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TOWANDA.

Wednesday Morning, April 11, 1849.

SURN NOT THE POOR MAN.

BY JOHN PARKER.

Spurn not the poor man, spurn him not, Though horn be his hands; Nor gold and silver has he got; Nor houses, nor lands...

ROSaura.

THE STUDENT OF MADRID. A TALE OF SPANISH LOVE.

[CONTINUED.]

"Amigo," replied the Count—"I thought you knew me better. Under all circumstances, Rosaura remains mine. For myself, I have trained and nurtured this fair and delicate plant, and to me, as the gardener, it belongs."

Take sure measures, and muster your resources. You will need them all. "Fear not," replied the confident soldier, "We have been active, and have good and steady friends. At a word, the Realista volunteers and the trusty Agraviados fly to their arms..."

ter a pause, "the priest first and discipline afterwards. A man who has bowed and broken so many stubborn spirits, will hardly be vanquished by the humors of a wilful girl. Good-night, my lovely bride. We shall see," you said; and assuredly you will see. He took his hat, and was about to leave the room, when, by an inadvertent movement, Federico let fall his poniard. The Count was quick of hearing, and the noise, slight as it was, drew his attention. He turned sharply towards the spot where the student was concealed.

"The list repeated Federico, 'Stay, let me remember?' and plunging his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a torn paper. 'When I threw the man down, this remained sticking between my waistcoat and neckcloth, where he had grappled me. I noticed it when I got outside, and thrust it into my pocket.'" Without listening to this explanation, Geronimo seized the paper, and by the light of a lamp under the portal, examined it with eager curiosity. At sight of its contents, a savage joy sparkled in his eye.

"We will sit down," and the sick monarch, and with the assistance of his attendants he deposited his exhausted person in the elbow-chair. "Drink my friends, and tell me the news. Give me a cigar good Castillo. Senor Regato, how goes it! What is new in our fair city of Madrid?" "Little is heard," replied Geronimo, "save lamentations for the indisposition of our beloved master."

Geronimo Regato stepped forward and stared in the student's face. "What?" cried he, "is not that Don Federico, the young advocate, well known in the coffee-house as a virulent Exaltado, a determined rebel, a propagator of atrocious doctrines?" "I thought as much," said the Count, "Name but such an unprincipled scoundrel would dare to act the spy in the very palace. Call the Guard and away with him to prison. Let this man be securely ironed; he added, to the soldiers who now entered; and let none have speech of him."