

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 21.

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

TOWANDA:  
Saturday Morning, November 3, 1855.

## Selected Poetry.

### THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds and naked woods,  
And meadows brown and scar.  
Heap'd in the hollow of the grove,  
The wither'd leaves lie dead,  
And to the eddying gust,  
They rustle to the robin's tread,  
The robin and the wren are flown,  
And from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top caws the crow,  
Through all the gloomy day.  
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers  
That lately sprang and stood,  
In brighter light and softer air,  
A beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they are all in their graves,  
The gentle race of flowers,  
Are lying in the lowly beds,  
With the fair and good of ours,  
The rain is falling where they lie,  
But the cold November rain  
Calls not from the gloomy earth  
The lovely ones again.  
The wild flower and the violet,  
They perish'd long ago,  
And the fair rose and the orchid died  
Amid the summer glow;  
But on the hill the golden rod,  
And the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook  
In autumn beauty stood.  
'Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven  
As falls the plague on men,  
And the brightest of their smile was gone,  
From upland, glade and den.  
And now, when comes the calm, mild day,  
As still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee  
From out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
Though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light  
The wafted of the mill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers,  
Whose fragrance late he love,  
And sighs to find them in the wood  
And by the stream no more.  
And then I think of one, who in  
Her youthful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up,  
And faded by her side,  
In the cold mist-ear we laid her,  
When the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely,  
Should have life so brief;  
Yet not named it was that one,  
Like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful,  
Should perish with the flowers.

## Selected Tale.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

### MY COUSIN HARRY.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

#### CHAPTER I.

"And this, I suppose, is to be my home for the future," thought I, as I leaned forward to view in the twilight, the old-fashioned house, before which the carriage drew up; and in spite of the burly spirits of fifteen, I shrank from that future.  
To live forever with two old maids, and their cats and lap-dogs, and worsted work! it was too horrible to contemplate, and I mentally resolved to escape from such single blessedness as soon as possible.  
But the door opened, and I was already in a well-lighted hall, warmed at the farther extremity by a huge stove, which seemed to be boiling but fiery eyes, as the red coals shone through the bars, and the elaborate carpeted floor of which the upper part was composed. Before the servant had time to close the door behind me, another had opened, and a loud voice in the parlor said, "This way, dear, do come to the fire and get warm. It's a little cold here, and we'll have tea. This is your Aunt Margaret," leading me up to a fine, elderly lady by the fireside, "and I'm your Aunt Patty, dear; though we're not much of relatives either, I believe."  
"And I'm your cousin Harry, dear," said a laughing voice from the corner, into which I had not had time to peer.  
A mellow little laugh from Aunt Patty, that seemed to say that the speaker was a privileged person, and a "Harry, don't you frighten the poor child!" from Aunt Margaret, was all that I knew of cousin Harry at that time; for there was no lamp in the room, and he sat in the obscurest corner for even the dancing, merry light of the hickory fire to illuminate.  
How cozy and comfortable everything looked, after the paper flowers, and wax flowers, and dilapidated armchairs of the large, tawdry drawing-room of the boarding-school. The wonderful twisted legs of the old-fashioned furniture seemed to be dancing quiet little jigs, as the twilight flickered on them; a bon's paw was now and then thrust forward in a kind of mock play, grasping a marvelous looking ball, from some chair, table or escrutoire. The cushioned, black old cabinet, in the corner, stood grim and grim, scarcely deigning to smile as the ruddy fire-light played hide and seek over the multitudinous doors and drawers, making one think of lost wills, and secret springs, locks of hair, and faded flowers, and all the other romances connected with old cabinets. But the brightest gleamed the chestnut around the table, the center of the room, with its snowy damask cloth, its old-fashioned glittering silver, led up to the plain to urn, with its grim look of antiquity, looking so innocently at one, as they gazed the large silver rings which served as handles, and the tiny egg-shell china cups, almost transparent in their delicate beauty.

