

Bradford Reporter

EVERY WEDNESDAY,

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

[BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.]

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[From the St. Louis Reveille.]
Establishing a Connection.

Wherein Animal Magnetism is reduced to Vulgar Comprehension.

BY "STRAW."

You're travelling on a steamboat, say;
A walking here and there;
You'll, maybe, meet a pretty face—
A certain witching air;
You'll see it once or twice, and then
You'll say "she's very pretty!"
And then, perhaps, you'll walk away,
And, maybe, hum a ditty.

Well, then, perhaps, at dinner time,
A glance or two may wander
Towards the table's upper end,
Where she's a sitting, yonder;
You'll find a something 'bout her mouth,
And the way she lifts her fork,
And cuts her meat, and moves her jaw,
And her other table work.

You meet her then upon the "guard,"
Where with her friend, she's walking,
Her arm 'round her companion's waist,
As girls do when they're talking;
You note the sweetest kind of foot—
That nameless girlish grace—
And that bright smile, which makes you glow
To see on a girl's face.

Well, this goes on, perhaps two days,
You keep a walking 'round,
And find yourself, when near her,
Very silent and profound;
At last—Lord! what a thing it is!
It runs you thro' and thro'—
You raise your eyes, and catch her glance—
A side glance—and at you!

Of course she drops her eyes at once,
And looks upon the floor—
And you may watch her by the hour
But won't catch her any more;
Yet, somehow, she don't move away,
In which a comfort lies;
And tho' you cannot see 'em, yet,
You kind a feel her eyes!

Well, then, perhaps, one of the coors
Is lined with looking-glass,
In which, perhaps, you see her face
As, loungingly, you pass;
You take a peep, you walk away—
And then walk back again—
Then sit and look, as tho' her face
You'd draw right out the pane!

You're trying all the time to look
As unconcerned as ever—
You run your fingers thro' your hair,
Perhaps to hum endeavor;
But still you're peeping at her face,
And time don't pass so dull!

When, suddenly, in peeping, *whew!*
You meet her eyes right full!
Oh gracious! where's your breath? you're
You feel your a blushing,
And wonder why so old a hand
Should feel his blood a rushing;
But still you sit, and so does she,
And at once, without instructor,
You find a pane of looking-glass
A very good conductor!

Well, so it goes; next morning p'raps
You low to her at breakfast,
And then you fiddle with your fork,
Stead of swallowing your steak fast.
Well, she has no great appetite;
And what she eats she minces,
And sits uneasy on her chair,
As if worried with the chintzes!

Perhaps you venture, on the "guard,"
To say something 'bout "the morning,"
And she says "yes sir," with a smile
And blush her cheek adorning!
And then—you can't say any more—
And she can't look up either—
And you almost want to get away,
And you don't want to neither!

Well, now you're in the state for more
Decisive operation;
And not the process, but at once
Every "manipulation!"
You touch her fingers—if she stands
And don't lift up her head,
The thing is out, as Crockett says,
"You're right—then go ahead!"
Missus!—then go ahead!

Washington.

were the hearts, and strong the minds,
Of those who framed, in high debate,
The immortal league of love that binds
The fair, broad Empire, State with State.
Deep the gladness of the hour,
When, as the auspicious task was done,
A solemn trust, the sword of power,
Was given to glory's unspoil'd son.
The noble race is gone; the suns
Of fifty years have risen and set;
The bright links those chosen ones
So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

The Assassin's Sister.
OR THE NIGHT BEFORE EXECUTION.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

One morning in May, 184—, I was seated in the Cafe St. Louis, in New Orleans, reading a paper and sipping coffee, when a young man entered and took his seat at the marble table next to me. He was about twenty-two years of age, with fine features, and a dark hazel eye of exceeding brilliancy. His complexion was remarkably pure and clear, with a rich rose hue upon either cheek. His dark chestnut hair fell in flowing yet graceful masses far below his collar. He was fashionably attired; indeed his dress was in the extreme of the mode. A diamond glittered upon his little finger: and a ruby of great size blazed amid the laced ruffles of his shirt bosom.

