# The Bradford Porter.

VERY WEDNESDAY.] *Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.*—Gov. Porter. [BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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## The Grave Yard Flowers.

"DO NOT PLUCK THE FLOWERS: THEY ARE SACRED TO THE DEAD."

! spare the flowers, the fair young flowers,
The free glad gift that summer brings;
ight children of the sun and showers,
Here do they rise, earth's offerings.
h be the dew upon you shed,—
Green be the bough that o'er you waves,—
ariless watchers by the dead,
Emblending dwellers 'midst the graves!

spare the flowers! their sweet perfume
pon the wandering zephyr cast,
lingering o'er the lonely tomb,
like the memory of the past,
flourish freshly, though beneath
is the dark dust and creeping worm;
y speak of Hope, they speak of Faith,
They smile, like rainbows through the storm.

k not the flowers—the sacred flowers!
Go where the garden's treasure's spread,—
ere strange bright blossoms deck the bowers
And spicy trees their odours shed.
ere pluck, if thou delight'st, indeed
To shorten life so brief as theirs;
here the admonition heed—
A blessing on the hand that spares.

k not the flowers! In days gone by
beautiful belief was felt,
t fairy spirits of the sky,
midst the trembling blossoms dwell.
aps the dead have many a guest,
Holier than any that are ours;
aps their guardian angel rests
Enshrined amidst the gentle flowers!

thou no loved one lying low—
So broken reed of earthly trust?
thou not felt the bitter woe
With which we render dust to dust?
n haste! and in one cherished spot,
Unseen, unknown to earthly eyes,
in thy heart the unforgot
Entombed in silent beauty lies.

ory, and Faith, and Love, so deep
No earthly storm can reach it more—
otion that hath ceased to weep,
These flourish in thy bosom's core!
re, the flowers! With gentle tread
Draw near, remembering what thou art,—
lossoms sacred to the dead
Be ever springing in the heart!

[From the United States Gazette.]

## Winter.

BY THE AMERICAN HARP.

The spirit of tempest and storm
Comes bleak from his home in the north,
The snow-wreath he shakes from his form
As he hurries his chariot forth.

Crashing loud on the hurricane's voice
We hear him approach from afar,
While his mantle of glittering ice
Rattles over the wheels of his car.

He tarries nor stops in his speed,
While he throws off his beautiful gems—
There is nothing his spell can impede,
When the current of nature he stems.

Yet blessings are veiled in each tear
That hang on its cold frozen cheeks;
His presence makes up the full year,
And Spring e'er his glory bespeaks.

For sure as his mantle of snow
Lays broad over the valley and plain,
Sure will the glad farmer know
That gold swells his garner of grain.

Ho! Winter! tho' frigid thou art,
Enveloped in storm and in gloom,
Pacific and kind is thy part,
To adorn holy nature in bloom.

And moral instruction we find
In thy picture of seeming decay,
To improve the intelligent mind,
That life in its time must pass away.

The spring of our childhood is o'er,
Our summer and autumn have fled,
The dreams of our youth are no more,
And winter appears in their stead.

But sweet is the heavenly thought,
When the harvest home trumpet shall sound
That we lived to die as we ought,
Among the triumphant are found.

[From the Dollar Newspaper.]

## Remember Me.

sculptors o'er the marble stone
To oft arrest the passer by,
ne may this page, when I am gone,
Attract thy calm and placid eye.

d when these lines are read by thee,
Remembrance in some succeeding year,
en think! oh, think! then think of me,
Who now in friendship writes them here!

d now, as fate doth it decree,
Tho' we must tread on different shores,
Friendship reach o'er land and sea,
And still unite my soul with yours.

[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

## Leap-Year.

### CHAPTER I.

In the summer of 1838, in the pleasant little county of Huntington, and under the shade of some noble elms which form the pride of Lipscombe Park, two young men might have been seen reclining. The thick, and towering, and far-spreading branches under which they lay, effectually protected them from a July sun, which threw its scorching brilliancy over the whole landscape before them. They seemed to enjoy to the full extent that delightful *retired openness* which an English park affords, and that easy effortless communion which only old companionship can give. They were in fact, fellow collegians. The one, Reginald Darcy, by name, was a ward of Mr. Sherwood, the wealthy proprietor of Liscombe Park; the other his friend, Charles Griffith, was passing a few days with him in this agreeable retreat. They had spent a greater part of the morning strolling through the park, making short journeys from one clump of trees to another, and traversing just so much of the open sunny space which lay exposed to all the 'bright severity of noon,' and gave fresh value to the shade, and renewed the luxury of repose.

