

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.  
The BRADFORD is published every Thursday Morning, by E. O. GOODRICH, at \$2 per annum, in advance.  
ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions. A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest; and notices of Marriages and Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.  
1 Year, 6 mo., 3 mo.  
One Column, \$50 \$35 \$20  
Two Columns, 30 25 15  
One Square, 10 7 5  
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Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged \$15. They will be entitled to a column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of change.  
Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.  
JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The BRADFORD has just been re-fitted with Power Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLELY CASH.

**Selected Poetry.**  
"NO."  
Would you learn the bravest thing  
That man can ever do?  
Would you be the unlearned king,  
Absolute and true?  
Would you seek to emulate  
All we learn in story  
Of the mortal, just and great,  
Rich in real glory?  
Would you lose possession of  
In your lot below?  
Bravely speak out, when-and where  
This motto to utter "No."  
You with kindly spirits blessed,  
Willing to do right,  
You who stand with wavering breast,  
Beneath temptation's might,  
When companions seek to taunt  
Judgment into sin—  
When the loud laugh vain would daunt  
Your better voice within—  
Oh, beware! you'll never meet  
More insidious foes  
But strike the coward to your feet,  
By reason's watchword, "No."  
Ah! how many thorns we breathe  
To trim our brows around,  
By not knowing when to breathe  
This important sound!  
Many a heart has rued the day  
When it reckoned less  
Of fruits upon the moral "Nay,"  
Than flowers upon the "Yes."  
Many a sad repentant thought,  
Turns to "long ago,"  
When a luckless fate was wrought  
By want of saying "No."  
Too few have learned to speak this word  
When it should be spoken:  
Resolution is deferred,  
Vows to virtue broken;  
More of courage is required,  
This one word to say,  
Than to stand where shots are fired  
In the battle fray.  
Use it fitly, and you'll see  
Many a lot below  
May be schooled and nobly ruled  
With power to utter "No."

**Select Tale.**  
[From London Society.]  
**ROSE BLACKETT AND HER LOVERS.**  
"Yes, I suppose it is a good thing," said Fred Whitfield, yawning, a little indifferently, considering the occasion. "You see my mother made it up, so that I don't take much credit to myself in the matter. I dare say I might have gone in and won on my own hook if I had liked; but I left it all to the old lady. She likes managing. So she and Mrs. Blackett laid their heads together, and Rose and I said 'yes.'"  
"Well, Fred, you certainly are the most extraordinary fellow," said his friend, laughing; "I don't think many people would imagine you were speaking of your marriage."  
"Dessay not," returned Fred. "People go in for such a jolly lot of bosh on those occasions; they cannot understand that one should have any common sense in the matter. Time goes by for kisses and snuggles, and Cupid and arrow, and all that rubbish; and it's all very well, you know, to like the girl you are going to marry—but hang it all! one needn't make a fool of oneself about it! I like Rose Blackett very well. She's a nice girl enough; no nonsense about her; can ride well, which is something, and plays croquet first-rate; she is good tempered, and, I am thankful to say, without sentimentality; so we hit it off exactly; but as for being over head and ears in love, and all that stuff, I'm far to used up for anything of the kind, and she is too sensible. My mother and her mother wish it, and because—as they wish it—they might as well marry each other as any one else. I can't say I particularly want to marry any one; but I suppose I must do my duty that way; and so you see I do it."  
"All very well, Master Fred; but I cannot say I think you are in a proper frame of mind," said Harry Wynn, "and I only hope that when I am going to be married I shall be over head and ears in love with my wife. I don't think I would let my mother make up a marriage for me, however sensible it is in its outlines."  
"Ah! but then you are such a deuced romantic fellow," laughed Fred. "Now you see I have gone through all that, and have come out on the other side; and so I save myself an end of trouble and anxiety; and let me tell you, that is no contemptible thing to do in life, if you can."  
"Just so," said Harry; "and by that reasoning the more nearly we get down to ordinariness the wiser our philosophy."  
"Not a bad idea, Harry. An oyster must have a jolly time of it till he's caught. And even then we are all caught some time or other; so what does it matter?"  
"Not much, perhaps; but I cannot say I like the oyster theory. I like to live up to the fullest of my powers while I do live, and when I have worn myself out, then it is time to die. But vegetation, social or emotional, does not suit me."  
