Bradford Reporter.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.] *Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.*—Gov. Porter. [BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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A Warning Cry.

BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY.

Toiling from the morning gray—
Toiling, toiling through the day,
Till the spirit faints away,
Bound, in triple iron, bound!
By the taper's famished light,
Toiling, toiling through the night,
Till the dimmed and aching sight
Sees but shadows gathering round—
Till the lip's warm hue is gone—
Till the brow is pale and wan—
Till the pitying sun looks on—
Gasping slaves in stupor cast;—
Toiling through the hours pain,
Taxing hand, and heart, and brain,
Toil—and *scarcely bread*—to gain!
Shall this—shall this every last?

Shall the spoiler seize by stealth,
Youth, and hope, and strength, and health?
Nature's dowry—nature's wealth—
Shall they—shall they ever be—
Youth and hope, an April beam?
Strength, delusion? health, a dream?
Age,—a fearful ghastly theme—
Pain, and grief, and penury?

Thou who seest! thou who hearest!
Thou the mourner's heart who cheerest!
Thou who veiled in clouds appearest
Swift, and terrible and strong!
Unto thee, with stony eye,
Bloodless cheek, and boding cry,
Doomed to toil, and toil—*or* DIE,
Want appealeth. "Lord, *how long!*"

Ye, whose "confidence" is gold,
False, rapacious, crafty, bold—
Who the laborer's hire withhold—
Who the fruits of toil deny—
Who the starving poor distress,
Who the weak, the old, oppress—
Tremble! they shall have redress,
Lo! their groans are heard on high!

Tremble! tremble! well you may—
Godless tyrant of a day—
Trampling on your fellow-clay!
Trampling *human hearts* to dust!
Vengeance is the Lord's! beware!
He will list the poor man's prayer,
Rise the crushed, and chase despair!
Tyrants, woe! THE LORD IS JUST!

The Flag of Liberty.

Oh! proudest symbol on the seas!
Young banner of my native land;
On every shore, on every breeze,
Thy star and stainless folds are fann'd.

On thee the fires of Hecla shine,
And Andes' ice reflected gleams,
Thy shadow paints the poplar brine,
All Indian gulfs, all tropic streams.

Dull Egypt, startled in her fen,
Beholds thee fluttering on the Nile,
And fearless tribes of naked men
Hail thee from far Tahiti's Isle.

Where'er oppression's flag shall dare
To carry new distress and wrong,
Thy radiant heraldry shall bear
A token earth hath looked for long.'

A token of the dawning day
To all who yet in bondage droop,
When crowns and chains must melt away,
And man to man disdain to stoop.

A token of the freeman's right
To rule the land their valor won;
His title, justice—and the fight;
His fit regalia, sword and gun.

The hues of heaven's prophetic bow
Less beauteous then shall seem than thine
And less of peaceful hope bestow
Than thy more fair, fulfilling sign.

Oh flag of promise! unto us
Thy stars foretell our country's fame,
Our crimsoned stripes, translated thus,
Give promise to our foes, of shame.

Woman's Love.

True and faithful as I've found thee,
Kind and tender as thou art,
There are tendrils twining round thee,
Springing from a warmer heart.

Fondly be ats thy bosom, dearest,
Each pulsation true to me,
Sweetly soft the smile thou wearest,
Tender every look from thee.

Still there is a bosom golwing
With a stonger love than thine,
Still a fuller stream is flowing
From this swelling heart of mine.

Strong tho' be thy heart's emotion,
Tho' thy passions wildly glow,
Oh! there is a deep devotion
Woman's heart alone may know.

Sweet it is that "thinking of me"
Drives away each broody ill;
But remember while you love me,
Thou art loved more fondly still.

The Trapper.

A LEGEND OF THE WEST.