'Only observe,' said Darcy, breaking silence after a long pause, and without any apparent link of connexion between their last topic of conversation and the sage reflection he was about to launch—'only observe, that to have it intimated even in jest, that I would take advantage of my position in this family to pay my ridiculous addresses to Miss Sherwood—I do declare, Griffith, I never will again to you, or any other man, touch upon this subject, but in the same strain of unmeaning levity one is compelled to listen to, and imitate in the society of coxcombs.'

'At all events,' said Griffith, 'give me leave to say that *I* admire Miss Sherwood, and that I shall think it a crying shame if so beautiful and intelligent a girl is suffered to fall into the clutches of this stupid baronet who is laying *seige on her*—this *pompous*, empty headed Sir Frederick Beaumantle.'

'Sir Frederick Beaumantle,' said Darcy, with some remains of humor, 'may be all you describe him, but he is very rich, and, mark me, he will win the lady. Old Sherwood suspects him for a fool, but his extensive estates are unincumbered: he will approve his suit. His daughter makes him a constant laughing-stock, she is perpetually ridiculing his presumption and his vanity; but she will end by marrying the rich baronet. It will be in the usual course of things: society will expect it; and it is so safe, so prudent, to do what society expects. Let wealth wed with wealth. It is quite right. I would never advise any man to marry a woman much richer than himself, so as to be indebted to her for his position in society. It is useless to say or to feel, that her wealth was not the object of your suit. You may carry it how you will—what says the old song?

"*She* never will forget;
The gold she gave was not thy *gain*,
But it must be thy *debt*."

'But come, our host is punctual to his dinner hour, and if we journey back at the same place we have traveled here, we shall not have much time upon our hands.' And accordingly the two friends set themselves in motion to return to the house.

Our readers have, of course discovered that, in spite of his disclaimer Reginald Darcy *was* in love with Emily Sherwood. He was indeed, very far gone, and had suffered great extremities; but his pride had kept pace with his passion. Left an orphan at an early age, and placed by the will of his father under the guardianship of Mr. Sherwood, Darcy had found in the residence of that gentleman a home during the holidays when a school boy, and during the vacations when a collegian. Having lately taken his degree at Cambridge, with high honors, which had been strenuously contended for, and purchased by severe labor, he was now recruiting his health, and enjoying a season of well earned leisure under his guardian's roof. As Mr. Sherwood was old and gouty, and confined much to his room, it fell on him to escort Emily in her rides or walks. She whom he had known, and been so often delighted with, as his little playmate, had grown into the young and lovely woman. Briefly, our Darcy was a lost man—gone—head and heart. But then—she was the only daughter of Mr. Sherwood—she was a wealthy heiress—he was comparatively poor. Her father had been to him the kindest of guardians, ought he to repay that kindness by destroying, perhaps, his proudest schemes? Ought he, a man of fitting and becoming pride, to put himself in the equivocal position which the poor suitor of a wealthy heiress must inevitably occupy? 'He invites me,' he would say to himself, 'he presses me to stay here, week after week and month after month, because the idea that I should seek to carry away his daughter never enters into his head. And she—she is so frank, so gay, so amiable, and almost fond, because she has never recognized, with the companion of her childhood, the possiblity of such a thing as marriage. There is but one part for me—silence, strict, unbroken silence!'

Charles Griffith was not far from the truth. when he said that it would be difficult to find a better specimen of her fascinating sex than the daughter of their host. But it was not her beauty, remarkable as it was—it was not her brightest of blue eyes, nor her fairest of complexions, nor those rich luxuriant tresses—that formed the greatest charm in Emily Sherwood. It was the delightful combination she displayed of a cheerful vivacious temper with generous and ardent feelings. She was as light and playful as one of the fawns in her own park, but her heart responded also to every noble and disinterested sentiment; and the poet who sought a listener for some lofty or tender strain, would have found the spirit that he wanted in the gay and mirth-loving Emily Sherwood.

