

Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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The Withered Flower.

They brought her from the city vast,
To this dim forest dell;
Would ease they said, her pain to tread
The paths she loved so well.
They led her forth by hill and spring,
And down the flowery glen;
They deem'd her childhood haunts would bring
Her childhood back again.
The flower buds glistened in the grass,
The birds sang in the tree;
A few short summers since, alas!
She sang as blithe as he.
Till me not, in summer time,
Within this happy dale,
That lady's eyes could long be dim,
Her cheek could long be pale!
Yet magnetly they lost their light,
Like stars when day's begun—
Blue bells sweet, which chill winds bright,
When summer days are done.
And hour by hour life's sun sank low,
A sunset sad and bleak—
For death crept quietly and slow,
Like twilight o'er her cheek.
Twas now the golden autumn time,
The old age of the day;
Each flower cup was folded up
Beneath the parting ray;
When, as the Sabbath's dying light
Stole through the lattice in,
That lady closed her eyelids bright
Upon the world of sin.
Each flow'ret open'd its silken bell,
When merry morning shone;
But noon and evening came—yet still
She silently slept on—
The lilies grew beside her feet,
The violets at her head;
An angel might not grieve to meet
With such a blessed bed.
They brought her from the city vast
To this dim forest dell:
Here first it sprung, and here at last
The withered flower fell.

[From the U. S. Gazette.]

Children at Play.

BY J. A. BEVERIDGE.

Oh! blame them not for their joyous strain,
For this is the hour of their glee—
And soon the pall of manhood's care
Will cover all their gaiety.
Then let their laugh be loud and clear—
Chide not thy little band,
Whose mirth must soon, alas! give way,
To Time's unsparring hand.
I love to hear their wild clear notes
Ring out on the wintry air,
They tell the joys which once were ours,
Ere we knew this world of care.
And the lively scenes of the school-boy spot,
In Memory's glass are shown,
And a thousand scenes are numbered now,
Which we thought forever flown.
Give them their fleeting hour of mirth,
For the clouds are gathering now,
Which will burst in fury on their heads,
And narrow each gentle brow.
And are will be where joy now sits—
And thorns where flowers appear;
Oh! chide them not—oh! chide them not,
For soon will come life's care.

[From the Western Literary Messenger.]

Hopes.

There is a hope that soothes the fear—
The dread that we must die;
Must leave, ah! leave all that we love here,
For sable pall and narrow bier;
'Tis hope of LIFE on high.
There is a hope that peace imparts,
Though want may cloud our sky,
Though rugged be our path in life,
And each step gained with toil and strife,
'Tis hope of REST on high.
There is a hope—a heavenly hope,
That makes each sorrow fly,
That wipes away each falling tear—
And says, though grief be our part while here,
'Tis ENDLESS JOY on high.

Song of the River.

I sprang from the rock, from the mountain side,
Sparkling pure and bright,
And I gather strength as I rapidly glide
From my birth-place into light.
Riches I bear to land and tree,
Beauty to hill and dale,
Beast and bird delight in me,
Drink and are strong and hale.
Fresh are the flowers that deck my banks,
The sod is greenest there;
And the warbling winged ones sing their thanks,
As they think of me every where.
I am the only drink was given
To man, when pure and free;
Return, then, to the gift of Heaven,
You're safe when drinking me.

The Brilliant Locket.

It was in the autumn of the year 1800, when the republican army under Ney Moreau, Lamb, Cyr, and other of its bravest generals, was pursuing its victorious career, and laying waste some of the most important towns in Germany, the circumstance that we are about to relate took place.

The frequent want of stores, ammunition, and money, in the republican armies, and the hope of plunder, then so frequently held out to the French soldiers, as the reward of victory, caused no inconsiderable alarm in the breast of the more peaceable inhabitants of those places which were likely to become the theatre of hostilities.

Among these, the inhabitants of a German town of considerable importance—and which for distinction we will call *Ebristien*—had ample reasons for their misgivings; the daily, almost hourly, approach of the French being expected.

