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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, June 30, 1855.

Original Poetry.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]
MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

I'm thinking of the dear old home,
Upon the mountain's brow;
The dearest spot the earth e'er knew,
Methinks I see it now.
I'm thinking of the waving trees,
That shade the cottage door;
Bright fancy fits on airy wing,
And views them o'er and o'er.
Methinks I feel the zephyr soft
Upon my heated brow;
The pleasant vales and silver streams
Are bright before me now.
The woodland minstrel's carol forth
One happy gush of song;
Soft clouds are floating through the sky,
So peacefully along.

I fancy now a woodland stroll,
Among the forest trees,
Gay wreaths are culled from sylvan groves,
Where sports the summer breeze.
It seems that dearest friends are near,
Within some rural bow;
Kind voices speak in tones of love,
And sweetly glides the hour.
I'm thinking of the morning hour,
When leaty gilds the earth;
And sweetly on the balmy air
Rings out the song of mirth.
Fond memory loves to linger now,
Upon the twilight dim,
And softly echoes on my ear
The holy vesper hymn.

And now a fairy vision floats
Before my eager gaze;
It seems that I am living o'er
The merry bygone days.
I see a loving, household hand,
Within that cottage home,
And there are left the vacant seats,
For those who distant roam.
I'm watching now a Father's form—
The Mother, pale and mild—
And now they pray that Heaven will bless
And guard their absent child.
I gaze upon the welcome smile
Of brothers, warm and true;
And now I feel a sister's love,
Pure as the morning dew.
I know it is but fancy's dream,
It cannot longer stay;
For I have left that happy place,
And home is far away.
The heart is lonely oftentimes,
When evening shades are near;
And when these memories cluster round,
Forgive the falling tear.

But friends have bid me welcome here,
And ever greet me kind;
Affection's tones are ever heard,
To cheer the saddened mind.
I ask for these, my cherished friends,
The gift of heavenly love;
And pray that angels guide us all,
Until we meet above.
Towanda Collegiate Institute.

Miscellaneous.

Lieut. Boyd before Col. Butler.

An Incident of Savage forbearance and Civilized Vindictiveness.

The fearful massacre in Wyoming Valley caused a thrill of horror throughout the country, and a universal cry of vengeance rose on every hand. Government awoke to the necessity of striking a blow which should reach the savages and their more barbarous conjurers, the blood-thirsty Tories, that, if slow to defend, it was powerful to revenge; if weak to prevent, it was strong to punish such inhuman acts. Accordingly an army of five thousand men was assembled, in the fall of 1779, for the purpose of penetrating the Indian country in Western New York, and destroying the nest of vipers at Niagara, the head-quarters whence the Indians drew their supplies, and received their rewards. The expedition was under command of Gen. Sullivan, and embraced, among other corps, a part of Morgan's riflemen. After a severe battle at Conewah, (now Elmira), Sullivan pushed on, destroying everything in his way, until he reached Little Beard's town, where was a deep stream, which required bridging before the army could cross. While waiting here, Lieut. Boyd, of the rifle corps—a young officer of great promise—was sent, with twenty-six men, across the river to reconnoitre. Piloted by a faithful Indian guide, Boyd and his party reached the village, which they found deserted, although it was evident that the Indians had recently been there, as their fires were still burning. Night was approaching when Boyd had completed his reconnoissance, and he concluded to encamp on the ground where he was. In the morning, as the first dawn illumined the east, some of his men were on their feet, and approaching the village, discovered two Indians skulking about. One of these was shot and scalped by a man named Murphy, who could never forego a shot at an Indian, even when he endangered his own life. Suspecting, from the presence of the Indians, that more Indians might be in his neighborhood, and having performed the duty assigned to him, Boyd commenced to retrace his steps. He soon discovered, however, that a large party of the enemy, chiefly Indians, were lying in ambush between him and the army. Seeing that his case was a desperate one, and having no other alternative, he determined to cut his way through, if possible. Forming his men in a solid phalanx, and cheering them by his voice and example, he led them to the attack. The first charge was unsuccessful; and, singular as it may seem, not a man of the party was killed, although they were opposed by some five hundred savage warriors and Tories. The second and third attacks were

