

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, February 10, 1850.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)  
M. C. G. G.

I sat by the embers in dreamy reflection—  
In silence, in darkness, alone,  
When the mind imperceptibly yields to deception,  
And mingles the real with Fancy's conception.  
Of images strange and ethereal:  
When the sound of a step or a tone  
Is heard by the ear, but is quickly unfolded  
In thoughts which the fancy has silently moulded,  
Until they are part of her own.

I sat by the embers and heard the clock measure,  
The moments that pass away ever,  
That steadily come with their unobtrusive measure,  
Their "tick" ever sounding in pain or in pleasure,  
That change its paces never!  
I heard, and I could not disprove,  
The moments from cherubs of air, in my vision,  
That chanted, while seeking the field Pylæan,  
"We come not again forever."

And one after one in succession extended,  
The little winged visitants came,  
Fitted gaily along to the earth, and descended  
On all of God's creatures, and ever attended  
The noble and peasant the same:  
And each had its tribute to mortal man bringing,  
And each, as it hurried away, was singing,  
"We never return again."

I sighed, for although the bright line was unbroken  
As far as the eye could discern,  
And hope saw them coming with wishes unspoken,  
And laden with many a pleasant token,  
To lighten the mandate stern,  
I knew they were bringing an urn!  
And each airy cherub that smilingly passed,  
Made smaller the number, came nearer the last,  
And I knew they would never return.  
Sat. Rev. February 10th, 1850. E. R.

## "A MERE ACT OF HUMANITY."

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Heals to the art whose glory is to give,  
The crowning boon that makes it life to live."  
(HOMER.)

Start not, my listless reader, when I announce  
That the young gentleman, in whose favor and fortune  
I would fain your friendly sympathies, as  
the hero of this sketch, is, or rather was a medical  
student. Now I am very well aware that medical  
students are proverbially "hard cases"—wild,  
reckless, careless, skeptically inclined young  
gentlemen, whose hands are full of ether, and  
whose gloves are strongly suggestive of sturgeon;  
whose talk runs large, with bold jests on grave  
subjects; anatomical allusions, and startling hints at  
something

"Mair horrible and awful,"  
Which even to name was to be outlawed;  
and whose very laughter has a sort of hoarse rattle  
about it.

But our friend, Will Ashley, fortunately belonged  
to the Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen class of Es-  
caphian disciples. He was a man of refinement,  
intelligence, education and principle—pleasant dis-  
ciple, fine person and good family. Republican  
in all I cannot but think much of good blood—  
firm and honorable blood, I mean. He had no  
pretensions, no pretensions, no pretensions, no  
pretensions about him. He chose his profession at the  
end of a real natural leaning that way, and pro-  
ceeded it with true enthusiasm and untiring constancy,  
and his partiality and devotion have been  
rewarded with the happiest success. Dr. Ashley is  
now regarded by his many patients, with a remark-  
able confidence and affection. To them there  
seems "healing in the very creek of his shoes on  
the stairs," his cheerful, lively figure up the  
sick room like sunshine; his gentle words and sym-  
pathetic tones are as balm and "freshening oil" to  
hearts and minds, wounded and dispirited with  
the body, and his bright laugh and playful wit are  
a positive tonic to the weak and nervous and fearful.  
But I am anticipating, my story has, perhaps, most  
to do with the student age of Ashley.

When William was quite young—there boy  
indeed, he became much attached to a pretty girl  
of his own—a gentle, dark-eyed Scotch girl  
who made her home for some years with his  
mother and sister, in the quiet New England city  
of—where she was attending school.

As Ashley stood in the gangway, staggering and  
half blind, the crowd cheering and pressing around  
him, his sister flung her arms about his neck, and  
hung upon him, laughing and weeping hysterically.  
But the poor fellow was faint and chilled, and  
struggled to release himself from her passionate em-  
brace. But just as he stood free, he felt his hand  
clapped, but gently, timidly, and looking around,  
saw Miss Harley at his side. She hastily raised  
that cold, wet hand to her warm, quivering lips,  
and kissed it gratefully, while her tears, her im-  
pressible tears, fell upon it, as she murmured—  
"God bless you! God in Heaven bless you!"

