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## Original Poetry.

(For the Reporter)

### A FABLE ON HEALTH.

BY REBECCA I. STONE.

The palate once said in a piteous tone,

"There's nothing that'll please me—my appetite's gone,

I've fasted the cooks to find something new,

But their labor's all useless, there's nothing that'll do."

The stomach indignantly heard the complaint,

And answered them promptly, though exhausted and faint

"Had you dined with more caution, as surely you might,

Your food would have relished with former delight!

You fasted on everything fancy could see,

Regardless of pains you inflicted on me—

"Till the blood came impure, and tainted with gloom,

Thus your trespass on me, has returned on you!"

The palate contended "your reasoning is vain,"

To end the dispute referred to the brain,

Who said "twas the law of the All-Wise Creator,

You can't with impunity violate nature!

His bounty was intended his creatures to bless,

His laws disregarded will cause great distress."

## Selected Tale.

### On the Steamboat.

[FROM THE GERMAN]

It was a very warm day in the middle of

August. The steamboat Magnolia was going

fast down the Elba, and if you had been there

you would have looked with no less pleasure

than I did on the old castles and quiet towns

that fringe both banks of that beautiful river.

The passengers were sitting in large easy

chairs beneath the wide awning that shaded

the deck of the boat. Some of them went

forward so as to get a little air, and some even

hung their arms down at the bow, so as to get

some of the cool spray over their heads.

Two children, a boy and a girl, were on the

steamboat, traveling with their mother—

Charles and Louise were very warm, as was

every one else. They could not keep in one

place. In one minute they would be sitting

together with their mother, and the next they

would be off looking at the engine, or asking

one of the cooks when dinner would be ready,

or examining the names on the trunks of pas-

sengers. They had already eaten a number of

oranges, and it was still two hours before dinner

would be ready. What could they do.

They strolled off to the forward part of the

steamboat where the third class passengers

were. These persons had no awning over them,

but they seemed to enjoy their sail a great deal

more than the wealthier people who were

luncheoning in their large chairs under a pleasant

shade. The two children happened to come

close up to a gardener's boy. He was about

fifteen years old, and had been working as the

assistant of a gardener on a nobleman's estate.

He had a sunburnt face, beautiful brown eyes,

and long silken hair. There was a large water-

melon lying at his feet; but he was looking

steadily at the right bank of the river as if

he were expecting the boat to stop at some place

When Charles and Louise saw the splendid

watermelon they stopped suddenly and stood

beside the young man. Their mouths watered

for it, the weather was so very warm.

"What will you take for your melon?"

asked Charles of Fritz—for that was the name

of the boy. He turned round, and touching

his hat replied:

"It is not for sale, sir. As soon as the steam

boat stops, it will be taken away." And then

Fritz looked away along the river to see if

the boat was not about to stop at Schandau.

"How sorry I am for that," replied Charles.

"I would give you double the value of it. We

are so very thirsty."

"And mother is so fond of watermelons,"

added Louise.

But Fritz told them he could not sell the

melon, and so he paid but little attention to

them. Soon he saw the high church steeples

of Schandau, and in a little while the steam

boat was coming up slowly to the wharf.—

Then the bell rang and the people came crowd-

ing down to the wharf. Among the rest was

a pretty peasant girl. She had a basket of

pears in one hand, and a wreath of flowers and

evergreens hanging on her arm. That was

Martha, the sister of Fritz. She had come

down to the boat to bring Fritz some pears and

a wreath; for he was going to Dresden to be

gardener for some one, and it would be a long

while before they would meet again.

"Martha! Martha! here I am. Come here.

I have got a seat for you here. The boat will

stop a quarter of an hour, and we can have a

good talk before we separate." So Fritz spoke,

and he was as glad to see his sister as if they

had not seen each other for years.

Soon they were talking about everything

they could think of. "See here," said Fritz,

"this watermelon was given me by my employ-

er, and I have saved it for you. It is the

largest one I ever saw."

"Thank you, brother. And here is a wreath

and a basket of pears for you. So we will make

an exchange. Oh! I wish I was living in a

good family! I get almost nothing when I

am living, not even enough to buy my clothes."

"Don't grieve, dear sister; I shall get good

wages, and will send you a part of my earnings,

every two weeks. You will not wait for any-

thing while I live. I will take your pears and

think of you every time I eat one. This beauti-

ful wreath I will keep as long as I live."

While Fritz and Martha were talking, the

bell rang for the boat to start. But Martha

was not as quick as she had intended, and the

boat was actually off and the plank pulled in

before she got to the gangway. Poor girl,

she wept as her heart would break. And Fritz

wept too. But he encouraged her afterward,

and told her that the Lord had promised to

provide for the fatherless, and certainly he

would take care of them. "Dresden is a

large city," he said, "and may be you can get

a good home there. Don't you remember what

was written in large letters over our little cot-

tage clock, 'Time leads to eternity?' The

hardships of this life will soon be over, then

a much better life will begin if we are only

faithful to the promises we made our dying

father and mother. Don't you remember, too,

what was written on our large bread plate,

'Give us this day our daily bread?' Now let

that be our prayer and the Lord will provide

for us." And they sang that beautiful little

song, commencing:

"God is rich though we be poor,

Kings have wealth, but God has more;

In his hand is food for all—

Every day will means fall."