Poor Darcy! he would sit, or walk by her side, talking of this or that, no matter what, always happy in her presence, passing the most delicious hours, but not venturing to say, by word or look, how very content he was. For these hours of stolen happiness he knew how severe a penalty he must pay, he knew and braved it. And in our poor judgment he was right. Let the secret, stealthy, unrequited lover enjoy to the full extent the presence, the smiles, the bland and cheerful society of her whom his heart is silently worshiping. Even this shall in future hours be a sweet remembrance. By and by, it is true, there will come a season of poignant affliction. But better all this than one uniform, perpetual torpor. He will have felt that mortal man *may* breathe the air of happiness; he will have learned something of the human heart that lies within him.

But all this love—was it seen—was it returned—by her who had inspired it? Both, both. He thought, wise youth! that while he was swallowing draught after draught of this delicious poison, no one perceived the deep intoxication he was revelling in. Just as wisely some veritable toper, by putting on a grave and demure countenance cheats himself into the belief that he conceals from every eye that delectable and irresistable confusion in which his brain is swimming. His love was seen. How could it be otherwise?—That instantaneous, that complete delight which he felt when she joined him in his rambles, or came to sit with him in the library, could not be disguised nor mistaken. He was a scholar, a reader and a lover of books, but let the book be what it might, which he held in his hand, it was abandoned, closed, pitched aside the moment she entered. There was no stolen glance at the page still left open; nor was the place kept marked by the tenacious finger and thumb. If her voice were heard on the terrace, or in the garden—if her laugh—so light, merry and musical, reached his ear—there was no question or debate, whether he should go or stay, but down the stairs, or through the avenues of the garden—he sprang—he ran; only a little before he came in sight he would assume something of the gravity becoming in the senior, wrangler, or try to look as if he come there by chance. His love was seen, and not with indifference. But what could the damsel do? How presume to know of an attachment until in due form certified thereof? If a youth will adhere to an obstinate silence, what we repeat, can a damsel do but leave him to his fate, and listen to some other who if he loves less, at least knows how to avow his love.

### CHAPTER II.

We left the two friends proceeding toward the mansion; we enter before them and introduce our readers into the drawing room. Here, in a spacious and shaded apartment, made cool, as well by the massive walls of the noble edifice as by the open and protected windows, whose broad balcony was blooming with the most beautiful and fragrant of plants, sat Emily Sherwood. She was not, however, alone. At the same round table, which was covered with vases of flowers, and with books as gay as flowers, was seated another young lady, Miss Julia Danvers, a friend who had arrived in the course of the morning on a visit to Lipscombe Park. The young ladies seemed to have been in deep consultation.

'I can never thank you sufficiently,' said Miss Danvers, 'for your kindness in this affair.'

'Indeed but you can very soon thank me much more than sufficiently,' replied her more lively companion, 'for there are few things in the world I dislike so much as thanks. And yet there is one cause of thankfulness you have, and know not of. Here have I listened to your troubles, as you call them, for more than two hours, and never once told you any of my own. Trouble! you are, in my estimation, a very happy, enviable girl.'

'Do you think it; then, so great a happiness to be obliged to take refuge from an absurd, selfish step mother, in order to get by stealth one's own lawful way?'

'One's own way is always lawful, my dear. No tautology. But you *have* it—while I———'

'Well, what is the matter?'

'Julia dear—now do not laugh—I have a lover that *won't speak*. I have another or one who calls himself such, who has spoken, or whose wealth I fear, has spoken, to some purpose—to my father."

"And you would open the mouth of dumb, and stop the mouth of the foolish?

"Exactly."

"Who are they? And first, to proceed by due climax, who is he whose mouth is to be closed?

"A baronet of these parts—Sir Frederic Beaumantle. A vain, vain, vain, man. It would be a waste of good words to spend another epithet upon him, for he is all vanity. All his virtues, all his vices all his actions, good, bad and indifferent, are nothing but vanity. He praises you from vanity, abuses you from vanity, loves you and hates you from vanity. He is vain of his person, of his wealth, of his birth, of his title, vain of all he has, and all he has not. He sets so great a value on his innumerable and superlative good qualities that be really has not been able (until he met with your humble servant) to find any individual of our sex on whom he could, conscientiously, bestow so great a treasure, as his own right hand must inevitably give way. This has been the only reason—he tells me so himself—why he has remained so long unmarried, for he has rounded the arch and is going down the bridge. To take his own account of this delicate matter, he is fluctuating, with an uneasy motion, to and fro, between forty and forty-five.