As a matter of course, and lover-like necessity,  
William Ashley corresponded with his cousin. At  
first the letters on both sides were frequent, long  
and confidential; but after the first year of absence,  
some of Miss Jessie changed gradually in their  
tone, and became "few and far between." But  
William, who was faithful and believing, made a  
somewhat kind excuses for this, and continued to  
write out of his own affectionate and chaste  
tender. But at length his cousin ceased to write al-  
together. Two months went by, and then poor  
Ashley, in much distressed anxiety, wrote to her,  
requesting to be told the cause of her strange si-  
lence. There came a reply at last—a brief reply,  
written in the dear, familiar hand, but bearing the  
signature, a strange name. She had been a long  
time married to a wealthy Virginia planter.

His energies flagged—then his appetite went by the  
board; his eyes grew spiritless, his sleep heavy,  
and his cheek pale. "He must give up study,"  
said his mother. "He must take a journey," said  
his sister, speaking one word for him and two for  
herself. This last proposition, which was strongly  
pressed, was finally acceded to; and the young  
gentleman set forth, dispirited and ill, under the  
care ("protection," she called it), of his charming  
sister, Ellen. They went directly West, for a visit  
to the Falls; the very journey which William had  
always looked forward to as his bridal tour. Now  
it seemed but to depress and sadden him the more;  
he was restless, moody and abstracted—the very  
worst traveling companion possible to have. Ellen  
found it exceedingly difficult to divert him from  
his melancholy thoughts and tender recollections,  
"pleasant and mournful to the soul." The fine  
scenery along their route, constantly reminded him  
of the double pleasure he had anticipated in first  
viewing it with his beautiful bride.

At Buffalo, our travellers took the afternoon boat  
for Chippewa. It was a bright and breezy day,  
fairly in July—water, earth and sky were lit up  
gloriously by the declining sun, as they swept  
down that broad, immortal river. As the brother  
and sister stood on deck, silently drinking in the  
rare beauty of the scene and hour, they noticed a  
party near them, distinguished amid all the crowd,  
by a certain elegance of dress and manner, with a  
bearing of perhaps unconscious superiority. This  
was a family party, and consisted of an elderly  
gentleman, Mr. Harley, a wealthy banker, and an  
honorable citizen of New York—his wife, a sweet  
motherly looking woman—and their daughter,  
Juliet, a fair and delicate girl of eighteen, and their  
only son, Master Fred, a lad of nine or ten.

Ashley was a thorough republican—proud and  
poor; and being now more than usually inclined  
to coldness and reserve, instinctively shrank from  
all contact with this party, in whom he at once  
recognized the air patrician and exclusive. But to-  
wards evening, Mr. Harley made some courteous  
advances, and finally succeeded in getting up quite  
a free and animated conversation with his young  
fellow traveler, with whose well-bred air and  
thoughtful countenance he had been attracted and  
impressed. They discussed on the magnificent  
scenery around them, then on the battles and  
singles, bold generalship and grand fighting which  
had made classic ground of the wild Niagara front-  
ier; and Ashley, who was an admirable talker,  
soon became earnest and eloquent, in spite of  
himself. All at once, in looking up, he met the  
beautiful blue eyes of Miss Juliet fixed upon him  
with evident interest and admiration. The young  
lady dropped her gaze, instantly, while a deep  
blush suffused her bright, ingenuous face. An in-  
voluntary thrill of pleasure agitated the heart of  
Ashley, and his cold eye kindled with a new fire;  
but as thought returned—the thought of all the  
fickleness and coquetry, and heartlessness of wo-  
man, his brow clouded, he bit his lip, and with a  
few hasty words, turned abruptly, and drawing his  
sister's arm within his own, walked to the side of  
the vessel, and there stood silently and moodily,  
gazing down into the darkening waters and off into  
the deepening twilight.

Owing to some detention, the boat was later than  
usual, so that it was quite dark when they landed  
at Chippewa. On leaving the boat, Mr. Ashley  
and his sister found themselves directly behind the  
party with whom they had been conversing. Mr.  
Harley looked round and seeing them, began mak-  
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they had made choice, when Master Fred, who  
was in his boyish independence, was walking alone,  
suddenly stumbled and fell—fell from the board  
plank, over which they were passing, into the river  
below. There were screams, and rushings to and  
fro, but no rescue was attempted, until Ashley,  
breaking from the clinging hold of his sister, leaped  
boldly into the deep, dark water. For a few mo-  
ments, which seemed an age to the spectators, he  
searched in vain along the narrow space between  
the vessel and the wharf, but finally he espied the  
head appearing above under the boat, caught,  
and drew forth the already insensible child, and  
greatly exhausted, himself, swam back to the plank  
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that cold, wet hand to her warm, quivering lips,  
and kissed it gratefully, while her tears, her im-  
pressible tears, fell upon it, as she murmured—  
"God bless you! God in Heaven bless you!"

