

Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY,

Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. PORTER.

(BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.)

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 21, 1844.

NO. 10.

The Antique Mirror.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

It was a cool breezy morning in the month of May, when a number of us repaired to a well known auction room, in the city of Philadelphia, where being among the friends of the late Mr. W. S. Nichols, we had leisure to survey the extensive and well filled apartment. The room was of every description, to wit: with every quality and quantity of furniture, lay piled and crowded together, and every now and then we caught a glimpse of pale, anxious-looking faces peering from behind a little curtained door, that hung before a demitasse at the farther end of the room. As we were engaged in looking over this heterogeneous collection, moving in and out of the room, my attention was attracted to another, my attention suddenly caught by a very bright and polished old mirror, that one of the number had dragged to light from an old-fashioned chest of drawers. The antique frame was of curious elaborately carved ebony, which, in places, was very much worn and cracked. But the plate was like burnished steel; not a cloud, not a speck, and its peculiar lustre; even the articles around, seemed to slide off its clear and spotless surface. As we stood in a group around this relic of time, the auctioneer entered by the red-curtained door; a motion of his hand brought him quickly to our side. In answer to my eager inquiries as to the object of our interest was for sale, he said, "it would make me the owner without exposing me to the chances of the glass, by what accident it might be broken in this portion of the world. But an impatient movement of his hand, and he came forward to the part of his auditors forcing him to sell the purchase was concluded the instant. Thus to my infinite gratification, I became the possessor of the antique mirror.

I was detained in another part of the room, did not return home until late in the evening, when, going immediately to my chamber, my eyes were greeted by old friend of the morning, some personage had suspended over my dressing table. Feeling heated and tired by my day's ramble, I flung myself aside for the admission of the fresh evening breeze, and seated myself by the window, without rings, lights, as was my wont, preferring the clear, yet uncertain beams of the moon to the sickly glare of the gas. Minute after minute glided by, till I sat there. One by one, the lights which gleamed from the neighbouring casements, flickered, and went out; fewer, and still farther away, came the dim sound of foot-steps upon the ear; finally, the rumbling of carriage wheels ceased altogether, and the great heart of the city, was still. I looked down the long and empty street; the light of the moon fell in showers on the pavement, afforded a brilliant light, and a form met my view, or sound reached my ear. All was still and silent as the grave, the pulseless grave. It was, thought I, that all the vast population that usually throng this busy city are gathered to repose, perchance, some night-watcher, myself, or fevered, restless mortal, my step is upon the brink of eternity, whose eye has already pierced the mysteries of that "undiscovered country," yet trammelled still by some of the earth.

Again, I thought what a power has the vengeful night; how she gathers together the things which haunt our uneasy sleep, to set them in skeleton array before us; the innocent, the guilty, the best, the lowest, the meanest, they have all felt this influence, and all spirits have bowed beneath the spell of the night. I looked toward the mirror; I saw my hands before my eyes, for I was weary, and watching had made me giddy, or that my sight deceived me; but no! slowly, yet steadily,

the old frame grew and expanded, while the plate seemed to swell and dilate in the same manner, until it covered one side of the apartment. I sat almost breathless, regarding this singular object with a fixed earnest gaze; suddenly it paused, and for a moment, the moonbeams glittered and danced upon the polished surface like a troop of silver spirits, then glided softly toward the frame, where they rested, flinging a pale, golden light distinctly around. I stood motionless, for, in the centre of the plate but seemingly far in the background, there slowly towered an ancient castle, with battlements and turrets, moat and drawbridge, all of which, faint in the outline at first, gradually assumed a firm and tangible shape. Soft green lawns spread out in front, and thick forests reared them at the side. A little village nestled in the vale beneath the castle, just near enough to form a portion of the landscape, while at a little distance stood the ivy-grown church, with its tall, slender spire, its pleasant yard, dotted with green mound and lofty monument, where the humble and proud were sleeping together.

Fairly and plainly the picture spread itself to view. I saw the drawbridge lowered, and a gay and gallant party upon steeds of gentle blood rode forth; there were ladies and cavaliers, hound and hawk, and the time was morning, for the sunbeams were gliding the noble old forests, and as the party rode gallantly by, I thought I saw the dew-drops sparkle upon their coursers' hoofs, as they crushed the tender grass beneath their heavy tread.

