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Selected Poetry.

The following exquisite lines from *BYRANT*, copied in the November number of *Harper*, will have a mournful beauty and pathos for those who have been called to lament the early "loved and lost."

Oh, we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss;
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns, and stammered phrases sweet.

And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye;
All these will haunt us, till the heart
Shall ache and ache—and tears shall start.

The little bow shall fall to dust,
The shining arrows waste with rust;
But he who now, from sight of men,
We hide in earth, shall live again.

Shall break these clouds, a form of light,
With nobler mien and clearer sight;
And in the eternal glory stand
With those who wait at God's right hand.

Selected Tale.

Tom Crosby's Deed of Magic.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Tom Crosby was a cobbler—or, at least, so his neighbors called him—though he was in fact one of the best shoemakers in the country. He often had to turn applicants away empty-handed; for he had more work always on his hands than he could attend to.

Tom's cottage was near the centre of the village, and his little shop was close by it, and from morning till night the merry music of his lapstone rang out upon the air. Tom was a steady industrious man, and everybody liked him. He was always kind, always good-natured, full of fun and anecdote, and above all else, he was one of those rare persons who spend their leisure moments looking after their own business. Tom was now forty years of age, and though he had always worked hard and steady, yet he had not accumulated much property. He owned the small house and the shop, together with some four acres of land, which lay back of the buildings, upon which he raised a goodly store of fruit and vegetables. Besides this, he had some one or two hundred dollars laid safely away in a savings bank to serve him on a rainy day.

Mrs. Crosby was an excellent wife, and one of the best mothers, and no one could have kept the humble cottage looking more neat and tidy than she did. The little front room always presented the same spotless purity of floor and wainscot, and white curtains never had spot or wrinkle. The kitchen was more cluttered, but never dirty, while even the ground floor of the woodshed was kept swept and clean. This excellent couple had four children. Young Tom was thirteen, and helped his father some in the shop when school did not keep. Willie was ten; Lizzie five, and Effie only two. Tom named his first child himself. Mrs. Crosby had selected a very pretty name, but her husband determined that he should be a "young Tom," and the wife gave in; but the rest of the children she named herself, and we can see that her tastes differed somewhat from Tom's. He had wanted to call the second boy Peter, in honor of his grandfather; and then he suggested the name of Hannah for the first girl; but his "phobias" (such was the term Mrs. C. used,) names were not quite up to the mark. But these children were good. They were, in fact, the best children in the neighborhood, for their father took great pains in the formation of their characters, and their mother felt no greater pride than to have them appear well.

People pointed to Tom Crosby as a pattern of happiness and peace; and yet he was not always happy. An evil genius had crept into his house—into his house—and he was growing more and more unhappy every day; for Tom had never been happy only when he could make those around him happy. The pain or discontent of a single individual in his family was sure to upset his own cup of joy.

Now the truth is, the sweet angel of content, which had for so long a time kept guard over Tom's household, had flown away, and another spirit had come in. Mrs. Crosby had become discontented and unhappy. She had allowed the spirit of envy to gain possession of her soul, and from the moment she let the demon in, her peace of mind was gone.

"Tom Crosby," she said, after the children had gone to bed, one evening, "what is the life of living so?"

"Living how?" uttered Tom, shaking the ashes from his pipe, and putting it away.

"Why—living as we do now. Plodding year after year in this same old train. I declare, I'm almost fit to go crazy when I think of it."

"But, Hannah, I thought you used to be very happy here."

"And so I did; but what does that signify? Because I was happy when I was a child, does not prove that I should always want to be a child? I used to be happy here when I thought we were on the road to something better. I didn't think when you married me, that I was live stuck down here in this town, and that I was to grow old and die with the everlasting thumpety thump of your old summer dingy in my ears."

"But what would you have Hannah?" the husband asked, with a tone and expression of indignation.

"What?" uttered the woman, energetically. "I'd have some higher place in the world, than a mere cobbler's wife!"

"Ah, Hannah, we were once the happiest people in town, and you were then only what you are now. You only want what you have."

"There it is again, Tom Crosby. Because I would hold my head up a little higher in the world, and be somebody than I am not contented! Mercy on me would you have a soul contented to see everybody else getting up, and me be obliged to dig and burrow here?"

