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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 28, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

TWILIGHT.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper red,
Underneath and overhead.
Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upwards steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah! the souls of those who die,
Are but the sunbeams lifted higher.

Selected Tale.

Who Sitteth in Judgment?

THE STORY OF AN OUTCAST.

The story of Jenny Irwin we copy from the March number of the Great Republic Monthly. It is a touching story and will be read by our readers with much interest. There are many who have received the same treatment as she. The officers of many a rich man groan with the weight of those who have wronged and afterwards repented. He who sitteth in judgment, will not perjure himself to act unpunished.

Three picyunes and a dime—enough for a man, and enough for a dose of the "never-again!" Ha, ha, ha! Let me think!
The room was a wretched one; the furniture, none save a broken table, a broken chair, and a miserable pallet, without covering of any kind, which lay huddled in the darkest corner. The cold wind of a late December day, swept unbarred through the broken panes, and upon the rough, uncovered table. *Misery* was written everywhere, upon the soiled and ragged table, upon the damp and smoke blacked walls, upon the frosty pane, and on the long, unvarnished and fire-lit hearth. It appeared to speak from every crevice, to cry in every gust, to breathe from every corner, and to whisper ceaselessly and mournfully down the chimney through the broken and hinged door. But nowhere else did it seem to dwell or give outward manifestations with a title of the terrible power that it did in the solitary tenant of this desolate room.

Near the window, on the broken chair, leaning her wasted arms upon the table, with her cheek pressed hard against her tight-closed hands, and a few small coins lying before her, sat a woman upon whose face and form, the short but wretched experiences of a life of fire and twenty winters had stamped the lines and cares of forty miserable years.

Three picyunes and a dime," she said, "enough for a rope, and enough for a dose of the never-again!" Let me think, let me think! and the poor Magdalen sat, while the day grew dimmer and the snow fell faster, nothing oftener into the window, and thus so-berly upon her wretched face.

"Three picyunes and a dime! He little knew, perhaps, when he threw the paltry pittance to the poor beggar who crossed his path, that he had put the dagger in his victim's hands to finish the tragedy which he began."

"This is Christmas Eve! Only eight years to-night since I was a girl of many hopes, and proud, oh how proud, that he called me fair. Only eight years to-night, and I sat at a different board from this. Let me drink from this vile bottle which has so often drowned my misery; perhaps it may bring back some of that joy that then was mine."

"I remember it well. He came with my brother Dick; he sat near me at the board, and I—well, I think not of that; 'twere better not, or I may forget what this night of all I've better remembered. Ah, Jenny Irwin, have you never thought before?"

"Will the world believe to-morrow, when the tale is told, that this is she, the outcast, in rags, brutalized, debased, miserable? Would it be believed that men, ever called me beautiful? Would it be thought that I was once the beloved of another, the idol of a father's heart? Ah me! I grow sick to think of it all. Here, another drink."

"The night is growing very dark—a merry Christmas, forsooth! Where shall I go?" "And yet when I think, for very shame, I would not be found looking so by him? It matters not now what becomes of this bauble. I have kept it for many years as something to lead me to the past. I have nothing more to do with that now—nothing with the past—nothing more!"

"The woman drew a rich diamond cross from her bosom, fastened by a piece of common twine around her neck, which flashed from the rays of a street lamp through the window in strange contrast to the misery all around.

ceased to warn and judge as when a child; if my lips have forgotten the early prayers which she taught, and now only utter curses and bitter oaths; if the cup is my only comfort, and crime grown so accustomed that I know it not, can that mother's blessing still dwell with me? No, no, no? the blessing has long since left me, and the bauble may as well go now. Let it be furnished now, while my brain is clearer than it has lately been. The night grows very cold. Let me think, let me think!"

The woman sat a long, long while in silence; the night grew darker, and the drifting snow crept further and further into the room. The sound of the merry bells of passing sleighs; the hearty salutation of the passer-by, wishing each chance-met friend a merry Christmas Eve; the mellow laughter of the home-returning apprentice boys, stopping to exchange an occasional snow ball; and the jolly chorus of some German youths, who sang the Christmas song of fatherland, alone broke the stillness of the night; but they woke no happy response within the heart of poor Jenny Irwin. Her mind was busy with darker thoughts, and none of the genial influences of the sweetest night of the year, would ever bring back to her the joyous emotions which filled her soul when her life was bright and pure, and she was thought the fairest girl of all who graced the merry board of Christmas Eve.

