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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 7, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

CHILDREN.

From Langfellow's forthcoming Book of Poems. I come to me, O ye children! For I hear you at your play, And the questions that perplexed me Have vanished quite away.

Miscellaneous.

THE RICH COUSIN.

"But, my dear father, he has had undisturbed possession so long, that it is cruel to reduce him to beggary now." "Cruel! You know nothing of the sweets of revenge, boy, or you would not say that. Think you that I have waited all these years in gratuity a purpose, and now when the time has come, give it up because it is cruel?"

with difficulty refrain from speaking of her; and favorite as he was, this was a fault that always drew on him his father's anger and reproach. At the time our story opens, young Leicester was in his eighteenth year. His father did not speak the truth when he expressed a wish that he had resembled his mother in temper; for in his secret heart did the old man rejoice at the evidence of a fine manly spirit already manifested by his son.

with abundant wealth had turned them all penniless into the world. "Never mind, mamma, who sent it!" exclaimed little Marian, the pet of the household. "I will pray for blessings on our kind friend for sending us money to buy sister Alice medicine and brother Charlie books."

of a blighted, disappointed existence!" was the mother's prayer. "Let us trust in Providence, my wife," observed her husband. "That our child loves an honorable man, his conduct proves. I am deeply grieved at the course of events, but they might have been worse. Our Marian has returned to us with recovered health and strength; let us not repine that new love has brought light to her eyes and joy to her young heart."

"Hush, my Marian, it is all at an end," said the lover. "No more care, no more sorrow, nought but love and joy for my beautiful bride." "With mingled feelings the father gave his consent to his daughter's betrothal. He felt that the stranger exerted a great influence over him, that he felt peculiarly interested in him; yet the mystery of his name is still unsolved, and excited suspicion.

"There's somebody dead in there." "There's somebody dead in there," said one little boy to another, as I passed a house, on the bellknob of which hung a little piece of black crape. My heart repeated what the little boy said—"there's somebody dead in there!"—as I walked slowly and thoughtfully down the street.