That night, after supper, which he had served in  
a private parlor, Mr. Harley sought the room of  
Ashley—his heart overflowing with gratitude to-  
wards the young hero, and his thoughts busy with  
plans of generous recompense. At the door he  
met a servant bearing away a wet travelling-coat,  
which might quicken even more his warm and  
kindly feelings. He entered to find Mr. Ashley  
seated in a dressing-room, sitting by a table, his  
head bent down on his hands, a pale, light look,  
almost senseless, and a cup of tea half drunk,  
pushed back from before him. He was looking even  
paler and more spiritless than usual. In fact, one  
friend was completely exhausted by the excite-  
ment and exertion of the evening, and consequently  
dropped into unconsciousness and insensibility. His  
room, however, as his visitor entered, and having  
politeness, begged him to be seated. But Mr. Har-  
ley came forward, took his hand, and pointing it

## These Mysterious Knockings

(The following letter, is from Mr. E. W. HAZARD,  
formerly of Troy, in this County, who has visited,  
and witnessed the remarkable knockings, the ac-  
count of which we published last week.)

Dear Brother—Inasmuch as you so strongly de-  
sire to be communicated to you everything of a  
remarkable and interesting character, touching the  
demonstrations made to mortal man by the "Good  
Spirits," I will improve my opportunity by  
giving you a relation of a few of those mysteri-  
ous communications, as told me by respectable  
persons. In the first place I will tell you what Mr.  
Hazard told me. He is a person well known to  
many of the citizens of your place, his word will  
not be questioned. He says he was selected as one  
of the Committee, by the citizens who met at Es-  
caphian Hall, because of his known skepticism in  
regard to a supernatural character, and he entered  
upon the investigation with a full belief that it was  
all a humbug, and that the sometimes heard knock-  
ing it done by the girls, immediately requested  
every one to leave the table. They all did so, and  
while no one stood within six feet of it, at his re-  
quest the table was moved around as if by unseen  
hands. He said it rattled for him to ask questions  
which, at first he declined doing, but he insisted, and  
he finally consented. The thought struck him that  
he thought perhaps catch them by a trick. So he  
thought of the name of a young lady who formerly  
lived with him, but who had been dead for several  
years. He asked if the spirit would rap on his  
touching the point of his pencil upon the table, and  
he then thinking of providing he would write  
down ten names, and that among the ten. It rattle  
it would. He wrote down ten names, but  
omitted to write the name of the young lady he was  
thinking of. He commenced and went through  
the process of pointing to each one of the ten names,  
and with the confident expectation of its rattling  
at least at the tenth, but no rap came. (All appeared  
astonished, but he could get no response after the  
ten. He then added two more, and one was the  
name of the young lady, and she quick as he  
touched it there came a rap. He then asked it  
(mentally, I think,) to spell out the name of the  
thought of, and it spelled out the name of the young  
lady.

Other questions were asked, and all satisfactorily  
answered. It told him his own age, his wife's,  
and that of every child in his family correct to a  
day, a thing he could not do himself, and which  
Mr. J. and his wife retired early, and while in bed  
made inquiries until he had returned home  
and made inquiry. He says it also promised to rap  
at his house and it did so. Upon this point he said  
he was positive. I will now leave Mr. Hazard,  
and take up the case of Mr. Jarvis, a Methodist clergy-  
man residing in this place. A few years since  
Mr. J. and his wife retired early, and while in bed  
made a conversation upon the subject of slavery—  
Mr. J. remarked he was sorry that Mr. J. Q. Adams  
was not living, as he thought his influence in Con-  
gress would be very beneficial at this critical mo-  
ment, and added he had no doubt his spirit was  
there, taking a deep interest in the question, and  
suffering the deeds of members. At that mo-  
ment there came a rapping upon the bed clothing  
directly over his breast. He asked his wife if she  
heard it and she replied she did not, but the rapping  
came again and again, and she heard it dis-  
tinctly. They then asked if it was the spirit of  
John Q. Adams, and the reply was that it was not.  
He then felt the hold of his arm underneath the  
clothing, and repeatedly pressed gently upon it, as  
between the thumb and fingers. That evening he  
was invited to Squire Draper's, where the Misses  
Fox were to spend the evening. A few minutes  
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