

Bradford Reporter.

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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Life's Errors.

Life is that sublime state,
Which our souls shall once attain,
When our eyes shall be
Open before our eyes again,
When our life's slow way,
Through the mists of error and
Weariness beholding,
Shall be a purer noon survey
Of the earth's dim twilight now is folding!
A wondrous change will pass
O'er all that here has seemed and been!
We see, as through a glass,
The things that shall face to face be seen;
The happiness of all we prize,
The bliss of the love we sought,
The truth of hearts despised,
The worth of all we valued not!
It shall not then be seen
This our earthly path of tears,
A waste hath been
To the mourner's eye appears:
Clearer light around us breaks,
Our eyes shall read their course below,
No line of long mistakes,
No error by a needless wo.
Death was passed in visions fair,
Beholding the wealth of heart;
In childhood had the harder care
Watching all those dreams depart.
These left of sad old age,
In useless grief to rue:
The world of a pilgrimage
Would not, if we would, renew!
Itself the evil lay,
The weak artificer of woe!
When were made of clay,
Was our hand that made them so.
Some divine call,
Each our hearts alike to shun
The fault of trusting all,
The sin of trusting none.
Not then with vain disgust
Love betrayed and faith deceived,
Our hearts forget to trust,
When they are wounded, wrong, and grieved,
Is this lesson—it is such
Life's darkness into light:
Can never love too much,
Will only love aright?

Youth and Age.

Think each tottering form
That creeps along in life's decline,
A heart as young, as warm,
As the life thoughts as mine!
Each has had his dreams of joy,
Even unequal to pure romance;
Seeing when the blushing boy
Smiles at lovely woman's glance.
Each could tell his tale of youth,
And think its scenes of love evince
A passion more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
They could tell of tender lays
Which pined in classic shades,
More bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.
His eyes on a willing ear,
His kiss, each whisper far too dear,
For modern lips to give and speak;
Passions too untimely crossed,
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
A hundred epics early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.
His eyes and tresses gay,
His form and noble brow,
His looks—that all have passed away,
And left them what we see them now!
Is this; is human love
Every frail and light a thing?
Is youth's brightest visions more
Than Time's restless wing!
And the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss;
And the forms so fair to sight,
Whither only come to this?
What are earth's best visions worth,
If at length must lose them thus?
We value most on earth
What must fade away from us?

Thermopylae.

They devoted, but undying;
They gave their names to sighing;
They were mourned of their name;
They were peopled with their fame;
Their pillar, lone and gray,
And kindled with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain;
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The mightiest river,
Which mingled with their fame, for ever,
Of every yoke who bears,
And in glory's still, and theirs!
They were a watchword to the earth—
They would do a deed of worth,
They were to Greece, and turns to tread,
On the tyrant's head,
They were to her, and rushes on
The life in loss or freedom won.

Introduction to an Heiress.

BY POKEY BOGUS, ESQ.