Orphan and stranger as I was, all this domestic comfort, after three years in a pinched, genteel boarding-school, opened my heart to my unknown relatives.  
In the meantime, my bonnet and wraps had been removed by Aunt Patty's own plump hands, the bell-rung, and lights and tea were brought in.  
Aunt Margaret drew her spectacles down to her eyes and scrutinized me for some moments.  
"You are very much like your mother, Isabel," she said at last.  
"Jezebel! what a name for a woman," put in master Harry, who now came forward, his sunny face lighted up with irrepressible mischief.  
Aunt Margaret wound her yarn up systematically to the last inch, stuck the long needles through the ball, and laid it upon the little workstand beside her. Aunt Patty busied herself with the brightly polished copper kettle, which was brought in over a spirit lamp, bubbling away in its merry, domestic manner; herself, it seemed to me, a kind of human kettle, with her serene frigid hum and bubble of content; then the servant placed the muffins, as by now an oak leaf in autumn, and the strangely twisted silver toast-rack on the table, and we took our seats.  
"This is poor fare, isn't it, after the sumptuous table you have been accustomed to at boarding-school?" asked Harry, as he handed me a second muffin. "You don't seem to like it."  
It was too bad; for now I knew that my mischievous cousin could have enumerated every mouthful I had eaten, and I was nearly starved yet; but I answered as composedly as possible, "I like it so well that I'm sorry to see you feeling your dog so soon, for I'm not nearly done yet," and I passed my tiny cup to Aunt Patty for more of her fragrant tea.  
Aunt Margaret drew her lips over her teeth which I afterwards discovered was about as near as her dignity would permit her to come to a smile, while Aunt Patty laughed gracefully, saying, "So, ho, master Impudence, you have got your match I see," and the young gentleman dismissed the dog, which was sitting on his haunches, watching with wagging tail and anxious eyes, every mouthful which Harry took.  
When my school-girl appetite was appeased, I had time to look around; and the only modern thing in the room was a portrait which hung over the mantel.  
I glanced alternately at it, and at Harry Anstruther. There was the same fair, open brow beneath a profusion of curls, which even at the age of twenty-one, retained the golden hue so rare in childhood; the same laughing, hazel eye, the same well-formed mouth, shaded by the down of the first moustache.  
Harry at last caught the direction of my glance.  
"Yes it's I," said he nodding gravely, "but it does not by any means do me justice."  
Indeed I more than half agreed with him, and as I thought him.  
"Now, Miss Jezebel," continued he, "I must give you warning not to fall in love with me. It will be hard work for you, I know, to help it; but I cannot have any more wives on my hands. I'm engaged to six already."  
"There is not much danger," I retorted, "as I'm neither a Mormon nor a Turk."  
"When I low peppery you are. Have a care or I will take you to season the batch," was the reply. "Let me see; there's Nelly Hale, she's a beauty, I tell you; as pretty as a Fenella, a perfectly bewitching little blonde, that dances in your heart without leave or license. I admire blondes," and he looked steadily at me, my brunette complexion growing swarther, I have no doubt, from my vexation.  
"Then there's Clara Hoffman, she's two," counting them on his fingers, "there was never a Roman empress more stately than she, and her figure is rounded like a statue's. Another glance at me who was all angles and corners."  
"And there's Alice Brant. Well, Alice is the very personification of grace; she never moves a hand nor turns her head except just when she should; every muscle is in its proper place."  
I had such a superabundance of limbs that I never knew what to do with them.  
"Then there's Anna Gray. Ah! she'd make a wife! Such sweet, blue eyes, that only lives on your own, and such a gentle little heart, that only beats for—well no matter who. And Elizabeth Taylor, let me see, she makes five. Well, Elizabeth is rather strong-minded. She knows more about the 'ologies' and 'omnies' than any professor in college. But I think you would appreciate Jenny Warren the most.—Such pies and puddings as she makes. She'd reach any man's heart through his stomach. I assure you," and master Harry aired the evening paper before the fire, and settled himself down to its contents.  
The evening passed quickly to me, in arranging my plan of studies at home, with my aunts, and tired as I was, the good ladies' early bed-hour arrived long before I expected it. Aunt Patty arranged the blocks of her silk patchwork in her basket, and then left the parlor, Harry following her. Presently I heard her voice in the next room.  
"Harry, what a troublesome fellow you are. You mix up the silver so that I shall never get it counted."  
"Well I won't, aunty," replied Harry, "but what an childish-looking girl that is!"  
Aunt Margaret was protecting her geraniums from the cold air of the window, so I had the full benefit of the remarks.  
"She's not very handsome now, poor child; but she is very handsome like her mother was at her age, and she grew to be one of the most beautiful women I ever saw," replied Aunt Patty, with as much sorrow as her voice could express, coming through a throat made mellow by most generous living.  
"She'll never be anything but a fright. She puts me in mind of an map, Aunt Patty."  
"Harry, how can you? One, two, three—don't mix the large and small forks, Harry—five, six."