He took his seat with an easy, negligent air, and, in French, called for a bottle of wine. It was brought to him, and filling a tumbler with the blood-red claret, he drank it off, and then lighting a fragrant cigar, began to smoke. I now observed him more closely. He would have been very handsome but for a fierce light—a quick, lightning-like glance that flashed from his eyes. I saw that a spark would enkindle his fiery nature into a flame.

I finished my coffee and laid down my paper. As I did so, it fell from the edge of the table, and lightly struck the foot of the young Creole. I did not deem this of any consequence, but was reminded that it was regarded so by the young gentleman; for I had not gone three steps from my seat, when I felt his little finger laid very lightly upon my arm.

"Monsieur will apologise!" said the young man, fixing his eyes upon me, and speaking in a low tone, with an extraordinary emphasis upon the last word.

"For what should I apologise, Monsieur?" I asked in surprise.

"For letting that Gazette touch my person."

"It fell from the table," I said half angrily, yet amused at his serious manner.

"Monsieur must apologise," he repeated in the same tone as before. It was not a demanding nor authoritative one, but quiet, earnest, positive.

"I have no apology to make, Monsieur. The idea is absurd. You jest."

"I am in earnest," he said seriously, his eyes fairly blazing.

"So am I, Monsieur."

I was passing on, when he laid his fore-finger again lightly upon my arm, and then drew from his vest pocket a richly inlaid card-case, and taking from it a card, with a formal and marked bow, presented it between two fingers towards me. I took it and read,

M. JULES DE VERAUX.
Rue Corondelet.

I bowed respectfully to M. Jules de Vereaux, and in return for his courtesy gave him my own card, as the most quiet way of settling the little affair for the moment, though I well knew this interesting person, according to the interpretation of this act among duellists, regarded it as an acceptance of his polite proposition (in giving his card) to arrange the matter by a duel. But I had no intention of fighting my mercurial friend, as I did not feel myself bound to be governed by the laws of any court of duellists. What the result of giving my card in return would have been, and whether I should have had to meet M. Jules de Vereaux and be run through the body for letting a newspaper fall from the corner of a table and hitting the toe of his boot, I cannot tell; as a new circumstance at once transpired which placed my fiery antagonist in a position quite different from that in which he had stood a moment before.

After receiving my card and address, he very politely touched his hat, the fire in his eyes became milder, a smile of satisfaction rested on his lips, and he turned and walked away, after saying blandly, with a graceful curve of his jewelled hand,

"Monsieur shall hear from me." I bowed in the acknowledgement of his kind intention respecting me, and was beginning to turn over in my mind how I should avoid a rencontre with this amiable young man; for, as I resolved not to accept the challenge which I knew he would shortly honor me with, I was well aware he would not fail, according to the laws made and provided in such cases, to attack me openly in the streets. This attack I resolved to abide, for it is one thing

to meet a man in a duel, and another to defend one's life in a chance encounter. The guilt of the duelist could never attach to the hand of one who slays him who attacks him seeking for his life. So I resolved to refuse the challenge, and prepare to defend myself, should this sensitive young gentleman see fit to assault me.

But there proved to be no necessity that I should trouble myself about coming to any decision. The young man, my antagonist, absorbed in his affair with me, was walking out of the Cafe forgetful of his bill. He was just disappearing outside of the Venetian screen which stands before the open doors of all cafes, when the keeper of the cafe said, politely—

"Monsieur has forgotten to pay for his wine!"

The young Creole stopped and fixing his eyes upon him with flashing rage, said,

"How dare you stop me! Do you think I am going to cheat you! Take that!" and he threw a dollar at the man's head with such force that the man uttered a cry of pain, and began venting his wrath in a voluble chain of Gascon curses. One or two epithets applied to him, infuriated the young Creole, and with a countenance livid with rage, he drew from his waistband a large broad-bladed stiletto, and sprang upon the man. Before any hand could interfere to arrest the blow, the flashing knife had descended into his bosom, and the heft struck audibly against the breast bone. Not satisfied with this, the assassin drew it forth, and with a second blow nearly severed the head of his victim from the body.

