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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, March 12, 1857.

LONGING FOR HOME.

Our Northern hills are cold and bleak,
And chilling is the air,
But dear to me is every peak—

Miscellaneous.

The Crazy Engineer.

My train left Dantzie in the morning generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm.

steam in an instant, and yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage-carriage with the most exact nicety.

In less than an hour we reached Dirsham, where we took up the passengers that had come on the Konigsberg railway.

As soon as all matters had been attended to connected with the new accession of passengers, I went into the guard carriage, and sat down.

"How we go!" uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirsham.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied not yet holding any fear.

"I looked at the window and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before travelled on that road.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour, would launch us all into destruction.

"Kroller! Kroller!" I cried at the top of my voice.

"The crazy engineer started, and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh! how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked.

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Osceola right at hand!" cried one of the guard. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand.

But there was death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles ahead was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula, and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few moments for each minute carried us over a mile

The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demonic shouts of the mad engineer.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the guardsman, "there's not a moment to lose, Schwartz is close by. But hold, he added, let's shoot him."

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and we saw that the mad man had his heavy pistol aimed at us.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine which stood near here was his. He said it was one which he had made to go to moon in, and that it had been stolen from him."

"Well," I replied with a shudder, "I wish that he had approached me in the same way; that he had been more cautious at Dantzie."

At Schwartz I found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail, for the next northern train to take along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

The rest of the trip we ran in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway.

A STREET INCIDENT.—A full-rigged maid of fashion, with hoops all boldly set, moved up the sidewalk gaily, observed of all she met.

Poor Richard's Views of Time.—If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time is never found again; and what we call time is never found again.

WHAT HE WANTED.—"Fellow citizens!" said a stump orator, "we have the best country in the world, and the best government."

Yes sir-ree!" sang out a red-faced loafer, "this is dy work. I want a suck out of that flask sticking out of your coat pocket behind."

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF JAS. BUCHANAN.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I appear before you this day to take the solemn oath that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

We have recently passed through a Presidential contest in which the passions of our fellow-citizens were excited to the highest degree by questions of deep and vital importance; but when the people proclaimed their will, the tempest at once subsided, and all was calm.

This is not the end; Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that he was sound again—his insanity was all gone.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that it shall be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer.

It may be right that, on this occasion, I should make some brief remarks as to our rights and duties as a member of the great Family of Nations.

"Whose skeleton is that?" asked the countryman pointing to the larger.

"That is Shakspeare's," said the stranger. "And whose is that?" continued the countryman, pointing to the smaller.