As the time passed on, Fritz said to Martha

that they might as well cut the watermelon.—

They could eat a slice or two then, and save

the rest till they got to Dresden.

"No, indeed," answered his sister, "I think

we can eat the pears and sell the watermelon.

You have given it to me, and you want me to

enjoy it, but I would rather sell it, and then

the money will be of far more use to us."

An officer who was standing some distance

behind them heard the conversation. He then

came around in front of them, and said:

"Is your melon cheap, my little man? I

would like to buy it if you will sell it at a rea-

sonable rate."

"Yes, sir, and no sir," answered Fritz.

"There was a young gentleman here awhile

ago who wanted it very much. If I sell it at

all, I suppose I ought to let him have it. But

the fact is, I don't want to part with it. I

wish my sister to have it; for there's nobody

on the steamboat who likes watermelons more

than she does."

"I am glad to see your kindness to your

sister, my lad; but if you could get a large

price for your melon, I think you would be

doing more for her than if she were to eat it.—

Now, I will take your melon to the back part

of the steamboat and put it up at auction.—

You know what an auction is, I suppose. I

mean, I will sell it to the one who will pay the

most for it."

"That would not be right!" cried out Fritz

and Martha at the same time. "The melon

isn't worth twenty-five cents, and we couldn't

think of taking more than that."

But the officer insisted on their trusting the

whole matter in his hands. So he took the

melon and went back to where the rich pas-

sengers were. He stepped upon a stool, and

said, smiling: "Ladies and gentlemen, hearken

on a moment if you please. Who of you wishes

the largest melon in Saxony? If I

followed my own inclination I would have

bought it for myself; but it belongs to a peas-

ant boy and girl. I want to see them paid

well for their property. Now who bids? A

watermelon always rises in value as quicksilver

goes up in the thermometer. I will start the

sale myself. A half dollar—half! half! going!"

The passengers rose up from their seats.—

Some ladies had been sleeping, but all were

wide awake at the officer's funny speech.

"Now, Baron, what will you bid?"

continued the auctioneer, as he turned aside

and spoke to a fat old gentleman who was al-

most melting from the heat.

"One dollar!" said the Baron.

"Three dollars!" said the mother of Charles

and Louise.

"Five dollars!" shouted the old Baron.

"Six!" said his opponent.

"Ten dollars!" cried out a young man.—

Nobody answered him.

"Ten dollars for this watermelon!" said the

auctioneer—"ten dollars is all I have for this

great luxury. You know, ladies and gentle-

men, that it belongs to a peasant boy and girl

They have no parents, and are strangers in the

world. Who bids eleven dollars? Ten dollars!

going, going—

"Twelve dollars!" said the old Baron, whose

heart was as big as his body. Then the officer

made another little speech to the people, and

somebody bid higher still. At last the water-

melon was struck off to the old Baron, how-

ever, at the large sum of twenty-three dollars!

Now, did you ever hear of such a price for a

watermelon before? I am sure I never did.

The old gentleman paid for the melon in

silver dollars, and the officer thanked him

heartily. A knife and dish were called for

and the auctioneer was invited to cut it up and

divide it with those who had bidden for it.—

"Now," said the Baron, further, "take two

good slices to the peasant boy and girl. When

you have done this, you can hand them their

money."

Fritz and Martha, who were at the bow of

boat, were peeping back all the while to see

what was going to become of their watermel-

on. And when the officer went forward to

them with the two slices and twenty-three

bright dollars, they could not believe their own

eyes. They refused to take it at first. They

had never seen so much money before, and

thought that no king had more than that

amount. But the officer insisted, and at last

Fritz took it and tied it up in his red hand-

kerchief.

"Now, Martha, come with me a minute,"

said the officer, "you can return again in a

very short time."

He then led her back to the wealthy people

where he had sold the melon. He stepped up

on the stool again and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is nothing like

finishing a thing when you go about it. When

we stopped at Schandau this girl came down

to the boat to see her brother, who was the

owner of the watermelon that we have been

enjoying. But unluckily the steamboat start-

ed off before she stepped ashore. So she is

here without a home. Perhaps some lady

would like to take her into her family as a

girl. You can judge for yourself as to wheth-

er she will suit or not."

The mother of Charles and Louise was

needing a girl very much, and she questioned

Martha as to what she could do. By and by

the bargain was made. She was to live in

Dresden near where her brother was to be

gardener. Her wages was to be good, and

she was to have privilege of seeing Fritz when-

ever she wanted. Thanks to the kind officer.

Truly, the Lord gives us friends when we least

expect them.

One autumn day there was to be a great

military review in the suburbs of the city of

Breslau.

People from all parts of the country came

to it, for there had been no review like this in

the kingdom for several years. When the caval-

ry soldiers were running their horses at full

speed, a large white horse fell with his rider

and threw him some distance. Every one