A cry of horror ran through the apartment as the murdered man fell in his blood upon the sanded floor. The murderer stood with the reeking knife in his uplifted hand, his right foot advanced, and his eyes glaring with menacing fierceness upon those around him. Some one flew to the door and shouted for the *gens d'armes*, and a young man who was sipping coffee rose from his table, drew a pistol and advanced upon him "to surrender."

The only reply was a demonical smile of defiance, and a firmer grasp upon his gory weapon.

The young man slowly approached him with his pistol cocked, and the assassin's eye was fixed upon him and the hand that held the knife nervously worked as if he was meditating a leap and a blow. The eye of the other was cool and steady, and he evidently expected the attack, but was as plainly prepared to shoot him dead upon the spot if he moved to leap upon him. In this manner he had advanced within four feet of him when the assassin's knife glanced like lightning, not aimed at his breast, but at the pistol barrel, which he struck with such force that it was knocked from his hand, and the brave youth stood at his mercy. The assassin would have followed up his blow by burying the knife in his breast, when a Yankee shingle speculator from the Ponobosc, caught upon an immense waiter with which he covered his body as with a shield, and rushed boldly upon him. The assassin struck madly at this singular defence with his knife, but the Yankee pressing him closely, suddenly stopped, and catching him by the feet, overthrew him. The next moment he was disarmed and bound; and a little while afterwards three *gens d'armes* appearing, he was taken to prison.

This cool-blooded murder produced no little sensation throughout the city; and as the young man was wealthy and connected with the first families in the State, the public interest was greatly augmented. Popular opinion was singularly divided as the day of his trial approached. Heavy bets were laid and readily taken up that he would not be convicted. It was known that counsel had been employed by his family to whom the enormous sum of twenty thousand dollars had been paid. Lovers of honorable and equitable administration of justice trembled for the result. But there were many who had faith in the integrity of the administrators of the laws, and that the assassin would not escape. The excitement among the lower orders was very high. It was the belief of this class that the murderer would elude justice by means of gold and family influence, and deep and vengeful were their oaths of retribution, should he be acquitted.

The day of his trial came. The court was thronged, and the streets approaching it were crowded with an excited multitude. Shouts rent the air at the announcement; and when the sentence was known that he was to be taken to his prison, and thence, that day

three weeks, led to the gallows for execution, the gratification of the people was not manifested by a shout as at first, but by a deep murmuring of satisfaction.

Jules de Vereaux, as we have said, belonged to one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in New Orleans. He was naturally of a proud, haughty, imperious spirit, full of fiery passions and very sensitive in "points of honor." He had shot a man (in a duel, of course) for looking at him hard. He had killed another for accidentally puffing cigar smoke in his face. He had called out a third for speaking to his sister, in a ball room, without a proper introduction. He might have killed a fourth for letting a newspaper fall upon the toe of his boot; but we are safe, and M. Jules de Vereaux's card remains with us as a *memento mirro* of himself.

The sister to whom I have alluded, was one of the most beautiful females in the capital of the South-west. She was remarkable for her haughtiness and lofty spirit. She was like her brother, but less vicious. His evil qualities were tempered in her, and became aids to her fascination. Men were bewildered by her beauty, but feared her.

It is the night before the morning set for the execution of her brother. From the first intelligence of his deed of blood she had shut herself up from all save him. Twice the proud girl had been permitted to visit him, the first time just after his arrest, the second time after he received his sentence. She had now, within the last hour, received permission from the judge to visit him, to bid him an everlasting farewell.

She left her stately mansion in Corondelet street, just after dark. Alone and veiled, she entered the carriage that was awaiting her within the *portecochere*. It drove to the gloomy city prison and stopped. She alighted and presented her ticket of admission to the keeper. Bars and bolts were removed before her, and she was guided along a dark corridor, and then descended into another that was beneath the foundations of the prison. At an iron-cased door at the extremity, the *gen d'arme* who was her guide, stopped, and removing the bolt and massive bar, threw it open.

"Madame will find the condemned there," he said coldly.

