Bradford Reporter.

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

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[From the Delaware Journal.]

I Never am Sad!

I never am sad—at the early dawn
My spirit is up with the lark away,
And it stretches its tirless pinions on
To bathe in the light of an endless day.
The spirit that opens the folded flowers,
And dances along with the laughing hours,
That fingeth the incense of morn around
And drinks up the dew from the fragrant ground
That sheds a rich balm o'er earth and thro' air.
And filleth creation every-where—
Is near me—I float on its silvery wings,
Away! away! amid visioned things:
Voices are round me—they bid me be glad,
I never am sad—I never am sad.

I never am sad—when the noon-day sun
Rolls thro' the firmament torrid and bare
And the insects awake with their dreary hum
And float like a pest in the still deep air:
Then I can scarcely hear the waters trill,
And shadows lie sleeping on valley and hill
Then the spirit that watches the gathering cloud
And laughs as he wreathes its misty shroud
That mixes away in the tempests roar [o'er,
When the thunder is trampling the mountains
Leads forth its train—on the rattling blast,
I can hear him rushing free and fast;
Though I bow with fear—yet my heart is glad,
I never am sad—I never am sad.

I never am sad—at the starlight hour
That follows the lapse of a golden day,
When unseen beings exert their power
And call in my wandering tho'ts to pray:
When all but the voices of night are still,
And the wind scarce sighs o'er the lonely hill;
Then the spirit of slumber descends on all
Save the faries that trip through the elfin hall;
And beauty that whirled in the mazy dance
Lies softly dreaming of young romance—
Those spirits glide by as I bend my knee,
And they whisper their soothing words to me—
They bid me rejoice, and their tones are glad,
Oh! I never am sad—I never am sad.

D.E.L.

[From the American Ensign.]

The Yankee Boy.

Look at yon little bright ey'd lad,
How manly is his tread!
There is an independent air
Stamped on his youthful head—
A something that would seem to say,
And bid us mark with joy,
And generous pride—this little lad
Is a brave Yankee boy.

No thought of bitter poverty
Hath bowed his head with shame,
No round of ignominious toil,
Hath bent his slender frame;
To him the future's full of hope,
The present full of joy—
This is the noble privilege
Of every Yankee boy.

What father does not feel the glow
Of patriotic pride,
To know the "future sovereign" stands
Thus helpless at his side?
What mother does not feel the thrill
Of gratitude and joy,
To call the darling of her heart,
Her noble Yankee boy?

Throughout this consecrated land;
With heart and hope elate,
They're rising up—they're rising up,
The "pillars of the state;"
And many a lonely heart shall leap,
With mingled pride and joy,
To think the noble man was once
A humble Yankee boy.

All hail, then to the infant groups,
That round our firesides cling,
To bless us with their smiles of love,
And thoughts of gladness bring;
Thoughts that may cheer our weary hours,
With dreams of noble joy;
The germ, of many a patriot is,
A little Yankee boy.

Twilight.

BY MARY ANN H. DOOD,

The sunset hues are fading fast,
From the far western sky away,
And floating clouds which gather round
Have vanished with their colors gay.

All save one streak that lingers there,
Retaining still a rosy hue,
Bright at the verge, but pale above,
Soft blending with celestial blue.

One star, one bright and quiet star,
Hangs out its steady light above,
Over the hushed and resting earth,
Still watching like the eye of love.

The mingling tones of voices gone,
Are breathing round us sweet and low,
And eyes are beaming once again,
That smiled upon us long ago.

Job Cole.

Poverty and Power—Money and Marriage.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

PART I.

In a narrow and thickly populated alley, just without the walls of old London, there was, and perhaps still exists, a coal shed—a dark, gaping, dingy recess, well filled with coals, and in one corner a pile of firewood, technically termed "penny bundle"—a fringe of ropes of onions, suspended from the *once* whitewashed ceiling, and a while barrel of Yarmouth bloaters at the door. A back room dimly seen in the distance, served as a parlor, and kitchen, and all" to the owner of the establishment, consisting of Job Cole, his wife, and two daughters, of the respective ages of twelve and ten. The upper part of the three-storied house. with the exception of the attics, was let out to lodgers at week rental varying from five shillings to half a crown.

