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Selected Poetry.

HEREAFTER BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN. The gold and rose of the resplendent West / Tinged into gray; and in the twilight stirred / With whispering soft the birches: from the copse / Rang the clear mellow notes of Eve's own bird.

Select Tale.

ONE OF THE MARTYRS. It was a cold raw morning towards the end of April. Masses of dark clouds skirted across the heavens below a bleak east wind. But in the Henry mansion comforted supreme. The air was tempered to delightful warmth, an excellent breakfast smoked upon the table; from the glittering coffee-pot went up a wreath of fragrant incense. The master of the house and the two sisters thereof enjoyed the repast with full appreciation, but anxious cares shadowed the brow of Mrs. Henry.

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on a step ladder, she swept the ceiling and invaded every inch of side-wall with her purifying broom. "Dear, dear!" she exclaimed, discovering a small cobweb behind a picture frame. "I should think it was time we were cleaning, sure enough."

"The state of the windows moved her to more yawning emotions. What streaks! what cloudiness! How could they ever have lived with such things in such a state! She stood shivering over her tub, scrubbing and rinsing at frame and glass, while the cold gust rushed in through the open casement. Twinges of pain shot now and then through the back of her head, and dread foreboding visited her heart, but she never flinched. Duty must be done."

"No, I think not; I must hurry home. How's Margaretta?" "Not a bit too well, I can tell you—and up to her eyes in cleaning by this time, I suppose."

"What, in this dismal weather?" said Helen, with a little shudder. "Oh, it couldn't be put off! Of course there'll be neuralgia, and all that to pay. But who can stop a woman when she has once made up her mind? I could see she had started out on a regular bender." And Mr. Henry smiled that smile of conscious pride befitting the husband of the most particular housekeeper "in town."

"You mustn't disturb mamma when she's at work. But where's dinner, I wonder?" A third figure now appeared on the scene. How old! In an old dark calico, faded and limp; a small shawl of blue equally subdued, was wrapped about it; its head was tied up in a comforter, rather worse for wear. Nothing proclaimed this to be the same being that had sat down to breakfast, fresh and trim, but the expression of the face; that was clearly recognizable; the same, but woefully intensified.

"How are you getting along, Margaretta?" asked her husband. "Oh, as well as I could expect where there was so much to do. If you could just have seen these parlor windows, Johnny! I never saw in an old dark calico, faded and limp; a small shawl of blue equally subdued, was wrapped about it; its head was tied up in a comforter, rather worse for wear."

"Helen says you'd better send the youngsters over to her," he presently remarked. A good sized piece of pie had by this time appeared, and his heart grew lighter.—"They haven't torn up yet."

"I didn't suppose they had," said Mrs. Henry, in a peculiar tone. "It wouldn't trouble Helen at all if she didn't begin 'till June."

quite consoled her under the enforced retirement. "Seems to me you were rather hard on the poor children," said Mr. Henry, as the door closed after them; "it's early yet."

"This was a drop in the overflowing cup." "If you could just have attended to them a little," was the reply, "instead of going on with your newspaper as if you never heard a word, I might have let them stay. You haven't much idea of how my head feels!"

"I do not mean to follow Mrs. Henry in detail through her labors. Various untold circumstances arose, as they always will at such periods. The dining-room carpet was found to be broken in a hundred places and to require as many darning."

"Use up, ch, Margaretta?" said her husband, finding her extended on the sofa, her temples bound tightly with a handkerchief. "Yes," replied a feeble voice, "my head aches dreadfully."

"You're afraid of it, I thought you were overdoing it and you ate no dinner at all!" "No, but in the course of the afternoon I grew hungry and took a piece of mince pie as I worked; I couldn't stop for a regular meal. So it can't be want of food that has brought it on."

"Perhaps not; but I wish you would be more prudent, dear. Couldn't you manage to spare yourself a little?" "Oh, John, you don't know anything about it! You mean kindly, but men never understand. There's just so much to be done, and I must do it; I can't trust an inferior creature. Bridget is an excellent girl, but I couldn't think of setting her at anything I am particular about."

"You must let everything go and lie down and rest, or you'll be sick, that's certain." "Must I?" And a faint smile seemed to say, "It's easy for you to talk." But she made no remark, and only led the way to the kitchen where the tempting bill of fare, which she had heard already, was set forth. The table stood against the wall, one leaf turned up; the cloth, folded double, was spread upon it.

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there is the comfort of having things done right and as you want them." "Well, then," said Helen, "it's the very hardest way of taking comfort."

"The time of their visit came at last. The first day went off well, except that Margaretta was too tired almost to speak, and Mrs. Mowbray thought her by no means as agreeable as her sister-in-law. Conversation at least in her own house, was not Mrs. Henry's forte; she was always too much burdened with culinary cares. And she had now a difficult problem to solve; how to make her single assistant so fill the places of the whole Mowbray retinue that no want should be discernible."

"The second day was very warm; one of those melting, scorching times that often blaze down upon us towards the end of June. Great preparations were afoot in the kitchen, and though each door and window was opened to its widest, the air was still, Bridget averred, hot enough to roast an egg. Mrs. Henry determined to add ice-cream to an already bountiful dessert, and as three minute freezers were not yet invented, she was obliged to bestow considerable attention on it. She passed several times from the dining kitchen to the cold cellar, stood on the bricks and rearranged the salt and ice, without once thinking of imprudence. She was reminded of it by a strange feeling in the chest and a familiar one in the head; a long, agonizing thrill.