"But who is getting up, Hannah?"

"Who? Why—there's Sarah Brown, that was—now Sarah Wilkins; just look at her. She was where I was once, but now she has her coach and servants, and dresses in silks and satin. And then look at Thompson, and Cowley, and Nathans. All of 'em building new houses, and keeping their horses and servants. Look at them, I say—and then look at us."

"But, my love, where shall I find money to do such things?"

"Find it where other folks find it. Shut up your little, nasty shop, and go into some business more promising. How do other folk's find money I'd like to know?"

"But other folks have a faculty which I have not," said Tom, in an earnest, argumentative tone. "I have found perfect happiness in my little shop, and in my neat and comfortable home. Health has been secured to us; our children are blessings; plenty was always ours, and no man can dun you or me for debt. Other folks may be happy with their great houses, and their servants, and their parties, but such things are not suited to us. Ah, Hannah, you could never be so happy as you have been were you to have Sarah Wilkins' place. She may like it, but you would not."

"Don't tell me, Tom Crosby. Don't you suppose I know what I should like? I say it galls me to think that I'm never going to get above this kind of life. Others, who, are no better than we are, have money enough—"

"And don't we have enough, Hannah?—Don't we have everything we want?"

"No, we don't. Look at Wilkins. See how his wife dresses, and how proudly she holds her head when she goes into meeting. Only just think how she nods at me, but never speaks. I declare, Tom, it's too bad."

"And yet, my love, Mr. Wilkins came to me yesterday, and wanted to borrow a hundred dollars."

Mrs. Crosby opened her eyes, but before she could make any reply, somebody rapped at the door. Tom answered the summons, and the caller was a boy, who had come after a pair of new boots.

"Boots!" uttered Mrs. Crosby to herself, after her husband had gone to the shop.—"Boots! Mercy! shall I ever escape that degrading sound?"

This simple scene will show somewhat of the state of mind into which Mrs. C. had fallen. She had not always been thus, though she had always held little ideas of pride which her husband had never felt. But about two years previous to the opening of our story, Mr. Albert Wilkins had moved into the town, and he had brought with him for a wife one who had been Hannah's schoolmate in times gone by. Mrs. W. not only made much show of her wealth, but she also slighted her old friend, and this worked upon the feelings of the more humble female. Mrs. C. began to envy the wealthy woman, and from this sprung numberless consequences. It was sometime before she really thought of aiming at such herself, but the idea gradually came over her, and then she began to reflect upon her husband's position, and she was not long in making up her mind that he might have been wealthy had he tried. It was in vain that Tom urged the expense of his children, in vain that he pleaded his own inability, and in vain that he urged the joys of contentment. The evil spirit had gained possession of his wife's soul, and he could not exercise it by any argument or persuasion. Hannah became unhappy and miserable, and even her own children failed to give her joy.

One day Tom was in his shop all alone, and he was weeping. He had just been to the house, and another "scene" had transpired. He had come back to his little shop, and with his hands clasped, and his eyes turned heavenward, he prayed that God would move his wife's heart with sweet content once more.—Hardly had he uttered this prayer, when the door of his shop was opened, and a man entered. This was no less a personage than John Newton, an old schoolmaster of Tom's upon whom fortune had smiled most bountifully.—He had lived in a neighboring town—in a large and thriving manufacturing village—and had amassed great wealth without marring his heart. He seldom saw Tom now, when he did meet him, his greeting was as warm and genial as ever.

"What, Tom!" uttered Newton, as he saw the poor cobbler's gloomy, tearful face; "what is to pay now?"

"Well, Hannah, you shan't live so any more. You needn't look surprised, for I mean just what I say. I've got the power and I can use it. I've found the *Philosopher's Stone!*"

"The what, Tom?" cried Hannah.

"The *Philosopher's Stone!*"

"But what's that?"

"Why, it's something that gives the owner power to be rich right off. If I've a mind to I can wake up to-morrow morning with you and I both in a palace, surrounded by riches."