"Monsieur will retire to the end of the passage," she said, in a firm voice; and the man felt a piece of coin fall into his palm. By the weight he knew it was gold, and without looking at it he answered respectfully—

"Oui, Madame. You shall be obeyed."

He then proceeded slowly to the extremity of the corridor, humming the air of the Hymn *Marseillois*. The young woman entered the condemned cell, holding in her hand the lamp which the *gen d'arme* had left with her. She, with difficulty, so great was its ponderous weight, drew the door to after her. She stood a moment to let her eyes survey the gloom. From a corner, rose to his feet, with clanking chains, the figure of her brother. He had been sleeping, and the light did what the noise of bars and bolts could not do—awoke him. He stared wildly at his sister. She was veiled and clad in mourning. He was pale, and an expression of keen suffering was manifested in his face. She lifted her veil, and advancing a step, pronounced his name. He clasped his hands to gether at hearing her voice, and cried bitterly.

"So you have come to see me before I die?"

"Yes, brother!" she said, with singular resolution in her tones.

She was very, very pale, but there was an unusual energy in the expression of her countenance.

"You cannot save me then?" he asked eagerly, yet, as if he had no hope.

"It is impossible, Jules! Every means has been tried. Gold has been offered without limit. But the officers will not be corrupted."

"Then I must die. I must swing like a felon from the gallows! Made the mock of the canaille! This is madness!"

And lifting his chained hands above his neck, he clasped them together with a mingled air of horror and defiance.

"You shall not hang upon the gallows, Jules," said his sister firmly, her black eyes lighting up with an extraordinary fire.

"Can you save me, then?" he exclaimed, seizing her hand, and earnestly regarding the workings of the countenance.

"Yes, from dishonor!" she replied, in a deep tone.

He stood silent. He covered his face with his hands. He shook from head to foot like an aspen. He had comprehended her! He knew her proud and determined spirit too well not to understand his sister's dreadful meaning. He groaned heavily.

"I dare not," he said, faintly.

"You must! You shall not die on the gallows! You shall die like a man!"

"Sister!"

"Here is what will save the honor of your family. I have brought it with me. Take it, and after I embrace you, let the point boldly find your heart."

"I would rather live till to-morrow. Life is sweet. One night and a few hours to-morrow is a long life to one condemned to die."

"This is weakness, Jules! I have come here on a sacred errand. My time is limited. I will not be defeated. The honor of our family must be preserved. Now let me embrace thee!"

She threw her arms about his neck, and as she kissed his cheek, her tears fast trickled upon his chains. She disengaged herself and stood up. She had left the dagger in his hand.

"Sister, this is fearful! Must I die?"

"Are you a man and ask me? Die, bravely and honorably! 'Tis but a stroke! Die, and cheat the raging mob of their revenge! Will you hang dangling in the air to be a spectacle of scorn and mockery? No, brother. Thank me that I have placed in your hand the means of rescuing your name from infamy."

"Sister, farewell!" he said, in a trembling voice. "Give me your hand! Let me press it once more to my lips! Farewell. It is a dreadful thing to die so soon! But I must!—Farewell!"

He raised his agitated arm to give the blow! His hand trembled. She veiled her face with her hands and sunk upon her knees. She heard the fatal blow given!—The heavy fall!—

She offered some wild words of prayer for his soul, and after a moment's rose and gazed upon him. He had given the blow with unerring certainty. The stiletto was in his breast, and he was lying dead at her feet.

This extraordinary young woman was arrested for the murder, but acquitted, the *gen d'arme* having at the moment come to the door and seen the prisoner strike the blow himself. Whether Jules de Vereaux "rescued his name from infamy" by committing suicide, is a question we shall leave for adjustment to a committee of our readers. We have recorded only the facts as they transpired, for in the tale there is more of fact than fiction.

Battle by Horses.

Southey tells the following picturesque incident of the Peninsular war:—Two of the Spanish regiments which had been quartered in Fuen, were cavalry mounted on fine black, long-tailed Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about 1100 in number, and Romana was not a man who could order them to be destroyed. He was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to his beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles were taken off and they were taken off and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued, such as probably was never before witnessed. They were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which retaining the discipline they had learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together; then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with ferocious rage, and trampling over those which were beaten down, till the shore, in the course of an hour was strewn with dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground, at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of the battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romana, in mercy, gave orders for destroying them, but it was found too dangerous to attempt this; and after the last boats quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were still seen engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction.