They had all come forth, as I thought, when suddenly from the gate-way two riders issued. The one was a fair and gentle maiden—the other, by his mein and lineament, her sire, and apparently the owner of this stately domain, for he hastily gave some directions to the crowd of attendants who stood in the castle yard. I could hear no words or sounds of any kind, but the looks and manner explained all. On, on they sped, and were soon lost to my sight in the windings of the forest. Yet still I gazed, and presently there crept from out the shadow of the bridge, with light and stealthy form a girl. Her eye was black, fierce and reckless, while her dress and face betrayed her origin at once, for the red gypsy mantle hung gracefully from her shoulder, and her cheek had browned beneath warmer skies than those which glowed above her then. Gliding and springing along from shadow to shadow, she gained a narrow bridge-path which led to the village, and there, under a white blooming thorn, she sat down. Not long did she remain alone; a young horseman retraced his steps, sprung from his steed, threw his bridle over its neck, and hurriedly entered the little path where the young gypsy reposed. She sat apparently abstracted, feigning ignorance of his approach, until he laid his hand upon her shoulder—then, with a quick, joyous motion, she sprung suddenly into his arms, and leaned her head upon his bosom.

The cavalier looked earnestly around, as if to mark if they were observed, then, putting her from him, he seemed to pour forth words in a rapid manner. I could not conjecture, from the violent gesture and gleaming eye of the girl, that, whatever he might be saying, it was displeasing to her. He pointed frequently toward the castle, and, at length, at what I conceived to be an impatient demand on her part, he drew from his richly embroidered vest a miniature—the miniature of the lovely maiden I had seen ride forth but a little while before. Eagerly did she snatch and fix her gaze upon it—then, with a contemptuous smile, she gathered her mantle around her, and fled toward the village. The young nobleman—for such he evidently was—stood looking after her a few minutes, then mounted his steed and rode quickly away.

A faint mist now fell upon the mirror; the moonbeams waved and flickered over its surface with a pale, restless light, then returned to their station on the frame, whilst the mist parted like a rent veil, and again the picture was there. Then again a party rode forth, but the hounds and the hawks were no longer there; yet there was a fair and happy bride, with a merry bridegroom; the white robes and veils of the blushing bridemaids floated out lightly on the breeze. I even fancied I heard their low, silvery laugh, as the bride-men, with hands upon their bridle-reins, whispered some gay jests silly in their ears. Merrily they sped along to the village church. I saw the old sexton toiling at the belfry-rope, though not a sound smote my ear. Slowly, and

with solemn tread, they walked up the narrow aisle. The white-surplised priest laid his hand upon the young couple as they knelt before him, and his quivering lips moved in prayer. Then the young wife rose up and fell sobbing into the arms of her sire, while the happy bridegroom proudly received the congratulations of those around. They turned and rode back to the castle, but not before a light form stole out from the chancel and cast one look at the bride. I saw each gothic window of that old castle blaze with light; the bonfires gleamed widely on every little hill and knoll between it and the village, while softly the pale moon looked down upon that scene of joyance, filling every nook and corner of the wide domain with her radiant sheen, and shining full upon the form of the young gypsy girl, as she stood, with folded arms, beneath the white blossoming thorn.

The mist swept across the mirror for an instant, shrouding it from my gaze, and when I looked again there was hurrying to and fro in the castle. Men came out, and speedily mounting, rode away, while pacing the lofty hall with quick, irregular steps, was the young nobleman whom I beheld first by the gypsy's side, then at the altar with the beautiful maiden. He paused and seemed to listen—a side door opened, a woman entered, and placed in his arms a young infant. I saw the flush upon his brow, and marked the big, bright tear of joy that fell upon the infant's robe, as he bent to caress his child and heir. He was a father, and that one thought seemed to take possession of his soul. He looked proudly on the little creature that lay in his arms, and then, with a questioning glance, returned it to the woman beside him. Her hood was drawn over her face, and she held a kerchief to her eyes. While she answered him, his brow paled, and his lips quivered. What could it mean? Was the lovely lady dying? It was even so!

