

Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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NO. 28.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]
Presented to the Rev. S. F. Coll.
The Faithful Minister.

That goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—MATTHEW, 126, VI.

For they whose arduous path with tears is gamed,
And reap with joy, a golden harvest wave,
How like a twinkling diamond set in gold,
This promise starts it says; it shines our Lord's
Ambassador to cheer, and gilds his path,
A never-setting star; and while he labors
In his master's cause, the seed, long buried
Seems to mock his toil, he still believes the
Great Jehovah's word, that he in time shall
reap.

For steep'd in tears, and watered with his
prayers,
The precious seed was sown; not the cold
Heartless prayer of apathy—but penitence
Deep felt, that draws the crystal drop forth from
his sacred cell; the prayer, the incense sweet,
That finds a place within the golden censer,
Offered up to the eternal throne, upon
The altar of Heaven's beaming gold, by
Angel-offered, who well pleased to thus
serve his creator, ever at his call.

And every prayer from Heaven descended
Shall to Heaven return, a fragrant offering to
The King of kings. And though not every
form
Passed off for prayer, shall meet with this high
acceptance;
Let us know the word of God shall fail when
He rejects contritious humble sigh,
The prayer of faith in his anointed one.

Nor doth the wordy torrent, preaching called,
Where sparkling froth allures the vacant eye,
Produce this glorious harvest. No: a harvest
Of fervor and sin will be the fruit that follows:
But Jesus crucified, where all the splendor
Of the God-head shines in most resplendent
Beauty: this the soul-inspiring theme should be
The story in appropriate language told,
How from the manger to the cross he went,
Will touch the nicest cord, that silent lies
Deep in the human bosom; the pious
Heart responds harmonious to the sacred
Sound, as from the well touched lyre, sweet
music flows.

Nor can the unbeliever hear, unmoved
The Saviour's dying groans; he cannot hear
With heartless inattention, or with scorn,
The groans that rent the solid rocks in twain.
O "comfort ye my people" saith your God,
"Speak words of comfort to Jerusalem,"
Her warfare soon accomplished, ends in glory;
Here she feels the joy of pardoned sin,
As ye embrace of Christ, 'tis yours,
The flock to feed: and be ye sure to
Execute with care this high commission—
Feed his lambs and sheep; thus fed and nour-
ished up,
The world shall knowledge take, that you have
been

With Jesus: learned of him; thus the heirs of
Grace shall be co-workers with you. Those
Blessed by your ministry shall form
You a coronet of stars to glitter
In your temples when your sun is darkness.
WYOM., Jan. 30, 1845. MARY.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]
The Soldier's Farewell.

My banner is flung to the breeze,
And my scimitar bound to my side,
I bid adieu to the land of the living,
And await but the ebb of the tide.
The foe of my country is dashing
The free wave that circles our shores, [sing
By where the weapons of death may be flash-
ed,
But the heart that I leave there, is yours.

Give thee, at parting, the vow
Thou hast breathed in my bosom so oft;
And the prayer that I say for thee now,
To the God who has heard thee I woft.
Be kiss dearest love, and I leave thee,
One word and I fly from thy view!
Let not this parting kiss grieve thee,
Nor be sad at the accent adieu!

Have spoken the thought of my heart,
No longer my feet must delay;
It seems when I move to depart,
There is much I still have to say,
Yet let there be given,
For the dream that I still claim with thee,
A sigh to the far love in heaven—
One tear to the warrior at sea.
BRADFORD, PA. P.

FAME.

Time is foreign, but of true desert;
Around the head, but comes not to the heart.
Self-approving hour, whole years outweighs;
Capitular stars, and of loud huzzas;
More true joy Marcellus exulted feels,
Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

The Two Purses.

Boston, the Athens of America, the Yankee city, the city of notions, most of my readers doubtless know from personal observation, to be thus appropriately named. The first title she well merits in consideration of the liberal encouragement of literature and fine arts; the second, too, for the peculiar genius and character of her population, and though we may look upon the backwoodsman of New England, as a real specimen or acknowledged representative of the tribe (if I may so speak) abroad; the third title is merited from the fact of the never-tiring inventive genius of its inhabitants.— Possessing a population of nearly a hundred and twenty thousand, she is yet free, in a great measure, compared with her sister cities in the Union, from the horde of vices and evil customs that prevail at the South and West. The gambler here accomplishes his purpose in secret; there are no public billiard rooms, masquerade balls or resorts of infamy, though all these evils exist in a greater or less degree, as in all large populated cities, yet so hidden as not to come before the eye of innocence, or tempt those who do not take preliminary steps to vice.

