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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, November 10, 1837.

Correspondence from Mexico.

Vera Cruz (Mexico), October 7, 1837.

Editors of the Reporter:—Almost every citizen of the United States who has been in Mexico...

Mexico has men of talent, and information—the great misfortune however is they are chiefly military...

I have frequently heard the necessity, and justice of the existing war called in question. War is certainly a great national calamity...

The Olive branch policy in my humble opinion, has been pursued long enough, it does no good and it has incalculably to the expenses of the war...

All is well.—When the hum of business has ceased in a populous city—when fainter and still more faint grows the laugh and the revelry...

All is not well.—with the young mother as she leans over the fevered couch, and wipes the death-damp from the marble brow of her only child...

The news such as we have from the Army, has come forward and I need not repeat it here. I cannot however refrain from recording a well merited epistle to the heroic band of soldiers...

There is no regular communication with the City of Mexico, except through the English Courier, and that I believe is only once a month.

Anna's movements are at present unknown. On one account has him besieging Puebla, another on it, that he passed through this city a few nights since, in disguise...

low nights since, in disguise, and went on board an English vessel lying in the harbor.

CONTRAST.—Here is a young lady who grows this because she is not a belle. Has she considered what the life of a beauty is!

And you, sir would be tall; and knock your new hat to pieces in a stage-coach; find your feet dangling out of bed in a country inn, on a cold night...

Truly he is most happy, who occupies a middle ground, as to money, fame and size. The respectable men and women of the world enjoy life...

ALL IS WELL.—When the hum of business has ceased in a populous city—when fainter and still more faint grows the laugh and the revelry...

All is not well.—with the young mother as she leans over the fevered couch, and wipes the death-damp from the marble brow of her only child...

To all these, that cry sounds like a funeral knell—and brings neither hope nor consolation when the last hour of man has been numbered...

Never spend time, words, strength, or anger on little things, but reserve them for something more worthy.

The Oration of the Sacraments.

Would that the Californian character were as lofty as the Californian mountain! exclaimed I, extending myself almost breathless upon the loftiest summit of the chain which edges the Sacramento Valley.

Harry South was one of those men who reveal only to their intimate friends a marked peculiarity of character. There are many such; all indeed may be really so, for every man convinces those who know him best, that he possesses a full and true individuality...

You are ambitious, and can never be stationary; you must either move onward or else keep out of sight. If I were disposed to compliment, I might say, so is the sun; but the course of light would be degraded by a comparison with a merely ambitious man.

ALL IS WELL.—When the hum of business has ceased in a populous city—when fainter and still more faint grows the laugh and the revelry, and the heavy tread of the straggler upon the stone pavement has a solitary and unearthly sound...

Some hours passed before we could force our way through the thick underwood down the more gently, sloping slide, or skirt along the base. Even there was great difficulty in searching for the narrow gorge.

the return of the Californian hunter. Harry spoke a few words of encouragement, but at the sound of a strange voice he started up with an instinctive scream...

At this time, indeed, no critical thought entered my head; I saw before me only the Californian glancing her dark eyes on us in fearful hope, and wondered that I had ever thought the phrase "bilberry bosom" an extravagant expression.

A young man, the companion of her youth, had been convicted of a capital crime and sentenced to death; but a few days before the execution he had escaped, and was supposed to be lurking near the mountains.

Excited as I myself was involuntarily at the first words of Harry South. His usual calm exterior changed into an expression of terrible meaning, and even then I saw that something more than mere compassion and anger agitated my friend.

From what the hunter afterward said, it appeared that he had wandered some distance up the mountain in search of wild sheep, of "broad horns," and suddenly found himself in close vicinity to a grizzly bear...

ler was fast recovering; too fast indeed for our own wishes, for we could not expect him tranquilly to relinquish his prize...

"That you have found your tongue at last! What else?" "Why, I never thought to ask her name."

I have eyed with best regard, and nearly a third the harmony of their mug-bells into badinage brought up too diligent ear; for several virtues I have filled several women; never any With full a soul, but some defect in her Disparrel with the noble grace she owned, And put it to the fall, but you do, you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Or every creature's best."

Her beauty and distress more than interested me at first, and since that—why should I not confess it!—our conversation has shown me a fresh, and noble soul, and has actually—not, as I was about to say, made a fool of me, but a wiser and happier man.

"Happier! I may congratulate you then. But her old lover, he will of course recover, and he is a Californian. They stab in the dark."

"You have another friend to welcome," said a deep voice at our side, and the tall form of the outlaw stepped from behind a rock.

"Why have I left my retreat and followed you thus, while fever ran in my veins, and my wounds opened at every step? Need I tell you! 'Tis the same cause that curbed my proud nature in boyish days, the same that drove me forth, the same that gained you but to lose all. Need I tell you now? You shrink, and well you may. Forgive me; the days of violence have passed, and you will seek peace from another. I must not live to see this; I have now come to bid you farewell, and to terminate the existence which torments me. Farewell!"

the ground measured," he added, with a mocking, ghastly smile.

"The outlaw held his pistol in the same position as before. He tottered, and pressing one hand upon his bosom, staggered to the body his victim. "Let me die by her side!" he cried, as he fell.

"What do you stop for?" asked the gentleman "Bress God! I tot him holter, I did."

"What do you stop for?" asked the gentleman "Bress God! I tot him holter, I did."

"The second day gave me no better opportunity than the first for examining more minutely into the character of our fair friend. Harry was still her cavalier, and I sometimes fancied that his treatment in excluding me might be aptly termed by the word Bâtiment as he was, it was a point of honor to give him exclusive possession of her company...

Such a sentiment was worthy of the author of the Declaration of Independence—worthy of the man whose election to the Presidency gave the death blow to the sedition law and black-cockadeism of the elder Adams.

Kind Words produce their own images on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the heart. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feeling. We have not yet begun to use kind words as such abundance as they ought to be used.