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TOWANDA:

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## Selected Poetry.

### CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

Catch the sunshine! though it flickers  
Through a dark and dismal cloud;  
Though it falls so faint and feeble  
On a heart with sorrow bowed;  
Catch it quickly—it is passing,  
Tasting rapidly away;  
It has only come to tell you  
That there is yet a brighter day.  
Catch the sunshine! though life's only  
One pale flickering gleam of light;  
There is joy within its shimmering,  
Whispering 'tis not always night.  
Don't be moaning, sighing, weeping,  
Look up! look up like a man!  
There's no time to grope in darkness,  
Catch the sunshine when you can.  
Catch the sunshine! though life's temptations  
May unfold its chilling blast;  
Catch the little hopeful stranger  
Storms will not forever last!  
Don't give up and say "forsaken!"  
Don't begin to say "I'm sad!"  
Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine!  
Catch it! oh, it seems so glad!  
Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving  
Over that darkness billow there!  
Life's a sea of stormy billows,  
We must meet them every where.  
Pass right through them! do not tarry,  
Overcome the heaving tide,  
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine  
Waiting on the other side.  
Catch the sunshine! catch it gladly!  
Messenger in Hope's camp,  
Sent through clouds, through storm and willows,  
Bringing you a cup of joy.  
Oh! then don't be sighing, weeping,  
Life, you know, is but a span,  
There's no time to sigh and sorrow,  
Catch the sunshine when you can.

## Miscellaneous.

### The Eleventh Commandment.

T. S. Arthur tells a good story about a loving couple in New Jersey, who belonged to the Methodist church. A new presiding elder, Mr. N., was expected in that district; and as the ministers all stopped with brother W., and his wife, every preparation was made to give him a cordial reception. The honest couple thought that religion in part consisted in making some parade, and therefore the parlor was put in order, a nice fire was made, and the kitchen replenished with cake, chickens, and every delicacy preparatory to cooking.

While Mr. W. was out at his wood-pile, a plain-looking, coarsely-dressed, but quiet-like pedestrian came along and inquired the distance to the next town. He was told that it was three miles. Being very cold, he asked permission to enter and warm himself. As sent was given very grudgingly, and both went into the kitchen. The wife looked daggers at this untimely intrusion, for the stranger had on cow-hide boots, an old hat, and a thread bare, but neatly-patched coat. At length she gave him a chair beside the Dutch oven, which was baking nice cake for the presiding elder, who was momentarily expected, as he was to preach the next day at the church a mile or two beyond. The stranger, after warming himself, prepared to leave, but the weather became more inclement, and as his appetite was roused by the refreshments about the fire, he asked for some little refreshment ere he set out for a cold walk to the town beyond. Mrs. W. was displeased, but on consultation with her husband, some cold bacon and bread were set on an old table, and he was then somewhat gruffly told to eat. It was growing dark, and hints were thrown out that the stranger had better depart, as it was three long miles to town. The wife grew petulant as the new preacher did not arrive, and her husband sat whistling the air "Auld Lang Syne," while he thought of the words of the hymn—"When I can read my Title Clear," and felt as though he could order the stranger off without any further ado.

have the likes of him in the house now. Where could he sleep?" "Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. should not come." "No, indeed!" "But really, I don't see, Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn't look like a very strong man, and it's dark and cold, and full three miles to D—"

"It's too much; he ought to have gone on while he had daylight, and not lingered here, as he did, till it got dark." "We can't turn him out of doors, Jane, and it's no use to think of it. He'll have to stay, somehow." "But what can we do with him?" "He seems like a decent man at least; and does not look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere." "I wish he had been in Guinea before he came here!" said Mrs. W., fretfully. The disappointment, the conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive, occasioned her to fret, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as the stranger, completely unhinged her mind.

"O, yes, I believe the Bible; and yet, it strikes me somehow, that there are more than ten commandments. Havn't one been added somewhere else?" Now this was too much for brother and sister W. to bear. Such ignorance of sacred matters they felt to be unpardonable. A long lecture followed, in which the man was scolded, admonished, and threatened with divine indignation. At its close he modestly asked whether he might not have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night. This request was granted with more pleasure than any of the preceding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to the little square room, accompanied by the Bible. Before leaving him alone, Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him to spiritual things, and he did so, most earnestly, for ten or fifteen minutes. But he could not see that his words made much impression, and he finally left his guest, lamenting his obduracy and ignorance. In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr. W., asked him if he would be so kind as to lend him a razor, that he might remove his beard, which did not give his face a very attractive appearance. His request was complied with.

"Where is brother W.?" he at length heard asked. "It was the voice of the minister." "Here he is," said one or two, opening the way to where the farmer stood. The preacher advanced, and catching his hand said—"How do you do, brother W. I am glad to see you. And where is sister W.?" Sister W. was brought forward and the preacher shook hands with them heartily while his face was lit up with smiles.

"Brother R. is sick," replied Mr. N. "and I had to come alone. Five miles from this horse gave out, and I had to come the rest of the way on foot. But I became so cold and weary that I found it necessary to ask a farmer to give me a night's lodging, which he was kind enough to do. I thought I was still three miles off, but it happened I was very much nearer my journey's end than I had supposed." This explanation was satisfactory to all parties, and in due time the congregation dispersed and the presiding elder went home with brother and sister W. One thing is certain, however, the story never got out for some years after the worthy brother and sister had passed from their labors, and then it was related by Mr. N. himself, who was rather eccentric in his character, and like numbers of his ministerial brethren, fond of a joke and given to relating good stories.

### Modern Warfare as Compared with the Means of Destruction in the Past.

We are apparently on the eve of the most tremendous armed conflict which the world has seen since the downfall of Napoleon the Great. The wars of imperial France were bloody wars, as all the world knows. No slaughtered batons were ever piled so high as the great emperor piled them. The dead never lay so thick on any battle field, of which history makes mention, as they lay on Eylau and Borodino and Waterloo. What amount of destruction and misery science, in the hands of genius, could, in a given time, deal out on a given number of men was there amply demonstrated.

### Wonders of the Mississippi.

The difference of level between high and low water mark at Cairo is fifty feet. The width and depth of the river from Cairo and Memphis to New Orleans is not materially increased yet immense additions are made to the quantity of water in the channel by large streams from both the eastern and western sides of the Mississippi. The question naturally arises, what becomes of this vast added volume of water? It certainly never reaches New Orleans and as certainly does not evaporate; and of course, it is not confined to the channel of the river, for it would rise far above the entire region south of us.

### Books as an Ornament.

Books as an Ornament.—Men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, I find the reason why he has cheap carpets and plain furniture, to be that he may purchase books, he rises at once in my esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper covers, is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved chagere or sideboard.

### How the Poodle Got Wet.

How the Poodle Got Wet.—Enter Bridget, with the mistress's favorite poodle, wringing wet. "How is this, Bridget? How came Fido to get so very wet?" "An' faith, mam, an' it was little Tommy that had the little beast lashed to the end of a pole, and was washing the windies wid him."