One morning, in the month of ——, Job Cole was busily employed in measuring a bushel of real Wallseed, scientifically heaping the measure to a perfect cone, when a genteel man walked into the shed, and asked if "Mr. Cole was within?"

"If it's Job Cole you want, I'm the man," replied the retailer of fuel.

"Can I have a few words with you in private?" demanded his visitor.

"Why, I don't see no objections to that," replied Job, "if so as you'll wait till I've carried these ere coals. First come, should be first served, all the world over, you know; at least it's al'ays been my maximum. Shan't be long. Here, Fanny, you slut, come take care of the shop, while I run over to Mother Smithers," brawled he; and down came a girl twelve years of age, upon seeing the stranger, sidled up to the herring cask, and began playing with the savory fish, glancing now and then at the gentleman with a look between shyness and fear, who on his part, endeavored to enter into conversation with the child, but he could extract nothing more than a timid "yes, sir," or "no sir."

Her father, however, soon relieved guard, and throwing down the empty sack, cried—"That's the ticket! And now, sir, what's your business?"

"A very agreeable business, I hope, as far as you are concerned, Mr. Cole," replied the stranger. "But before I communicate the object of my visit, it is necessary that I should ask you a few questions."

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies, as the saying is," replied Job. "But, howsomever, go it! You'll excuse me;—but the fact is, I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me. I fear no duns, not I. Cause why?—I owe nothing to nobody."

"I've heard a very good character of you in the neighborhood," replied the gentleman.

"Don't doubt it," replied Job, with some confidence;—"I should like to see that man, woman, or child, that could say black's the white of my eye, that's all. Pay every body—wish I could say everybody paid me."

After a little further parley, the gentleman induced Job to invite him to a conference in the little back room.

"Your name is Job Cole, I believe?"

"You've hit it—right as a trivet," replied Job.

"Your father's name was?"

"Job, too."

"Have you, or had you, any relations?"

"Why let me see—yes. There's uncle John, but I never sat eyes on him. He went to Ingeys when a youngster—some thirty years ago—yes, thereabouts. But, if it's the relations you want, I can settle your business in a jiffy. Here, Fanny, bring me the Bible, you jade."

The Bible was brought, and on the fly leaf were written, the names and date of birth of Job Cole, and Sarah Cummins, his wife, and his six children, the issue of his marriage.

"And where are all these brothers and sisters?" demanded the stranger.

"Dead! dead as herrings—gone to kingdom come a precious time ago. I'm the only child they reared; and between you and me, and the post, I don't think I'm to be sneezed at."

The gentleman smiled and bowed in acquiescence to the proposition.

"I'm perfectly satisfied," continued he, "of your identity; and I have the pleasure to inform you that, by the death of your uncle John, you are the fortunate heir to a considerable property."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Job. "Gazzooks! but stop a minute!"—and rushing to a door which opened on the stairs, he bawled out, "Mother Cole—I say, mother Cole! My eyes! but if this aint just like a prize in the lottery. Better born lucky than rich. You'll take a drop of something though?—What's your liquor?"

At this moment, Mrs. Cole, who was busy washing, entered the room, her face flushed with the heat and exertion. and adorned with a broad-bordered cap of the true London smoke, tone and color.

"What the deuce is the matter?" said she, as she wiped her smoked and naked arms upon her blue apron.

"Matter enough," replied Job, with exultation. "Sal, you baggage, this ere gentleman says that uncle John. as is in Ingey, has kicked the bucket, and eft us lots o' tin."

"Gracious goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, flopping down in a chair.

"Well, to-be-sure, I said something would happen. I see a stranger in the bars last night, and a puss popped out on the hearth. Pray, sir, how much may it be now?"

"Really ma'am, I am not empowered to say, but it is a large sum—a very large sum, I know."

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Cole, relapsing a moment into silence, and then rising, cried, "Where's the gals? Dear me! it's turned me quite topsy turvy. Job do call the gals."

Job obeyed, and Fanny, who had before made her appearance, entered, followed by Dolly, a younger sister, about ten years of age.

"Come here and kiss me, dears, do," said Mrs. Cole. "Poor things! There, go to your father, we are ladies and gentlemen (?) now, and no mistake.—Fanny, go wash your sister's face and hands, and dress yourself—d'ye hear?"