The family of Paul Kinmayer, a merchant citizen of great wealth, was amongst those most agitated by the alluring intelligence. His household consisted of his wife, an only daughter, and a few domestics in whom he could place confidence—His daughter was the spring which regulated every action of the merchant's life; she was the apple of his eye, the sunshine of his shady places; for her he had accumulated his wealth, that her rare beauty might win with it a station of rank and influence; and now the hope of a whole lifetime might be wrecked in a few brief hours.

His wife was the first to suggest a plan for the concealment of their treasures. Their mansion was situated near the extremity of the town, and from it a secret passage communicated with a bower in the garden adjoining; from thence, in the evening, a man might easily steal unperceived to the adjacent woods; and there she proposed that the merchant should, at night-time, bury his treasure; or, at any rate, that he should proceed through the forest and deposit it with a relation who was to be trusted, who would not be suspected of possessing so much wealth, and who resided about two days' journey from the place.

For a time, Paul Kinmayer resisted every importunity of his wife. Who would protect them should the anticipated attack take place in his absence? The domestics were old and infirm, and they would be too much alarmed for their own safety to care much for others not akin to them. But when his wife spoke upon the future, when she impressed on him that it was wealth only that would be required of them, and that, deprived of that, all for which they had so long struggled, would be scattered in a moment, his resolution gave way.

"I go," he said "and I leave you in the trust of one whose all powerful hand will protect you; unless indeed, in his infinite wisdom, he deems it fitting that the innocent should fall as an example and terror to the guilty."

Collecting all that was most valuable into a small packet; as the evening approached, the merchant was prepared to depart. One jewel only remained behind—it was his own miniature, set in a locket, with diamonds of great value. It was his wedding gift to Amelia, and with it he hesitated to part; and he placed it again around her neck with the same fervor and affection that he felt when he first presented it. To her and his daughter, the name-sake of her mother, he gave some necessary directions for their welfare during his absence, and taking an affectionate farewell, he departed, unknown to any but themselves.

It was on the evening of the fourth day after the merchant had departed that the roll of the drums, the shrill voice of the trumpet calling to arms, and the tumult among the inhabitants, without proclaimed to the inmates of the mansion that the enemy was fast approaching. The town was, indeed, filled with Austrian troops, but these had been so often and lately harassed and defeated by the victorious arms of the French, that it was not without reason the citizens felt strong misgivings in their prowess.

ter to the innermost apartment of the mansion.

On the return of the merchant, the French army was evacuating the place, carrying with them the trophies they had wrested from the conquered Austrians, and a large supply of stores and plunder from the devoted town. Paul's heart died within him as he stealthily entered the suburbs, and proceeded towards the place of his own residence.

Within the town all was confusion and dismay; here were open store-houses, rifled of all their contents, the very doors torn from their hinges; there, the trim gardens of the richer classes broken down and trampled over; in the market places were groups of the middle and lower classes, loudly complaining of the excesses of both Austria and France. Still, Paul stopped not to join in the general outcry; his only anxiety was his own home. At length he reached his dwelling. With what a pang of intense anxiety he rushed through the open portal. The servants had evidently fled; the stairs bore the marks of heavy footsteps. Paul stopped not to examine them or he would have seen that they were traced with gore.

With the speed of thought he rushed into their accustomed sitting-room, and there a horrid spectacle awaited him.—On the ground lay his wife, stabbed through the heart; one hand had fallen back as if to protect her from the attack of the assassin, while the other grasped tightly a few links of the slight gold chain to which had been attached the diamond mounted portrait.

Of his daughter there were no traces. Loudly did he call, and wildly did he seek, first in his own house and then through the whole town, until it was whispered abroad that he was mad; and so, for a time he was; but anxiety brought weariness, and repose led to reflection.