FALLING OFF.—An Officer, on a field day, happened to be thrown from his horse, and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend (who ran to his assistance), "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have fallen off."

Amusement of a Moorish Sultan.

"The Meshwa Herald now proclaimed that Shasha (the blow-giver), and the six-fingered Alee, each of free will, were about to test their strength, and that a royal donation of fifty gold mit-zakel would be the reward of the conqueror. "May God bless our Lord!" shouted by ten thousand voices, drowned the cry of the herald, "the defender," as the people called him; from his astounding voice. Both the champions were already on the appointed ground, when there arose the question which should receive the first blow. On this the sturdy Alee spoke:—"O, mighty Shasha, slave of the defender of the faithful, the Sultan of the world; it is my duty to grant that advantage even to the meaneast servant of the Cord." The blow-giver replied:—"Your course of life is run; it has reached its goal! Where shall I deal the fatal blow?" Alee pointed to the top of his head. "The long and muscular arm of the black was now raised and poised in the air over the skull of Alee, who, with knees slightly bent, stood undaunted before his antagonist, a broad grin upon his features, as if certain of power of resisting all human strength. Down came the fist of the black, sounding like the sledge-hammer when struck with force against an anvil. Alee staggered, drops of sweat burst out upon his forehead, his eyes rolled with pain and seemed starting from their sockets; but recovering, he shook himself, and rubbing his bullet-shaped head and looking around, exclaimed:—"Allah! that is what you may call a blow, too, Allah! But now comes my turn, O, Bokhary! and if it pleases the most mighty God, Shasha, the blow-giver, shall never deal another."

Then, turning to the Sultan, he craved to be allowed to place himself on equal height with his tall opponent. This was granted; and four soldiers were ordered to fetch a marble block that was at hand, but they found it too much for them. Alee ran to the spot, and having, with their assistance, put it on his shoulders, brought it and placed it in front of the Sultan. Then, having doffed his gelab, he took his position on the block, and clenching his six-fingered fist and throwing his body slightly backwards, raised his arm, and seemed to choose a posture whereby he might secure the greatest power. He hesitated, and dropped his arm, as if to consider a little longer. And now the black man trembled, and over his sooty face there seemed to come a horrid paleness, as Alee resumed, in a yet more decided manner, his posture of attack. Down, rapid as a thunder-bolt, fell Alee's fist, and with it fell the black, never to rise again. The Bokhary's skull was frightfully fractured, and he who had so often dealt the blows of death, was now but as one of those who had met a like fate from his own relentless arm. "There is no power nor strength in any but God," exclaimed the Sultan, as the black expired at his feet. "Give the clown," pointing to Alee, "the fifty ducats, and let him have safe conduct. Shasha, in truth, is a great loss to my household; but who can avoid God's decrees, which are written in the Book of Fate." Alee took his purse; and ere the Sultan's mandate for him to be escorted could be put in force, he had mingled with the crowd, and was seen no more. Some said that the brethren of the black murdered him that night.—Hay's Western Magazine.

NEGATIVE INNOCENCE.—"What's the matter John?"

"I aint done nothing, father."

"Well, what are you crying for then, you lubber?"

"I was afraid you'd whip me."

"What! whip you when you havn't done anything?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go into the house, you booby."

John went into the house, and his father went down to the farm. Very soon his father came back in a rage, and laying a cowhide over the urchin's back, said "I did not tell you when I went away, to hoe that corn?"

"Yes, Sir—but you told me just now that you wouldn't whip me if I hadn't done nothing."

AN APPEAL TO MODESTY.—In the National Intelligencer, of Friday, is an address to the ladies of America, from the "Female Statue representing the Indian race, in front of the capitol," praying that she may be rescued from the utter nakedness in which Italian art has presented her to the American world. She asks no more than "the broad wampum belt and modestly adjusted mantle of her native wilds."