"Why she's got arms like the sails of a wind-mill, and hands like a bird's claws."  
"Eleven, twelve large ones—she will fill up and be a fine figure yet."  
"Yes, she will fill up mighty soon, if she puts down muffins and tea with the locomotive speed she did to night."  
The clinking of the silver was all that I heard for a moment, then master Harry commenced again.  
"And such a mouth! Whew! it would take a week to kiss it from one side to the other."  
"What nonsense, Harry—James, silver don't look very bright—you men seem to care for nothing but kissing; it is really underbred to talk so much about it as you do," and I fancied the little lady drawing herself up to her utmost height.  
"Now, Aunt Patty, you know you like to be kissed. Don't be jealous because I sometimes bestow my favors on others."  
"Well, sir, all that I have to say is, that Isabel Hadley has a spirit of her own, and you had better not try it on her."  
"My moustache against your 'false front' that I do it to-night," was Harry's rejoinder.  
"I don't wear a 'false front,' Harry, and you know it," and good Aunt Patty's voice quivered with excitement, "and if you try to kiss her, I hope she'll box your ears for you."  
"Don't be revengeful now, because I made a mistake about your hair. I'm going to try it, at any rate."  
"Harry, you will make the child cry with your nonsense. Don't do it now."  
"Cry! she is not one of the crying kind, I can tell you. Here goes. I hope she will not cut me with all those angles of hers, though," and the door opened, and Harry walked into the room, looking perfectly innocent of the intended assault.  
I was stooping on the sofa, searching for my gloves, when he came and stood by me.  
"Good-night," said he, extending his hand. I put out mine. As quick as a flash of lightning his arm was around my waist. His mouth was close to mine, when suddenly he sprang back several feet, looking like anything but a conquering hero. I had dexterously concealed a pin in my mouth, and before his lips could touch mine I thrust it forward, giving him a prick which electrified him. I stooped down and picked up the glove which he had knocked out of my hand again, and then said very quietly.  
"It is hardly worth your while to begin kissing me at so late an hour, if it's going to take a whole week to do it. Good night, though," and I nodded maliciously at him, as he stood lost in amazement.  
Dear little Aunt Patty laughed till the tears started.  
"You bluffed me off this time, Miss Isabel, but beware of the next," said Harry, recovering himself; and passing his hand over his mouth and then examining it to see if there were any traces of blood.  
"Yes I'll beware. But you've lost your moustache, you know, to Aunt Patty," and throwing this bomb, I followed the two ladies up stairs.  
"You must not mind Harry, Isabel," said Aunt Margaret, "he is a spoiled child, and as full of mischief as a kitten. He is always at his pranks with us."  
"Oh! I can take care of myself very well," I replied, secretly delighted at my success.

Such was the beginning of my acquaintance with Harry Anstruther, and so it continued during the rest of his vacation.  
The next year passed happily to me, but the winter vacation did not bring Harry as formerly. He was an orphan and the uncontrolled possessor of a large fortune, and had made up his mind, as he wrote to his aunts to see something of the world.  
By-and-by vague rumors of mad college pranks began to circulate in our little coterie, and the elderly ladies who assembled at Aunt Patty's tea-table, nodded their heads and looked mysterious when master Harry's name was mentioned.  
As I entered the parlor one day, I heard a visitor say:  
"You should really write to him, Miss Anstruther, and expostulate with him about his conduct. George assures me that he is at the head of all mischief at the college, and he would have been expelled long ago if he had not been so adroit in escaping positive proof. But perhaps George, dear boy, is too severe for his standard is so high," and Mrs. Welsh arranged her sables with much satisfaction as she spoke.  
"His standard is not too high for detraction," said I, with no little triumph as the lady sniled herself out of the room.  
Aunt Margaret made no answer, but sighed as her knitting needles clicked and flashed with unusual rapidity. But the tears came to good Aunt Patty's eyes as she said,  
"I wouldn't have believed it of Harry. He was always full of fun, and may be he did dress himself up like a robber, and stop the farmers on their way to market, and make them give up their money and things, but I don't believe he gambles so, and the most troubled tears I had ever seen in Aunt Patty's eyes stood there now."  
"There must be some truth in it, sister," replied Aunt Margaret sternly. "Judge Hale has forbidden him his house," and she turned her back a little more to the light as she spoke.  
"Poor boy, and maybe he was in love with Nelly Hale," said Aunt Patty, whose warm heart extending its charities to all sorts of troubles, fell into a reverie.  
All further discussion of the subject was stopped by the waiter bringing in an arm full of wood for the fire. As he was retiring Aunt Margaret said,  
"James, I wish, while we are out driving, you would take down master Harry's portrait from over the mantel piece, and place it in our chamber."  
James was too much astonished to make his usual elaborate obeisance, and stood staring vacantly at his mistress till she reminded him of his duty by adding, "You may order the carriage now."