Again the drawbridge lowered, and a party swept on to the village church. I saw the nodding plumes, and the velvet pall which covered her from view. I knew there were wails and moanings, though I heard them not; for the old sexton, who rung the bell at her bridal, and but yesterday sounded a merry peal at the birth of her child, paused, as he slowly tolled, to dash the big tear from his eye. They laid her in the cold and gloomy vault of her ancestors, one little year from her bridal. I knew it was but a year, for the field flowers then sprung up in their fairy haunts, and the fresh budding trees swayed to and fro with the spring's gentle breezes, and the thorn tree was hung with its snowy blossoms. I looked toward it now; beneath its spreading branches, pausing to arrange its covering, was the woman who had announced the birth and death to the lord of those wide lands, with the infant heir in her arms. The hood had fallen back, and there was the brown cheek, and malignant eye of the gypsy girl. She rested but a moment, and then fled toward the thickest part of the forest.

The funeral train returned, then search was made for the missing child, while the father rushed wildly from room to room, calling upon her who was lost to him forever. No traces could be found of either woman or child. I turned in dismay from the saddening scene, for that young father's head was whitened in a night. Then the castle passed into other hands. The old furniture was exposed; for sale, to make room for that of more modern fashion. Among the former was a mirror, whose fashion and whose face bore a striking resemblance to the one in my possession. Not desiring to know its future history, I was turning away, when I saw the old forest trees begin to wither, the leaves fell rustling to the ground, and beneath an aged oak rose a little mound. It was the grave of the lost heir, for its mother's miniature lay by its side. One little violet which had bloomed there in the spring, lay dead upon the gentle slope. The babe had died for want of nourishment perhaps a victim to the gypsy girl's revenge.

Slowly the mirror resumed its natural dimensions, and the white moonbeams danced more brightly and gaily than ever; as I leaned against the table, in doing which I jarred my new purchase, it, not being properly secured, fell to the floor, crashed to a thousand atoms. I need not add that I felt this accident a great relief, for, sooner than witness another midnight pantomime performed by shadows, I should have yielded it to the first antiquary who would have received so tale-bearing a burthen as the ANTIQUE MIRROR.

Col. W.'s Passion for Curiosities.

We are aware of a pair of "bonny blue een" swimming in light, that will "come the married woman's eye" over a kind, but antiquarian husband, when the following is read, some two weeks from now, in their "little parlor" in a town of the far west. It reaches us in the MS. of a Boston friend.

"Old Colonel W., formerly a well known character in one of our eastern cities, was remarkable for but one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity, and that was for buying at auction any little lot of trumpery which came under the head of 'miscellaneous,' for the reason that it could not be classified. Though close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing away his money in fives and tens on such trash. In this way he had filled all the odd corners in his dwelling and out houses with a collection of nondescript articles, that would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for, or to what use they could ever be put. This however was a secondary consideration with a colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about such articles after they were housed. Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against these purchases, which served only to clutter up the house, and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the colonel, tho' he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better-half, couldn't resist the passion; and so he went on adding from week to week to his heap of miscellanies. One day while sauntering down the street, he heard the full rich tones of his friend C., the well known auctioneer, and as a matter of course, stepped in too see what was being sold. On the floor he observed a collection that looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, and around which a motley group was assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer, in the very height of a mock-indignant remonstrance with his audience.