Mrs. Crosby was slow to believe this, but at length Tom convinced her. Yet she wanted to see the stone. The cobbler took a small leather bag from his pocket, and from it he drew a round white stone nearly covered with strange characters. The hieroglyphics upset the point of skepticism in Hannah's mind, and she believed. Shortly afterwards they sat down to supper. Mrs. Crosby did not observe her husband when he put a suspicious-looking powder into the tea-pot, nor did she notice particularly that her husband drank only milk and water. She drank her tea—more than usual—and then arose. But somehow she forgot to clear away the table. She sat down in her chair, and ere long she fell asleep.

Hannah Crosby awoke and looked around. She was not sure that she was awake. She leaped out upon a soft carpet and rubbed her eyes.

"Tom! Tom! For mercy's sake, Tom do wake up!"

Mr. Crosby arose to a sitting posture and looked at his wife. They were in a large room; the floor was covered with a carpet of downy softness; the walls glittered with gold and flowers; the ceiling painted sumptuously; and the furniture of the most costly kind, and the bed itself a very marvel of wondrous extravagance.

"For mercy's sake, Tom where are you?"

"Why in our palace to be sure. Don't you remember what I told you last night? But come to bed now."

"Are ye crazy, Tom Crosby? Aren't the sun up?"

"What have we got to do with the sun? By and-by I shall arise and then your servants will come in and help you dress."

"Servants? Help me dress? Why, Tom Crosby, what d'ye mean?"

"Why, you wouldn't expose yourself to your own servants, would ye? Hereafter you must never get up till your servants come.—They'll laugh at you if you do."

Shortly afterwards Tom arose, and dressed himself, and spoke to his wife. She looked at him and started upright.

"Tom Crosby, is that you?"

"Who else should it be?"

"Mercy's sake! O Jerusalem!"

And no wonder she was astonished, for never before had she seen Tom Crosby look like that. His pants were of black broadcloth, his vest of white satin, his shirt bosom of the finest linen sparkling with diamonds, and his dressing-gown of Genoa velvet.

Mr. Crosby went out, and his wife was left alone. She had just got out of bed to look around, when she heard footsteps, and in a moment she was in bed again. Three stout girls entered the chamber, and approached the bed.

"Will your mistress be pleased to arise?" asked the foremost one.

The poor woman remembered what her husband had said about the servants helping her dress, and at once arose.

At breakfast half a dozen servants waited on the table. Mrs. Crosby longed to speak to her husband, but she dared not before so many. Her cup was filled with coffee, and she drank it. It was much stronger than the was used to drinking, but so finely was it fixed that she loved it, and she allowed the girl who waited upon the table to fix her four cups.

After breakfast, Mrs. Crosby was conducted over part of the house, and to her it seemed as though all the wealth of all the world must have been collected and spent in furnishing the place. The heavy gilt-framed pictures, and mirrors, the statues, the carpets, the gold and silver ornaments, the servants—all, appeared to her in bewildering profusion.

"We are to have company to supper," said Mr. Crosby.

"Supper? Have we got to eat again before we go to bed?"

"Eat again. Why—wouldn't you go without your supper? Our friends, who have heard of our arrival, are coming in."

About 9 o'clock Mr. Newton and wife arrived, and with them came three couples more, all in the secret.

"Isn't that Effie crying?" uttered Mrs. Crosby, as the distinct wailing of a child sounded upon the air.

"John," spoke Mr. Crosby, to one of the servants, "go and tell the nurse to stop that noise."

"No, no," cried the startled woman—the mother starting up now—"I'll go myself.—Poor, dear thing. She shall see mama, so she shall."

But Tom sprang forward and caught his wife by the arm: "For heaven's sake!" he whispered in her ear, "you'll ruin us. Don't let such things move you."

"But how can I, Tom?" My soul, how can I? Only think—our own little Effie—only a baby. Tom, I—"

"Mrs. Crosby," spoke Mrs. Newton, who saw the turn affairs had taken, "will you allow me, taking her by the arm and leading her to a seat, 'you have a child, have you? Ah, an infant? How I pity poor people who have to attend to their own children. Such plagues. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Crosby said yes; but she knew she spoke falsely.

"What a miserable idea that is," continued Mrs. Newton, "which supposes that mothers must be fastened down to their children.—However, poor people can't help it, I suppose?"