"It must be so," she said at length, rising with difficulty from the chair, and putting on her tattered shawl and faded bonnet; "it must be so! My last game may as well be played now; I have nothing more to win, nothing to lose!"

Out into the desolate night she goes, shivering and staggering with cold, and misery and pain. Forth into the street; a moment she pauses in resolution at the threshold; a moment she shrinks from the bitter storm, and then, with compressed lips and shawl drawn tightly about her, she hurries on. The passers-by turn aside and give her the pathway, as, with head bent down, she makes her way through the snow. Some turn aside to look at her, and sigh to think of her misery; some greet her with ribald jests and coarse congratulations; but nothing of sympathy, or kindness, or jibes, or any words for evil or good, can ever make her pause or turn from the errand on which she is bound.

In a narrow and dirty street, where the few lamps burn dimly, and the faithful guardians of the night seldom venture, where crime and misery have their constant abode, and the air reeks ever with unwholesome vapors of all the concomitants of wretchedness, there stands a high and gloomy house, whose barred and bolted windows are seldom opened to the light of day, and whose threshold is seldom crossed save by the poor applicant who seeks by the bawler of some needed trifle to "keep the wolf but a little longer from the door." The "three gilt balls" which hang above the door tell plainly enough the calling of its occupants, and they tell, too, to him who may pause to think of the volubility of misery which I pray, reader, you nor I may never know. Like the *ignis fatuus*, they have shown on many a heartless traveler over the great room of life, and kindling up from time to time some little hope, have led him further and further from the path of safety, until despoiled of all to care for, and separated from all to care for him, he has sunk exhausted in the march of misery and never to rise again.

Before this door the poor, half-frozen outcast stands; it was no unaccustomed sight to her; it had swallowed up little by little all her store, and year after year, the wages of her misery had been put in the irredeemable pawn, till it might be said the youth, and health, and beauty of Jenny Irwin were moldering among the gaudy trinkets and finery which filled the house into its very roof. The door partly opens to her summons, and after a quick scrutiny the chain is withdrawn, and she enters.

An aged Israelite stands behind the high counter, and waits for her application, watching the while with something of pity in his look, but with more of craft and distrust.

"What will you give me on this?" she says, taking the cross from her bosom.

The wily Hebrew reached his bony hand across the counter, and taking the jewel, examined it with great care, the poor woman meanwhile standing and watching his face with a strange look of anxiety and ill-suppressed emotion.

"What will I give you on this?" he returned sharply. "If gave you what you deserve, it would be a lodging in the Tombs. We do not receive stolen goods."

"Liar, liar!" shouted the woman, springing forward to clutch the jewel; "you know better; you know full well, whatever else she may be, Jenny Irwin is not a thief. Here, give me back the cross I give it to me back! you must not trifle with me now!" and springing from the counter, she was about to snatch her treasure from the old man's hand, when the door of a back room opened, and a large powerful woman of sixty years dashed upon the scene, and lifting her up like a child, and placed her again upon the floor.

and be carried drunk to the station again," the woman replied.

"I shall never be carried drunk to the station again—never!" was the response, with much sadness in the tone. "Look in my face," and she drew her long, disheveled, and moistened hair with both hands back from her forehead: "do I look as though I would get drunk to-night?"

The woman looked at her, and shook her head in silence; she saw an expression which she had never seen before. At length she got up, and going behind the counter, talked long and earnestly in whispers with the old man. After a while she returned, and seating herself beside her visitor, said:

"Now, Jenny Irwin, I want you to tell me the truth; do you really wish this money for the purpose you state? You wouldn't be such a fool, would you, as to go cutting up any theatrical suicides, or anything of that sort, would you?"

"Mrs. Levi, I tell you the truth; I am to meet an old friend; I would appear well to him to-night; I expect to be better off after I see him; this is God's truth!"

"Very well, say no more, child; you shall have your clothes and some money. How much do you want?"

"Give me my black dress, my velvet hat, one of those new pair of boots, my black mantilla, some under clothes, a pair of my best silk hose, a couple of handkerchiefs, a pair of gloves, and twenty dollars—this all I ask; and here, you may keep all these as additional security," and she drew a large package of pawn tickets from her pocket and placed them in the woman's hand.