Boston, courteous reader, the Yankee city of Massachusetts bay, shall be the locale of our tale. There is a portion of the west part of the town here, as in London, occupied by the more opulent of the inhabitants, in the immediate neighborhood of the common, as it is called. The vicinity is the aristocratic portion of the city.— You will not find this spirit of pride or aristocracy to consist of the same ingredients as constitutes the grade of society in the old country; there birth alone establishes the claim to distinction, while here the most potent agent, money, is the most powerful. Ah, in this boasted free country, gold is the leveller of all ranks, forming for itself a kingdom out of the Republic, which it rules with a rod of iron, though in this city, genius and intellect are far more readily appreciated than in other parts of the States.

It was a cold winter night, and the wind whistled through the bare limbs of the giant trees that lined the mall.— The ground was covered with snow, upon whose sparkling surface the light of the moon fell with dazzling splendor, strodding the incrustated ground with brilliant diamonds. As the Old South clock struck nine, a young man closely wrapped in his cloak, sought the shade of one of the large trees in the park, from whence he watched the coming of numerous carriage loads of gaily dressed people of both sexes, who entered one of the principal houses in Beacon street. Through the richly stained glass windows, the gorgeous light issued in a steady flood, accompanied by the thrilling tones of music from a full band; the house illuminated at every point, seemed crowded with gay and happy spirits. The stranger still contemplated this scene—his cloak, which until now had enveloped the lower part of his features, had fallen, discovering a face of manly beauty, a full dark eye, with arching brows, and short curling hair, as black as the raven plumage, set off to a great advantage his Grecian style of feature—a becoming moustache curled about his mouth, giving a decided classic appearance to the whole face. The naval button on his cap showed that he belonged to that branch of our national defence.

"Shall I enter," said he thoughtfully to himself, "and feast my eyes on charms that I can never possess? Hard fate that I should be so bound by these iron chains of poverty—yet I am a man, and have a soul as noble as the best of them. We will see," he said, and crossing over to the gay scene, he entered the hall. He cast off his over shoes, handed his cloak to a servant, and unannounced, mingled with the beauty and fashion that thronged the rooms. Gradually making his way among the crowd, he sought a group in whose centre stood a bright and beautiful being, the queen, in loveliness, of that brilliant assembly. The 'blooms' of the West flocked about her, seeking for an approving glance from those dreamy blue eyes; half abstracted, she answered or spoke upon the topics of conversation, without apparent interest. Suddenly she started, blushed deeply, dropped a half courtesy, in token of recognition to some one without the group. Her eyes, no longer languid, now sparkled with animation, and as our naval friend entered the group about her, she laid her tiny gloved hand within his, saying:

"Welcome, Ferris, we feared your sailing orders had taken you to sea this bleak weather."
"We should not have lifted anchor without first paying tribute to our queen," was the gallant reply.
A titter ran through the circle of exclusives at his appearance among them, but when the lady approved, there was no room for complaint.
"Strange familiarity," said one young fellow to another, "what pretensions can he have here?"
"And Miss H—— called him by his given name too," said another; "rather familiar, that—wonder what the old man would say to it."
"What scene does this painting represent?" inquired a lady friend at this moment of Anne H——.
"I think it is an Italian picture," replied the fair girl.
"Spanish, I should say," observed he who was first questioned on the appearance of Ferris.
"Evidently Spanish," said another exquisite, "though I regret to differ from Miss H——."
"You err," said Ferris, turning to the two gentlemen, "the lady is right. It is an Italian scene, as you will discover by a closer examination of the costumes and figures."
"Pray do you establish yourself as an umpire in the case?" retorted one of those who had pronounced this piece to be a Spanish scene.
"I contend that you are wrong," said the other, seeking some cause for difference, and desiring to "show up" the pretending Lieutenant.
"Pardon me ladies," said Ferris, taking no notice of the insult of the speakers. "I saw that painting in the studio of Isola, at Genoa, a few years since, and I know from its author that it represents a street scene in that Italian city, otherwise I should not have spoken."
"Ah you have great advantage over us all in having travelled so extensively," Mr. Harvard, said Anne H——, desirous to restore good feeling.
The gay scenes of the night wore on; several times had Ferris Harvard completely put at fault the shallow-brained fops around him, placing them in anything but an enviable light.