On the shores of the Hudson, in times long since passed away, an isolated being lived, bearing the name of Nick Wolsey. His solitary home was in the valley of the highlands, about a mile from the river's bank, and his occupation consisted in hunting and trapping, and trading for furs with the Indians. He was tall and gaunt, with a peculiarly stern and even melancholy expression of feature, and, from his lonely, gloomy habits, seemed to claim no kith or kindred with any living creature. The only companion of his hours was a grizzly deerhound, whose speed and strength often overmatched the fleetest buck—and once he closed with a silver panther, and despite the monster's furious struggle tore the windpipe from his throat. Crouched before the fire, in the log cabin, he would watch each move and gesture of his master, and be as ready as his shadow to obey his beck and look.

Thus year had come and gone, and still found no change in the trapper's home.

One day a party of Indians of the Mohawk tribe approached his dwelling and proffered skins in exchange for the white man's fire water and gunpowder, Among them was a girl of singular beauty, and with her Nick Wolsey became suddenly and deeply enamored. As he looked at her full, round and faultless form, his eyes flashed with the fire in his veins, and the volcano of passion burns through each fibre of his frame. No sooner was this feeling engendered, than he strove to win the brawny skin—as many a fair one has been won—by pouring gifts into her lap—and long before a cessation of his profuseness took place, dozens of strings of beads were twined round her fair arms and neck, and rings and baubles of all kinds bedizened her person. Then the whiskey flask was offered gratuitously to the company, and Nick's suit progressed with the brightness and velocity of a sky-rocket. In a short time a demand was made for the red man's daughter, accompanied by a present of a hatchet and knife to the father and a willing consent obtained.

A chief, whose fiery glance showed the effect of the potent dram, bent his brow, and winged an arrow perpendicularly to the clouds—and as it drove into the earth quivering with the force, directed the trapper to remain by the side of the weapon. Then he shot one some hundred yards in a direct line, and then the expectant bride was conducted to the spot where it fell by the father and her friends. A third was then driven to the ground, a few feet from where she stood, and the chief, who acted as priest in the ceremony, addressed Nick Wolsey, by saying, as he again pointed an arrow upwards—

"If my white brother would win the bird, he must catch her ere she gains her nest;" and drawing his bow, the arrow twanged from the string, and away rushed the trapper at the signal. For a brief second the coquette seemed resolved to reach the goal which would have freed her from her plighted faith; but stopping suddenly in her rapid path, she turned on her heel, and threw herself with a ringing laugh, into Nick's outstretched arms.

A shout of triumph announced the success of his suit; and to all, save *one*, the completion appeared to give great satisfaction. This was an Indian youth, an undeclared lover of the trapper's bride. In secret he had worshiped the idol of his affection, trusting that time would enable him to gain the prize, and when his hope seemed ripening, he saw her thus suddenly lost to him and lost forever.

"May the Great Spirit strengthen my arm!" said he, dashing forward, with all his savage nature roused within him—and like a tiger springing upon his prey, he was about burying his knife between the shoulders of the unsuspecting trapper, when backwards he went to the earth as if a whistling bullet had rushed through his brain, in the strong grip of Nick's deer-hound.

"Holloa!" exclaimed the trapper, releasing his wife from an embrace resembling a grizzly bear in tenderness, "Why, what's this about, eh?"

The drawn knife in the fallen Indian's grasp, and his ferocious aspect revealed the causes of the dog's unexpected attack, who continued to pin him firmly to the ground in his torturing hold.

"Art jealous, man?" said Nick, laughing and bestowing a kick of no gentle force on his prostrate enemy.—"Art jealous?" And lifting him from the earth, and snatching the blade from him, he cuffed him, among the jibes and jeers of his tribe, far away from the scene of his discomfiture.

Months rolled away. The maple leaf wore the brown tint of searching autumn, and Nick Wolsey was a rough but doating father. Upon returning from examining his traps, late one evening, he was somewhat astonished, and not a little vexed, at his wife's neglecting to meet him, according to his wonted custom, some short distance from the log cabin.

"Where is Minamee, I wonder," said he, striding towards the door—and as he reached the threshhold, he stumbled heavily against something laid across it. Upon stooping to ascertain the cause he discovered the lifeless body of his faithful dog.

"Minamee," he shouted with stentorian lungs. "Sea and earth how did this happen Minamee, I say!"

"Hush!" exclaimed a voice in a low whisper, "hush you'll wake my child."