The last week of his stay with us had arrived. Our aunts were entertaining a circle of friends in the drawing-room, and we were alone together in the little parlor. I was crocheting a purse for my cousin, talking busily the while of his anticipated tour.  
"How I envy you Harry; I wish I was going too!" I said enthusiastically.  
"Will you go, dear Bell?" he said suddenly. "Could you love such a worthless, good-for-nothing scamp as I am?"  
Nelly Hale, and the gambling, and the duel all crowded upon my mind. I rose indignantly.  
"What do you mean, sir, by offering me the remnant of a heart and reputation, and fortune? Me? And I confronted him as I spoke.  
Alas! had I been more indifferent, probably I should not have been so angry.  
I think he was paler, though his laugh was light as he asked in his old, mocking way.  
"Mercy, Bell! What would you have said if I had been in earnest?"  
I was so astonished, that for a moment my heart seemed to cease beating; but I quickly answered:  
"Then I should have informed your aunts who would have speedily rid me of the annoyance," and I picked up the purse and went on with my crocheting.  
I know not what demon prompted that ungenerous reply. My cousin looked at me so reproachfully, that I could scarcely restrain my tears. He arose, walked up and down the room once or twice, as if conquering some emotion, and said,  
"Forgive me, Isabel. You were justly angry at my supposed trifling; but do not rob me of my aunt's love. It is all I have left now."  
My tears were gushing fast. I dared not trust my voice to answer. I would not look up lest I should betray myself. In a short time Harry left the room.  
That evening, at the tea-table, he told us that he should leave early next morning, as he had some business to settle in New York before he sailed. His aunts expressed their astonishment, scanned his face narrowly, and no doubt wondered what new scrape Harry had got in; but I swallowed my tea with a great gulp that nearly choked me. I sat up half the night to finish the purse. I had foolishly brought blue forget-me-nots on the crimson ground. When I handed it to him next morning, I tried hard to steady my voice and lip, as I said with averted eyes,  
"Do not think too unkindly of me, cousin Harry."  
Aunt Margaret's spectacles were blurred by the tears which she could not help fall, when she bid Harry good-bye, but poor Aunt Patty cried as if it were the one great sorrow of her life-time. As for myself, my eyes burned, but there was no tears, even of sympathy in them now; but my trembling limbs almost refused to support me, and the hand which he took at parting, must have sent an icy chill through my veins. I saw the carriage drive from the door, then I went to my room, and the desolation I felt, and the tears and moans that escaped me, told me plainly how indifferent I was to Harry Anstruther.

