

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 33.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, January 21, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

CAN I FORGET THEE

Forget thee! 'tis no easy task
To bid this heart of mine,
Give up its first wild dream of love,
So holy and divine;
Forget thee! bid the flowers forget
To blossom in the spring,
To bid the bird beside its nest
Forget its song to sing.
Go bid the stars forget to shine
In God's own blue above,
As well as bid this heart of mine
Give up its dream of love;
Can I forget that I have lived
In this cold world below?
Can I forget that happiness
No mortal e'er can know?
When the gentle moon forgets to shine
The sun to rise and set,
I'll teach this aching heart of mine
The image to forget;
I strove in vain to keep my heart
From loving thee too well;
How vainly I have striven,
Let a life of sorrow tell.
Oh, may no sorrow ever rest
On thy calm and peaceful brow,
And may thy heart forever be
As free from care as now,
May God in mercy guard thee,
With his never ceasing love,
And lead thee from this sinful world,
To thy "sweet home" above.

Miscellaneous.

MY HOST—A HIGHWAY ADVENTURE.

My business called me through the northern part of the State of Illinois. I crossed the Illinois river at Ottawa, intending to strike Rock River at Foster's Mills. Foster was an old friend who had gone out some years before, and erected a mill upon one of the tributaries of the last mentioned river, he having bought a whole township in that section. It was some out of my way, as my most direct route was very near due west from Ottawa, whereas this route took me over sixty miles farther north. However, I had learned that there was quite a good road to Rock River, and I turned my horse's head in that direction. I regulated my time, and concluded that by moderate travelling I could reach the mill in two days.

During the first day my road lay through a country mostly cleared, and was well travelled; but on the second day I struck into a wilder region, and the way was little better than a bridge path through a dense forest. I passed several clearings, where small huts were nestled, and at one of these latter I stopped and got some dinner. I found a young man in charge of the premises, the father having gone to "the mills." I asked what mills they meant, and the old lady said they were "Foster's Mills."

From these people I learned that Foster's place was forty miles distant, and that the only dwelling, after leaving two near by, between them and there was a sort of stopping place kept by a man named Daniel Groome. They said he generally kept food for man and beast, and also had a good supply of liquor, principally whiskey. His house was twelve miles to the west.

This suited me. I could reach Groome's at six o'clock, and there get some supper, and get out by noon. Then I could easily reach Foster's by nine, as the moon was well in its second quarter.

The good people refused to take anything for my dinner, but I bestowed half a dollar upon a sixteen-headed archer who was trotting along upon his bare feet, and then set forth again. There was another hut at the distance of half a mile, and a second about a mile off. I saw no more human habitations until I reached Groome's. I found the travelling all as good as I had expected, and arrived at the forest inn at just half-past five.

The inn was situated upon a romantic spot, and to a lover of isolated nature must have been a charming retreat. The house was built upon a steep surface of some sort of fine sandstone, and the roof was of pitch. There were three separate buildings to this house, the principal one being built with the gable end to the road, and the other two upon either side, running like two L's. Then there was a barn a short distance off, with a pigsty connected. Take it altogether, and it was quite a place for such a locality. A small stream ran close to the house, and the water was plentiful.

As I rode up to the door, Mr. Groome came out. He was a tall gaunt man with fiery eyes, and a face as coarse as it was ugly. I was surprised when I heard his voice. He had expected a tone like the bellow of a bull; but instead of that his notes fell upon my ears like the speech of a woman. He looked as he spoke, and I thought to myself how his appearance would deceive any one. He informed me that I was on my way to Foster's mill, and could only stop long enough to get my horse and get some supper. He pointed into my face for some moments without speaking, and finally said:

"Ah—yes—hump."

When he turned into an strapping and called "like," I was taken—a tall, angry youth of some two and twenty—with a red head and features such as could belong to no one but a child of my host. "The" took my horse, and Mr. Groome led the way to the "sitting room," as he called it. It was rough but comfortable, and the furniture consisted of a pine table, a mahogany bureau, and four long pine benches which were set against the walls. There were no chairs; these benches being arranged to accommodate quite an assemblage

not so sure as the other. I took out the other and was sure the weapons had been changed by the other hands than mine. They had remained in the saddle at the forest inn. I began to think. Why was Mr. Groome so particular to know if my friend expected me?—And then why should he have been so anxious to have me set forward that night, instead of remaining with him, and paying him a dollar or so more than I did? Then, this road—I believed I had been deceived. There was no freshets to carry away any bridges for it was now nearly Autumn, and the river road had been traveled all summer. And then, the saddle I had seen "like" carrying to the barn—There was surely mischief in all this. Daniel Groome had daughters at his house, and, perhaps others, whom he would have to hear the noise of the robbery. Or very likely he would not wish to have such a deed connected with his house at all. Of course he knew I had money. No one would be travelling, as I was then travelling, without a considerable sum.