Ferris Harvard was a lieutenant in the navy; and depended entirely upon his pay as an officer to support a widowed mother and a young sister, to both of whom he was devotedly attached. His father, a self-made man, had once been a successful merchant, who sailed and freighted some of the heaviest tonned vessels that left the port of Boston; but misfortunes and sickness overtook him, and he sunk into the grave, leaving his only son to protect his mother and sister from the wants and ills of life. Ferris had enjoyed a liberal education, and, having entered the navy as a midshipman, had risen to a lieutenantcy by reason of his superior acquirements and good conduct. His profession had led him to all parts of the world, and he had carefully improved his advantages—though constrained by reason of his limited means to the practice of the most rigid economy.

He had met with the only daughter of Harris H——, one of the wealthy citizens of Boston, at a fête given on board the ship to which he belonged, and had immediately become enamored of her, but he well knew in his own heart that the difference in their fortunes formed a barrier to his wishes. He had been a casual visitor for several months subsequent to the time our story commences, at the house of the H—— family.
"I must think of her no more," said Ferris to himself, "if I am thus sneered at by her friends for offering her common civilities, with what contempt would her austere parents receive a proposition for her hand from one so poor and unknown."
Harris H—— was indeed a stern old man, and yet he was said to be kind to the poor, giving freely of his bounty for the relief of the needy. Still he was a strange man; he seldom spoke to those around him, yet he evinced the warmest love for his only child; and Anne, too, loved her father with an ardent affection. His delight was to pore over his library, living as it were in the fellowship of the old philosophers. On several occasions, when Ferris was at his house, and engaged in conversation with Anne, he had observed the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him, when his heart would sink within him, and he would awake to a reality of his situation.

Ferris was one evening in Boston street, at the house of Mr. H——, where, in spite of the cold reception he received from those he generally

met there, he still enjoyed himself in the belief that Anne was not indifferent to his regard. He had been relating to her at her request, his experience with different national characters with whom he had met, speaking of their peculiarities, and describing the various scenic effects of different countries.— Anne sat near a sweet-scented geranium, whose leaves she was most industriously engaged in destroying. Ferris bending close to her ear said:
"And Miss H—— called me that rose as a token of affection? you must know how ardent is mine for you—or stop, dearest, behind it blows the candy-tuft. You know the mystic language of both, will you choose and give me one?"
"Hush, hush, Ferris," said the blushing and trembling girl, handing him the rose.

This passed when the attention of the company present was drawn to some engaging object. Never before had Ferris received any evidence of Anne's love, save from her tell-tale eyes. The flower was placed next to his heart, and he left the apartment. He had proceeded but a few yards from the house, when he was accosted by a poor mendicant, clothed in rags, who was exposed at that late hour of the night, to the inclemency of the season.
"Pray, sir," said the beggar to Ferris, "can you give me a trifle? I am nearly starved and chilled through by this night."
Ferris, after a few moments conversation with the beggar, for his was not the heart to turn away from the sufferings of a fellow creature, and handing him a purse containing five or six dollars, he urged him to seek immediate shelter and food. The beggar blessed him and passed on.

A few nights subsequent to this occasion, he was again at his father's house. Mrs. H——, Anne's mother, received him as she did most of her visitors, with a somewhat constrained and distant welcome. Being a woman of no conversational powers, she always retired quite early, conducting her intercourse with society in the most formal manner. Ferris was much surprised that Mr. H—— had taken no particular notice of his intimacy at his house, for he very seldom saw him, and when he did so, he would see the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him, in anything but a friendly and inviting spirit. In this dilemma, he was at a loss what course to pursue; heretofore he had despaired of ever gaining Anne's acknowledgement of affection for him, and now that he had succeeded in this, he was equally distant from the goal of his happiness, for his better judgment told him that the consent of her parents could never be obtained. On this occasion, he had taken his leave as usual, when he was met by the beggar of the former night, who again solicited alms, declaring that he could find no one else to assist him, and that the money he had before bestowed upon him, had been expended for food and rent of a miserable cellar where he lodged.
Again Ferris placed a purse in the poor man's hands, at the same time telling him he was himself poor, and constrained to the practice of rigid economy in the support of those dependent upon him. He left the beggar and passed on his way, happy in having contributed to the alleviation of human suffering.

