

# The Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY,

Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. POOR.

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

No. IV.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 10, 1844.

No. 81.

## From the Knickerbocker. The Midnight Dream.

BY MRS. B. S. NICHOLS.

A vision, love, last eve,  
That thrills my very heart with fear;  
I wish to see thee grieve,  
To see from moonhood's eye a tear;  
In this dream, I saw thee weep  
As never man had wept before;  
I would not dream the like, if sleep  
My weariest eyes ne'er shadowed o'er!

I saw thee, leaning low  
Above a pale and shrouded form;  
The cold December's snow  
Lay upon the freezing storm  
Of more of beauty, warmth, and life,  
Than this white piece of marbled earth!  
I thought I, "have the war and strife  
Of passion in its heart had birth?"

How they raise the snowy shroud  
That veiled the features from my view;  
I heard thee strangely weep aloud,  
Thou soul recognition grew  
Within my soul; my body lay  
All still and vain before me there,  
I saw the tomb, while slow decay  
Was painted on the forehead bare!

How they press the icy brow,  
Whispering words of life and cheer;  
I felt the lifeless clay I hated now,  
But longed against thy heart to lean,  
How unto that gentle heart!  
I felt that dearest my spirit near,  
That agony would start  
The cold and deadly drops of fear.

Alas! if spirits thus were freed  
From dust which weighed their pinnacles,  
Their destiny were bright indeed,  
They unmingled e'er was known.  
I was chained unto thy side,  
While still this truth seemed strange to me,  
How ever by thee I should glide,  
How invisible to thee!

How to lift the veil which hides  
The progress of immortal birth;  
The thin partition that divides  
The world of spirits from the earth;  
I longed to hear thy spirit up  
Rise round the golden throne,  
How stern Death's embittered cup  
Must not be drained by every one!

How I hovered by thy side  
As wings thy very garments brushed,  
I felt thou but knew I lived and died,  
I felt within the tomb was hushed,  
I dreamed of earth a sense was blent  
Of some neglect of duty there,  
I thought I thought my punishment  
Was greater far than I could bear!

## Parting with Summer.

Oh! didst thou leave us, sweet summer,  
We mourn as we see thee depart.  
Thou art sweet flower is left us,  
To cherish and gladden the heart;  
The trees that were dressed all in beauty,  
So lovely and gay to behold,  
Have yielded their sceptre to Autumn,  
And put on their garments of gold,  
We search for the Rose and the Lily,  
The flowers we dearly loved best;  
They're then whispers the story,  
They've passed away too with the rest.  
The willow seems the meadow, and lonely,  
The night is heard but the wood robin's lay,  
The fields have been sown of their glory,  
The gather'd and garner'd away.  
The rainbow of promise has faded,  
The woodbine hangs dead on the wall;  
The grave holds the sweet maple blossoms,  
The myrtle, the lilac and all;  
The streamlet whose song oft has cheer'd us,  
Is gliding along through the vale,  
Mourning thy absence, sweet summer—  
Oh, mournful and sad is the tale.  
The hills too, so queen-like and lovely;  
All gem'd in the morning with dew,  
Where the grass flower flourished in beauty;  
Oh, Autumn has blighted them too.  
Oh, when thou returnest, sweet summer,  
Thy smiles will dispell every gloom,  
The loughs will be vocal with songsters,  
And flowersets will spring from the tomb.  
There's one whose light step is missing,  
She went forth to meet thee before—  
The heart then was light as the blue bird's;  
She'll go out to meet thee no more.  
The dew to the land of sweet waters,  
The skies there are balmy and clear,  
Where friendship and love's never blighted,  
And summer is green all the year.