THE BROTHERS.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

In 1849 the principal banking institutions of the chance kind in San Francisco, were the "Bella Union," "Verandah," "Mine de Or," "El Dorado," "Parker House," all situated about the Plaza, and each employed a band of music to lessen the tedious hours of that rainy winter and to drown the noise of the jingling gold and silver, and the cursing ejaculations of the gamblers. Many a sad scene has taken place within these saloons, that chilled the blood of the beholders, and is remembered with horror. I was once carelessly sauntering through one of these places. My attention was attracted towards a person who had large piles of gold before him; the starting eye-balls, the swollen veins upon his clenched hands, told of heavy losses; mingled exclamations of horror and contempt would escape him; he seemed unconscious of all else going on around him; his gaze bent upon the cards as if his life's blood was the stake at issue; and in this case his last dollar was put within the dealer's bank, when with the frenzy of a maniac he drew a long dirk knife and plunged it up to the hilt into his own body, and sank a corpse upon the table. A few rude jeers followed the act; the body was removed, and the game went on as though nothing had happened—as though another victim had not been added to the page of the gambler's damning record! or another soul not gone to its final account.

I learned this much of his history: He started with a large stock of goods, given him by his father, to sell on commission, and the father's fortune depended upon a sure return of the money so invested; but, as usual with young men, he indulged in the full liberty of unbridled license, and while the ship stopped at one of the South American ports, he engendered the first seeds of "play;" but for a while after his arrival the excitement of trade, and the energy to accomplish a successful issue, kept his mind busy. One day, by appointment, he was to meet a mercantile friend at this house, and while waiting for his friend, he staked a few dollars on the morning cards, when the latent disease sprang into life, and it carried him headlong over the precipice, and ended in the tragic manner related.

The "Mine de Or" was a gambling saloon, situated on Washington street, and opposite to the "El Dorado," and in 1849 was the principal resort of the disbanded soldiers who had been engaged in the war with Mexico. Behind one of the largest monte-banks in the room, sat a man who had won for himself honorable mention, and an officers' commission was given him for his bravery at the storming of Monterey; but preferring the climate of California and its golden prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the close of the war with Mexico, and upon his arrival he opened a bank for gambling. The emigrants came in by thousands, and a few nights after his arrival a young man entered his saloon and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums upon the cards, until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed. Excited with the play, and maddened by his losses, he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply to the accusation—the lie passed, when the young man struck the dealer a severe blow in the face; as quick as thought the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had shot him through the right breast. The room was soon cleared of the spectators present, the doors closed, and medical attendance called in aid of the wounded man. The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking over the deed just perpetrated, when the wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of his wound. The doctor inquired what State he was from, and the wounded man replied—

"From Vermont."
The gambler raised his head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont being his native State, the mere mention of its name interested him. The doctor next inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any. The wounded man replied—
"Montpelier."
The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs trembled, and his face was as pale as death, for Montpelier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been a playmate in childhood—perhaps a schoolmate—or know his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the table, and with contending emotions of rapid thought, and the weight of the injury he had inflicted, he could scarcely keep on his feet. A stimulant was given the wounded man; and he was momentarily revived from the weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound—when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city he wished sent for.
"Yes," he replied. "My wife—she is at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and Kerney streets. Tell Mary to hasten for I am badly hurt."
A man was sent for his wife.
"Doctor," said the gambler, "save that man's life and there's my bank and \$10,000 in Burgoyne's—you shall have it all."
The doctor felt the pulse of the man, and probed the wound anew. The gambler watched him with the greatest anxiety until his inspection was finished, when the doctor shook his head at its impossibility. The gambler sat down by the side of the wounded man and bathed his head with water, and stanching the flow of blood from the wound until the arrival of his wife; she came accompanied by a few friends, and as a heroic woman bears her misfortunes, she bears hers. Not a word of reproach escaped her—words of cheerfulness only came from her lips as tears coursed down her cheeks. To her inquiry as to the chances of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her that there was no hope; that the wound was mortal, and that in a few hours he would

die. She sank down upon her knees and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God for her dying husband and his murderer. The gambler asked forgiveness of the wounded man for the wrong he had committed, also that of his wife, which was readily granted.

"This," said he, "is for not obeying the sacred injunction of my aged father and mother—not to gamble. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hailstones, and bursting bomb has exploded at my feet; still I have lived—oh, God! and for this! High above the red tide that won for me a name among men—when not one comrade was left to tell the deeds of battle, I escaped unscathed. Why was I not killed like the rest? All that was proud and pleasing to man I have had; and if I could recall this last act by living on carrion, sleeping in a pauper's grave and renouncing every proud act of my life, I would do it. I was born in the same village with that man; we have been classmates from the same aged man; we were born under the same roof, and oh God! the same mother gave us birth! He must not die—he is my brother!"