Not long subsequent, Ferris called one evening at the house of Mr. H——, and fortunately found Anne and her father alone, the former engaged upon a piece of embroidery of a new pattern, and the latter poring over a volume of ancient philosophy. On his entrance the old gentleman took no farther apparent notice of him, than an inclination of the head and "good evening, sir." He took a chair by Anne's side, and told her of his love in low but ardent tones, begging permission to speak to her father upon the subject.
"Oh he will not hear a word of the matter, I know," said the sorrowing girl. "No longer ago than yesterday he spoke to me relative to a connexion with R——; I can never love but one," said the beauty, giving him her hand.

Ferris could bear this suspense no longer; in fact, the hint relative to her alliance with another spurred him to action. He proceeded to that part of the room where Mr. H—— sat, and after some few introductory remarks, said:
"You have doubtless observed, sir, my intimacy in your family for more than a year past. From the fact that you did not object to my attentions to your daughter, I have been led to hope

that it might not be altogether against your wishes. May I ask, sir, with due respect, your opinion in this matter."
"I have often seen you here," replied Mr. H——, "and have found no reason to object to your visits, sir."
"Indeed, sir, you are very kind.— I have neither fortune nor rank to offer your daughter, but still, emboldened by love, I ask you for her hand."
"The old man laid by his book, and removing his spectacles, asked,
"Does the lady sanction this request?"
"She does."
"Have you thought well of your proposal?"
"I have."
"And you ask—"
"Your daughter's hand."
"It is yours," said the old man.

Ferris sprang astonished to his feet, saying,
"I hardly know how to receive your kindness, sir; I had looked for different treatment."
"Listen, young man," said the father, "do you think I should have allowed you to become intimate in my family without first knowing your character? Do you think I should have given you this precious child (and here he placed her hand in Ferris) to you before I had proved you? No, sir, out of Anne's many suitors from the wealthy and highest in society, I long since selected you as one in whom I could feel confidence. The world call me a cold and calculating man; perhaps I am so; but I had a duty to perform to him who had entrusted me with the happiness of this blessed child; I have endeavored to discharge that trust faithfully; the dictates of pride may have been counterbalanced by a desire for my daughter's happiness.— I chose you first—she has since voluntarily done so. I know your life and habits—you means and prospects—you need tell me nothing. With your wife you will receive an ample fortune; the dutiful son and affectionate brother cannot but make a kind husband. But stay," said the old man, "I will be with you in a moment," and he left the lovers together.

"The story of your marriage with R——, was only to try your heart, then, and thicken the plot," said Ferris to the blushing girl.
At this moment the door opened, and the beggar whom Ferris had twice relieved, entered. Stepping up to Ferris, he solicited charity. Anne recoiled at first at the dejected appearance and poverty-stricken looks of the intruder, while Ferris asked in astonishment how he gained entrance into the house. In a moment the figure rose to a stately height, and casting off the disguise it had worn, discovered the person of Anne's father.
"The astonishment of the lovers can hardly be conceived."
"I had determined," said the father, addressing Ferris, "after I had otherwise proved your character, to test one virtue, which of all others is the greatest—CHARITY. Had you failed in that, you would have also failed with me in this purpose of marriage. You were weighed in the balance, and not found wanting; here is your purse; it contained six dollars when you gave it to the poor beggar in the street—it now contains six thousand; and here is the second that contained a check for five dollars, which is now multiplied by thousands. Nay," said the old man, as Ferris was about to speak, "there's no need of explanation—it is a fair business transaction."
This was, of course, all a mystery to Anne—but when explained, added still more to her love for her future husband.

