

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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

THE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

TOWANDA :

Thursday Morning, May 27, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL. Scatter the germs of the beautiful! Scatter the germs of the beautiful!

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Miscellaneous.

Change Working in and Upon us.

The following fine passage, from the pen of Dr. George Wilson, is a part of an article...

BE-YE-AND-BYE.—"Procrastination is the thief of time," and of everything else that is good...

life its mariners deal in all vital wares. As fast as the blacksmith waxes his muscles by each blow, they barter against the spent courage of his arm, new flesh-particles to make it strong as before; they restore to its integrity the exhausted auditory nerve of the musician, give the painter a new retina, and the singer a new tongue.

BILLY DOBBS.—A HUMOROUS SKETCH.—Some folks are born with the devil in 'em, and you can't drive it out either; you might as well try to make a pair of patent leather boots out of a piece of corncob beef, or crowd a soda fountain through the touch hole of a cannon.

BYE-AND-BYE.—"Procrastination is the thief of time," and of everything else that is good. Some fifty years ago, one Jones came into this world, and he was a smart, bright baby, and did, as other babies did, we presume.

Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania.

In preparing biographical sketches of prominent statesmen in the thirty-fifth Congress, we are constantly reminded of the advantages which a Republic confers upon energetic and gifted men, who, born in comparative obscurity, might, under other forms of government, never rise above the daily strife for daily bread, and, accomplishing no grander purpose than wrestling by fierce struggle a bare subsistence for themselves and families, would pass on into the silence of nameless obscurity.

Among those who in elevating themselves have illustrated the true worth of our institutions, we must award a very high place to the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, whose likeness our artist has so admirably presented herewith.—Mr. Grow was born in Ashford, Windham County, Connecticut, on the 31st of August, 1823.

When Mr. Grow was eleven years of age, his mother found that her industry and enterprise had enabled her to save a sufficient sum to defray the expense of removal to the West, and for the sake of her children she determined to make that great sacrifice.

ating in 1844. As soon as his collegiate course was completed, he commenced his political life by "stumping" for Polk and Dallas. When the election was over he entered the law office of F. B. Streeter, Esq., late Solicitor to the Treasury, and was admitted to the bar in the autumn of 1847.

THE BOOMERANG.—Professor Lovering of Harvard University, read, on Thursday, a paper before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, upon the boomerang, an Australian weapon, from thirty to forty inches in length and two and a half to three inches in width, tapering gradually from the handle to the point, and in shape resembling somewhat a sickle.

BOTH SIDES.—In the old time, in Philadelphia, the disciples in the faith of William Penn invariably wore the single breasted drab or buff-colored coat, and were strict in their notion of having the buttons thereof on the left side of the coat.

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.—Interesting Revelations. LIETUT. MARRY has just sent a report to the Secretary of the Navy concerning the submarine explorations made by the North Pacific Exploring Expedition under the command of Lieut. Rodgers, and from this valuable document we take the following interesting extract:—"Deep sea soundings, with specimens of the bottom, have also been returned to this office from that expedition.

WAGGONRY.—Some time ago, on the Sabbath day, we went our way to one of our churches and instead of a sermon, heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded, two brethren were sent round with a basket for contributions.

Sketch of Luther, by Carlyle.—A coarse, rugged plebeian face it was, with great craggy cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite.

Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember, that they need good heads up yonder too. So preach, man, preach, and then live or die as it happens."

Headley tells a story of old Dr. Richards, of Auburn, in Dr. Sprague's Annals of the Pulpit, just issued. The reverend Doctor went off on a journey, and left his son James under the care of one of the theological students, who was to hear him recite daily.—One day, at the usual time of recitation, James was seen playing in the garden, and when called to his lesson refused to come, and as the student went to fetch him, took to his heels and ran.

THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME.—Down east, there resides a certain M. D. One very cold night he was roused from his slumber by a very loud knocking at the door.

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THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME.—Down east, there resides a certain M. D. One very cold night he was roused from his slumber by a very loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation, he went to the window and asked:—"Who is there?"

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