How deeply Paul Kinmayer reproached himself for not taking the miniature with the other valuables, need not be related, since he little doubted that his wife's resistance to part with it had led to the fatal catastrophe. One redeeming thought only flashed across his mind, that by its agency—if indeed she had not shared the fate of her mother—he might be enabled to discover the missing daughter. To this end he resolved to devote the whole of his future existence; and after the funeral of his wife, he disposed of his house, the wreck of his household goods and prepared to travel; whither, he knew not; but anywhere to fly from the scenes where all his hopes of earthly happiness had been blighted by the ruthless hand of the destroyer.

"And these," he said, as he turned from his native town and home, "these are the deeds perpetrated under the sacred banner of liberty. Alas! how is the divine attribute desecrated?—How little, but the name exists in the blood-thirsty dynasty of France."

Shall we follow the steps of Paul Kinmayer for twelve years? Shall we before he traveled in strange lands, ever in the wake of the French army—sometimes in disguise—how minute, but yet how cautious were his inquiries, and, alas! how fruitless? Shall we say how the hale man grew grey and feeble, as though half a century had passed over his head, in scarcely more than the time of one? No; for we could relate nothing that would interest the reader—nothing but the patient suffering of a bereaved man; hoping, but hopeless, seeking, but finding not; until it almost seemed that the faculties of the wanderer had ceased to embrace the original object of his mission; but they did not—they only slumbered.

It was something beyond twelve years after the scene above related took place, that a French officer was reciting in one of the principal cafes of Paris, to an eager crowd of listeners, the particulars of an inglorious retreat from Russia, of which he was one of the few survivors. His age could not have exceeded thirty; but the dreadful hardships of the Russian campaign had told fearfully upon his hardened features.—War, however, had not tamed, but had evidently added to, a naturally ferocious disposition; for he was detailing with savage satisfaction, the horrid tortments of the enemy, already forgetting of the severities he had just escaped, and to which so many of his comrades had fallen a sacrifice.

Among those who listened most attentively was a stranger, who sat, almost unnoticed smoking in an obscure corner of the room; an involuntary expression of disgust at length betrayed him, and all eyes were immediately turned to where he sat.

"I'll wager a Napoleon," said the officer, "that the old German never smelt powder but on a review day, and never saw more smoke than that which proceeded from his own maerschaum."

"Better if others were like me, who, remembering only that they are soldiers, forget that they are men."

"How!" exclaimed the officer, starting on his feet, "such sentiments here are dangerous; but you Germans are very mystical however, I'll tell you a German adventure, so garcon, another bottle of coti roil, and then—"

"Do you happen to know the German town of Ebristien?" inquired the officer.

The dull eye of the stranger seemed suddenly lit with a liquid fire, as he answered in the affirmative.

"It was my first campaign," continued the other; "my father had been one of the bravest" (he meant one of the most blood-thirsty) "leaders of the revolution. His influence obtained for me a commission; and crowned with success, I found no difficulty in earning for myself promotion. In the action alluded to we were allowed but two hours to make what pillage we could in the town of Ebristien before we proceeded onward to greater and more glorious victories. Well, there was a jeweller of great wealth, whose house, which was pointed out to me by an Austrian prisoner, we entered, but in which neither jewels nor portable valuables could we find. The servants fled on our first entrance; the wife and daughter alone remained. The latter had locked themselves in a room, which we soon burst open; we demanded of them their valuables; the trumpets had already sounded 'To horse!' and I was preparing to leave the house, when a gold chain around the neck of the elder female attracted my attention.—There was attached to it—"

"A portrait!" asked the stranger, in a tone of ill-concealed anxiety.—"Don't interrupt me," said the narrator; "the story is droller than any would imagine." "The blood of the stranger came and went rapidly, and, putting down his pipe, he was observed, for the moment, feeling about his pockets, as if in search of some missing articles.

"You're right, it was a portrait; and in a most valuable setting. Provoked at obtaining no booty, I demanded it of her; she should have had the worthless miniature, but she was obstinate. I tried to force it from her, but she resisted, nay, more, she tried to seize a pistol from my belt, and in the heat of my passion—I stabbed her."

"Have you that portrait still?" asked the German.

"I have; though it has been taken from the setting in which one of my own now glitters. You said you knew Ebristien."