And the gambler sank in a swoon upon the floor. The wounded man raised himself upon his elbow; his glassy eyes wandered about the table as if in search of some particular person.

"Mary," said he, "is brother William here?—and the words choked in his throat, and he sank back a corpse upon his pillow. The wife knelt again, but it was beside a dead body, and invoked the mercy of God upon his soul, and forgiveness of the murderer. The gambler awoke from his swoon, and staggered up to the wife and said—

"Mary, would it were otherwise, for I have nothing to live for now, the dead and the dying do not want anything in this world, take this certificate of deposit to our aged father, and tell our parents we are both dead—but, oh! do not tell them how we died!"

Before the woman could reply or any one interfere, the report of that pistol sounded again, and the fratricide had ceased to live.

On the hill near Kincon Point were two graves, a few years ago, enclosed with a white picket fence, and one tombstone stood at their head, with the simple inscription—"BROTHERS."

THE JUDGE'S MUSTARD BATH.—Two or three days ago, a young friend, who has recently been spending some time in Georgia, related to us an anecdote which shows how thoroughly scared the people of Georgia were during the prevalence of the yellow fever in Savannah.

It seems that Judge B.—g. of the Supreme Court of the State, was in the upper country at the time, but within twenty hours run, by mail, of the terrible disease. Quite suddenly, late one afternoon, he was seized with a headache, pain in his back, limbs, &c. Having heard that these were salutaries Yellow Jack extended to his victims on approaching them, the Judge, in great consternation, applied to a friend who was "posted," for advice. A hot mustard bath was urgently advised and being prepared, the Judge was soon having himself in the irritating fluid. Presently he felt better, and finding a cake of soap in the vessel of water he began to apply it quite freely upon his person.

After quite pleasant exercise in this way, he looked down for the first time on his body and limbs, and discovered that he was turning black! Oh, horror! His friend was hurriedly sent for, came and declared that the symptoms were intensely expressive of yellow fever.

"But," said the Judge, shivering the while, "I feel no pain; I feel well."
"So much the worse; the absence of pain is a marked symptom!"
Good heavens! ejaculated the judge, "what shall I do?"

"The only hope is in the mustard. Rub away," was all the advice his friend could give. And rub he did, with will. He used the soap to open every possible pore, and after some minutes sent for a candle, (for the twilight was fading) to ascertain his exact cuticular condition. On examination, he was as black as a crow, and the soap, which a careless servant had dropped into the tub, was discovered to be somebody's "Patent Paste Blacking!"

We need only add that the Judge survived.

A BIG STORY.—An old gentleman who had a neighbor rather addicted to telling large stories, after listening one day to several which quite taxed his credulity, boasted that he himself could tell a bigger one still; and proceeded to relate the following—

Said he, one day I was quite at the farther end of my farm, more than half a mile from my house—when at once, I saw a heavy dark cloud rising in the west. Soon I saw the torrents of rain descending at a distance, and rapidly approaching the place where I stood with my wagon and horses. Determined—if possible—to escape the storm, I instantly leaped into my wagon, and started my team towards home. By constant application of the whip to my horse, I barely escaped being overtaken by the rapidly approaching torrent. But so tremendous did it pour down, that my little dog, who was close behind me, actually had to swim all the way!

SENATORIAL FURY.—In the Massachusetts Legislature, last week, a Boston Senator, in reply to a remark made by another member in a spirit of pleasantness, jumped up in a rage and delivered himself as follows: "Mr. President—the Senator has charged me with changing my position. I deny it, sir—it is false! and if he repeats it, I will run it down his throat!"

A DANDY'S SENTIMENTS.—Commercial Gent.—"This war, sir, will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business." Dandy—"Dessay! D'light to hear it—always had the greatest aversion 't' all kinds of business."

The Captain's Bathing Tub.

A cabin-boy of one of the ward-room offices, on board a United States vessel, a good deal given to mischief, one day made his way into the captain's cabin, while they were engaged above in making out a strange sail in the horizon. Here he finds all sorts of luxuries, including wines, of which he drinks enough to raise his courage not only, but to make him somewhat reckless of consequences.

In this state he finds himself in a room adjoining the cabin, a tin bathing-tub in one corner, luxuriously supplied with rare cosmetics, and smelling like a barber's shop of the first class. "Now," he says, "I had tried all the other good things that I found in the cabin; I had drunk the captain's wine, and straightened myself out on his sofa, and swung in his hammock; and thought I wouldn't quit without taking a dip in his bath."