The children delighted, quitted the parlor to execute her commands and enjoy a holiday.

"Excuse me, sir," said Job, "but if I may be so bold, when shall we touch the ready, and know all about it?"

"Here is the card of my employers, Messrs. Smith, Robinson and Jones, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who will be glad to see you at twelve o'clock to-morrow, if that will suit your convenience, when they will give you every information, and put you in possession of the funds. They also authorize me to say, that if you should require any money, that I was to advance it."

"That's handsome, at any rate," replied Job; "never refuse ready money." Spose you trip a five pun note."

"Anything you please," said the obliging gentleman; and taking out his pocket book, took a note of the amount required from a bundle of the same flimsy valuables.

"What a heap you've got there!" remarked Job, surprised. "I say excuse me, but will you let me have a peep at your trotters?"

The gentleman extended his legs, and the superstitious Job, having assured himself that his visitor had really no hoof or tail, received the advance.—And then they all laughed heartily and Job and Mrs. Cole both pressed the bearer of the happy tidings to partake of their hospitality, but he politely declined, promising to avail himself of their invitation when the business was finally settled.

PART II.

At least half an hour before the appointed time, Job and his wife were reconnoitering at Lincoln's Fields, to discover the offices of Messrs. Smith, Robinson and Jones. They both appeared in their Sunday clothes, with some alterations and additions. Job's short, black, scrubby crop of hair being surmounted with a new beaver, rather rough, from the admixture of rabbit down, and encircled by a broad ribband and steel buckle; his rudy, clean washed face, set off to advantage by a canary-colored Belcher handkerchief, his shirt collar in the absence of starch, falling a la Byron: a large red vest, with black smalls, and grey worsted stockings, no gloves, but grasping an old brown cotton umbrella in his right hand, for the protection of Mrs. Cole's new bonnet, "purvided it should rain," as she said; and, as she had expended the "matter of thirty shillings," on that article, she felt very anxious about its safety; and a very smart article it was, too, being of a mongrel fashion, between White-chapel and West End, displaying good materials of a great variety of colors. A shawl, too, a real "eight quarter" shawl, depended from her broad shoulders, one point whereof touched her heels, and quite eclipsed the beautiful pattern of her smart gingham gown, with which it did not harmonize either in color or texture, but the poor soul was happy in her ignorance of true taste, although very considerably "flustered."

After referring twenty times to the well thumbed card, and reading down the lists of names at almost every door, they discovered the object of their search.

"Caught him at last, neat as a ninepence!" exclaimed Job. "Come along, old woman;" and, entering the passage, he knocked at the door—a single, timid knock. No answer. He knocked again—a good hard knock, and forgetting in his excitement the object of his visit, actually cried out, "Coals!"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Cole, checking him—"don't be a fool—don't."

The door opened.

"Right as a trivet!" said he.

"What's your business?" demanded the clerk.

"Business?—oh! that's it," giving the rumpled card. "Don't be afraid on it, young chap. It's raather siled, to be sure; but it's all right. We're come about a matter of money."

"Are you Mr. Cole?"

"Job Cole, at your service."

"Oh!" cried the young man, becoming suddenly flexible, "do me the favor to walk in, sir. Never mind your shoes, ma'am!" continued he, addressing Mrs. Cole, who was rubbing her thick soles upon the mat at the door.

They entered the Clerk's office, and never were clients more ceremoniously received; one handed chairs, and another the "paper," while a third entered the door on which private was painted in large letters. And they had scarcely seated themselves before out popped their visitor of yesterday, smiling and extending his hand.

"Our Mr. Robinson will be disengaged in a few moments, and will be happy to see you, Mr. Cole. Good morning madam!" turning to Mrs. Cole, who shook her bonnet and feathers at him, and said, "How d'ye do?"

The clerks were all pretending to be busy at their desks; but were, in fact, scraping away with their nibless pens, and glancing their curious eyes at the fortunate couple.

Their acquaintance kept them in conversation until summoned by a bell.

"Now, if you please," said he, and opening the door, introduced them to the presence of Mr. Robinson—a gentleman of the "old school," with powdered hair, and gold spectacles, whose bland and easy manners soon made them feel perfectly at home.

Having requested their attention with a little preliminary congratulation upon their good fortune, he proceeded to read the last will and testament of "Uncle John," and, folding it up, continued, "You understand the intent and meaning of this instrument?" inquired Mr. Robinson.