## Leap-Year. [CONCLUDED.]

After a few days it became evident to all the household of Lipscombe Park that a new claimant for the hand of Miss Sherwood had appeared in the person of Captain Garland. The captain did not reside in the house, but on the pretence of a very strong desire for trout fishing, he had taken up his quarters in apartments within a most convenient distance of the scene of operations. It was not forgotten that, at the very time he made his appearance, Miss Danvers also arrived at the Park, and between these parties there was suspected to be some secret understanding. It seemed as if our military suitor had resolved to assail the fort from within as well as from without, and therefore had brought down with him this fair ally. Nothing better than such a fair ally. She could not only chant his praises when absent, (and there is much in that,) but she could so manoeuvre as to procure for the captain many tete-a-tetes, which otherwise would not fall to his share. Especially, (and this task she appeared to accomplish most adroitly,) she could engage to herself the attentions of his professed and reputable rival, Sir Frederick Beaumante. In fifty ways she could assist in betraying the citadel from within while he stood storming at the gate in open magnanimous warfare. Darcy was not slower than others to suspect the stratagem, and he thought he saw symptoms of its success. His friend Griffith had now left him; he had no dispassionate observer to consult, and his own desponding passion led him to conclude whatever was most unfavorable to himself. Certainly there was a confidential manner, between Miss Sherwood and these close allies, which seemed to justify the suspicion alluded to. More than once when he had jocularly Miss Sherwood and the captain the unpleasant discovery had been forced upon him, by the sudden pause in their conversation, that he was the *one too many*.

But jealousy? Oh, no! What had he to do with jealousy? For his part he was quite delighted with his new attachment, quite delighted; it would set at rest forever the painful controversy so often agitated in his own breast. Nevertheless it must be confessed that he felt the rivalry of Capt. Garland in a very different manner from that of Sir Frederick Beaumante. The baronet by virtue of his wealth alone, would obtain success; and he felt a bitter satisfaction in yielding Emily to an opulent suitor. She might marry, but she could not love him; she might be thinking of another, perhaps of her cousin Reginald, even while she gave her hand to him at the altar. But if the gallant captain, whose handsome person, frank and gentlemanly manners, formed his chief recommendation, were to be the happy man, then must her affections have been won, and Emily was lost to him utterly. And then—with the usual logic of the passions, and forgetting the part of self-interest and disguise that he played—he taxed her with levity and unkindness in so soon preferring the captain to himself. That Emily should so soon have linked herself with a comparative stranger! It was not what he would have expected. At all events, he would thus conclude his soliloquy, "I am henceforward free—free from her bondage and free from all internal struggle. Yes! I am free!" he exclaimed, as he paced the room triumphantly. The light voice of Emily was heard calling on him to accompany her in a walk. He started, he flew. His freedom we suppose, gave him wings, for he was at her side in a moment.

Reginald had intended, on the first opportunity, to rally his cousin upon her sudden attachment to the captain, but his tongue absolutely refused the office. He could not utter a word of banter on the subject. His heart was too full.

On this occasion as they returned from their walk through the park, there happened one of those incidents which have so often, at least in novels and story-books brought about the happiness of lovers, but which in the present instance served only to bring into play the most painful feelings of both parties.

A prize-fight had taken place in the neighborhood, and one of the numerous visitors of that truly noble exhibition, who, in order to do honor to the day, had deprived Smithfield market of the light of his countenance, was returning across the park from the scene of com-

bat, accompanied by his bull dog. The dog, who doubtless knew that his master was a trespasser, and considered it the better policy to assume at once the defensive, flew at the party whom he saw approaching. Emily was a little in advance. Darcy rushed forward to plant himself between her and this ferocious assailant. He had no weapon of defence of any kind, and, to say truth, he had at that moment no idea of defending himself, or any distinct notion whatever of combating his antagonist. The only reflection that occurred to his mind was, that if the animal satiated his fury upon him, his companion would be safe. A strong leg and a stout boot might have done something. Darcy, stooping down, put the fleshy part of his own arm fairly into the bull-dog's jaws; assured that at all events, it could not bite two persons at the same time, and that, if its teeth were buried in his own arm, they could not be engaged in lacerating Emily Sherwood. It is the well known nature of the bull dog to fasten where it can bite, and the brute pinned Darcy to the ground, until its owner, arriving on the spot, extricated him from his very painful position.

In this encounter, our senior wrangler probably showed himself very unskillful and deficient in the combat with wild beasts; but no conduct could have displayed a more engrossing anxiety for the safety of his fair companion. Most men would have been willing to reap advantage from the grateful sentiment which such conduct must inspire; Darcy, on the contrary, seemed to have no other wish than to disclaim all title to such a sentiment. He would not endure that the incident should be spoken of with the least gravity or seriousness.