"All the result of temperament and organization, my dear fellow," said Fred, languidly; "you see you have a big heart and big lungs and big muscles and a big brain, and are a son of Anak altogether. I have a weak heart and weak lungs, and more nerves than muscles, and an inextinguishable brain which has to be kept quiet by the never-to-be-sufficiently-praised nicotine; and so emotion and excitement and all that sort of thing bore me to death, and in fact, I am not up to them, and that's just it."  
"One would think you were a poor little miserably starveling to hear you talk,"

# The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. \$2 per Annum, in Advance. VOLUME XXV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 23, 1865. NUMBER 39.

shouted Harry. "A six foot light-guard-mantle 'not up' to anything! and the best cricketer and boldest rider to hounds in the country! Who is talking bosh now, Fred?"  
"Perhaps I am, and perhaps you are; but it's too much trouble to decide," yawned Fred, lazily.  
And Harry knew that when his friend came to this point, there was no good in talking to him any more. Fred was on the *cu bono* school; good-hearted and honorable, generous, brave, affectionate in affection; but he had spoiled himself by the gratification of indifference, by pretending to be so terribly superior to all the weaknesses of enthusiasm or emotion, and by making believe—and it was only make-believe—that there was nothing in life worth living for. In aid of which philosophy he had put on a lazy, lounging, careless manner, inexpressibly annoying to earnest and energetic people, maintaining the culture of nicotine, as he liked to call it, and with a wealth a sensible man's devotion; though he added a kind of by-ate to Bass.  
His friend Harry Wynn was a very different kind of person. Tall, muscular, broadly proportioned, his face not handsome so much as honest and strong—(Fred Whitfield was allowed to be the handsomest man in the county, and the most elegant in appearance and manners—when he chose)—full of life and spirits and animal energy and vigorous thought, impassioned in a strong manly way, and romantic too, always earnest, and never frivolous, sure that it was only by the law of contrast that he was the friend of languid, used-up, affected Fred—only by the theory of compensation that the conventional club-man about town found anything harmonious in the country doctor who took life in heroic doses, and even then complained of inanition! But one does sometimes see these odd friendships; and Fred Whitfield loved Harry Wynn better than he loved any human being, save, perhaps, his mother; and Harry loved him, but with that sad kind of love which one feels for people who might be so much better than they are if they would be their truest selves. So it came to pass that Harry, who was to be groomsmen, was invited to Fred's house for the few days now intervening before the marriage took place. He had only just arrived when they had the conversation given above; and as yet had seen neither the old lady, as Fred irreverently called his mother, nor, of course, Miss Blackett, who lived rather more than two miles from the Hawse—the Whitfield's place.  
His introduction to the mother came first. She was a handsome, stately woman, with the mien and manner of a dutchess; a cold, courteous iron-hearted kind of person, who wore rich black silks and point-lace caps, and despised poverty as on a par with vice and crime. Conventional, proud, cold, worldly—Harry understood now whence came the flaw that ran through, and so socially marred, the beauty of his friend's nature.  
Mrs. Whitfield was very civil, though to Harry. She was in too good a humor about this marriage of her planning not to be civil to every one; for Rose Blackett was an heiress, owning now some thousand a year in her own right, with inheritance to come; and she was glad that she had secured so rich a prize for her son, when others, and men of higher social standing (notably my Lord Marcy Masters and Sir James Ventour), were pretendants in the same field; so that Harry only felt in a general way the ice and iron of her nature; to himself individually she was all graciousness, of a stately sort, not to say grim.  
But one thing he did see, and that was, that she was feverish and overstrained, and looked ill, and as if on the point of breaking down. His profession taught him that; besides having by nature the full use of his eyes.  