Accordingly he stripped, and was just enjoying the first pleasant feel of the water, when he was interrupted by the messenger-boy, who had been sent into the cabin by the Captain. Fortunately he was not discovered this time, but it made him cautious.

"I must contrive some way to get out with my clothes if anybody came along again. I wasn't long in finding the way. The ports on the side of the forward cabin were open, and thro' them I could easily get out into the mizen-chains, where I could dress myself without being seen. There was a big gun in each port, a cannonade, as they call 'em—short but fat—the biggest kind—you never see such kind of guns, except aboard ships-of-war. I could clamber out alongside one of 'em easy enough though. I was a little fellow then."

He takes his shoes, clothes and hat, sticks them outside of the port where they couldn't be seen; "and then," he says, "I went back to the tub. All this didn't take more than half a minute, for I worked sharp, I can tell you. The only thing I was afraid of was, that the steward would come in and catch me. I didn't care a tinker's copper for the captain. I knew I could get out of the port in less time than would take him to come down the poop-ladder. Big lugs are never in a hurry—it wouldn't look dignified, you know."

Presently, while lying luxuriously in the captain's tub, he hears him coming down the cabin stairs, when he jumped out the receptacle and makes for the port.

"I was fairly outside and safe, as I thought, in the chains, before the captain opened the cabin door. I sat there a minute, drying myself, then was going to begin to dress, when I heard the sound of oars coming round the stern of the ship. I knew by the regular dip in the water, and by the noise of the oars in the rowlocks, that it was a man-o-war's boat, and, of course, it was the first cutter coming alongside, though it seemed to me she had come up mighty quick."

"Here I was in a fix. They would see me from the boat as soon as she pulled round the stern, and I should have hard work to tell what I was doing, stark naked, in the chains. I couldn't get my clothes on quick enough to be ready for company—for I couldn't stand up without considerable risk of being seen from the poop, in case some fellow happened to be looking over the larboard side. I concluded pretty soon what to do. I first looked into the cabin. The captain wasn't in sight, so I jammed my clothes into the muzzle of the gun, and then got in after myself, feet foremost. I told you, you know, that the guns of the kind they call cannonades are short, but have tremendous big bores. They are used in close fighting, and when nothing else comes handy, they load them with a cask of nails, and such sort of things. I showed myself in feet foremost, because I knew that if I rammed my head in first, with my body on top of it for a while, it would be rather close quarters for breathing comfortably. I found it rather a snug berth as it was; I couldn't move an inch after I got in, but I knew I was out of sight at any rate."

"I supposed that after the men had come aboard the boat would be hauled out to the booms, and that then I could get out of the gun. But, instead of that, they had the cutter loaded with something. I don't know what that it took pretty near an hour, it seemed to me, to clear her off. They got a sling on the main-yard, and I could hear the orders given to hook on in the boat, and the boat's mate in the gang-way piping to haul taught and 'hoist away,' and 'avast hoisting,' and 'come up,' over and over again, until it appeared to me they had got a dozen launch-boats over the side. By this time my back began to ache with lying in the bore of that old gun; it didn't exactly fit my shoulders."

I began now to hear talking in the cabin.—"The gun, you know, was all in the cabin except the muzzle of it, that ran out of the port. I couldn't hear so well through the iron though, and it was sometime before I could make out what the talk was about. I could distinguish the captain's voice, and could hear the words 'lock' and 'wafer' pretty often. At last he and the man he was talking with came close up to the very gun I was in, and then I heard him call the gunner by name in talking to him, and I recognized him by his growl. I heard him rubbing the gun off with his hand, and playing with the lock, and two or three times he snapped it; that made me feel a little nervous, for I didn't know what he might have put in it."

He finds out at last what they are talking about. The gunner has been making some percussion wafers that he thinks will never miss fire. He said he would set the charge off without any priming, and he wasn't sure that there would be any need even of pricking the cartridge. The captain tells the gunner to try some of these new wafers on the very gun that the fugitive is in!