"Not a jot, by the living Jingo!"—cried honest Job. "It's all ti-tum-ti and gibberish to to me. Pray, sir, can't you give it to us in plain English?"

Mr. Robinson smiled.

"Well, then, Mr. Cole, in plain English, this will bequeaths you the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, which at present produce about five thousand pounds a year, or nearly a hundred pounds per week."

"The devil it does!" exclaimed Job "and what are we to do with it, I should like to know,"

"Whatever you please," replied Mr. Robinson: "It is left entirely at your disposal."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, well, it is better to be born lucky than rich."

"Hold your fool's tongue, do;" interrupted Job. "I say, sir, have you the stuff here, or where is the bibs?"

"The money is invested in Fives in the Bank of England," replied Mr. Robinson, "where I should advise you to keep it.

"But, I say," remarked Job, "do you think it safe?—I've heard of banks breaking, you know."

"It is perfectly safe, depend on it," said Mr. Robinson, smiling. "The half-yearly dividend is due next month, and my clerk will go with you, if you please, to receive it."

"Thank'ee! thank'ee!" replied Job; "I shall feel obleeged if you'll just put us in the way like, for I don't exactly understand these matters. I s'pose, old woman, we must sell the sticks and cut the old shop? Perhaps, sir, it may be in your way to sell it; it has a good name, and the returns are not to be sneezed at; it's kept me and mine for a good many years."

"I dare say we shall be able to dispose of the concern," said Mr, Robinson, smiling at the importance he attached to the shop; at the same time he naturally inferred that the honest retailer of coals entertained a very inaccurate idea of the fortune which had unexpectedly devolved to him. "If you will allow me, I will seek for a suitable house for you; in fact, you will always find me ready to assist and advise you, and protect your interests."

"We're much obleeged to you, sir, I'm sure; aint we, Job!" said Mrs. Cole.

"Werry," replied Job, lost in thought for a moment. "I tell you what it is, I'm rather daized with this luck, and don't hardly know which way to turn. Now I should n't like to make an ass of myself, you know; nor exactly let our neighbors think as we was proud; so we'll consider on it. Meanwhile I should like a trifle for a shindy. There's my old chum, Tom Simpson, the grocer, he's got a family, and I know he wants a new front, cause he talked to me about it. I spose a matter of twenty pounds or so would set things to rights in that quarter. Do you think I may go so far as that?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Robinson; "that is a mere trifle; and although you will, of course, move in different society from what you have been accustomed to, I think it will redound greatly to your honor to remember those friends you have tried, and from whom you have been accustomed to receive friendly offices. Suppose I advance you a hundred pounds now, and I will see you again to-morrow or the following day."

"I should be afeared to have so much in the house, indeed I should, sir!" said Mrs. Cole. "Thirty will be enough and to spare."

"Lots!" said Job.

PART III.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole sat up nearly the whole night talking over this great fortune, and forming a thousand different projects for the fortune; and after putting the amount upon paper, and puzzling over the sum for a considerable time, they at last began to have a glimmering of the extent and value of their possessions.

They were both illiterate, but very good natured and right-minded people; and Job, in the fullness of his heart, resolved to give away the remainder of his stock to the poor families who regularly dealt with him, and the next morning his shop was swarmed, and he was so happy.

By the evening, the shed was entirely cleared, and he sent to the Blue Anchor, and borrowed chairs and tables, and ordered a hot supper, with oceans of drink, for all the friends and their families in the neighborhood, amounting to about thirty persons in all. It was in truth, a merry meeting, and the conviviality was kept up until a late hour.

His chum, Tom Simpson, was eloquent and grateful, for Job had dropped in on the morning to invite him, and told him that he had had a bit of good luck in the way of a legacy; and then touched upon the coveted new front to his premises.

"I'll stand a trifle towards it. Here, catch hold, Tom!" said he, putting a twenty pound note in his hand, "and dan't forget to come at eight; and away he ran, leaving the astonished grocer in ecstacies at his unostentatious liberality.