"I am glad that my mother likes you, old fellow," said Fred, when she left the table; "I know her manner so well, I can weigh in an ounce the measure of esteem she gives to any one; and can tell you of any nonsense about her." That Fred proclaimed her, and that she ostentatiously proclaimed herself to be, in deed, at least, if not in word. Harry, who had no love for "fast" girls, and who had the power of truth to elicit truth, soon found her out, and told her plainly that she was acting a part which neither became her nor belonged to her. It was all very well, he said, that she should like riding, and be fond of dogs and horses, and even enjoy firing at a mark—though he hoped she might never develop into a sportswoman, clever at killing pheasants, or hares either; but it was nothing but affectation her trying to make herself into the bad imitation of a man, and pretending to be ashamed of herself as a true woman. Women were women, he said; and not all the big-bosoms or easy-going slang in the world could make them anything else; and, whatever the fast school might say, there was a grace in softness, and a power in love, and an ennobling influence in enthusiasm, not to be had in stables and hunting-fields; "and womanly work is womanly glory," Miss Blackett, continued the young doctor, warmly; "and home is not merely a place to sleep and feed in, as you say, but the emblem and enclosure of woman's truest life. And all this you ought to feel strongly and enact steadily, because you are strong and steadfast."  
This he said earnestly, for he was too thoroughly manly himself to uphold "a true womanly" incapability of imperfect work; and the thing he liked the best in Rose was her power and the dash of manliness in her, which might be turned to such noble account if she would.  
"And when you have made me all these fine things," she said, her eyes kindling as she spoke, but not with enthusiasm, "what will be the good of it? Much Fred will value me! Much the world will understand me! One gets no good by such subtleties, Mr. Wynn; people do not care for them, so what is the good of them?"  
"I am sorry you think so," Harry answered. "I should have expected from a good for its own sake, quite independent of the sympathy or understanding of the world."  
"One must be understood by some one," she answered; "and the more one's nature is called out, the more need of a response." Then she blushed—check, neck, and brow, all one burning crimson—while her eyes dropped, full of thoughts and feelings better left untold.

Harry felt his own heart beat with strange violence while he watched the lovely face before him; but he was not a man to show what he ought to hide; so, with an effort, he drove the blood back to its calmer current again, and simply answered: "The response always comes some time or other, Miss Blackett."  
She raised her eyes to his. "Is every one happy, then?" she said; "is every marriage well suited?"  
"There are other means of happiness besides marriage, though this is the greatest," he said; "a woman's home has generally other loves and other duties beside the one of the husband; and at the worst there are friends!" she said, scornfully; "what good are friends to one?"  
"You think so? I had hoped for a different verdict," said Harry.  
"Oh, you are not a mere friend," cried Rose; "at least, not the kind of friend I meant," she added, and again she blushed to the very roots of her hair.  
"No; I am more the brother than the mere acquaintance," Harry said, in a low voice, altered, too, in its tones, and deep and mellow—"your future husband's brother-in-law; I am yours also, am I not?"  
"I suppose so," she answered, coldly, and turned away from him, as if offended.  
Something not quite so fiery as wrath, nor so happy as mirth, came into Harry's eyes as he watched her move away discontentedly, perhaps more hurt than annoyed; but he did not follow her, and in a few moments she came back to him, smiling as usual, as if she had done battle with the evil spirit within her and had driven him out.  
But when Harry parted with her that day, she went into her own room, and wept as if her heart would break; and he, for the first time in his life, felt inclined to hate Fred Whitfield, and to curse his blindness and fatuity.  
Had it not been for the young doctor, Mrs. Whitfield's life would not have been worth many hours' purchase. More than once during her illness he had dragged her out of the very jaws of death, and had now so far recovered her that the wedding-day was again discussed, and only waited Harry's sanction for the invalid to risk the fatigue and excitement consequent.  
"Oh, bother the marriage!" said Fred, taking his mother's hand. "Rose is a dear good girl, and will wait till doomsday, rather than you should risk anything, mother. There is no hurry, and we can wait quite well until you are strong; can't we, Harry?"  
"Very well indeed, I should think," Harry answered, with an almost imperceptible dash of sarcasm in his voice; "but it is not good for your mother to be anxious; and she seems to be anxious to conclude this affair. Of course it can be nothing to me," he added hastily. "I have no purpose of my own to serve in the delay or the conclusion."  
He had thought, as it was to be, it was better concluded with all decent speed, he said to himself; and then he, at least, would be out of danger. She, perhaps, needed no such precaution; and yet—those bluffs of hers, and that eager tremulous face had wakened strange thoughts in him. Hush! he must not dream such dreams. What would he think of himself, a poor, penniless, country doctor, if he came here as his friend's almost brother, and, in return for his love, broke off his marriage with an heiress, and secured her for himself? The thought brought the blood into his face, and made him loathe himself, as dishonored in soul, for even harboring such a vision.  