If my pistols had been taken out, might they not have been further dealt with? I took one from the right holster and examined it. The ball was in the right place, and cap on. Still I was not satisfied. I slipped the cap off, and found the percussion composition removed. There was not a particle left within the cap. And this was not all I found the tube spiked with a little pine stick!

Here was the secret sure enough. I took my penknife and succeeded in drawing out the stick, and then I examined the other pistol, which I found to be in the same plight. I stopped and went to work in earnest. I had an excellent screw for removing bullets, and my pistol barrels were emptied in a very few moments. I had serious objection to firing them off in the woods, where the report might betray the knowledge I had gained. So I emptied them, and then snapped a cap upon each. I found them both clear, and then proceeded to load them, which I did carefully.

And now, how should I proceed? That this road would lead me to Foster's Mills, I had no doubt; and it would be nearer for me to keep on than to turn back. So upon that point my mind was made up.

And next—whom would my host come? For that he meant to rob me I felt certain. Every circumstance—everything that transpired between him and me—pointing to the one simple result. Would he go down the river road, and head me off? or would he follow me directly up? Most likely the former. I considered it awhile, and then resolved to push on and keep on my guard.

The sun went down, and it grew dark in the deep wood, but the moon was already up, and as her beams fell lengthwise upon the road, she gave me considerable light when my eyes had become used to the transition. Half an hour had passed since I looked at my pistols, and just as I began to wonder if I had been mistaken, I heard the sound of a horse's tramp at a distance. At first it puzzled me to tell the direction from which it came, but in a moment I knew it was in advance of me, and upon my right hand which was toward the river. Presently it stopped. I drew my horse to the left side of the path and kept on a gentle trot, having raised the lappet of my right holster.

In a few moments I saw a dark form amid the bushes, a little way ahead, on the right.—As it came up a man rode out. It was my host!

"Good evening, sir," he said, with exceeding politeness.

"Ah, good evening," I returned. "I had not expected the pleasure of your company."

"No, I expect not," he resumed, in a sort of hesitating manner. "And I shouldn't have come out, only for a little business I forgot when you were at the inn."

It was plain as day. My pistols had been rendered useless—I had been sent off into this unfrequented wood, and now the villain had thought to take my life and my money without any risk to his own body, and then hide my poor carcass in the earth, where, very likely, others had been hidden before. My eyes were open, and my hand ready.

"May I to what business you allude?" I said.

"Yes," he snapped out, something in agreement with his features. "I money, money, sir."

As he spoke, he raised his pistol.

"Take it," I cried, raising my pistol, and pointing it in his face.

"Ha, ha, ha," he laughed in coarse triumph, "your Yankee pistols won't make too harm such as me! I'll soon put you where I've put others afore."

When a man knows death is staring him in the face, and that only his act will avert it, he is not apt to wait long. At least I am not, and my host's last words gave me ample proof of the correctness of my suspicions.—Without waiting for him to finish, I fired.—His fingers must have pressed the trigger of his pistol, for within the space of a watch tick, a sharp report answered, and mingled mine, and my hat shook upon my head.

Daniel Groome swayed to and fro several times in his saddle, and then with a gurgling groan sank upon the earth. I slipped down after him, and when I stooped over the body I saw a few drops of dark blood trickling from his forehead.

For a few moments I felt awe-struck and condemned. It was a natural feeling in such a presence. But when I came to reflect upon all that had preceded the deed, I felt that I had done my country a service. I made the robber's horse fast to a tree, and then remounted and rode on.

I reached the mills about half-past nine, and I found Foster and his family up. They were glad to see me, and introduced me to a Mr. Price, whom I afterwards found to be the owner of the place where I had taken my dinner.

On the following morning a party started out under my guidance. There were Foster and Price, and three men who work in the mills. When we reached the spot where the tragedy had happened, we found the horse as

I had left him, and my host lay upon the ground stiff and cold. He had not bled at all, the ball having made but a small wound, though it had passed clear through.

A little way within the wood, we found a place where the ground seemed at some time to have been disturbed, and upon digging there we found two human bodies. Subsequently one more was found only a few rods distant.

The body of Groome was taken up to his house, and we found the dead body. He had probably been out and found his dead father, and fearing that he might be implicated, he departed.