"I pray you," said he, "do not mention this silly business again. What I did, every living man who had found himself by your side would have done, and most men in a far more dexterous manner. And, indeed, if instead of yourself, the merest stranger—the poorest creature in the parish; man, woman, or child, had been in your predicament, I think I should have done the same."

"I know you would, Reginald," said Emily, "that if the merest idiot had been threatened with the danger that threatened me, you would have interposed, and received the attack yourself. And it is because I believe this of you Reginald—"

Something apparently impeded her utterance, for the sentence was left unfinished.

"For this wound," resumed Darcy, after a pause, and observing that Emily's eye was resting on his arm, "it is really nothing more than just penalty for my own want of address in this notable combat. You should have had the captain with you," he added, "he would have defended you quite as zealously, and with ten times the skill."

Emily made no answer, and they walked on in silence till they entered the hall. Reginald felt that he had been ungracious; but he knew not how to retrieve his position. Just before they parted, Emily resuming in some measure, her natural and cheerful manner, turned to her companion and said: "Years ago, when you were cousin Reginald, and condescended to be my play-fellow, the greatest services you rendered were to throw me occasionally out of the swing, or frighten me till I screamed, by putting my pony into a most unmerciful trot; but you were always so kind in the making up, that I liked you the better afterwards. Now, when you preserve, at your own hazard, from a very serious injury, you do it in so surly a manner—I wish the dog had bitten me!" And with this she left him and tripped up stairs.

If Darcy could have followed her into her own room, he would have seen her throw herself into an arm chair, and burst into a flood of tears.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Danvers, it has been said, (from whatever motive her conduct proceeded, whether from any interest of her own, or merely a desire to serve the interest of her friend, Capt. Garland,) showed a disposition to engross the attentions of Sir Frederick Beaumante as often as he made his appearance at Lipscombe Park. Now, as that lady was undoubtedly of good family, and possessed a considerable fortune, the baronet was not a little flattered by the interest which a person who had these excellent qualifications for a judge, manifestly took in his conversation. In an equal degree was his dignity offended at the preference shown by Miss Sherwood for Captain Garland, a man, as he said, but of yesterday, and not

in any one point of view to be put in comparison with herself. He almost resolved to punish her levity by withdrawing his suit. The graver manner, and somewhat more mature age of Miss Danvers, were also qualities which he was obliged to confess were somewhat in her favor.

The result of all this was, that one fine morning Sir Frederick Beaumante might have been seen walking to and fro in his own park, with a troubled step, bearing in his hand a letter—most elaborately penned—carefully written out—sealed, but not directed. It was an explicit declaration of his love, solemn; it was only not quite determined to whom it should be sent. As the letter contained very little that referred to the lady, and consisted almost entirely of an account, not at all disparaging, of himself and his own good qualities, it was easy for him to proceed thus far upon his delicate negotiation, although the main question to whom the letter was to be addressed—was not yet decided. The letter had indeed been a *labor of love*. It was as little written for Miss Sherwood, as Miss Danvers. It was composed for the occasion whenever that might arise; and for these ten years back it had been lying in his desk, receiving from time to time fresh touches and emendations. The necessity of making use of this epistle, which had now attained a painful perfection, we venture to say had some share in impelling him into matrimony. To some one it must be sent, or how could it appear to any advantage in those *Memoirs of Sir Frederick Beaumante*, which, at some future day, were to console the world for his decease, and the prospect of which (for he saw them already in beautiful hot pressed quarto) almost consoled himself for the necessity of dying? The intended love letter! this would have an air of ridicule, while the real declaration of Sir Frederick Beaumante, would not only adorn the *Memoirs* above mentioned, but would ultimately form a part of the *History of the County of Huntington*. We hope ourselves, by the way, to have the honor of editing those *Memoirs*, should we be so fortunate as to survive Sir Frederick.

But we must leave our baronet with his letters in his hand, gazing profoundly and anxiously on the blank left for the superscription, and must follow the perplexities of Reginald Darcy.