So it was arranged that the settlements should be signed and that the next week the marriage should actually take place. Mrs. Whitfield's health not preventing. And when Rose was told this, she wept again; and, to her mother's intense dismay, burst out with "Mamma, I will not marry Fred Whitfield!"—an announcement which she made but only to insanity, as the middle term.  
The day following this decision Fred could not go over to Lisson; he was detained on some business or other at home; so the young doctor rode over, with a note containing a request for the two ladies to dine at the Hawse in the evening, seeing that on that side one was disabled and the other detained, and no intercourse possible unless they would kindly come.  
"Certainly," said Mrs. Blackett, a little nervously, glancing at her daughter, who, with her head thrown up, stood sideways to her.  
"And you, Miss Blackett?" answered Harry.  
"Oh, by all means!" said Miss Rose, not quite pleasantly, at least to her mother's ears. "I want to speak to Fred very seriously."  
"My dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Blackett; and then she left the room.  
"What has happened?" asked Harry, impulsively.  
"Oh, nothing," answered Rose; she was standing now in the bay-window, looking out into the garden, so that her face was not seen. "I have only told mamma that I am not going to marry Fred; and she is put out."  
Harry reeled like one struck. Had his senses played him false?  
"Indeed!" he then said, after a long pause; "your determination is sudden, Miss Blackett?"  
"Yes," she answered, with assumed carelessness; and her quivering voice and Lashly eyes belied her assumption. "Now that it has come so near, I feel that it will not do; and I am sure Fred will feel with me."  
Again Harry was silent. What could he say? that he thought Fred would consent to give her up being utterly unworthy his good fortune; that he hoped he would keep her still at her word, when he hoped just the reverse; that she was doing wrong to be honest, when he loved her for it more than he ever loved her before? What could he say? Truth and honor were on opposite sides, as sometimes happens in life; and if he said what he thought, he would say what he ought not to say. So he kept silent; and Rose was not quick enough to divine why.  
While they were standing in this awkward position, both to much moved to speak, a carriage dashed up to the door, and "Mr. Norton" was announced. Mr. Norton was Rose's trustee and guardian, in a way; though that young lady had full power

over her own funds, and did not in general either ask advice as to what she should do with her own, or defer to it, if given. And being of a school which "goes in" for a great many things better left alone, she "went in" for speculation on a tolerable large scale; so that, since she came of age she had placed most of her money out in that way, but not a moment after. Unfortunately for her, the most capricious nurse of all—mining property. However, she would do it; so she had no one to blame but herself. Not even smooth-spoken, clearly shaven, Mr. Norton; who had helped her by-the-by, to more than one "good thing" in which he himself had taken shares that he generously handed over to her, after private advices received and pondered over. And when Mr. Norton came Harry left, bearing with him the promise that the two ladies would come to dinner at half-past six precisely. As much before as they liked, but not a moment after.  
When they came it was easy to see that something had happened. Mrs. Blackett was depressed, fearful; her eyes were red and swollen, her face puffed and pale; she spoke as if she had a violent cold, and in every other particular of manner and person showed that she had been weeping bitterly. Rose was flushed and excited, with a certain bravery of manner which trembled too nearly on bravado to be quite as lovely as might have been. But she looked beautiful, perhaps more beautiful than she had ever looked in her life before; and even lazy Fred seemed struck by her, and warmed up to unwonted feeling.  
After dinner she asked him to go with her into the library; for she was utterly unconventional in all she did, and would not have minded asking a prince to tie her shoe, or anything else she might desire, being just a little touched by the self-will belonging to the heiress; and Fred assented, wondering what was up, and what she wanted. When she had shut the door, "Dear old Fred," she said, in a coaxing voice, "I want you to do me a kindness."  
"I am sure I will, Rose," said Fred, naturally, and without his drawl.  
"You do like me, don't you, now?"  
"Why, yes; of course I do. I think you the best girl going," answered Fred, opening his eyes.  
"And would not like to hurt or distress me?"  
"By Jove! no," he cried. "I should think not, indeed!"  
"She was standing by the fire, leaning one hand on the chimney-piece, with the other just lifting her dark-blue gown over her ankle, her foot on the fender, showing her pink silk stockings, bronze slipper, and a bit of broad needlework as a flounce above."  
