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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, August 23, 1851.

Selected Poetry.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

BY ISAAC F. HENRIARD.

Oh! never speak with angry tones, To one within this erring world...

THE BLUSH OF DAWN, OR, THE FRIDE OF THE KENEBIS.

BY MRS. S. E. GOODRICH.

Who is there who permits their mind's eye to traverse our thriving and rapidly growing country...

She recognized him as an old Indian she often saw him when a child, near her home; on the Kenebis. She had nearly forgotten him; but not so had he forgotten the little rosy cheeked girl...

the gentle wife, she was nothing to him but the tool of his avarice; his love for her was as fickle as his words were fruitless. She thought to call back his early tenderness when she presented him her first-born son...

the Kenebis—not to seek his wife and child; he recognized no such ties as these—but to urge the claim he just held to the land he had obtained by fraud and injustice.

A Mexican War Episode. The most protracted, most equally matched, and severely contested conflict of the whole war has never yet been recorded...

Now this expression, however popular with the minor dramatists, is not one of frequent use in ordinary conversation, and, when uttered to a gentleman about to resign himself, in supposed solitude...