And yet Mrs. Crosby heard her little darling sob and cry, and her heart seemed racking with pain; but she dared not interfere now. At length supper was announced. It was eleven o'clock. Mrs. Crosby ate considerable cake and confectionery, and at the end she had to drink wine with five different persons. Her position was painful because it was so unnatural. Not one moment of peace and comfort could she find, but instead, thereof, it was one continual scene of trial and trouble. But bedtime came—at two o'clock—and for awhile the martyr felt relieved. But it was only for a moment, for upon finding herself alone with her husband, she remembered that her head ached, and that her limbs were weary.

"By the powers, Hannah," uttered Tom, "isn't this nice? 'Taint much like cobbling boots and shoes, is it? O, how fine! Doesn't it seem as though we were born for it?"

The wife was silent for some moments, but she spoke at length, and in a low, subdued tone:—

"Tom, where is little Effie?"

"With the nurse, to be sure."

"O, do go and bring her here to me. Do—that's a good—"

—sh! Somebody may hear you Hannah. You know what Mrs. Newton said to-night. She's the next richest to us of anybody in the country."

The poor woman laid her head upon the pillow with a groan.

Appearance of the Hospital at Sebastopol.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital at Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heartrending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fusch could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill. The building used as a hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears in sides roof, windows and doors, frequent and distinctive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors, I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed. In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercies by their general. The wounded, did I say?—No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, unattended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched tressels and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and shot pouring through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master, the Czar too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many, nearly mad by the scene around them, or seeking to escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heartstricken spectator, oh! with such looks! Many with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food or pity; or deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries in the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot.—

Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth, which had set upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder and reel round. In the midst of one of these "chambers of horror"—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them the poor Captain Vaughn, of the 90th, who has since unburied to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons; the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, corrupted blood, rotted flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance.—

But what must have the wounded felt who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say kindly word to them? Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many perhaps on the Friday before—indeed it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them upon pallets in horrid mockery. So that their retreat was secured the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not contain and our overworked surgeon could not attend to any more.

FEMALE "WEAKNES."—This complaint is very very prevalent just now. It shows itself in desires for hundred dollar shawls, and those nice looking young men who peddle tape and wear their hair curled. This sort of weakness comes on about the age of eighteen, and is very apt to terminate fatally—to a husband's vice and pocket-book. Cure—spend less money for bonnets, and more for books. In other words, put something in the head as well as on it.

A country parson had a singular peculiarity of expression, always using the phrase "flatter myself" instead of "I believe." Having occasion to exhort his congregation during a revival, he "flattered himself" that more than half of them would be eternally d—d!

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are so fast—ical.

A little girl, visiting Niagara with her father and seeing the foam at the foot of the falls, exclaimed, "Pa, how much soap it must take to make so many suds!"

Always laugh while you can—it is a cheap medicine. Mirthfulness is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.

DISCONTINUING AN ORATOR.—It is an astonishing thing how little a matter will sometimes disconcert a man who is accustomed to speak in public, and to have his thoughts about him, and ready at command on almost all occasions.

"I was once opening a speech from the stump," said a distinguished western political orator to us recently, "and was just beginning to warm with my subject, when a remarkably clear and deliberate voice spoke out behind me, saying:—

"Guess he wouldn't talk quite so hifalutinatin' if he knew that his trousers was bust clean out behind."

From that moment I couldn't get on.—The people in front began to laugh, and there was a loud roar in my rear, and I dared not reverse my position from fear of having a new audience of my condition. I made, or rather invented an excuse for delay, and sat down.—The malicious scoundrel!" continued the orator, "it was only a mean trick, after all. There was nothing under heaven the matter with my unmentionables!"

NO CHANGE.—Of a person who was a sor-did miser, it was told Mr. Curran that he had set out from Cork to Dublin with one shirt and a gusser. "Yes," said Mr. Curran, "and I will answer for it, he will change neither of them till he returns."

A CHICAGO BROKER FAMOUS for his shrewdness, took a trip by railroad the other day, and sat down at the end of the last car, because he considered the use of money worth something while the conductor was coming through the cars.

A parishoner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line of Scripture. "He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "It signifies," said the divine, "that the individual had got a habit of swearing."