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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, September 3, 1854.

Selected Poetry.

WHERE REST MAY BE FOUND. Tell me, ye winged winds, That round my pathway roar, Do you not know some spot Where mortals weep no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, Some valley in the West, Where, free from toil and pain, The weary soul may rest? The low winds softened in a whisper low, And sighed for pity, as they answered—"No!"

Selected Tale.

AN OLD-FASHIONED ELOPEMENT. A TRUE STORY. In the month of June 1852, the ship Fame, Captain Jones, arrived at New York, from London, and moored at one of the docks in the North River. Her commander, George Jones, whom I will pass over lightly as an Englishman, tough, untamed and boorish; yet he was a thorough bred seaman and a perfectly fitting man to command the hardy crew under him.

The proud lip of the fair girl curled with proud scorn, and her bright eyes flashed with redoubled brilliancy, as she gazed for one single instant upon the rude boor. She curbed her feelings however, and turned from him with an expression on her bright, beautiful face that made him puff his cigar with redoubled fervor, and to hide his shame he retired to the cabin.

Barton, utterly at a loss to account for the singular conduct of his wife. "Trust me, sir—believe me, I will tell you now all I can—all I have the time to tell. Four years ago my father, one of the wealthiest merchants in the city, died and left me all his property. My uncle, who will soon be here, was made my guardian until I should marry, and he had charge of the estate left by my father until that should occur. As he had nothing of his own to support himself, he has kept me secluded from the world, and in confinement almost closely, since my poor father's death, well knowing that on my marriage the property would pass from his hands. His conduct at times has been harsh and cruel, and especially of late. To-day, I found means to escape from the house unseen. The rest you know."

in his face with an imploring, confiding look said, "May I prove worthy of your love, and may you never repent your marriage, hasty as it was?" Mr. Barton pressed his lovely wife to his bosom, and before he could utter a word in reply the report of a pistol was heard. Ellen turned pale as marble. Charles seated her on the sofa, and, saying that the rascal had been doing mischief, rushed out of the room but Ellen arose and followed.— They went to the room of Mr. Moran whence the sound issued, and on entering he was found lying on the floor, dead, one side of his head was blown entirely off, and the room strewn with his brains and blood. In one hand was the fatal pistol, and in the other a piece of paper. Charles took it and read, "I die cursing you, and may my curse blight you."

The town of Herringhausen, not a hundred miles from Frankfurt, is one of the most picturesquely antique in Germany, and contains about 12,000 inhabitants. I like to prepare my readers with a tolerable idea of the locality wherein the events narrated transpired—for then I may hope to impress them with at least a two-fold sympathy in my dramatic personae. The eigen in which Herr Bomgarten had his residence was among the oldest in the town aforesaid, and his residence is the oldest in it.

Scarcely had he made this avowal when the clock case again opened, and the stranger stepping from it, said in a sepulchral voice, "If your daughter, O man of ambitious views, were now married to Carl von Muller, would you give her your blessing?" "I would! I would!" exclaimed the old man sobbing. "Then," exclaimed the apparition, "come forth ye happy pair!" At these words the door of the room opened, and Carl von Muller, and his lovely bride entered, approached the master of the house and knelt at his feet.