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## Selected Poetry.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

O! deem not they are blest alone  
Who live a peaceful tenor keep;  
The Power who pines man, has sown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And every house of woe and pain  
Are promises of happy years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And grief may hide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friends' low bier  
Shedst the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
Will give him to thy arms again.

Let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny;  
Though pierced and broken be his heart,  
And, spurred of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear;  
And heaven's kind eye will share  
For all its children suffer here.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

## TWO KINDS OF HONESTY.

Some few years ago, there resided in Long Acre a gentle old Jew named Jacob Benjamin; he was a good man, and he lived with him so long, and to his belief, had never wronged him of a penny.

"What's that you have put into the guinea, Mary?" said a pale, sickly-looking man one evening, taking something out of his mouth, which he held towards the feeble gleams emitted by a farthing rush-light standing on the mantle-piece.

"What is it, father," inquired a young girl approaching him. "Isn't the guinea good?"

"It's good enough," replied the man; "but here's something in it: it's a shilling, I believe."

"It's a guinea," repeated the man; "well, that's the first bit of luck I've had these seven years or more. It never could have come when we wanted it worse. Show it to me, Mary."

"But it's not ours, father," said Mary. "I paid away the last shilling we had for the meal, and here's the change."

"God has sent it to us, girl! He saw our distress, and he sent it to us in His mercy!" said the man, grasping the piece of gold with his thin bony fingers.

"It must be Mr Benjamin's," returned she. "He must have dropped it into the meal tub that stands by the counter."

"How do you know that?" inquired the man, with an impatient tone and a half angry glance.

"How can you tell how it came into the guinea? Perhaps it was lying at the bottom of the basin, or at the bottom of the sauce pan. Most likely it was."

"O no, father," said Mary; "it is long since we saw a guinea."

"A guinea that we knew of; but I've had plenty in my time, and how do you know this is not one we had overlooked?"

"I've wanted a guinea too much to overlook one," answered she. "But never mind, father; eat your meal, and don't think of it: your cheeks are getting quite red with talking so, and you won't be able to sleep when you go to bed."

"I don't expect to sleep," said the man peevishly. "I never do sleep."

"I think you will, after that nice meal!" said Mary, throwing her arms round his neck, and tenderly kissing his cheek.

"And a guinea in it to give it a relish too!" returned the father, with a faint smile and an expression of archness, betokening an inner nature very different from the exterior, which sorrow and poverty had mellowed on it.

His daughter then proposed that he should go to bed; and having assisted him to undress, and arranged her little household matters, she retired behind a tattered, drab-colored curtain which shaded her own mattress, and laid herself down to rest.

The apartment in which this little scene occurred, was on the attic story of a mean house, situated in one of the narrow courts or alleys betwixt the Strand and Drury Lane. The furniture it contained was of the poorest description; the cracked window panes were coated with dust; and the scanty fire in the grate, although the evening was cold enough to make a large one desirable—all combined to testify to the poverty of the inhabitants.

It was a sorry retreat for declining years and sickness, and a sad and cheerless home for the leech and glad hopes of youth; and all the worse, that neither father nor daughter was "to the man or born;" for poor John Glegg had, as he said, had plenty of guineas in his time; and at least, what should have been plenty, had they been wisely husbanded.

But I couldn't do that, father, you know. It wouldn't have been honest to spend other people's money."

"Nonsense!" answered John. "Whose money is it I should like to know? What belongs to no one, we may as well claim as any body else."

"But it must belong to somebody; and as I know it was not ours, I've carried it back to Mr Benjamin."

"You have?" said Glegg, sitting up in bed. "Yes I have, father. Don't be angry. I'm sure you won't when you think better of it."

But John was very angry indeed. He was dreadfully disappointed at losing the delicacies that his sick appetite hungered for, and which he fancied would do more to restore him than all the doctor's stuff in London; and, so far, he was perhaps right.

He bitterly reproached Mary for want of sympathy with his sufferings, and was peevish and cross all day. At night, however, his better nature regained the ascendancy; and when he saw the poor girl wipe the tears from her eyes, as her nimble needle flew through the seams of a shirt she was making for a cheap ware-house in the Strand, his heart softened, and holding out his hand, he drew her fondly towards him.

"You're right, Mary," he said, "and I'm wrong but I'm not myself with this long illness, and I often think if I had good food I should get well, and be able to do something for myself. It falls hard upon you, my girl; and often when I see you slaving to support my useless life, I wish I was dead and out of the way; and then you could do very well yourself, and I think that pretty face of yours would get you a husband, perhaps." And Mary flung her arms about his neck, and told him how willing she was to work for him, and how forlorn she should be without him, and desired she might never hear any more of such wicked wishes.

agreeable both to his love of gain and his benevolence, he summoned his builder, and proposed that he should accompany him over these tenements, in order that they might agree as to what should be done, and calculate the outlay; and the house inhabited by Glegg and his daughter happening to be one of them, the old gentleman, in the natural course of events, found himself paying an unexpected visit to the unconscious subject of his last experiment; for the last was, and so it was likely to remain, though three months had elapsed since he made it: but his ill success had discouraged him. There was something about Mary that so evidently distinguished her from his usual customers, she looked so innocent, so modest, and withal, so pretty, that he thought if he failed with her, he was not likely to succeed with anybody else.