"I did, years ago."

"And probably the original of this picture?" said the officer producing it.

"Well, well!"

"Ah! is he alive?"

"He is—to be the Avenger!"

And before a movement was observed, Paul Kinmayer had with fatal precision, levelled a pistol at the French officer, and shot him in the breast.

Mortally wounded, but not dead, he who had braved the heat of a hundred battles, and whose death had spared that he might make a more suitable atonement for his guilt, was carefully removed to a more private apartment.

Paul, who might have escaped in the confusion, did not attempt to do so; and he was, of course, taken into custody, and incarcerated in one of the dungeons of the police.

The following morning he was led forth for examination; the wife of the fallen officer, he was told, would be his accuser. But he walked with a firm step and a lighter heart than usual.

One portion of his mission had been accomplished—he had avenged his wife's murder, but he had found no traces of his daughter.

On reaching the place of examination he was commanded to stand forth; a shriek—a long, agonizing shriek—was heard, and the prosecutrix fell senseless on the floor.

Restoratives were applied, and on her recovery the cause of her agitation was seen apparent.

"It is my father!" she said, and breaking through the crowd, she again fell senseless in his arms.

The impetus of her fall caused a locket to drop from her bosom, where it was still suspended by a chain. Paul Kinmayer snatched it up. Yes, it was the same—the same circlet of brilliants; but now it contained the portrait of whom?—of his daughter's husband—the murderer of his wife!

Passing her to one of the attendants, the old man smote his breast, and called aloud in his trouble—

"Was it for this thou wert preserved, my beautiful—my pure!"

In consequence of the state of the witness, the examination was postponed, and the same evening the dying man requested that the prisoner, together with the chief of the police, might attend him.

On their arrival life was ebbing fast. The confession of the officer was brief; he admitted the murder of Paul's wife, and the justice of his retribution; he further confessed that the daughter, being almost a child, was carried away by the common soldiers to the rear of the apartment previous to, and knew nothing of her mother's fate; and that repenting of his act, he had her conveyed to Paris, and educated at his own charge. With her years her loveliness increased, and she knowing him as a benefactor, at last consented to marry him.

This confession was attested and forwarded to the Emperor. Meanwhile the friends of the officer came forward as prosecutors, his wife refusing to do so. The murder in the latter case was fully proved, and Paul was sentenced to death.

On the morning appointed for his execution he was relieved, and suffered to enter a monastery, where he soon sunk under a broken heart.

With his wealth, which was considerable, he founded a convent for the "Sisters of Mercy," and in the beautiful abbess, whose piety and benevolence so many have, with justice, lauded and admired, may be discovered the unfortunate daughter of Paul Kinmayer.

The Mother's Reward.

I saw a little cloud rising in the western horizon. In a few moments it spread over the expanse of heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower. I saw a little rivulet start from a mountain, winding its way through the valley and the meadow, receiving each tributary rill which it met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the merchandise of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country. I saw a little seed drop into the earth. The dews descended, the sun rose upon it; it started into life. In a little time it spread its branches and became a shelter from the heat, and the fowls of heaven lodged in its branches.

I saw a little smiling boy stand by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat from her lips one of the sweet songs of Zion. I saw him kneel at her feet, and pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents, the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time I saw him with the books of the classics under his arm, walking alone, buried in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath school, and heard him saying to a little group that surrounded him, "Suffer little children to come unto me." In a few months, I went into the sanctuary, and heard him reasoning of "righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come." I looked, and saw that same mother, at whose feet he had knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lip the name Immanuel.—Her hair was whitened with the frosts of winter, and on her cheek was many a furrow; but meekness sat on her brow, and heaven beamed in her dim eye glistening with a tear; and I thought I saw in that tear the moving of a mother's heart, while she reverted to days gone by, when this Boanerges was first dawning into life, hanging on her lips, listening to the voice of instruction; and inquiring in childlike simplicity, the way to be good; and I said, "This is the rich harvest of a mother's toil; these are the goodly sheaves of that precious seed which probably was sown in weeping, and your grey hairs shall not be brought down with sorrow to the grave, but in the bower of rest, you shall look down on him who 'will arise and call you blessed,' and finally greet you where hope is swallowed up in fruition, and prayer in praise.