"Bob," said my uncle rushing into my room "I'm ruined!"
"Really," said I, knocking the ashes off my third and last cigar.
"Yes ruined, irredeemably so—my speculations, bets, and all have blown up together and here I am at sixty, fairly done up—diddled—cleaned out."
"Devilish pity!—what must we do? I'm as badly off as you, and lost all my expectations which were the capital on which I traded in society."
My uncle looked grave for the first time. His philosophy being Epicurean according to the practice of the nineteenth century, he lived in the present moment, enjoying life at the races the clubs, and dabbling now and then (adding, so to speak, red pepper to brandy) in those successors of defunct lotteries,—fancy stocks. He had hitherto flourished on them, and I on him, as his heir and favorite.
After making his standing announcement, a silence of some moments ensued, during which time I finished smoking, and my uncle broke forth—
"Bob, you are thirty-one years old!"
"Worse than that thirty-three."
"And you have a glimmering of grey hairs."
"Too true, uncle."
"You must get married. It's full time to give up your vagabond life."
"Fine talk, uncle, but who is to support me?"
"Your wife; marry an heiress."
"That's just what I have been, with all my seeming indifference to marriage, ready to do. But an heiress is like a ghost or griffin—spoken and written of, but never seen."
"Try, try, my boy! Our affairs are desperate. The whole pandemonium of tradesmen will become yet more importunate, when they learn the full extent of my losses, which will be before many weeks,—your character will come down with my purse, so go to work without a moment's delay."
"Well, uncle, I'll try."
That evening I dressed and went to a Concert at the Theatre; Ole Bull was extracting rapture from cat-gut, and just as he was finishing his first part, I essayed to change my position in order to get a nearer view of a new beauty, a divinity outright, in the boxes, when, whom should I espy but my tailor, to whom I owed an old bill of precisely six hundred and thirty dollars. I could not dodge him. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, which being literally interpreted means: It is wise to ask the opinion of your tailor; so going up to him and extending my hand, I exclaimed:
"This Norwegian monster is really wonderful!"
"Quite so," said Mr. Mortimer Shears, and thereupon we discussed the trembling fiddle strings all length.
"Pray, Mr. Shears," said I, "can you tell me the name of that lady," pointing at the same time to the unknown beauty.
"Perfectly well. It is Miss—of Carolina. The old gentleman with her is her father. They live in Walnut street, and I had occasion to visit him on professional business last week."
"I thought as much, Mr. Shears, I could not be mistaken in your coat," said I, eyeing through my glass the upper garment of the Carolina gentleman.
Mr. Shears blushed and bowed thanks and hinted at the great wealth of the strange parties.
Here was some game afoot. How to get acquainted—to become fairly intimate in the house of the rich fair one was a question. A hum-drum introduction,—frigid, ordinary visit; these would not suit my necessities. A bold thought struck me; I will carry it out. I will get into the house, not for minutes, but for days and nights. I will appear in the most interesting of positions to a sympathetic woman. I will storm the fortress. I will retrieve my fortunes. So I murmured confidently to myself. The charming Southerner passed by me, hanging on her father's arm—more lovely from a close look. My love and ambition were alike fired.
"Cab, Surr?—Cab, Surr?—does the gentleman want a Cab?" said Jimmy Haggerty.
"Yes, my good fellow. Do you see that lady and gentleman getting into a coach just before us."
"Yes, to be sure."
"Well, drive after them, and just as they are set down at their door, I wish to be set down too, but not quite so gently along side of them."

The Cat Insurrection.