"Wake your child!" repeated he, nestling her infant to her bosom, as he threw open the door, "Wake your —, the sentence was unfinished. Fell horror petrified him with the sight that presented itself; his lower jaw dropped and his eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets—the warm blood curdled in his veins, and the checked pulse ceased its throbbing. Sitting before the hearth upon the floor, there was the young mother bearing marks of cruel violence and her disordered dress, and pressing to her breast the headless trunk of her infant. Pale was her countenance—and the fixed, glassy stare betokened madness in all its horrid form.

"Say," screamed the trapper, rushing to the side of his demented wife—"say how—who has done this?"

"God of Heaven?" exclaimed he—she's daft—gone wild—mad!" and scarcely less so himself the strong bold hunter howled in his misery.

For days he was unable to learn the particulars of this terrible catastrophe. At length a change took place in the benighted reason of his wife—but like the remaining spark in the charred ember, it was the last effort of the mind ere death expunged its miseries.

It appeared that at sunset, Minamee was preparing to set out to meet her husband, after rolling her little charge in a Buffalo skin, and laying him on his bed when a long shadow of a man was cast suddenly into the entrance, and as quickly disappeared. The deer hound sprung from the floor on which he had been lying; as he leaped to the door-way, followed by his mistress, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the noble animal fell dead at her feet.—In an instant afterwards the form of an Indian, whom Minamee at once recognized as the foiled assassin at her marriage, bounded into the cabin, and despite the mother's furious struggle, clutched her child from his couch, and brandishing his knife with savage yells, severed his head from his body.

"There," pitching the headless corpse towards the frantic mother, "is my revenge. Blood to the red man's wrong is as water to fire. I am satisged. Farewell." And turning upon his heel, he quitted the spot like one who had accomplished a noble deed, and with a slow and haughty footfall.

The hitherto happy and contented home of the trapper was now desolated. It was a long, long time since tears had fallen from Nick's eyes; but as he watched the sinking moments of his dying wife, they chased each other down his furrowed cheeks in streams, and shewed the flood-gates of his heart were open. As the sun rose, the spirit of Minamee fled.

"Revenge!" exclaimed the trapper, rising from the side of the dead body of his wife, over which he mourned for hours. "I'll have such revenge that in tale and story none can equal. I'll be more bloody than the panther—more cruel than the beast or savage, of any kind or time. Revenge!" continued he, with a convulsive laugh; "the white man's vengeance shall at least match the red."

Mounting his small, but but fleet steed, caught from the wild prairie, the trapper turned his head towards the west, and driving his heels into his flanks, gallopped, like one reckless of life and limb, to the valley of the Mohawk. There, as he anticipated, he found the tribe from whom his Indian wife had been chosen. Brief was the horrid tale of his wrongs, and as brief were his demands for justice.

"Give me," said the trapper, "the murderer, and let me deal with him as I list."

The chiefs listened with that seeming apathy with which they listened to every relation whether of good or evil; and continued to send volumes of smoke, curling upwards from their lips, as they sat in a circle about the fire, without a perceptible emotion of any kind. At length the elder said, after a long silence, "my white brother says well. Let it be so. Deal with him as you list. Take him hence."

The consent obtained, a howl of savage delight burst from the trapper's breast, as he pounced like a gallant tiger upon his victim—"You're mine," clutching the remorseless wretch by the throat, and lifting him from the earth in his brawny grasp like a weak puny child. "You're mine!" repeated he; "and as ye gave no mercy, none shall be given ye."

Winding long, narrow strips of untanned hide round the shoulders, arms and wrists of the prisoner, he bound them tight to his body, and fixing one end to his rude stirrup, threw himself upon his horse to retrace his steps at a slow and leisurely pace. The trapper appeared even to select the path with care, so that the prisoner might not be injured by break or brier on their progress.

In silence—without one word being spoken in that long, long night—they continued on through waste and wild. The unruffled Hudson reflected the clear rays of the moon, bright and unbroken as a mirror. The refreshing mists rolled along the sides of the highlands in graceful folds, and nothing broke on the ear but the wash of waters and the melancholy note of the whip-poor-will. Just as the first tinge of light streaked the east, the trapper arrived at the door of his cabin; and securing his prisoner beyond the chance of escape, to the trunk of a primeval willow hard by, he at once began the task of his unparalleled, unheard of revenge.