"Well, I will take you at your word," said Rose. "I want you to give me up, Fred, and break off the marriage. Come, now; are you a good enough old fellow for that?" very coaxingly.  
"Break off the marriage, Rose?" cried Fred, all in amazement. "Are you dreaming?"  
"Not a bit of it," she answered, laughing a little hysterically; "quite serious and wide awake."  
"But I cannot give you up, Rose," said Fred. "My mother has set her heart on the marriage; and it is so near, too, now; and I do love you a great deal more than I have said or shown; he added, stirred out of his affection. "You know, Rose, how I hate the idea of sentimentality or spoon-spooning with any one; and I have fought off that as long and as well as I could. But I am not the indifferent beast you think me. I do love you, Rose, and I cannot give you up."  
"She had turned quite pale during her lover's speech."  
"Well, Fred," she then said, "of course I am very much obliged to you, and all that; but I have not been playing a part, and I do not feel a bit more than I have shown; and so that we are not on equal terms, if you love me as deeply as you say; and I am simply in the old way of good fellowship. Mind that, and never approach me hereafter; for I have told you the truth, remember. And as for your lady mother, I don't think she will make much objection when she knows all, because, dear old Fred, I am ruined!"  
"Good God, Rose!" cried Fred; "what on earth do you mean?"  
"Well, you know I have been going in for speculation; and so Mr. Norton came down to tell me to-day that all my great expectations are come to nothing; and the Bella Juanita mines are drowned; and I have not what will realize two hundred a year instead of two thousand. And so I think the question of Mrs. Whitfield's consent is settled; is it not?"  
"Now, then, Rose, I will not give you up for any one in the world," said Fred, in a deep voice. "My mother may say what she likes, and you may say what you like—the marriage shall go on; this day week you are my wife come what may! I never felt how much I loved you before to-day, Rose, when there has been just a chance of losing you."  
"But if I don't want to marry you, Fred?" urged Rose, touched, in spite of herself, by the unusual warmth and chivalry of the man.  
"Oh, bosh!" said Fred. "You are not the girl to have been engaged for three months contentedly enough, and turn round just the last moment, and say you don't care for the fellow. I quite understand you, Rose, dear old lassie! You think that my mother will not like the match so much now as when you had money, and that you are not the catch you were before you had lost it; and so you thought you would release me. But I will not be released, Rose; and so I'll tell my mother when she speaks to me about it, if she takes that tone at all."  
"Upon which Rose did what was a most extraordinary thing in her to do—what Fred had never before seen the slightest inclination in her towards him—she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him; and then burst into a violent flood of tears, which soon passed into hysterics; when he was obliged to call the servants and Harry Wynn."  
So now the whole thing came out, both to Mrs. Whitfield and to Harry; Fred had no idea of making mysteries and keeping secrets unnecessarily; but he noticed two things as the result of his communication, that his mother looked decidedly displeased, and as if she had made up her mind in a different direction to his, and perhaps, with more stability; and that Harry, whose face had lighted up with a strange

passion, suddenly burst himself out, and became cold, and ashen, and "odd." But Fred Whitfield was not remarkable for penetration; and so the coil coiled itself a turn tighter, and no one seemed likely to get out of the rounds, or to be free of its strands. Rose could do no more than she had done; Fred did not do less, and he flatly refused to obey her. His nature had been ploughed up for the first time, and the weeds had been cut down and the good seed had sprung up. Rose Blackett, however, and Harry Wynn were as miserable as it often falls to the lot of people to be by the virtues of another. If Fred would only have been selfish and narrow-hearted, how many days and nights of suffering would have been saved.  
The time was coming very near, now; it wanted only three days to the wedding, and none but Fred was left. Mrs. Whitfield was coldly savage, and declared she would not appear at the church or breakfast either. Conditions were changed, she said, since the engagement was made; and Rose Blackett, who had once been well enough, was no fit match now for the owner of the Hawse; Mrs. Blackett was in a state of chronic fearfulness, which made her poor eyes very bad; Rose was broken up out of all likeness to her former self, and her attempts at the old high-handed "fastness" failed signally; Harry was moody, irritable, feverish, uncertain; and the whole octave rang with an undertone of discord, which no one saw any means of preventing; it not being always possible for one's fingers to strike the true key.  
