## THE BRADFORD REP0RTER.

OE DLLAR PER ANNum INVARIBBLY IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY R. W: STURROCK.

| Thursday Morning, April A, 1861 |  |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Silecter ( Woetry. | ; and Mary, going thome, knetr | or whether it was throngh a mero ambitions desire to show his kinsfolk and his townsfoll | lower. Even in the faint starlight he recognized Willy by bis wide fore iga cloak, and | lightning leapt over the sea like swords. "Make Laste for the love of God !" cried | The detectives retorned to Syracase, and reported to one or two of the prison offleets, |
| тo.m | (then into prayers as wild, and felt, for | that, if he wass an humble fisherman, he was yet something superior to that, certain it is |  | John, striding along with his burden as one who carried nought; "make baste ! be is wet | whio were anxiousiy ywaitiog the sequal of the visit, and they were satisided that Haskios |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | $\operatorname{him}_{T}$ |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | n Rasa Hanki is, the esecapod coa. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | He said not a word now of Mary, not a word of Join Hamlyn; his thonghts were away is | Wilkes's Dislodging Table Rock. |
|  |  |  | "'Yoa are very hot about it |  | \% Wilkes writes: |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | but a poor young dithergan-not a strong one mot eren brave, but one of singular |  |  | lieve in my fortane, now? In notes , in notes ! I have no laciey to earry my gold for me; an |  |
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|  | John Hamlyu pased the cottage where ived one day, and heard lim plaring - | hopeful, eloquent letters. My friend at Na - ples was very kind to him ; procured him a | suppressed raze of years coucentrated into one single blow, John lifted his buge arm and | $\begin{gathered} \text { "You } \\ \text { were seve } \end{gathered}$ |  |
|  | 'Willy Basset. lad, cried the big curly hair- ed John, it scems to me ron mirht spend | master ; and, at last, plaiu $111 y$ busset, ex- | passionate artist lsy stectched like a dead log | hat at the S | think the rock will thie, a notion to fall meree, |
|  |  |  |  |  | . "The platiort jonted from the main' arad |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Suloted |  |  |  |  |  |
| MAZED FIDDL |  |  |  |  | This termiated io 2 small bor for visitors ${ }^{\text {a }}$ (o) |
|  |  |  | and John still knelt by his side, weeping like |  |  |
| cti |  |  | g. |  |  |
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|  | sis | fied home. He landed at |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  | temptatioo; bat, O Lorà ! det |  |
|  |  |  | p, when be heard a tap at his coor |  | besides, my paper must be pablish. |
|  |  | Leil |  | Detectives Oatwitted | d |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | asted Mury to sinh-and betiold, Mary was |  |  |  |  |
| an plars as a deril mighe 10 | storry What mas |  |  |  |  |
|  | so efted and so passionate? |  |  |  |  |
|  | herefef this question too oftien for her frist | : ihere was sove wiat of osteatation, | lim. | with |  |
| - | chanse, but wouth tot teliere it A year | see. Deppit all this, Le could be fase |  |  |  |
| is ine man is-...m. meded nowe |  | When be chose, and the fauts whi |  |  | able Rock had fat, |
| aiufual story. Wi.l goa |  | to th | P. |  |  |
| Hi |  | very stron had very stron |  |  |  |
| Stin's story. |  | took it into his head to be jealous of john- |  | \% emboldened by hif | An poise minute more the rosd was filled with |
|  |  | ruined L-and gradually John's relations with Mary Lee grew to be formal and coustrained. |  |  |  |
|  | hare been fasing to telp, his mother $;$ and 1 could oot bat feel that what they said was | It was hard for Jotn to bat Lore, if it had wo | The scboolmaster sighed, and, after a few |  | 1 |
|  |  | the artist, if it ha Eenius, haid tried | bn H |  |  |
|  |  | genus, |  |  |  |
| or. Well, when | Tase | so that, rather than causo on | S10 | ond the fait couples had commenecd $2 g$ gitatiug | d |
|  |  | bee | ${ }_{\text {As }}$ and they wall | To porchase tickets and "sail" |  |
| d | was tharouzhly sincere in all his profess lore toat here mingeded with them alw | her | close, sultry deadeses of the lay uphin throuth a thick, | pork ofs moment | perbeps nererer and therefore, wheoerer fhear |
| ug of a born lady, so | fear, b base sense of triumph orer biol |  | as cerey Deronsire tourrit |  | I had something to do with |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| ,er, |  | pje in the | when, at | forrth quadille the | was eiected to the Iudioas Legistature. |
| bro the lised, bad been |  | wott waiked ip to visit Mary Lee Ho |  | songht and obtiued an introdaction to a | When frot pear Yincennes It beres |
|  | grief as if he had testificd thereto by joni | knew that Mary would be alooe. The | lood it wore. A dull, beary, | , | Uhiuk what a sorry tigure, I \& green conatry |
| Ynan | Orer the clifs, which otten ie was rery | erening Willy called to see me He se | and then there was litte white qash b | attended assiduousls |  |
| Erad lise"-there was | couk | orerflowing of lim | slowly l a and broke upon the rocks - bat there | Her quiet diemeanor, her gracefal figre, | 号 |
|  |  | was | was no life io the sea, so to speak. | neat |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | alit s fiod | so full | Winly Daset, stasdidg by the grave of Mary Lece was plasiog sech a requiem as nerer Yet |  | 2 |
| ast, Libe Mars, | biz J | bis music wa | mos | seferal polks: When the landiordiofcioosiy | hare a room mate, s brot her mem |
|  |  | juicing arer the beaty of the |  |  |  |
|  | piness and ease, the ce | meat last; bat exated hy the ens erssiop | withal, that the thre men they listened, and not another | ed | ring the forenoon session, I neturally regarded as one of the great men of the House. After |
|  | such vision beiog that | walked on towards Mary's | sare the magieal toon | Latio |  |
|  | less becase be coold oot mrite a soonet about |  |  | Whete it was |  |
|  |  | dow | cessed |  |  |
|  | Willy bis |  | reached the gate, so | ronding cream. |  |
|  | ${ }_{\substack{\text { poonds } \\ \text { sualt } \\ \text { and }}}$ | iato the dark bess of the bedge and wilted. | the groond. At that instaot there was a peat Of tuonder in the east, דbieh rolled 0 , crasb- | of trail darces |  |
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|  |  |  | attor silenees, and theen slichic |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | eared with fors and bood ready for depas | viblat |