With a hatchet he cut long and stout branches from the willow, and tying them firmly together with pieces of dried skin, formed a sort of rough strong basket, resembling a large cradle.—When this was complete he threw his helpless captive into it, at length and with his face upwards, and, passing strips of hide through the apertures of the cradle from his feet to his neck, bound him fast, that not even a sinew might be moved. Then taking the copse of wife—ill fated Minamee! he placed it face to face with his prisoner. The horrified wretch clenched and gritted his teeth as the body pressed upon his; but no groan escaped his lips.—His bloodshot eyes revealed the anguish of his soul, still he would not speak. In a few minutes the living and the dead were lashed together.—The breathing man and putrid corpse, festering corruption were as one.—When so much of the horrid work was finished, the trapper stood with folded arms, with a fiendish smile, surveyed the advancement of his task.

"And now to complete it," said he, lifting the load lightly in his arms, and placing it long ways on the back of his horse, tethered on the green sward.—The animal snuffed the air, and would have plunged from his burden, had not the well known voice of his master quieted him. Still he stood with fiery eye-balls and dilated nostrils, ready to fly from his own shadow, as he smelt the offensive stench issuing from the cradle. Girding it in the same fashion as the bodies were bound together round the loins ribs and neck of the horse, he so contrived to fix it that neither jolt nor jar could move it from the firm position.

"Now my eagle of the rock," said the trapper, addressing his horse, "my untamed unicorn, you shall, for the first time since you left the prairie grass, feel the effects of the lash, and taking a punishing switch in his hand, he struck the animal sharp, until wrought to a pitch of fury and pain. Flakes of foam flew from his mouth, and streams of perspiration rolled from every pore in the skin.

Leaping in the air like a stricken nag, he strove to snap the bond which held him, and at length with one terrific plunge and cry of terror, broke away with the speed of thought, and swept through forest, swamp and wild, with madness in every stride. On, on he went. The flood was passed, the prairie gained; still on he went. A wild, piercing shriek broke on the unbounded waste, and lent new fear to the maddened horse. On, on he went.—The noon-tide sun darted his rays, unbroken by leaf or bough, upon the fleeting overloaded steed: but still his gallop was unslackened. His skimming shadow became gigantic in the falling light; and still he continued on. The pale moon tipped the thin fleecy clouds with her silver light—and yet his speed was unabated.

'Tis said—but even in a whisper—by the hunters of the far west, that the horse may still be seen scouring the plains, where the foot fall of man is seldom heard, with the load of the living and of the dead.

Yankee Courtship.

Jonathan Dunbar saw Prudence Feastalf at a meeting.—Jonathan sidled up to Prudence arter meeting, and she kind a sidled off. He went closer and axed her if she would accept the crook o' his elbow. She resolved, she could, and plumped her arm right round his'n. Jonathan felt all overish, and said he liked the text, "Seek and ye shall find," was purty good readin. Prudence hinted that "Ask and ye shall receive," was better; Jonathan thought so too, but this axing was a puzzler. A fellow was apt to get into a snarl when he axed, and snarlin warn't no fun. Prudence guessed strawberries and cream were slick. Jonathan thought they warn't so slick as Pru's lips. "Now don't," said Pru, and she guv Jonathan's arm an involuntary hug.—He was a leetle started, but thought his farm wanted some female help to look arter the house. Pru knew how to make rale good bread. "Now don't," said Pru. "If I should," said Jonathan—"Now don't," said Pru. 'Maybe you wouldn't'—and Jonathan shuck all over, and Prudence replied, "If you be coming that game, you'd better tell feythgr." "That's just what I want," said Jonathan; and in three weeks Jonathan and Prudence were "my old man" "and my old woman."

THE SCHOOLMASTER.—There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, and character of the child. No office should be more respect. The first minds in the comunity should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. Here they should be lavish, whilst they straighten themselves in everything else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy, which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect and impoverishes his heart.—*Channing.*

Natural Attraction.