The three friends were riding along the lane leading up to Lisson: Rose and Fred in front, and Harry at some little distance behind—the lane being too narrow for three abreast. Fred was talking about Tuesday next (it was Monday now) and talking naturally and lovingly; for somehow he had forgotten his dreary forebodings, and was hearing a terrific plunging in the rear, and then a heavy fall, as Harry's horse—a wild, fiery, nervous brute—flung him suddenly to the ground, taking him at a moment of inattention when he was riding with a slack rein and his mind far away; so that he was thrown in a second, almost at the first start and plunge the terrified brute had made—frightened at an idiot lad of the place starting up from behind the hedge, yelling and flinging his arms abroad.  
In another moment Rose Blackett, throwing her reins wildly to Fred, was kneeling by his side, holding his head against her bosom, and calling him her "Beloved Harry," which, she supposed, was his name, and unable to reply, was not too insensible to hear and understand.  
The carriage was sent for from Lisson, and the poor fellow, bleeding and terribly shaken was taken to the house to be set to rights as soon as possible; and while they were carrying him through the hall Rose turned to Fred, who stood leaning against the lintel of the door and nearly as pale as the wounded man, but a great deal more wretched.  
"It has come out, Fred," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder, the tears in her eyes, but with a more contented expression of face than she had had of late. "I am very sorry for you, especially as you have seemed to like me so much more really than you did; but I cannot help it."  
"You are a dear good girl, Rose," said Fred; "and I have been a fool. It serves me right. When I was master of the situation I fooled away my opportunity; and now when I would die to be loved by you, Rose, you have gone off to another."  
"I tried to smile, but his lips quivered, and he was obliged to turn away his head."  
"Never mind, Fred," said Rose. "You will find some one else better suited to you, and more worthy of you than I am; and perhaps you will come to me some day, and say, 'Rose, you have been the best friend I ever had in my life,' when you have a sweet little wife that you adore."  
"I don't quite think that," said poor Fred; "but if you are happy, that will be something. At all events you are a dear good girl; and I love you more than you know of, or would perhaps believe. But that is nothing to the purpose; I have lost what, when I might have won you if I had been wise."  
They shook hands cordially, and parted; and the next day Fred left the Hawse, and soon after went abroad. Rose and he did not meet again till many years after her marriage with Harry; and when they did, Fred was really married to the "dearest little woman under the sun," and Rose was a handsome matron, superintending her nursery instead of the kennel, and finding her children rather more interesting objects of care than Fan's puppies of olden time. She had saved altogether about four hundred a year out of the wreck of the grand Bella Juanita silver mines; and so on the whole did not do so badly in life. Happiness had been found at even a lower "figure."  
MUSIC.—Let your daughters cultivate music all means. Every woman who has an aptitude for singing should bless God for the gift and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers or win applause from a crowd, but that she may bring gladness to her own friends. The influence of music in strengthening the affections is far from being perceived by many of its admirers; a sweet melody binds all hearts together as it were with a golden chord; it makes the pulse beat in unison and the heart thrill with sympathy. But the music of the fiddle must be simple and unpretending, it does not require brilliancy of execution, but tenderness of feeling; a merry tune for the young—a subdued strain for the aged, but none of the noisy claptrap which is popular in public.  
A PREACHER was once traveling in one of the back settlements, and stopped at a cabin where an old lady received him very kindly. After setting provisions before him, she began to question him. "Stranger where might you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Clinton county, Pennsylvania." "Wall, stranger, hope no offence, but what might you be a doin' way up here?" "Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of the tribe of Israel." "John, John! come rite here this mornin'; here's a stranger all the way from Clinton county, Pennsylvania, hunting stock, and I'll just bet my life he's a tangled-haired old ram, that's bin in our lot all last week is one of his'n."

**REMARKS OF HON. J. H. MARSH, OF BRADFORD COUNTY,**  
On Senate Resolution ratifying Amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed by Congress January 31, 1865, delivered in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, Friday evening, February 7, 1865.  
Mr. MARSH. Mr. Speaker, I am happy in the privilege of taking part in the passage of a resolution ratifying an amendment to the Constitution of the United States forever prohibiting slavery—having long considered slavery a great moral and social evil, and as a great weight hung about the neck of our nation, which, if not thrown off, would in time drag us down to ruin. And who can say that the slave power has not put forth her utmost exertions for the past few years to accomplish that object.  