Ferris and Anne were soon married, and one stately mansion in Beacon street, served as a home for mother, sister wife, and all. Gossip said (and truly for once) that old Mr. H——, having money enough, had not sought to add more to the fortune he should leave his child, by forming an alliance with gold, but had sought and found what was more valuable—true merit.
"And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three; and the greatest of these is Charity."
A TENDER HEART.—A certain man in Vermont once said that his children were the most tender-hearted beings that he ever knew, and on being asked why, made him think so, said: "because they always cry when I ask them to get a bucket of water."
ANY TIME is the worst kind of time; because it is the thief that steals away the best time, and leaves our duty to be performed at no time.

Sagacity of Foxes.
Foxes utter most expressive sounds and their young are perfectly acquainted with them. They vary their tones according to circumstances. Sometimes they bark and yelp, and at others they are said to utter a melancholy cry, like that of a peacock. They have also a peculiar cry when suffering from pain, but they never utter any, even in the agonies of death. A celebrated poacher and taker of foxes, now engaged in a better calling, informed me that when he had been in the woods at night, the howl of foxes became incessant. At that time the cubs would come fearlessly out of earth; but if the old ones, aware of his being in the wood, uttered a peculiar sharp scream, they immediately retired into their dens, and nothing would then induce them to come out. He told me that he had been for hours in a tree, waiting to see if the cubs would come out, and falling into a hole he had dug at the mouth of the earth, and baited with a fowl; but they never stirred once after they had heard the scream of the old foxes.

His only chance of taking them was by poisoning the old ones, which he did with arsenic, rubbed into the panniculus of a fresh killed animal. When they are dead, hunger at length drove the cubs out, and they were taken either in nets or the pitfall. When he had accidentally secured a young fox, without destroying the parents, these, on hearing the cry of their cub, would come almost up to him, evincing the greatest anxiety and distress, and uttering plaintive cries. Indeed, the affection of foxes for their young is quite extraordinary, and the person I have referred to, assured me, that when they have considered their cubs to be in danger, or the place of their retreat to have been discovered, they have conveyed them to considerable distances in their mouth. Foxes have so much sense, that when infested with fleas, they have been known to cover themselves with water except their head, in which place the fleas generally took shelter, and from whence they were readily shaken off. In doing this, they retreat gently back into the water.

Austulitz at Midnight.
We passed the night on the field of battle, a night dark and starless; the heavens were indeed clothed with black, and a heavy atmosphere, lowering and gloomy, spread like a pall over the dead and dying, not a breath of air moved, and the groans of the wounded sounded through the stillness with a melancholy cadence, no words can convey! Far where away in the distance, the moving light, marked fugitive parties went in search of their comrades. Napoleon did not leave the saddle till night morning—he went, followed by an ambulance, hitler and thither over the plain recalling the names of the several regiments, enumerating their deeds of prowess and even asking for many of the soldiers by name. He ordered large fires to be lighted throughout the field, and where medical assistance could not be procured, the officers of the staff might be seen covering the wounded with great cloaks, and rendering them such aid as lay in their power. Dreadful as the picture was—fearful reverse to the gorgeous splendor of the vast army the morning sun had shown upon in all the strength of spirit—yet even here was there much to make one feel that war is not bereft of humanizing influence.

How many a soldier did I find that night blackened with powder, his clothes torn and ragged with shot, sitting beside a wounded comrade, now wetting his lip with a draught—now cheering his heart with words of comfort. Many themselves wounded, were tending others, less able to assist themselves. Acts of kindness and self-devotion—no less in number than those of heroism and courage were met with, at every step; while among sufferers there lived a spirit of enthusiasm that seemed to lighten the worst pangs of their agony. Many would cry out as I passed, to know the fate of the day, and what became of this regiment or that battalion.

Others could but articulate a faint *Five I Emperor*, which in the interval of pain they kept repeating as though it was a charm against suffering. "What says *Lepetit Corporal*?"—the Little Corporal, as they called Napoleon—"is he content with us?" None were insensible to the glorious issue of that day, nor amid all his agony of death dealt out in every shape of horror and misery did I hear one word of anger or rebuke to him for whose ambition they had shed their heart's blood.—*Journal of an Officer.*

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