Mrs. Groome was a mild, broken down woman, acknowledged that she had long been aware of her husband's crimes, but that the fear of death had kept her silent.

Ike, I believe, has not yet been found, but his mother is still living in Illinois with a married daughter, who is well off. She has grown more strong and happy since on which I had the highway adventure with my host.

INFLUENCE OF A NEWSPAPER.—A school teacher who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper on the minds of a family of children, writes to the Ogdensburg Sentinel as follows:

"I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are:

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.
2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.
3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the most important places, nations, their governments and doings on the globe.
4. They are better grammarians, for having become familiar with every variety in newspaper, from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

EMPLOYMENT AND OPPORTUNITY.—I would have every boy and girl in the whole country taught to make their own living at some useful employment; to mark out for themselves a sphere of action and then fill that sphere; to be useful in some honorable pursuit. I would not put the boys to trades and professions to make them great and good, and fold up the girl's hands, and lay them away in a drawer or shut them up in a parlor. I would not make the boys self-reliant and vigorous by generous employment, and the girls weak, puny, and dependent by idleness or folly. I would not give the boys opportunities to develop their powers and become noble men, and deprive the girls of all these glorious privileges. I would not open thousand avenues to distinction, wealth, and worth to the boys, and comparatively none to the girls. I would not send the boys out into the field of life, bravely to earn their living, and grow strong in doing it, and the girls out to beg their living out of the boys, and grow weak and worthless in their dependent beggary. I like the girls too well to have them thus maltreated. I would give them just as good a chance as the boys have. They should not be degraded with half-pay, and only two or three ways of getting a living, just because they were made to be women.

"NOBODY BUT A PRINTER."—Such was the sneering remark of a person, residing not a thousand miles from the door of our sanctum, in referring to the profession we follow with pride. "Nobody but a printer," in sooth! It makes our blood run rampant through our veins to hear such expressions fall from the lips of those nursed on republican soil. "Nobody but a printer," anyhow! What was Benjamin Franklin? "Nobody but a printer." What was Earl Stanhope? "Nobody but a printer." What were Governor Bigler, of Pennsylvania, Governor Bigler of California, and Governor Floyd of Virginia? "Nobody but printers." Geo. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, Joseph Gales, Samuel Richardson, Jas. Harper, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Robert Sears, Charles Dickens, M. Tiers, Douglass Gerrald, Geo. D. Prentice, Hon. John A. Bingham, Col. John W. Forney, Senators Dix, Cameron and Niles? "Nobody but printers." And last though not least, what was BUCHANAN, who occupies the most enviable position on earth? "Nobody but a printer." One thing is evident; every person that chooses can't be a printer. Brains are necessary.

SCIENTIFIC BREVITIES.—Light moves at the rate of about 192,500 miles per second. A ray of light moves generally in a straight, single line, from some luminous point; a beam of light is an assemblage of rays. The nature or essence of light, is unknown.

In 1861 the transit of Venus takes place.—By the transit of Venus is meant what is generally understood by an eclipse. The planet Venus will generally pass between the earth and the sun, during the day, and the darkness caused by it will make lights necessarily in the houses. The transit happens only once in a century.

There are fifty-five known elements, or ponderable substances, forty-two of which are metals, and thirteen non-metallic. The elements by uniting, form compounds, of which the material generally consists. Most of the elements are usually solid; but it is believed by philosophers generally, that by intense heat, all the solids might be converted into liquids, and these into gases; and by pressure and abstraction of heat, gases and liquids might be solidified.

Kelpler says that the globe has vital powers, and that its elementary atoms possess instincts and will.

Gold and silver are the only perfect metals known; they are called perfect, because they lose nothing from the heat of the fire. Imperfect metals are those which decrease by the heat of fire, and are easily corroded by acids; as quicksilver, lead, copper, &c.

JUST ABOUT RIGHT.—Some forty years ago, when a man's respectability depended much on taking a newspaper, a certain shrewd old fellow was one morning enjoying the luxury of perusing his paper (although he labored under the great disadvantage of not knowing a single letter of the alphabet,) when a more knowing neighbor of his happened in—perhaps, to borrow his paper—observing to him that he had his paper wrong end up. The old gentleman drawing himself up in all the affronted dignity, exclaimed:—"I would have you to know, sir, that if I take a paper and pay for it, I have a right to read it which end I please."

EVERY WORD TRUE.—It is a great and prevalent error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of company and temptations for several years, and then it will be time enough to break them in. This mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves and drunkards. No man would deal so with his graven or lot; no man would raise a colt or puppy on such a principle. Take notice, parents—unless you till the new soil and throw in the good seed, the devil will have a crop of weeds before you know what is taking place. Look at your dear children, and think whether you will leave their safety or ruin at hazard, or whether you shall not train them up in the way they should go.