But I am sorry to know that we have yet a few men left, even gentlemen upon this floor, who are willing to apologize for the cruelties of slavery and who charge all our present troubles to the election of Abraham Lincoln—and for no better reason than that the people, in a legal and constitutional manner, saw fit to elect him President of the United States.  
Do not these gentlemen know that slavery commenced a bloody war upon freedom long before Abraham Lincoln was elected President? Yes, and before the election of that old infidel, James Buchanan. You can date as far back as the administration of Franklin Pierce, a model of modern Democracy and an apologist for the cruelties and barbarities of African slavery. During his administration organized bands from the slave States went into Kansas, made war upon peaceful citizens, and by the aid of the bowie knife and revolver carried the elections against the will of a majority of the bona fide settlers of the Territory.—They robbed and burned their dwellings and storehouses. And men who were suspected of being in favor of freedom were shot down while in the field following their peaceful and lawful pursuits. At other times the quiet citizen was met by these marauders and the rope adjusted to his neck, and he was suspended to the first limb until dead, his body thrown out upon the plains, his flesh to be devoured by wild beasts and his bones to bleach in open air. But the cruelties inflicted upon the people of Kansas have at length found an equal in the treatment of our Union prisoners in rebel lands.  
Slavery is not only cruel and barbarous, but faithless to its promises. Notwithstanding the advantages gained by the slave power in the compromises of 1850, in which she asked that all agitation upon the subject should then cease, she was the first to break faith by the repeal of the compromises of 1850, by which she made her inroads into Kansas, and war upon her peaceful citizens. I say slavery was not satisfied—degrading as were the laws of 1850 to the free North, by which every free State was made a hunting ground for human flesh, and every citizen a bloodhound at the nod of the slave hunter. Not many years since, the Huntsman's horns were blown within the borders of Pennsylvania, and the crack of his pistol heard upon the banks of the Susquehanna. Even the waters of that beautiful river have been made red with the bondman's blood, and that blood, like the righteous blood of Abel, is crying to God in judgment against us. Slavery in her cruelties has entered the family circle; has taken from the father his son; has driven off the grown up daughter in the chain gang, and has torn the infant from the arms of an affectionate mother. It has separated brother and sister, parted husband and wife; and at length, he on by blind infatuation, strengthened by former success, and encouraged by the Democratic party north, it raised the arm of strong rebellion to part this mighty nation. By that act slavery spread sorrow and suffering throughout our whole land. From Florida to Canada, and from the pine-clad hills of Maine to the valley of the Sacramento, tears in sorrow fall. They moisten our hillsides and bedew our valleys; weeds of mourning grow up in every town, and sighs, deep-felt, break forth from every hamlet.  
Still slavery is determined to add fresh wounds to the Government and fresh sorrow to the hearts of the people.  
And yet we have gentlemen upon this floor willing to vote to give life to slavery. They tell us that to abolish slavery will prolong the war. Mr. Speaker, I cannot see it. But, whether we have peace or war, let us have liberty! We all love peace, and would hail with joy its early return, but we see no prospect of peace by adding strength to slavery. Let us add strength to our army, and words of encouragement to our brave soldiers in the field, and peace will soon come.  
Since slavery has taken the lives of so many of our brave sons and brothers, will we consent that it may still live? Would we be willing that in after years the slave hunter, in pursuit of his fugitive, should insult the widow and orphan of brave and patriotic men, who were called to defend their country against a slaveholders' rebellion? Or sneer at the battle scarred soldier, who has left his own right arm upon the battle field in the hour of his country's danger?  
Shall slavery, with its vile tread, pollute the soil beneath which lie mouldering the remains of the brave and noble defenders of freedom?  
Shall the ploughshare guided by the hand of the slave, turn up to whiten in the sun the bones of patriots who have fallen in freedom's great struggle?  
Shall we, as representatives of the people, called upon to vote for the life or death of slavery, and knowing that it has cast all its power against freedom, and with her iron-clad talons been grappling for the heart strings of the nation—can we vote that slavery may still live? No! let slavery die! And strengthened by its death, may freedom and our country live!