some moments deprived him of respiration. Then standing over him as chancier over a cock-sparrow, exhibiting more pity than resentment, he waited his recovery.

"Now," said he, as soon as his crest-fallen opponent was able to speak, "if you have a wish to take another trial I am ready."

"Not now," he replied, "I've got enough for the present."

"Well I'm sorry you have obliged me to use you so; but let it be a warning to you whenever you meet an object of pity in future, to treat him with greater humanity, for you know not but it may chance to be your own lot one day to need the aid of a friendly hand."

Then turning to the stranger, who resting on his staff a short distance from them, had tarried to witness the issue of the contest. "Here, old man," said he offering him a piece of money, "I will exchange this for your blessing."

"May God bless you, child," said the poor man, raising his hands in a supplicating manner towards heaven, "I do not want it; but will you tell me your name, for some invisible power seems to whisper that I ought to know something of you."

"Croghan," said he, looking inquisitively.

"Croghan!" echoed the old man, with emphasis, starting at the same time as if roused by the electric spark, "did you say Croghan?"

"Yes," replied the boy with a look of astonishment, "what can you know of me?"

"Will you turn up the sleeve of your coat over your left arm?"

He again scrutinized the old man's countenance, but seeing in it nothing calculated to cause apprehension, hesitatingly complied.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the poor man, advancing to clasp the boy in his arms, "it is indeed my lost son!"

"I your son!" cried he retreating in amazement beyond his reach, "my father has been long dead."

"No my dear boy, you behold in me the same wretched father whom you believe to have been lost, and who never expected to see you again; but where is your mother?"

"She is dead too."

"The old man, whose eyes were suffused with tears, on meeting his lost child, here gave them vent; and as they fell, joy and grief both grappled for the prize.

"With whom do you live?" he resumed, as he wiped away the traces of the briny moisture.

"My uncle."

"Your fathers brother?"

"Lead me to him quickly, my son, and I shall soon remove your doubts."

The boy reluctantly obeyed, muttering to himself with a sympathetic shake of the head, as he turned to conduct him to the place: "poor man, he has certainly lost his reason."

"Having led him to the door—" this, said he, "is my uncle's house, and if you will stop here a moment, I'll see if he is in," and on entering he told him there was a man at the door, who stated himself to be his brother, and expressed a particular desire to see him.

"What! my brother! I never had a brother but your father, and he must be dead."

"Sir he asserts the same, though I have endeavored to convince him to the contrary."

"Bring him in at all events."

He accordingly obeyed, when surveying each other for a moment, they mutually ejaculated, "My God! my brother!" and were instantly clasped in each other's arms.

"Why," said the uncle, when he had sufficiently recovered his surprise to be able to

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]