"Nine dollars and ninety cents!" cried the auctioneer, "Gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property!—Nine dollars and ninety—Good morning, colonel! A magnificent lot of—of—antiques—and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents, Colonel W., can you permit such a sacrifice?" The colonel glanced his eye over the lot, and then with a nod and a wink assured him he could not. The next instant the hammer came down, and the purchase was the colonel's at ten dollars. As the articles were to be paid for and removed immediately, the colonel lost no time in getting a cart, and having seen everything packed up and on their way to his house he proceeded to his own store, chuckling within himself that now at least he had made a bargain at which even his wife couldn't grumble. In due time he was seated at the dinner table, when lifting his eyes, he observed a cloud upon his wife's brow. "Well, my dear?" said he, inquiringly. "Well, repeated his wife, it is not well, Mr. W.; I am vexed beyond endurance. You knew C—the auctioneer?" "Certainly," replied the colonel; "and a very gentlemanly person he is too." "You may think so," rejoined the wife, "but I don't, and I'll tell why. A few days ago I gathered together all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering up in the house for the last twelve months, and sent it to him, with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder for cash. He assured me he would do so in all this week, at the farthest, and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I've been congratulating myself on two things; first, on having got rid of a most intolerable nuisance; and secondly, on receiving money enough therefor to purchase that new velvet hat that you promised me so long ago. And now what do you think? This morning, about an hour ago, the whole load came back again without a word of explanation!" The colonel looked blank for a moment, and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good woman was pacified only by the promise of a ten-dollar note besides that in the hands of the auctioneer; on condition, however, that she should never mention it. Of course she kept her word!—*Harford Columbian.*

MOURNING.—The universal custom of mourning was white, over the whole world till about the year 1400, when black was substituted. In Spain white was retained the last, where it continued till 1495.

TO MAKE CURRANT JAM.—Lay about a peck of currants on a board; after which fall on them with a big anvil in each hand. By this method you can jam two bushels in an hour; beating the old method one-half.

The Champion of Law and Order.

In the year 1770, when the British soldiers were quartered upon the people of Boston, and a military guard was stationed with cannon pointed at the door of the State-house, where the Legislature was in session, the patience of the Americans became exhausted, and at length, on the 5th of March, an attack was made by a mob on a sentinel who was stationed before the Custom house. A contest ensued, in which three Americans were killed and others wounded. The whole people of Massachusetts were wrought to the highest pitch of rage and indignation. The populace breathed vengeance, and even well instructed citizens were entirely carried away at the sight of the blood of citizens slain by a foreign soldiery. The soldiers were immediately arrested, and their trial for murder took place under the pressure of a fearful excitement. But in these circumstances, John Adams, the father of the venerable John Quincy Adams, and Josiah Quincy did not hesitate to come forward and undertake the defence of the prisoners. They were young men and popular leaders. They were true Americans in spirit, and despised the course of Great Britain towards the colonies. In consenting to defend the soldiers, they of course, acted contrary to their own interests, and incurred, for the time, the hatred of unthinking men; but they knew that the attack on the soldiers was a lawless outbreak, and they boldly pronounced it such. They took the side of law against popular violence. The appeal was successful. The soldiers were acquitted. A high place, remarks Mr. Peleg W. Chandler, from whose oration we gather the above facts, is assigned to those who rise above the temporary excitements of the day, and are willing to sacrifice ambitious dreams in the cause of truth and justice. "There is no single act," says Mr. C., "recorded in the history of our revolution, which exhibits more true magnanimity, more Roman integrity, or greater devotion to the principle, than the defence of the British soldiers by John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr.—*Phila. Gaz.*

Quadrupeds of North America.

It is known that the distinguished naturalist, J. J. Audubon, has undertaken to give a work on the Viviparous Quadrupeds of N. America, which shall correspond with his great work on the birds of North America, and we are glad to see that he has already advanced some way in the fulfillment of his purpose. Five magnificent plates, twenty-two by twenty-eight, have been completed in the best style of lithography, and carefully colored from Mr. Audubon's original drawings from life. The little animals, the Flying Squirrel, the Rat, &c., seem almost ready to spring from the boughs upon which they are placed; and the hair of the Rabbits and the Lynx is so admirably drawn, as to excite the most fastidious. All the small animals are given the size of life.

This is a national work, and we hope a proper pride will secure ample patronage for it. Time and talents have been freely used—great exposures to the climate, to wild beasts, and to the wilder man have been incurred to secure its accuracy; and we may venture to promise a work superior to any thing of the kind yet presented in this country.

A volume of letter press by Mr. Audubon, and the Rev. Jachman, D. D., will form part of the publication.

They will be thirty numbers, each of five plates, at intervals of two months, at five dollars a number.—*United States Gazette.*

A National Bank.