That good understanding which apparently existed between Emily and Captain Garland seemed rather to increase than diminish after the little adventure we have recorded in the last chapter. It appeared that Miss Sherwood had taken Darcy at his word, and resolved not to think any the more kindly of him for his conduct on that occasion. The captain was plainly in the ascendant. It even appeared from certain arrangements that were in stealthy preparation, that the happiness of the gallant lover would not long be delayed. Messages of very suspicious purport had passed between the Park and the vicarage. The clerk of the parish had been seen several times at Lipscombe. There was something in the wind, as the sagacious housekeeper observed; surely her young *mistress* was not going to be married on the sly to the captain! The same thought, however, occurred to Darcy. Was it to escape the suit of Sir Frederick Beaumante, which had been countenanced by her father, that she had recourse to this stratagem? hardly worthy of her, and quite unnecessary, as she possessed sufficient influence with her father to obtain his consent to any proposal she herself was likely to approve. Had not the state of his own feelings made him too interested a party to act as councillor or mediator, he would at once have questioned Emily on the subject. As it was, his lips were closed. She herself, too, seemed resolved to make no communication to him. The captain, a man of frank and open nature, was far more disposed to reveal his secret; he was once on the point of speaking to Darcy about his "approaching marriage;" but Emily, laying her finger on her lip, suddenly imposed silence on him.

One morning as Darcy entered the breakfast room, it was evident that something unusual was about to take place. The carriage, at this early hour, was drawn up to the door, and the two young ladies, both dressed in bridal white, were stepping into it. Before it drove off, Miss Sherwood beckoned to Darcy.

"I have not invited you," she said, "to the ceremony, because Capt. Garland has wished it to be as private as possible. But we shall expect your company at breakfast, for which you

must even have patience to wait till we return." Without giving an opportunity to reply, she drew up the glass, and the carriage rolled off.

However Darcy might have hitherto borne himself up by a gloomy sense of duty, by pride, and a bitter—oh, what a bitter resignation—when the blow came it utterly prostrated him. "She is gone! lost! Fool that I have been! What was this man more than I!"—Stung with such reflections—as these, which were uttered in such broken sentences, he rapidly retreated to the library, where he knew he should be undisturbed. He threw himself into a chair, and planting his elbows on the table, pressed his double fists with convulsive agony to his brow. All his fortune had forsaken him; he wept outright.

From this posture he was at length aroused by a gentle pressure on his shoulder, and a voice calling him by name. He raised his head; it was Emily Sherwood; inquiring of him, quite calmly, why he was not at the breakfast table. There she stood, radiant with beauty, and in all her bridal attire, except that she had thrown off her bonnet, and her beautiful hair was allowed to be free and unconfined. Her hand was still upon his shoulder.

"You are married, Emily," he said, "as well as that horrible stifling sensation in the breast would let him speak; you are married, and I must be forevermore a banished man. Leave you, Emily, and this roof forever. I pronounce my own sentence of exile for I love you, Emily, and ever shall—passionately—tenderly—love you. Surely I may say this now—now that it is a mere cry of anguish, and a misery exclusively my own. Never, never—I feel that it is no idle raving—shall I love another—never will this affection leave me—shall never have a home—never care for another—or myself—I am alone—a wanderer—miserable—Farewell! I go, I know not exactly where—but I leave this place."

He was preparing to quit the room, when Emily, placing herself before him; prevented him. "And why," she said, "if you honored me with this affection, why was I not to know of it till now?"

"Can the heiress of Lipscombe Park ask that question?"

"Ungenerous! unjust!" said Emily. "Tell me, if one who can himself feel and act nobly, denies to another the capability of a like disinterested conduct—denies it rashly, pertinaciously, without cause given for such judgement—is he not ungenerous and unjust?"

"To whom have I acted thus? To whom have I been ungenerous and unjust?"

"To me, Reginald—to me! I am wealthy, and for this reason alone you have denied to me, it seems, the possession of every worthy sentiment. She has gold, you have said, let her gold content her, and you withheld your love. She will make much boast, and create a burdensome obligation, if she bestows her superfluous wealth upon another; you resolved not to give her the opportunity, and you withheld your love. She has gold—she has no heart—no old affections, that have grown from childhood—no estimate of character—she has wealth—let her gratify its vanity and its caprice; and so you withheld your love. Yes, she has gold—with any gilded fool—she has no need of love. That is what you have thought, what your conduct has implied, and it was ungenerous and unjust."

"No, by heaven! I never thought unworthy of you," exclaimed Darcy. "Had you been the worthy cousin, Reginald, of wealth so ample that an addition to it could scarcely bring an additional pleasure, would you have left your old friend Emily to look out for some opulent alliance?"