MEMORY OF A MAGPIE.—A lady who caught her magpie stealing her pickled walnuts, threw a basin of hot grease over the poor bird, exclaiming:—"Oh, you thief, you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you?"

Poor magpie was dreadfully burned, his feathers came off, leaving his head entirely bare. He lost all spirits and spoke not a word for more than a year, when a gentleman called at the house, who on taking off his hat, exhibited a very bald head. The magpie appeared evidently struck with the circumstance. Hopping upon the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed, in the ear of his astonished visitor:

"Oh, you thief! you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you?"

"I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE."—This, if you rightly remember, is the inscription on a sun dial in Italy. It intimates a beautiful lesson which many are prone to disregard. It would teach us to remember the bright days of life, and not to forget the blessings God is giving us. Life, it is true, is not all bright and beautiful. But still it has its lights as well as shades, and it is neither wise nor graceful to dwell too much upon the darker portions of the picture. He who looks upon the bright side of life, and makes the best of every thing, will, we think, other things being equal, be a better, happier man, than those who, as Franklin says, are always looking at the ugly leg, and find occasion for complaint and censure in almost everything they meet with.

An old lady, a professor of the wash-woman's art, had managed to scrape together sufficient means to build a small house and barn in the county. One afternoon, soon after she was comfortably established in her new home, a black cloud was seen in the west, and before many minutes, a tornado swept through her small property, scattering the timbers of her little barn in all directions.—Coming out of her kitchen, and seeing the devastation the storm had made, the old lady at first could not find words to express her indignation, but at last exclaimed:—"Well, here's a pretty business! No matter, though I'll pay you for this—I'll wash on Sunday!"

MODERATION.—Why this insatiable craving for riches? Does a man drink more when he drinks from a large glass? From whence comes that universal dread of mediocrity, the fruitful mother of peace and liberty? Ah! there is the evil which, above every other, it should be the aim of both public and private education to anticipate! If that we got rid of, that treasured would be spared, what baseness avoided, what chain of excess and crime would be forever broken! We award the palm to charity, and to self-sacrifice; but above all, let us award it to moderation, for it is the great social virtue. Etern when it does not create the others, it stands instead of them.—*Evil's Secretive.*

The best way for a man to reap advantages in love matters, is to turn his hand to the cultivation of his own property.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.—The following rules are recommended for their excellence, brevity, and practical utility. Let every parent and guardian read, ponder and inwardly digest:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a little child to do something show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance, or ill temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is more effectual, than the threatening of a greater punishment, should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow tale bearing.
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, of an angry and resentful spirit.

If these rules were reduced to practice—daily practice—by parents and guardians, how much misery would be prevented, how largely would the happiness of a thousand domestic circles be augmented! It is lamentable to see how extensive is parental neglect, and to witness the bad and dreadful consequences in the ruin of thousands.

READING ALOUD.—There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or lady in a hundred can read so to please the ear and send the words with gentle force to the heart, and understanding. Indistinct utterance, whines, drones, nasal twangs guttural notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are most universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday-School gives the style, in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading, is by far the more valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if a thing is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another chokes, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way in which he said Watts' hymns when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad-wheel wagon; and another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listened to.

"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with bird's nests adorned, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmetts—with humming bees and glass-beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good to God himself."

Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts of learning, obstructs the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us to contempt. The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, we are entangled in our course.

"You mustn't say your prayers to-night," said a mother to her little girl of four years, who had been somewhat refractory for a time previous to putting her to bed. "Well," said the tiny sinner, "if when I die and go to heaven, God asks me why I didn't say my prayers to-night, I shall tell him you wouldn't let me."

Like the generality of kings and conquerors, Frederic the Great had a most philosophic indifference to death—in others. In one of his battles a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, hawling out, "Why do you run away, you old blackguards. Do you want to live forever?"

IN THAT LINE.—"Mr. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts. Do you mean by that, that you are a sculptor?"

"Oh, sir, I don't sculpt myself, but I furnish coats to a man that does."

CHINESE WALL.—It has been said by a man of learning, that if all the bricks, stones and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, there would not be enough to build the great wall of China.

Heaped round with old-fangled dogmas and superstitious, the world has been lost, for many ages, to look upon death as something truly horrible; forgetting (or rather not knowing) that it is a wise and beautiful law of nature to convey us to a more exalted and true life.