"And there is one more favor I would ask, Mrs. Levi, if you would be so kind, I have paid you a great deal of money the last five years—would you give me the use of a room to dress in? I have nowhere to go."

There was something so different in the words and manner of Jenny Irwin from what they had lately been, that Mrs. Levi's heart was touched, and she gave her all she asked. Perhaps, she saw dim visions of future "pledges," which would come through the "old friend" of her once profitable client; perhaps there might have been some feeling of compunction at witnessing the sufferings, and misery, and complete life-wreck of the shivering woman, who pleaded for the temporary use of what had once been her own.

The articles were soon selected, and leading her visitor to a room, Mrs. Levi assisted her in many little offices in a kinder manner than she had had ever done before. As she afterward said, "it seemed as though she was made to do it—she couldn't tell how."

After a brief space of time the back room door opened, and Mrs. Levi's melodious tones were heard ordering the shopboy to "go for a carriage."

"By Josh," says the boy, as he bangs the street door after him, "Jen Irwin's going to do it up brown to-night; a carriage I well, may I be tickled if she didn't come it heavy over the old woman. I only wish she hadn't come out quite so quick; I guess old fifty per cent. would have caught rats then!" and popping a snow ball facetiously through a basement window, where a poor woman was striving in vain to keep alive the embers of a dying fire, he kicked up his heels after the manner of "Old Joe," and was soon lost in the distance.

The City Hall clock had struck ten; St. Paul's had taken up the strain, and Trinity was just joining in, as a carriage rolled noiselessly over the snow up to the mansion of Solomon Levi. A moment after the door opened, and a lady, dressed in black, with her veil drawn emerged from the dark hall and entered the vehicle.

"Where now, madam?" he asked, still standing by the carriage side.

"No—Fifth Avenue;" and once again the door was closed, and the vehicle rolled over the noiseless snow toward the upper part of the city.

The inmate sat like a statue upon the seat; she looked no more upon the gay world—gay in spite of the storm—which gave constant evidence without of an unwonted holiday. If, perchance, as the carriage turned through some well-known street, or glided along the avenue, she caught a glimpse of some happy home where the bright lights within the parlor revealed the family group gathered under the "mistletoe," or around the "Christmas tree," she gave no outward sign of heed, or any token that memory brought back her scenes when she a maiden, fair and pure, was full as glad as they and blessed with full as bright and proud surroundings. Her hand, pressed tight against her bosom, rested upon the ripper phial, which nestled there unconscious of its fatal errand.

The contrasts of life are very marked, and strange, and inscrutable. Beside the palace strucks the hovel, the church, the prison, the beautiful, the deformed, the good, the depraved, the star, the tomb. Within a great city like New York these contrasts are more vividly perceptible than in smaller places, or in the quiet walks of country life; but nowhere else could one remark a stranger contrast than between the princely home of Gilbert Thorne and the miserable tenement which had been the abode of Jenny Irwin.

On the Fifth Avenue—the great street which fashion, and wealth, and luxury have claimed as their abode—stands the house of Gilbert Thorne. Its exterior differs but little from the rest of the habitations in the block, but its broad and deep entrance, its *porte-cochere*, the heavy copings of its windows, and the gorgeous curtains, half revealed through the rich plate panes, all stamp it as the residence of a man of taste and wealth.

Here, on the evening of our story, was gathered a joyous group of youth and childhood the guests of Mary Thorne. The deep parlors, lighted with brilliant chandeliers and furnished with a magnificence which might well compare with some of the richest Parisian saloons of the days of Louis XIV., were thronged with as joyous and happy a group as ever danced around the Christmas tree. The youthful hostess, a girl of some fifteen years, the daughter of Gilbert Thorne, and his only child, milled among her guests with a sweet and child-like grace, added to a queenly dignity of manner, which won the hearts of all beholders, and caused those of her parents to beat with unwonted pride.