"Oh, no! no!"

"Then, why should I?"

"I may have erred," said Darcy. "I may have thought too meanly of myself, or nourished a misplaced pride, but I never had a disparaging thought of you. It seemed that I was right—that I was fulfilling a severe—oh, how severe a duty! Even now I know not that I was wrong; I know only that I am miserable. But, added he in a calmer voice, "I at all events am the only sufferer. You, at least, are happy."

"Not, I think, if marriage is to make me so. I am not married, Reginald," she said, amid a confusion of smiles and blushes. "Capt. Garland was married this morning to Miss Julia Danvers, to whom he has been long engaged, but a silly selfish stepmother

"Not married!" cried Darcy, interrupting all further explanation. "Not married! Then you are free—then you are—!" But the old train of thoughts rushed back upon his mind—the old objections were as strong as ever—Miss Sherwood was still the daughter of his guardian, and the heir of Lipscombe Park. Instead of completing the sentence he paused and muttered something about her father.

Emily saw the cloud that had come over him. Dropping playfully, and most gracefully, upon one knee, she took his hand, and looking up archly in his face, said, "You love me coz—you have said it. Coz, will you marry me? for I love you."

"Generous, generous girl!" he and clasped her to his bosom.

"Let us go in," said Emily, in a quite altered and tremulous voice, "let us join them in the other room." And as she put her arm in his, the little pressure said distinctly and triumphantly, "He is mine, he is mine."

We must take a parting glance into old Mr. Sherwood's room. He is seated in his gaily chair; his daughter standing by his side. Apparently Emily's reasonings have almost prevailed; she has always most persuaded the old gentleman that Darcy is the very son-in-law whom, above all others, he ought to desire. For how could Emily leave her dear father, and how could he domicile himself with any other husband she could choose, half so well as with his own ward, and his own favorite Reginald?

"But, Sir Frederick Beaumante," the old gentleman replied, "what is to be said to him? and what a fine property he has!"

As he was speaking, the door opened, and the party from the breakfast table, consisting of Captain Garland, his bride, and Reginald, entered the room.

"Oh, as for Sir Frederick Beaumante," said she who was formerly Miss Danvers, and now Mrs. Garland, "I claim him as mine." And forthwith she displayed the famous declaration of the baronet—addressed to herself!

Their mirth had scarcely subsided, when the writer of the letter himself made his appearance. He had called early, for he had concluded, after much deliberation, that it was not consistent with the ardor and impetuosity of love, to wait till the formal hour of visiting, in order to receive the answer of Miss Danvers.

The answer the lady at once gave by presenting Capt. Garland to him in the character of her husband. At the same time, she returned his epistle, and explaining that circumstances had compelled the captain and herself to marry in a private and secret manner, apologizing for the mistake into which the concealment of their engagement had led him.

"A mistake indeed—a mistake altogether!" exclaimed the baronet, catching at a straw as he fell, "a mistake into which this absurd fashion of envelopes has led us. The letter was never intended, madam, to be inclosed to you. It was intended for the hands

And he turned to Miss Sherwood, who on her part, took the arm of Reginald with a significance of manner which proved to him that, for the present, at least, his declaration of love might return into his own desk, there to receive still further emendations.

"No wonder, Sir Frederick," said Mr. Sherwood, compassionating the baronet's situation, "no wonder your proposal is not wanted. These young ladies have taken their affairs into their own hands. It is *Leap-Year*. One of them at least, (looking to his daughter,) has made good use of its privilege. The initiative, Sir Frederick, is taken from us."

The baronet had nothing left but to make his politest bow and retire.

"Reginald, my dear boy," continued the old gentleman, "give me your hand, Emily is right. I don't know how I should part with her. I will only make this bargain with you, Reginald, that you marry us both. You must not turn me out of doors."

Reginald returned the pressure of his hand but could say nothing. Mr. Sherwood, however saw his answer in his eyes that were filling with tears.

A MATHEMATICAL TOAST.—"The fair daughters of Columbia"—May they add Virtue to Beauty, subtract Envy from Friendship, multiply Amiable Accomplishments by Sweetness of Temper, divide Time by Sociability and Economy, and reduce Scandal to its lowest denomination.