'Old enough, I doubt not, to be your father. How can he venture on such a frolicksome young thing as you?'

'I asked him that question myself one day; and he told me, with a most complacent smile, that I should be the perfect compendium of matrimony—he should have wife and child in one.'

'The old coxcomb! And yet there was a sort of providence in that. Now, who is he whose mouth is to be opened!'

'Oh—he! can't you guess?'

'Your cousin Reginald, as you used to call him—though cousin I believe he is none—this learned wrangler?'

'The same. Trust me, he loves me to the bottom of his heart; but because his little cousin is a great heiress, he thinks it fit to be very proud, and gives me over many thanks to him, to this rich baronet. But here he comes.'

As she spoke, Darcy and Griffith entered the room.

'We have been canvassing,' said Emily after the usual forms of introduction had been gone through, 'the merits of our friend, Sir Frederick Beaumantle. By the way, Reginald, he dines here to-day, and so will another gentleman, whom I shall be happy to introduce to you, Capt. Garland, an esteemed friend of mine and Miss Danvers.'

'Sir Frederick seems,' said Griffith, by way merely of taking part in the conversation, 'at all events a very good natured man. I have seen him but once, and he has already promised to use all his influence in my behalf, in whatever profession I may embark:—If medicine I am to have half-a-dozen dowagers, always ailing and never ill, put under my charge the moment I can add M. D., to my name, not to speak of certain mysterious hints of an introduction at court, and an appointment of physician extraordinary to Her Majesty. I suppose I may depend upon Sir Frederick's promises?'

'Oh, certainly,' said Miss Sherwood, 'you may depend upon Sir Frederick Beaumantle's promises; they are inexhaustible.'

'The fool!' said Darcy with impatience 'I could forgive him anything but that ridiculous ostentation he has of patronizing men who, but they have more politeness than himself, would throw back his promises with open derision.'

'Reginald,' said Miss Sherwood, 'is always forgiving Sir Frederick every fault but one. But then that one fault changes every day. Last time he would pardon him everything except the fulsom eulogy he is in the habit of bestowing upon his friends, even to their faces. You must know Mr. Griffith, that Sir Frederick is a most liberal chapman in this commodity of praise: he will give any man a bushel full of compliment who will send him back the measure only half-filled. Nay, if there are but few cherries clinging to the wicker work he is not wholly dissatisfied.'

'What he gives he knows is trash,' said Darcy; 'what he received he always flatters himself to be true coin.—But indeed Sir Frederick is somewhat more just in his dealings than you, perhaps imagine. If he bestows excessive laudation on a friend in one company, he takes it all back again in the very next he enters.'

'And still his amiability shines through all; for he abuses the absent friend only to gratify the self-love of those who are present.'

The door opened as Miss Sherwood gave this *coup de grace* to the character of the baronet, and Sir Frederick Beaumantle was announced, and immediately afterwards, Capt. Garland.

Miss Sherwood, somewhat to the surprise of Darcy, who was not aware that any such intimacy subsisted between them, received Capt. Garland with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance. On the other hand she introduced the baronet to Miss Danvers with that slightly emphatic manner which intimates that 'the parties may entertain a 'high consideration' for each other.

'You are too good a herald, Sir Frederick,' she said, 'not to know the Danverses of Dorsetshire.'

'I shall be proud, replied the baronet, 'to make the acquaintance of Miss Danvers.'

'She has come to my poor castle,' continued Miss Sherwood, 'like the distress princess in the Faery Queen, and I must look out for some red-cross knight to be her champion, and redress her wrongs.'

'It is not the first time,' said the lady thus introduced, 'that I have heard of the name of Sir Frederick Beaumantle.'

'I dare say not, I dare say not,' answered the gratified baronet. 'Mine, I may venture to say, is an historical name. Did you ever peruse, Miss Danvers, a work entiled 'The History of the County of Huntington? You would find in it many curious particulars relative to the Beaumantles', and one anecdote especially, drawn I may say, from the archives of of our family, which throws a new light upon the reign and character of Charles II. It is a very able performance this 'History of the County of Huntington; it is written by a modest and ingenious person of my acquaintance, and I feel great pleasure in lending him my poor assistance in the compilation of it. My name is mentioned in the preface.—'Perhaps,' he added with a significant smile, 'it might have claimed a more conspicuous place; but I hold it more becoming in persons of rank to be the patrons than the competitors of men of letters.'