Mr. Editor.—Can you tell me what is good for sore eyes? Lucy.

Certainly; rub them with your elbows, Lucy, dear.

KEEN RETORT.—"I am often found at the tables of the rich," said a cockcomb to a poor neighbor.

"So is a calf's head," was the answer.

A MAN is taller in the morning than he is at night, to the extent of a half an inch or more, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

Guide to the Workhouse.

[TO YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES.]

You are supposed to begin house-keeping with a decent competence, which, with industry and frugality, will enable you to live comfortably, and put something by. Never, therefore, dream of saving, except of saving yourselves trouble. Be sure to rise very late; you will thus have the less time to spend in minding your affairs. Also, wives particularly, be as long as you can in dressing of a morning; whereby you will pleasantly get over two or even three hours, which might have been devoted to domestic drudgery.—On no account do anything for yourselves that servants can do for you; and therefore, do not be content with one servant. Bear constantly in mind the maxims following:—It is impossible for a lady to darn stockings. She can by no means make a shirt for her husband, or a dress for herself. She must never be seen in the kitchen. As to looking after her linen; helping to make beds, or cook, the very thought of such exertions ought to kill her.—You should have two dinners daily; one for your servants at two, and another for yourselves at seven, until you are blessed with a family, and then you should have three. Hot dishes every day are indispensable; never, for economy's sake put up with a cold dinner.—Have fires in every room in the house. Strictly follow the fashions; you should not wear out an old dress if ever so good. Use towels, handkerchiefs, and the like, without the least regard to your washing bill. In the matter of perfumes, gloves, and stationary, consult nothing but your senses, common-sense excepted. As regards eating and drinking have the best of everything. Give plenty of parties; and if you doubt whether you ought to keep a carriage or not, give yourselves the benefit of the doubt and keep one.—The extreme of luxury in furniture is too obviously advisable to be dwelt upon; and you will feel the advantage of it when your things come to be sold off. Indulge yourselves, generally, in every wish; and never put up with the least inconvenience to avoid the greatest expense. Do not bridle your respective wishes, or sacrifice anything, except each others' fortune, for each other; whenever you want what you cannot have, get into an ill-humor—and show it. Accustom yourselves to call every, the smallest act of self-denial, "horrid," "shocking," "miserable," "dreadful," "intolerable;" shut your ears against advice, and let your sole considerations be your own will and pleasure, and the world's opinion. Having five hundred a year, live at the rate of a thousand, and plunge without scruples headlong into debt. You will find these directions an infallible "Guide to the Workhouse."

Good Advice.

Never believe, much less propagate; an ill report of your neighbor, without good evidence of its truth. Never listen to an infamous story handed you by a man who is a known enemy of the person defamed; or who is himself defaming his neighbors; or who is wont to sow discord among brethren, and excite disturbances in society. Never utter the evil which you know or suspect of another, till you have an opportunity to expostulate with him. Never speak evil of another while you are under the operation of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down; that you may better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter. Never express the evil which you would say to your neighbor in terms too strong, or in language which would convey an exaggerated idea of his conduct. Never throw out against a man broken hints and insinuations, which would leave the hearers to suspect any thing and every thing that ill nature can suggest. Never speak evil of your neighbor to his known enemy, who wishes for an occasion of slander, for he will certainly paint the image anew, and touch it off with bolder colors. In short, never speak evil of a man when your speaking may probably do much hurt, but cannot possibly do any good.

DIFFERENT FORMS.—An old lady said her husband was fond of peaches and that was his only fault.

Fault madam! said one, how can you call that a fault!

Why because there are different ways of eating them. My husband takes them in the form of brandy.

FOR THE LADIES.—It is stated that if the ladies will keep their Mignonette from flowering for a year, it becomes a shrubby, perennial plant, and its scent will greatly increase.