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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

THE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, March 18, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

THE OUTWARD BOUND.

As we dream of the mariner's grave,
How little we think of the wind and the wave,

Selected Tale.

THE SMUGGLER'S REVENGE.

A SEASIDE YARN.

Let me tell a while into a graybeard's story,
A tale that is true—the truth were worse.

a strong nerve, a reckless heart and an iron hand, then Jack Brown was truly "Jack at a pinch." Little wonder then, that with two such men banded together in one cause, the Petrel soon became famous for successful cruises and hair-breadth escapes—or that her crew, who were all bound together in a kind of partnership, soon were in a good way to realize a handsome livelihood by their nefarious practices in spite of the revenue.

abroad. The smugglers on the beach regained their vigor and awaited the safe advent of the rest to cheer off. But it was too late.—George Gilbert, with four or five men, was running to the scene of action, the smugglers on the high-ground were intercepted, and after a short conflict were worsted, and by Brown's order retired, leaving one of their number shot through the body on the grass, and Brown himself a prisoner, though not before he had sent a bullet through the hat of one and the leg of another of his assailants.

course of life, when a tap came at the door, it was opened, and in walked Gilbert and two of his followers. The poor mother saw all at a glance. Rushing to the side window, she threw it up, and screaming "Fly dearest Harry—fly!" endeavored to impede the further advance of the officers. The effort was useless, in a moment they had dragged him from the window, and had led him away a prisoner to the door where he stood breathless with impotent rage at the astonishment at the suddenness of his capture. Poor Mrs. Brown rushed to the door, and then stood wringing her hands in all the helplessness of despair, till she saw the men preparing to march Henry off, when she said:

where he and his rollicking companions of "lang syne" had spent many a jovial hour, and while silently smoking his pipe, and listening to the conversation of a few sailors who were spending their evening there, he heard the following conversation:

I clearly might; firstly, because the shot would bring your men upon me, and secondly, because—"
" You surely would not murder me unarm-ed," said Gilbert, with a cold sweat breaking out at every pore.