'I should think,' said Miss Danvers very quietly, 'it were the more prudent plan for them to adopt. But what is this anecdote you allude to?'

'An ancestor of mine—but I am afraid' said the baronet, casting a deprecatory look at Miss Sherwood, 'that some here have read it, or heard me repeat it before.'

'Only pray proceed,' said the young lady appealed to.

'An ancestor of mine, resumed the baronet, on being presented at the court of Charles II, soon after the restoration, attracted the attention of that merry monarch and his witty courtiers by the unique fashion of his cloak. 'Beaumantle! Beaumantle!' said the King, 'who gave thee that name?' My ancestor, who was a grave man, and well brought up, answered, 'Sire, my godfathers and my godmothers at my baptism.' Well responded,' said the king with a smile and they gave thee thy raiment also, as it seems.' These last words were added in a lower voice, and did not reach the ear of my ancestor, but they were reported to him immediately afterwards, and have been treasured up in our family ever since. I thought it my duty to make it known to the world as an historical fact, strikingly illustrative of a very important period in our annals.'

'Why your name,' said Miss Danvers, 'appears to be historical in more senses than one.'

'I hope soon—but I would not wish this to go beyond the present company,' said Sir Frederick and he looked round the circle with a countenance of the most imposing solemnity—'I hope soon that you will hear of his being elevated to the peerage—that is, when Sir Robert Peel comes into power.'

'You know Sir Robert then?' said Griffith, with perfect simplicity.

'Public men,' said Sir Frederick, 'are sufficiently introduced by public report. Besides Mr. Griffith—we barnonets! we constitute a sort of brotherhood. I have employed all my influences in the country, and I may safely say it is not little to raise the character and estimation of Sir Robert, and I have no doubt that he will gladly testify his acknowledgement of my services by this trifling return. And as it is well known that my estates—'

But the baronet was interrupted in mid career by the announcement of dinner.

Miss Sherwood took the arm of Capt. Garland, and directed Sir Frederick to lead down Miss Danvers.

'You will excuse my father,' she said as they descended, 'for not meeting us in the drawing room. His gout makes him a lame pedestrian. We shall find him already seated at the table.'

At the dinner table the same arrangement was preserved. Miss Sherwood had placed Capt. Garland by her side, and conversed almost exclusively with him; while the baronet was kept in play by the sedulous flattery of Miss Danvers.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## Look Aloft.

Some years ago, Dr. Goodman, of Philadelphia, (now deceased) related that in a voyage to sea in early life, he had seen a lad who had just begun to be a sailor, going out to some projected by a spar, and he was looking below him for a rope which ran across, on which his feet should be. The rope flew from side to side, and it was evident that the poor fellow was becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling, when the mate shouted to him with all his force, "Look aloft! you sneaking lubber,! By thus turning away his eyes from danger, the dizziness was prevented, and he found his tooting.

And this incident the Docter said, often occured to his mind in after life—when his troubles grew heavy upon him, and he could hardly find ground whereupon to tread. At such time he heard the mate's shout in his ears, and turned his eyes "aloft" to the prize on which had placed his hope. We cannot part with this beautiful illustration, without asking each of our readers to apply it to a still nobler purpose; to steady themselves in all the tempests of adversity, by looking towards that life in which there is rest and peace evermore—and when our flesh and heart shall fail us, and we find no support under our feet, to seek it by "looking aloft" to Him who is the strength of our hearts, and our portion forever.

THE TEXAN WILD HORSE.—The mustang or wild horse, is certainly the greatest curiosity to those unaccustomed to the sight, that we meet on the prairies of Texas. They are seen in numbers, oftentimes of exceeding beauty. The spectator is compelled to stand in amazement, and contemplate this noble animal, as he bounds over the earth with the concious pride of freedom. We still meet with many in the low countries, and during summer, hundreds were seen in the neighborhood of Houston, darting over the plain, and seeming to dare the sportsmen for a contest in the chase. There was among those that were sometimes seen near the city, one remarkable above the rest for his perfect symmetry and great beauty. Many an eye was fixed on him, but he fled before his pursuer like the wind, and so long as I knew anything of him; he had not met with his equal in speed.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A girl once blew her lover out of doors, and then kissed the candle.