Among this happy throng, with a smile and a cheerful word for all, with a hearty welcome and a joyous greeting alike for the children and their parents, and with an easy gracefulness of manner which adapted itself to every mind and state, now dancing with a child of ten, and now with a grand-dame of seventy, Gilbert Thorne, the host and the fond parent, mingled, to all appearances, as happy and light of heart as the gayest of them all. One used to study the human heart through its outward manifestations, through the subtle expressions which are caught in calm placid eyes, or in the firm immovable mouth, or the varied muscles of the face, might have formed a different opinion of the character of Gilbert Thorne from that usually entertained of him by his friends. Indeed, there were those who said, notwithstanding his wealth, luxury, and position, he would give them all to wipe out some of the experiences of his past life; that, wherever he went, in all of his brightest and proudest moments, in the midst of his triumphs, penetrating even the peaceful sanctuaries of home, following him through the courts and upon the mart, treading the busy streets, and keeping with him always, everywhere, a pale spectre of the past haunted his existence, and like the "skeleton at the feast," dashed the cup of pleasure ever from his lips. But to the world at large, to his everyday friends and to his accustomed associates, even unto his own household, he seemed, and was known only as the wealthy, gay, liberal, and successful lawyer, and votary of fashion, with something more of talent, perhaps, than those who worship at his shrine.

The carriages one by one, had departed, and as the clock struck eleven, Gilbert Thorne sat in his library, reading by the light of the low-drawn shades, and enjoying the luxury of his accustomed ease. The rich surroundings, the massive cases filled with books, not only rela-

ting to his profession, but upon every subject, the elegantly carved desk, the secretaries, the heavy enameled safe, the great arm chair, and the soft lounges, set invitingly for favored clients, all these were in thorough keeping, not only with each other, but with the solitary inmate of the room.

There came a ring at the front door, an unusual thing at such an hour, and a few moments after, the servant appeared at the library door, informing Mr. Thorne that "a lady in a carriage wished to see him on important business."

"A lady in a carriage! who can she be?" and the lawyer sat abstractedly coming over which of his clients could seek him at so unreasonable an hour.

"Are you sure it is lady, John?" "Yes sir."

"How is she dressed?" "In black, sir; silk dress, mantilla, velvet bonnet; a real lady, sir."

"Very well, show her in;" and the lawyer laid his cigar aside, and took his slippers off down from the chair on which they had been resting.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

WOMEN AND BABIES—Gail Hamilton in his last essay to the *National Era*, says: "There is also a vast deal of nonsense afloat in the feminine world about infancy. Let ever so unsightly a baby be brought into a room where there are half-a-dozen women, particularly young ladies, and what a billing and cooing, and kissing, and hugging, and fondling, and fracturing of epithets, and hustling together of vowels and consonants, and a general muddle, and enthusiastic rhapsodies about the beauty and grace, and sweetness, and charm-fulness of infancy. All of which and a great deal more, is to be forgiven to mothers. They have earned a right to indulge in any extravagance they choose concerning their own children; but why uninterested persons of mature years should be so transported at the sight of a baby, I should not understand. I cherish no hatred against the poor things; that is I am willing they should live. A wise providence has ordained that we should all pass through the portals of infirmity to the temple of perfection; and having made a safe passage ourselves, we ought not to cherish murderous designs against those who are yet in the narrow way. We reverence the great possibilities, the certain eternities, that lie closed in their tiny fists. Our trust for the future should give us patience with the present. Faith enables us to see what sight cannot discern. Their helplessness appeals to our better natures; and thus, by the aid of religion, philosophy and charity, we can learn to contemplate them with a calm and rational equanimity, sometimes amounting to satisfaction. But so far as babies are palpable, obvious, present, isolated facts, they are not to be compared, in point of beauty or interest, to a lamb, a chicken, a gosling, or a very young pig. The latter are intelligent, lively, frolicsome, arch, timid, inquiring, affectionate. The baby is lumpy, stolid, staring, inert; a mere shapeless mass of flabby flesh, continually threatening to fall to pieces; a gelatinous compound, not pleasant to look at, very disagreeable to hear, and too precarious to be touched. In short a thing to be commiserated, nursed, and worked up into something better as soon as possible."

THE INQUISITIVE YANKEE.—The following "new edition, with improvements" of old anecdote, is exceedingly rich:

A gentleman riding in an eastern railroad car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in a seat before him, a lean slab-sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question; and a little circumstance proved that he possessed a most "inquiring mind." Before him, occupying the whole seat, was a lady, dressed in deep black; and after shifting his position several times and after manoeuvring to get an opportunity to look her into the face, he at length caught her eye.