I don't like to be left alone with a gal, it's plaggy apt to set me soft sawderin' and a courtin'. There is a sort of natural attraction like in this world. Two ships in a calm are sure to get along side of each other if there is no wind, and they have nothing to do but to look at each other: natur does it.—Well, even the tongs and the shovel won't stand along; they are sure to get on the same side of the fire, and be sociable; one of 'm has loadstone, and draws t'other,, that's certain. If that's the case with hard hearted things, like oak and iron, what is it with tender hearted things like humans? Shut me up in a 'sarvetory with a hansum gal of a rainy day, see if I don't think she is the prettiest flower in it.—Yes, I am glad it is the dinner bell, for I aint ready to marry yet, and when I am, I guess I must get a gall where I got my hoss, in old Connecticut, and that state takes the shine off all creation for geese, gals and onions, that's a fact.—*Sam Slick in England.*

FIRESIDE CHEERFULNESS.—Cultivate a cheerful spirit. Cheerfulness is the twin sister of gratitude. They are born together. They walk hand in hand through life, and the death of the one breaks the heart of the other.—Gratitude is the homage which the heart gives to God for his goodness.—Cheerfulness the external manifestation of his praise.

FOR A COLD AND HOARSENESS.—Boil a middling sized turnip, lay it in a common saucer, and pour on it three table spoonsful of common molasses—the juice of the turnip is extracted and forms a syrup, which will be found very efficacious in removing the hoarseness and sore throat of a common cold.

The First Prayer in Congress.

The subjoined extract of a characteristic letter from John Adams, describing a scene in the 1st Congress in Philadelphia, in September, 1774, shews very clearly on what power the mighty men of old rested their cause.—Mr. Adams thus writes to a friend at the time:

"When the Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay of New York, and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiments, some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists, that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samual Adams arose and said that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but he had heard that Mr. Duche, (Dushay they pronounced it,) deserved that character, and therefore moved that Mr. Duche, an Episcopal Clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress to-morrow morning. The motion was seconded, and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our President, waited on Mr. Duche, and received for answer, that if his health would permit he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning he appeared with his clerk, and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect for the 7th day of September, which was the thirty-fifth Psalm. You must remember, this was the next morning after we had heard the rumor of the horrible cannonade of Boston. *It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning.*

"After this, Mr. Duche, unexpectedly to every body, struck out into an extraordinary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such correctness and pathos, and in language so eloquent and sublime, for America, for Congress, for the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect on every body here. I must beg you to read the Psalm. If there is any faith in the sortes Virgilianæ, or sortes Homericæ, or especially the sortes Biblicæ, it would be thought providential."

Here was a scene worthy of the painter's art. It was in Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia, a building which (we learn by a recent article,) still survives in its original condition, though now sacrilegiously converted we believe, into an auction market for the sale of chairs and tables, that the forty-four individuals met to whom this service was read.

Washington was kneeling there, and Henry, and Randolph, and Rutledge, and Lee, and Jay, and by their sides stood, bowed in reverence, the Puritan patriots of New England, who at that moment had reason to believe that an armed soldiery was wasting their humble households. It was believed that Boston had been bombarded and destroyed. They prayed fervently "for America, for the Congress, for the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston;" and who can realize the emotions with which they turned imploringly to Heaven for divine interposition and aid?—"It was enough," says Mr. Adams, "to melt a heart of stone. I saw tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia."—*Newark Daily Adv.*

Eastern Anecdote.

As a woman was walking, a man looked at her and followed her.

"Why do you follow me?" she asked.

"Because I have fallen in love with you," he replied.

"Why are you in love with me?" said she. "My sister is much handsomer she is coming after me; go and make love to her."

The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he turned to the first one, and said.

"Why did you tell me a falsehood?"

"Neither did you speak the truth," replied she; "for if you were really in love with me, why did you leave me to look upon my sister?"

There is much good sense in the remark, says an exchange, and if more girls were as sensible as this, there would be less inconstancy.