"The dinner went off beautifully; Bridget had been well drilled and performed her part to admiration. No professed water could have moved about more noiselessly or answered wants with more assiduous quiet care. The ice-cream was delicious; Mr. Mowbray pronounced it better than the cold cellar, stood on the bricks and rearranged the salt and ice, without once thinking of imprudence. She was reminded of it by a strange feeling in the chest and a familiar one in the head; a long, agonizing thrill.

"Stay to tea if you can, Helen," she said. "Oh, my side! I shall be well in the morning, and I can't bear to have them go. It seems inhospitable."

"But when morning came she was in no state to care about the matter. The attack proved to be a violent congestion, and she suffered greatly. Mrs. Mowbray coming out of her room one day looked very grave.—"I am afraid, my dear," she said to Helen, "that your poor sister never will get over this."

"Oh, do you think so?" Helen cried, alarmed. "But you are not used to seeing her in illness; she often has severe pain, and her face shows it very soon. I cannot but hope you are mistaken."

"I think it is, provided you accompany it with tolerable food and shelter—and we are competent to do that." "Now, Helen, it's easy to talk! But just consider that you feel very anxious about entertaining friends that are used to such a different style of living."

ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.—It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, and he must go to shop-keeping, or street loafing, or turn politician. Food! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure that he cannot in any other way. And then young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms, or houses, or some other foolish thing, they know nothing about, and what is the result?—Head over heels in debt and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business, a branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and are willing to work at their trades or professions till they get a little before-hand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel free venturing into other business—and by this time will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight. Those who succeed best in life are men who stick to business and make money before they buy farms and houses, and commence speculating. Look at our successful men and you will see where lies the secret of success.

You will find they never were above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job which they could just as well do themselves. We know a man worth from fifty to forty thousand dollars, and no laborer works harder than he. He never hesitates to take off his coat and do any kind of work about his premises. Such a man is not above his business; but we think he is too far in the other extreme. Of this we are sure; if all men will be prompt and punctual, stick to their business and not be too proud—they will eventually succeed and become independent.—D. C. Colverworth.

CHEERFULNESS.—Tonics, stimulatives, medicines! There is nothing in all the pharmacopoeia half so inspiring as a cheerful temper. Do not fancy yourself a victim! Do not go through the world with a face like a yard long. My dear friend, you are the only person that is wrong, when you say that this is a world of trial and trouble! It is a great deal better to be without an arm, or leg, than to lack cheerfulness! What if the globe does not roll round in the precise direction you want it to? Make the best of it! Put a pleasant face on the matter, and not go about throwing cold water on the firesides of all the rest of mankind. If you are in want of an example, look at the birds, or flowers, or the very sunshine on the grass! Show no one grumblers in all nature's wide domains!

WHAT IS A WOMAN?—Victor Hugo, who has been at immense expense to popularize himself as a poet with the female sex, goes much farther, because he goes much deeper, than the most malignant saint in the calendar in his physiology of women. "A woman," observes this amiable heretic of the Provencal bards, "a woman is simply a highly-improved style of demon." Alexander Dumas, the younger, with whom pulmonary consumption is the only female ailment, has uttered a great many outrageous impertinences concerning women. "Heaven," he exclaims, "in its merciful providence, gave no beard to women, because it knew that they could not hold their tongues long enough to be shaved." "For the sake of women," observed the same individual, "men dishonor themselves—kill themselves; and, in the midst of this universal carnage, the creature who brings it to pass has only one thought in her mind, which is to decide whether she shall dress herself so as to look like an umbrella or like a dinner-bell.

THE EFFECTS OF IMPATIENCE.—Nothing more incapacitates a man for the lead than impatience. No constitutionally impatient man who has indulged his tendency, ever gets to the bottom of things, or knows with any nicety the standing, disposition and circumstances of the people among whom he is, or has thrown himself amongst. Certain salient points he is possessed of, but not what reconciles and accounts for them. Something in him—an obtrusive half, or train of thought, or liking and antipathies will always come between him and an impartial judgment, neither does his confidence, for he checks the eye, uncertain advances which are the precursors to it. We doubt if a thoroughly impatient man can read the heart or be a fair critic or understand the rights of any knotty question or make himself master of any difficult situation. The power of acting, deliberating, hanging in suspense, is necessary for all these,—the power of starving off for considerable periods of time merely personal feelings.—London Sat. Review.

THE BOY'S COMPOSITION ON MOONLIGHT.—The following composition is said to have been read in one of the schools of a neighboring village:— "Twas a calm still night; the moon's pale light shone soft o'er hill and dale. Not a breeze stirred; not a leaf stirred; not a dog stirred; not a horse stirred; not a man stirred; not an owl stirred; not a sheep stirred; not a cow stirred; not a mouse stirred; not a cat stirred; not a mouse stirred; not a hen stirred; not even a goose stirred."

HOW HOLLAND WAS GATHERED.—No description can convey the slightest idea of the way in which Holland has been gathered, particle by particle, out of the waste of waters, of the strange aspect of country, and the incessant vigilance and wondrous precautions by which it is preserved. Holland is, in the fullest extent, an alluvium of the sea. It consists of mud and sand rescued from the ocean, and banked upon all sides. Produced by the most detestable and indefatigable exertions, it can be maintained only by artificial means. If the efforts by which it was redeemed from the waters were to be relaxed, the ocean would reassert its rights, and the whole kingdom would be submerged. The slightest accident might sweep Holland in a deep. It was once undermined by an insect. Indeed, the necessity of destroying insects is so urgent, that the stork, a great feeder on them, is actually held in veneration, and almost every species of bird is religiously protected from injury. Birds nesting is strictly protected by law. The drift of all this is palpable enough. But it is curious that the very existence of a great country depends upon such guarantees.

An unfortunate young man is searching everywhere for his sweetheart who was recently carried away by her feelings.