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| TOW ANDA: | lish wife and a son about seven years old. They had been accustomed, he saic, to the society of the rich and gay, both in Philadelphia and in Europe, having spent some time in Paris before their coming to this country. | followed by many others of those who migh have been called the gentry of Easton. It becaine evident that the handsome stranger beca ne evident that the handsome stranger was a coquette of the most unscrupulons sort that coque the mos waplors | voice of one in agony struggling to ery ont aud stifled by powtiful bands. The women rashed from the wood, dragging with them their helpless victim, whom they had gagged, so that she could not even supplicate their | dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, and the second mate. Wh) else would venture down wifhout orders?" <br> But, sir, he was sitting in yoar arm-cbair, | tion. <br> The captain replied that be had but done what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances, and asked |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | The in | that she was passionately fond of the ad |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | the wail of a terrified child. The little boy, roused from sleep by the screams of his moth. | he looked up fail in my face, and if I |  |
|  | its inhabitants, prodiced no favoratbe impres- | the sons of the wilderness. She flirted des |  | world, I saw him." <br> "Him! Whom?" | write a few words on this slate." And ho |
|  | sion. The honest mynheers, however, were little inclined to be hasty in their judgment. | perately with one after another, contriving to impress each with the idea that he was the | self on his knees, begged for her in piteousaccents and with streaming tears. | "Him! Whom?" <br> "God knows, sir, I don't. I saw a man, | handed him the slate, with that side upon which the mysterions writing was not. "I |
| mons tox. | They preferred consulting their wires, who wait | happy individual especially favored by her | Take him away "! cried several together ; | and a man I never saw in my life before." <br> " You must | will do anything you ask," replied the passenger ; " but what shall I write?" |
| Sweet, sleeping child: how doubly blew Eoft pillowed on thy mother's breast, That swet a kith sumber's balmy rest. | ed with no little patience for the Sabbath morning, expecting then to have a full opportuaity of criticising their new neighbors. | smiles. Her manners and conversation show ed less and less regurd for the opinion of oth ers, or the rules of probriety. The effect of | and one of their number, suatehing up the child, ran off with him at her utmost speed, and did not return. | You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we tearly six weeks out !" I don't know, sir, but then I saw bim." | ger; '" but what shall I write?" Suppose you write, Steer to the nor'west." |
|  |  |  |  |  | evidently puzzled to make |
| A deep within a dreamy deep! <br> Hier arats Enfofds thy chernt sleep. <br> And both, God's guarding angels keep | of the famly were at the place of meeting, althengh the practice of charch going was one so time-bonored that a journey of ten mites on | simple and old-fashioned io their enstoms, so utterly unused to any such broad defianee of censure, may be more easily imagined than de. | sion of rengeance. Dragging the helpless dame to the pond, they rushed into it, heedless of risk to themselves, till they stood deep in | Brace hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said, "but if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone" | efor such a request, complied, a smile. The captain took up examined it closely; then step- |
| So by some fair Floridian stream The orange-tree, as in a dream, O'erbending moonlit banks, may seem | foot to attend religious worship was thought nothing of, and few, even of the most worldly. minded, ventured on an ontission. The non- | censure, may be more easily ima, dered and scrivedted in their admiration for the beautifal siren, and their lessons in an art so new to | the water. Then each in turn, seizing her enemy by the shoulders, plunged her in, bead and all, crying as she did so, "This is for my | Come, come, man, go down at once, avd don't make a fool of yourself before the crew." I hope you have always found me willing | ping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passepger he turned it orer and gave it to him again with the other side up. |
| Where golden fruit and budding blow, Both on the bough together grow, All mirrored in the Heaven kelow : | appearance of the stranger was a dark omen <br> The next day, however, the dames of the settlement had an opportunity of seeing Mrs. | them as gallantry; how the women werc amaz:d cut of their propriety, can be conceived without the aid of philosciphy. | husband !" "A and this is for mine !" "This for mine!" was echoed, with the plunges in quick succession, till the work of retribution | to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color ; " but if it's all the same to you sir, I'd rather we should both go down together?, | say that is your handwritiog ?" said <br> sed not say so," rejoined the other, |
|  | Wiuston-for so I shall call her, not choosiug | Tuings were load enough as they were ; but | was accouplished, and the party hurried to | The captain descended the stair, and the | looking at it, "for you saw me write it." |
| Sonnet | ut to par re. Her | when the time came for Mr. Wiatos to depart |  | mate followed him. Nobody in | said the captain, torning the |
| ay shametraiz. | rent from |  |  |  | The man looked frrst at one writing, and |
|  | theirs. Instead of the hair pomatumed back | lef, with her | den on the bant | Veil, Mr. Bruce," said the captain |  |
| der | from the | ter. Her behasior | iog homeward. The dawn of day disclosed a | 1 tell youg | hat is the meaning of this ?" said he. "I |
| e keen teeth from the fieree tig | lets; instead of | than ever, and soon a total aroidace |  | t's all very well to say | y wrote one of these. Who wrote the |
| , | flowing skirt set off to adrantage a firgore of | their indiguation. The coquette evidently | dence enouzt that ste had perished, not by |  | That's more than I can tell you, sir. My |
| 隹 | remarkable grace. At the first glance one | held them in great scorn, while she continued | accident, but violence. Who could have done | h! writing on the slate | mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this |
| wide word and dill her lading sweed | could not bat acknowledge her singular beauty. Her form was fanltess in srmmetry and lier | to receive, in a still more marked and offensive |  | should be there still." And the captain to |  |
| thy b |  |  |  |  |  |
| therc | being a clear brown, set oft by luxuriant black | under their linsey woolsey coais. Long walks | was never discorered with certainty who were | thing, sare enou | igenee and surprise ; and the former asked |
| For beanty's pattern to sueceeding men. | res. | and rides through the woodz, attended always | the perpetrators of the murder. Sus | ruce? | latter, ", Did you dream that you wro |
|  |  |  | t, and |  |  |