"I was just going to sing out," he continues, "when the captain asked the gunner if he was sure the gun wasn't loaded."
"Yes, sir," says he; the charges were all drawn when the ship came in, and these guns in the cabin haven't been loaded since."
"That was not so bad after all. They were only going to try if the wafers would snap—"

so I concluded to be quiet. I didn't quite like the idea, though, for I wasn't quite so well contented with the gunner's trial in the gun as I should have been out of it. I wasn't quite as easy in my mind as I had been an hour before, when I was swinging in the captain's cot. I lay still though, and meant to see it out. I knew there wasn't any shot in the gun, at all events, and I didn't think a blank cartridge would hurt me much, seeing as I had pushed my trousers and frock in before I got in myself. If I had gone in head foremost I should have been a good deal more worried about the matter; but thinks I to myself, "I'll risk my feet!"

"To there I lay, aching all over, from having my shoulders and hips jammed in between the round sides of my berth, and listening to the talk between the captain and the gunner that came in at the touch hole, and then to the noise in the boat that came in at the muzzle. It's not strange that I got every thing mixed up in a heap, in my mind, as to what was going on outside. At last, however, I heard the click of the spring, as the gunner cocked the lock, and the next instant—"

"Well, what then?"
"I was going through the air as if I had been kicked by a forty-horse power! My clothes didn't follow me more than twenty fathoms, but I didn't touch the water till I was a mile and a half from the ship!"

"That he was saved is a matter of course, 'else wherefore breathes he in a Christian land?' to tell this wondrous yarn?"

THE KNICKERBOCKER for May is full to overflowing; as the Editor complains of his lack of room to stow away his choice contributions. As a specimen of the "Gossip" of the number we give the following "good 'un!"

I heard a good story last night, over a glass of good hock, (the wine that "Old Spraker" of the Mohawk Valley, had "queer notions of," if I remember you rightly.)

"I was stopping last summer," said our host, "at Cape May. As usual, I was at Harwood's and of course my wife was with me."

"About two o'clock one morning I was awakened by a rattle tap from my better half. 'For gracious sake!' she whispered, 'if you want to laugh, just listen to that gentleman and his wife hunting a mouse in the next room!'"

"Ee-ee-ee!" I murmured, half awake.
"Now, do just wake up! To-morrow, when I tell the story, you'll be sorry that you wasn't awake to the reality!"

"Thus adjured I woke up in right earnest, too late to hear any of the mouse-hunt but just in time to hear the next room door opened, and a little quavering dandy voice, (which I at once recognized as that of Pringley) call out to some distant night-walker:

"Wait-taw!—wait-taw!—wait-taw!"
(No answer.)
"Po-taw!—po-taw!—po-taw!"
(No answer.)
"Watch-man!—watch-man!—WATCH-MAN!"
"That's me, sir," growled a deep voice.

"Watch-man, come here directly! We're in gwaite twouble! There's a mouse, in this apartment, and it nibbles around in the most distracted manner. I spoke to Mr. Ha'wood about it, and he promised to have the mouse removed, but he hasn't done it. Aw think it reasy unwholesome conduct of Mr. Ha'wood to allow the mouse to remain, after promising that it should be removed. Mrs. Pwinkey is vevy appewensive of mice. Can't you come in and catch the creature?"

"Fraid not, sir. It's too late, and I should be sure to wake up some boarders as nightgait like it."

"How widdiculous! Well, (a long pause,) watch-man, couldn't you just step down to the law-room and get some cleackers and cheese, and catch the animal out into the entry?"

"A brief remark from the watch-man, that the bar was closed, sent Mr. Pringley back into his mouse-hunted dormitory. Fortunately the 'creature' ceased its nibbling, and a dead calm soon reigned over that portion of friend Harwood's "college," known as the "New Building."

TRANSIENT YOUNG MEN.—Girls beware of transient young men; never suffer the addresses of a stranger, recollect that a good steady farmer boy or mechanic is worth all the trash in the world; the attentions of a dandy-jack, with a gold chain about his neck, a walking-stick in his paw, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless skull, can never make up the loss of a kind father's home, a good mother's counsel, and the society of brother and sister's; their affections last, while that of such a young man is lost at the wane of the honey moon. "Tis true."

Editing a newspaper is a good deal like making a fire. Every body supposes he can do it "a little better than any body else." We have seen people doubt their fitness for apple peeling, driving oxen, or counting lath, but in all our experience we never yet met with that individual who did not think he could "double the circulation of any paper, in two months."

Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win; but without a grapple it will never go without you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

Love sees what no eye sees; love hears what no ear hears; and what never rose in the heart of man love prepares for its object.

That sarcastic old genius, Dean Swift, once proposed to tax female beauty and leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid and prove very productive.

To THE GIRLS.—Mrs. Swisshelm says: "The secret that you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret, one that will be likely to bring you to sorrow."