The next day the empty shed was opened as usual; and at eleven o'clock, Job and his spouse repaired again to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Fortunately, they had fallen into excellent hands, for the firm was highly respectable, and the Mr. Robinson they had seen was a gentleman, and a man of property, and felt a great interest in the honest legatee. He took a house for them, and furnished it, and at once proposed that the two girls should be forthwith sent to a first-rate boarding school.

In respect to the father and mother there existed a greater difficulty, for, as Job quaintly observed, "It was a difficult thing to teach an old dog new tricks."

Mr. Robinson, however, recommended a young gentleman of polished manners, but blessed with no fortune, who was to fill the situation of tutor, steward, secretary and companion to Job: and also provided Mrs. Cole with a companion and housekeeper "to l'arn her manners," as Job said, laughing.

They both, however, had sense enough to see the propriety of this arrangement, and in six months had certainly made considerable advance, especially Mrs. Cole, for women of all grades are naturally more genteel than the male part of the creation; as for Job, he could not, for the life of him, give up his accustomed pipe, and his pint of porter in the veritable pewter, before he retired for the night; and this was the only luxury of his former days that he could not be prevailed upon to abandon. The girls rapidly improved, and Job himself declared that he was convinced that education was a fine thing after all.

They could not, however, expend one half their income; the luxuries of the richly born they could neither understand nor appreciate; but they gave away a vast sum in charity, although Job would not allow his name to be "stuck" in the papers.

Mr. Robinson, who was a real friend, invited them frequently to his table in a family way, until, finding they were presentable, he gradually introduced them and their children into society; and, as there was neither pride on Job's part, nor a vulgar assumption on his wife's, they were everywhere well received, and gave in return such pleasant parties, under the direction of Mr. Frederick, the tutor, who was every way fitted by birth and taste to do the honors in an admirable manner, that their numerous acquaintances eagerly accepted the invitations, especially after the first party, when many went out of mere curiosity, but returned home with expressions of delight and amazement at the display. Job had discrimination enough to discover that it was not his money alone that made these parties pass so pleasantly, but that it was the skilful management of his tutor.

On his first engagement he had paid him two hundred pounds per annum; but hearing that he had a widowed mother and two sisters, whom he supported, he generously added another hundred, and gave a hint to Mrs. Cole to make them presents now and then, out of the superfluities, which the kind soul most readily complied with.

When Fanny, his eldest daughter, had attained her eighteenth year he took her from school, by the advice of Mr. Robinson, and engaged an accomplished woman to finish her education. She was a quick, sprightly girl, and very pretty, and had already acquired a tone and manner which surprised and gratified her excellent parents.

About a month after her return home. Job addressing his tutor, said. "Mr. Lawson, Mrs. Cole and me have been thinking—"

"Mrs. Cole and I have been thinking, if you please, sir," interrupted Mr. Lawson.

"Well, never mind grammar, and all that just now," continued Job, "for I am speaking natural. We've been thinking it's rather awkward, since Fanny has come home, to have a young gentleman always fluttering about her."

Mr. Frederick Lawson blushed and trembled; he evidently saw the issue; he bowed and was silent.

"Now tell me, don't you think a likely young fellow like you is dangerous; human nature you know. You and me have always been friends, and I owe you a great deal, so speak your mind."

"I am sorry to confess, sir, that I think you are perfectly right in your views," replied Mr. Lawson.

"Cool," said Job; "then you don't fret much about leaving."

"Indeed, sir, you wrong me—"

"And, perhaps, you don't think the girl worth looking at, and there's no danger."

"Sir, I do think she is a very charming young lady; but I have never regarded her in any other light than the daughter of a liberal and kind-hearted patron."

"You think the old coleman's daughter not good enough, mayhap, for a gentleman?"

"I am too poor and dependent to entertain any thoughts upon the subject."

"Nonsense! a gentleman's a gentleman, if he hasn't a scuddick. To cut the matter short, if you can make up matters with Fan, I shall be glad to have such a son-in-law, that's all! And Mrs. Cole's my way of thinking—so look to it."

A month after this singular *tete-a-tete*, Mr. Frederick Lawson led Frances Cole, the daughter of Job Cole, Esquire, to the hymenial altar. And proud was the honest old coalman of such an alliance; although many scheming mammas, who had eligible sons, were terribly put out; and wondered what the old fool could have been thinking about—and he worth a plum, too.

Those who most readily find a God to swear by, seldom find one to pray to.