"Who lives in the attic?" he inquired of Mr. Harker, the builder, as they were ascending the stairs.

"There's a widow and her daughter, and an inn-law, with three children, in the back room," answered Mr. Harker. "I believe the women go out charring, and the man's a bricklayer. In the front, there's a man called Glegg and his daughter. I fancy they're people that have been better off at some time of their lives. He has been a tradesman—a cooper, he tells me; but things went badly with him; and since he's come here, his wife died of the fever, and he's been so weakly ever since he had it, that he can earn nothing. His daughter lives by her needle."

Mary was out; she had gone to take some home work, in hopes of getting immediate payment for it. A couple of shillings would purchase them coal and fuel, and they were much in need of both. John was sitting by the scanty fire, with his daughter's shawl over his shoulders, looking wan, wasted and desponding.

"Mr Benjamin, the landlord, Mr. Glegg," said Harker. John knew they owed a little rent, and he was afraid they had come to demand it. "I'm sorry my daughter's out, gentlemen," he said. "Will you be pleased to take a chair?"

"Mr Benjamin is going round his property said Harker. He is proposing to make a few repairs, and do a little painting and whitewashing, to make the rooms more airy and comfortable."

"That will be a good thing, sir," answered Glegg. "A very good thing, sir; for I believe it is the closeness of the place that makes our country folks ill when we come to London. I'm sure I've never had a day's health since I've lived here."

honesty; and the more he had trusted her, the greater was the shock to his confidence. Moreover, his short-sighted views of human nature, and his incapacity for comprehending all its infinite shades and varieties, caused him to extend his ill opinion further than the delinquent merited. In spite of her protestations, he could not believe that this was her first misdeed; but concluded that like many other people in the world, she had only been repented honest, because she had not been found out. Leah soon found herself in the very dilemma she had deprecated, and the apprehension of which had kept her so long practically honest—without a situation and a damaged character.

As Mary understood book-keeping, the duties of her new office were soon learned, and the only evil attending it was, that she could not take care of her father. But determined not to lose her, Mr Benjamin found means to reconcile the difficulty by giving them a room behind the shop, where they lived very comfortably, till Glegg, recovering some portion of health, was able to work a little at his trade.

In process of time, however, as infirmity began to disable Mr Benjamin for the daily walk from his residence to his shop, he left the whole management of the business to the father and daughter, receiving every shilling of the profits, except the moderate salaries he gave them, which were sufficient to furnish them with all the necessities of life. But when the old gentleman died, and his will was opened, it was found that he had left everything he possessed to Mary Glegg; except one guinea, which, without alleging any reason, he bequeathed to Leah Leet.

How Chocolate is Made.

Although chocolate is not a daily necessary like tea and coffee, yet the large quantity consumed entitles it to some notice. Chocolate is made from the beans of theobroma cacao, a small tree of the malva-family, indigenous to tropical America and the West India Islands, which bears a very small flower, two or three in diameter, and a disproportionately six or eight goodly fruit, which is four inches long, and ten inches long. It contains in a reddish-white agreeably tasted pulp, twenty-five to forty kernels or cacao beans, each covered with a skin, with which they are brought into commerce. When the fruit is ripe, the beans are separated from the flesh and heated up in pits or ditches covered with boards, where they are left some days under frequent inspection. A sort of fermentation is thus set up in them which removes a good deal of their bitterness and renders them darker in color; they are subsequently dried in the sun. There are a great many varieties: that from Caracas is the best, and the West India the worst. The beans of cacao have not been thoroughly examined; they are only known to contain a peculiar mild fat, the cacao butter, to the amount of 48 per cent, according to Bousingault, and 55 per cent, according to Lampeius. Both experimenters found a considerable quantity of albumen, a kind of tannic acid, and some starch among the more remarkable ingredients.

In preparing chocolate the cacao beans are roasted in a cylinder similar to those employed for roasting coffee. In this operation the aroma is developed, the bitterness diminished, and the beans rendered fragile. They are broken under a wooden roller, and unground to remove the husk entirely. They may then be reduced to a soft paste in a machine consisting of an annular trough of granite, in which two spheroidal granite mill stones are turned by machinery, with knives attached to return the ingredients under the rubbing surface. An equal weight of sugar is added to the paste, which is finally rendered quite smooth by being ground under horizontal rollers on a plate of iron, heated to about 140 deg. Fah. The preparation of cacao consists in roasting, peeling and grating the peeled beans in a warm rapping apparatus or chocolate machine. The flour of the seeds forms with the liquid fat, a kind of paste which congeals to a solid cake in the moulds.

A witty clergyman had been lecturing one evening in a country village on the subject of Temperance, and as usual, after the lecture the pledge was passed around for signatures.



Portrait of the author, E. O'Meara Goodrich.

When one sees a family of children going to school in clean and well mended clothing, it tells a great deal in favor of their mother; one might wish that those children learn some valuable lessons at home, whatever they may be taught at school.