"In affliction?" "Yes, sir," responded the lady.

"Parent?—father or mother?" "No, sir."

"Child, perhaps?—a boy or girl?" "No, sir, not a child, I have no children."

"Husband?" "Yes, was the curt answer.

"Hum—colery?—a tradin' man, may be?" "My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned."

Idle Boys.—A writer in the North Western Christian Advocate has the following sound advice to boys, which all our young readers would do well to consider:

He who is idle and vicious in school, is still more so when he leaves it. He who fires squibs will in time fire pistols. He who plays cards for sport, will, if he turn not, play ere long for money. He who robs hen-roots and orchards, will probably some day rob safes and pocket-books. He may not do it in the way to expose himself to the penitentiary; he may have his wits so sharpened as to rob legally, by setting up a wild-cat bank, or betraying the confidence of his employer, or obtaining the possession of property without the means of paying for it, or by getting his hand upon the public coffers, that he may fill his own, under the soft appellation of "breach of trust."

I would that you could see with my eyes for a little while; you would then think with me that he who, when a boy, could not be trusted cannot now that he is a man. It would not be proper for me to mention names, or I could illustrate this by numerous painful examples. But they are not necessary. Effect will follow cause; as a man sows, so shall he reap; boyhood is the seed-time of which manhood is the harvest.

As, therefore, you love yourselves, from the habit, while young, of employing all your time usefully. Never be unemployed. The land is full of idlers, striving to live without labor. It is not to be supposed that you are never to take recreation; this is useful—it is necessary; but if it come after hard study or productive labor, it will probably be healthful and moderate. An honorable mind, in the desire of mere relaxation, will not go forth in forms of mischievous exertion. It is not to be supposed that a boy is to be a man, much less an old man; but, in the midst of his mirth and hilarity, he may be innocent and amiable.

TIME'S GRATITUDE AND REVENGE.—Time is a good and faithful friend, but a most remorseful and remorseless enemy. Like a deep feeling and love-desiring human heart, it treasures up a grateful memory of kindness and a good service; and is sure, sooner or later, to make payment with the addition of compound interest. But for every instance of neglect or abuse, it takes certain and terrible vengeance; and none who incur its anger can escape its punishment; for, like death, time is inexorable.

WELL MATCHED.—"John," quoth the gentle Julia to her sleepy lord, one warm morning at a late hour. "I wish you'd take pattern by the thermometer."

"As how?" muttered her worse half, opening his optics.

"Why, by rising." "I'm; I wish you would imitate that other fizamagig that hangs up by it—the barometer."

"Why so?" "Cause, then, you'd let me know when a storm is coming."

Well matched, that.

SOME gentlemen were discoursing of reformed drunkards, when one of them observed that he should think the greatest difficulty with toppers who endeavored to reform, would be the recollection of their old appetites. "I should think," said a wag, who, by the way, is a Cambridge professor, "that the recollection of their happy fights would be the greatest difficulty in such cases." The professor may possibly happen to know what he is talking about.—*Boston Post.*

A GOOD story is told of a fellow in Ohio driving a crazy one horse wagon over a railroad track. He was run into by the locomotive, his vehicle demolished, and himself landed, unhurt, about two rods from the scene of disaster. The engineer stopped the train to see if any one was killed. "Well, friend," said he to the fellow, "are you badly hurt?" The reply, Yankee like, was by another question, long drawn out: "Will—you—s-e-t-t-l-e now, or—wait till—till morning?"

WHAT MAKES A MAN?—The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed—and the victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunity will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—*Goethe.*

We heard a man call another man an extortioner the other day for suing him, a day or two before.

"Why friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you."

"To oblige me indeed how so?" "Why to oblige you to pay me."

A young miss having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, afterwards fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense, if the fact should become public, dismissed him when about half way, enjoying his company. "Don't be afraid," said he, "of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

There are many men who have never gambled, and many women who have never flirted. There are many does, too, that have never killed their own mutton; yet very few that having once begun, have ever stopped.

Lord Bacon beautifully said: "If a man be born to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other lands, but a continent that joins them."

We have just heard of a fellow, who being asked for the payment of a small debt, actually fished from his creditor's pocket a ten dollar gold piece, and paid him out of it. That was, certainly, paying the creditor in his own coin.—*Frederic.*