In his late electioneering tour, Mr. Clay took strong ground in favor of a National Bank. He said that ENGLAND HAD A BANK, and we also ought to have one. One of the many evils which would follow the election of Mr. Clay would be the establishment of a corrupt National Bank. He has brought the question before the people in his Raleigh speech; and while the Bank satellites will support him, and freely spend money to aid his cause, the people will come out en masse against Henry Clay and a Bank. If this was the only question at issue in the coming election, it would produce the overwhelming defeat of the Bank Attorney; but this, in connection with other measures advocated by Mr. Clay, will make still more terrible the defeat of the "Old Huker."—*Democratic Union.*

STATE OF MATRIMONY.—"Ma," said a young lady, whereabouts shall I find the State of Matrimony?" "Oh," replied the mother, "you will find it to be one of the united states."

The Newspaper.

"This folio of our pages, happy work! Which not even critics criticize; What is it but a map of busy life, Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?"

Of all the publications which team from the press, none are so interesting, none so useful as a newspaper. This book may be useful on a particular subject—that book may be useful, entertaining from its style, its novelty or from the information it imparts; but the newspaper is interesting, useful, and entertaining on all subjects. Perhaps you prefer history—the well conducted newspaper furnishes a standing history of the times. Do you wish religious instruction? the newspaper, to him who "looks through nature up to nature's God," affords it in the most positive examples of the good, and the negative examples of the wicked; it tells what the world is doing for the good cause, and cries aloud against the crimes which are a reproach to the people. The newspaper gives you the latest discoveries in Geography and Astronomy; tells you what improvements are making in the growth of countries; it gives you the latest inventions and improvements in mechanics, in agriculture and domestic economy. It furnishes an account of the proceedings of governments; and enables people to know and judge of propriety and impropriety of measures. It is "the tyrant's foe, the people's friend," when managed with integrity.

When the writer of this article was not more than ten years of age, living in a country town, where there was no mail, and of course where newspapers were procured with difficulty, he recollects the avidity which he laid hold of a newspaper, even if it were months old; that he could be made to stop for nothing until he had extracted all the information it contained. To this curiosity he owes all the literary taste he ever possessed—to this curiosity he owes the ability of penning this article—to this curiosity he owes his means of livelihood—to this curiosity alone he owes that he has been able successfully to combat in the "war of words" with men who have made the study of letters the whole business of their lives.

How many families are there that might be furnished with a newspaper, at their doors, who neglect taking them because of the trifling sum which they cost. If the heads of such families would reflect, that this trifling sum might be hundreds of dollars advantage to each of their children in after life, none could neglect taking the newspaper.

INTERPERANCE AND HONOR.—A poor fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at the bar of a certain groggery, being one day faint and feeble, and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor. "No," was the surly reply. "I never make a practice of doing such things." The poor fellow turned to a gentleman who was sitting by and whom he had known in his better days, saying, "Sir, will you lend me a sixpence?" "Certainly was the reply.—The landlord with alacrity, placed the decanter and glass before him. He took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it and replaced the glass with evident satisfaction, he turned to the man who had lent him the sixpence and said—"Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe you; I make it a point; degraded as I am, always to pay my borrowed money before I do my grog bill."

GOD IN THE TEMPEST.—Such a dazzling flash of lightning? And instantly a peal of thunder, which told with powerful emphasis of the wonders of electricity! Can these things be produced by chance?

The infidel saw the bright flash, and heard the roar of Heaven's artillery.—He did not dare to scoff at Deity, for it is a terrible thing to deny the Authors of the elements when they are out in their strength.

The rain ceased to fall, the moon came forth in beauty, the stars kept peaceful vigils over all who slept. The infidel was looking out on the lake.—Bright satellites reflected in that vast mirror seemed as diamonds scattered on a sable pall. He who rejected God before men, dared not in his solitude to rail at Deity, for it is an impious thing to deny the power of the Almighty, when the winds and waves are hushed at his bidding.

Lord Howe called the American Patriots the "rebel"—Judge Reed denounced the Democrats as the "low rabble"—kindred spirits have kindred feelings.