CHAPTER II.  
It was nearly three years after my first introduction to my cousin. The snow had been falling softly and silently all day, and as night came on, we drew the curtains in the little parlor, and prepared to pass a cozy evening together. The tea-table was already arranged, and Aunt Patty had the silver ready in her hand, measuring out, with scrupulous exactness, the silver-shell full of tea, which constituted her 'drawing' when the hall bell rang violently.  
"What a dreadful stormy night for any one to be out," said Aunt Patty, as she peered into the tea urn, where she had just thrown the Bohea. A stamping in the hall, as if some person was knocking the snow from heavy boots, aroused all our attention; and, before we had time to speak, the parlor door opened and Harry Anstruther entered. There was the same open, boyish smile as of old on his face. Aunt Patty dropped the lid of the tea-urn, and sprang forward to meet him with a cry of glad surprise. Aunt Margaret, also, on the impulse of the moment, had risen with unusual activity;—but before her sister's greeting was over, she had resumed her chair, and awaited her nephew's salutation with frigid dignity.  
His aunt's manner very perceptibly affected Harry. His greeting was constrained, and I, who had been standing aside, now noticed that his face had a care-worn, sorrowful look, not natural to it.  
Presently his eyes rested on me. I enjoyed the look of astonishment with which he regarded me, and I said, with a low courtesy, and in a tone which mimicked the one he had greeted me with three years before.  
"I'm your cousin Isabel, dear."  
"Goodness gracious! is it possible? Why, you are not such a dreadful ragged after all, and his old manner returned as he spoke.  
"No, I'm 'filled up' tea and muffins, you know," I replied, nodding my head.  
We took our seats at the table, and Harry's quick glance soon detected the vacant space over the mantel. A grave look stole over his face, then he said with an attempt at gaiety,  
"No longer worthy, eh, Aunt Patty?" But he sighed as he pointed to where the portrait had hung.  
"Aunt Patty was very much embarrassed as she replied,  
"We had it carried up to our chamber."  
"And from there to the lumber room," interposed Margaret, sternly.  
The look, which overshadowed the handsome face of my cousin, made my heart ache for him;—and I retired to my own room as soon as tea was over, that I might be no restraint upon him and his aunts.  
The next day Aunt Patty told me there was something about Harry she could not find out; only that he had acknowledged that he had lost nearly all his money; that he was going to Europe for awhile; but that she believed he was still engaged to Nelly Hale.  
My cousin was not to sail till the Spring. In the meantime we were constantly together, and I began to wonder about Nelly Hale. But he never mentioned her name.  
Aunt Margaret's manner towards her nephew softened in spite of herself, and had it not been for shame, I verily believe that the portrait would have been restored to its original place.

"The last week of his stay with us had arrived. Our aunts were entertaining a circle of friends in the drawing-room, and we were alone together in the little parlor. I was crocheting a purse for my cousin, talking busily the while of his anticipated tour.  
"How I envy you Harry; I wish I was going too!" I said enthusiastically.  
"Will you go, dear Bell?" he said suddenly. "Could you love such a worthless, good-for-nothing scamp as I am?"  
Nelly Hale, and the gambling, and the duel all crowded upon my mind. I rose indignantly.  
"What do you mean, sir, by offering me the remnant of a heart and reputation, and fortune? Me? And I confronted him as I spoke.  
Alas! had I been more indifferent, probably I should not have been so angry.  
I think he was paler, though his laugh was light as he asked in his old, mocking way.  
"Mercy, Bell! What would you have said if I had been in earnest?"  
I was so astonished, that for a moment my heart seemed to cease beating; but I quickly answered:  
"Then I should have informed your aunts who would have speedily rid me of the annoyance," and I picked up the purse and went on with my crocheting.  
I know not what demon prompted that ungenerous reply. My cousin looked at me so reproachfully, that I could scarcely restrain my tears. He arose, walked up and down the room once or twice, as if conquering some emotion, and said,  
"Forgive me, Isabel. You were justly angry at my supposed trifling; but do not rob me of my aunt's love. It is all I have left now."  
My tears were gushing fast. I dared not trust my voice to answer. I would not look up lest I should betray myself. In a short time Harry left the room.  
That evening, at the tea-table, he told us that he should leave early next morning, as he had some business to settle in New York before he sailed. His aunts expressed their astonishment, scanned his face narrowly, and no doubt wondered what new scrape Harry had got in; but I swallowed my tea with a great gulp that nearly choked me. I sat up half the night to finish the purse. I had foolishly brought blue forget-me-nots on the crimson ground. When I handed it to him next morning, I tried hard to steady my voice and lip, as I said with averted eyes,  
"Do not think too unkindly of me, cousin Harry."  
Aunt Margaret's spectacles were blurred by the tears which she could not help fall, when she bid Harry good-bye, but poor Aunt Patty cried as if it were the one great sorrow of her life-time. As for myself, my eyes burned, but there was no tears, even of sympathy in them now; but my trembling limbs almost refused to support me, and the hand which he took at parting, must have sent an icy chill through my veins. I saw the carriage drive from the door, then I went to my room, and the desolation I felt, and the tears and moans that escaped me, told me plainly how indifferent I was to Harry Anstruther.