At the time it became publicly known that Napoleon, then on board the *Bellerophon* off Plymouth, was to be sent to St. Helena, a respectable looking man caused a number of handbills to be distributed through Chester, in which he informed the public that a great number of genteel families had embarked at Plymouth, and would certainly proceed with the British Regiment appointed to accompany Bonaparte to St. Helena. He added further, that the island being dreadfully infested with rats, his majesty's ministers had determined that it should be forthwith effectually cleared of these noxious animals. To facilitate this important purpose, he had been deputed to purchase, in the course of a week, as many cats and thriving kittens as could be procured for money in that short space of time, and therefore, he publicly offered in his hand-bills, 16 shillings for every athletic full grown tom-cat, 10 shillings for every adult female puss, and half a crown for every thriving, vigorous kitten, that could suck milk, pursue a ball of thread, or fasten its young fangs in a dying mouse. On the evening of the third day after this advertisement had been distributed, the people of Chester were astonished with an eruption of a multitude of old women, boys and girls, into their streets, every one of whom carried on their shoulder either a bag or a sack, which appeared pregnant with some restless animal, that seemed laboring into birth. Every road—every lane was thronged with this comical procession—and the wondering spectators of the scene were involuntarily compelled to remember the old riddle about St. Ives—
"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met fifty old wives,
Every wife had fifty sacks,
Every sack had fifty cats,
Every cat had fifty kittens,
Kittens, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?"
Before night-fall, a congregation of nearly 3000 cats were collected in Chester. The happy bearers of these sweet voiced creatures, proceeded all (as directed by the advertisement) towards one street with their delectable burdens. Here they became closely wedged together. A vocal concert soon ensued. The women screamed—the cats squall—the boys and girls shrieked treble, and the dogs of the street howled base, so that it soon became difficult for the nicest ear to ascertain whether canine, feline, or the human tones were predominant. Some of the cat-bearing ladies, whose dispositions were not of the most placid nature, finding themselves annoyed by the pressure of their neighbors, soon cast down their burdens, and began to box. A battle royal ensued. The cats sounded the war whoop with might and main. Meanwhile the boys of the town, who seemed mightily to relish the sport, were actively employed in opening the mouths of the deserted sacks, and liberating the cats from their forlorn situation.
The enraged animals bounded immediately on the shoulders and heads of the combatants, and ran spitting, squaling, and clawing along the undulating sea of skulls, towards the walls of the houses of the good people of Chester. The citizens attracted by the noise, had opened their windows to gaze at the fun. Into these windows the cats instantaneously sprang, taking possession of the rooms by a novel kind of storm, or escalade. The cats, in their sudden assaults on the drawing rooms, and other apartments of the Chesterites, rushed with the rapidity of lightning up the pillars, then across the ballustrades and galleries, for which the town is famous, and so slap dash through the open windows in the apartments. Never since the days of the celebrated Hugh Lupus, were the drawing rooms of Chester, filled with such a crowd of unwelcome guests. Now were heard the crash of broken china—the howling of affrighted lap dogs—the cries of distressed damsels, who wept their torn faces and dishevelled charms—and the groans of fat old citizens, rushing and tumbling forward towards the balconies, bald, bare and bleeding. All Chester was soon in arms, and dire were the deeds of vengeance on the feline race. It is needless to recite the various combats that took place between the cats and men. Suffice it that our correspondent counted 500 dead bodies floating next day on the river Dee, where they had been ignominiously thrown by the two-legged victors. The rest of the invading host having evacuated the town, dispersed in confusion, carrying with them, however, their arms from the field of battle.

Poverty and Virtue.

I confess that it is a painful and bitter task to record the humiliations, the wearing, petty, stinging humiliations of poverty; to count the drops as they slowly fall, one by one, upon the fretted and indignant heart; to particularize and with the scrupulous and nice hand of indifference, the fractional and divided movements in the dial-plate of misery; to behold the delicacies of birth, the masculine price of blood, the dignities of intellect, the wealth of knowledge, the feminacies and graces of womanhood—all that ennobles and softens the story—mass of commonplace which in our life, frittered into atoms, trampled into the dust and mire of the meanest thoroughfares of distress; life and soul, the energies and aims of man, ground into one prostrating want, cramped into one levelling sympathy with the dregs and refuse of his kind, blistered into a single galling and festering sore: this is, I own, a painful and bitter task; but it hath its redemption: pride even in debasement, a pleasure even in woe; and therefore that while I have abridged, I have not shunned it. Amid all that humbles and seethes—amid all that shatters from their life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence writeth a sudden and "strange defeature," they stand erect—riven, not uprooted—a monument less of pity than of awe! There are some who, exalted by a spirit above all casualty and woe, seem to throw over the most degrading circumstances, the halo of an innate and consecrating power; the very things which, seen alone, are despicable and vile, associated with them become almost vulnerable and divine; and some portion, however dim and feeble, of that intense holiness which, in the infant God, shed majesty over the manger and the straw, not denied to those who, in the depth of affliction, cherish the angel virtue at their hearts, flings over the meanest localities of earth an emanation from the glory of Heaven.—*Bulwer.*

Horrid Insects.

Opposite the Vanda was an open copse, covered with brushwood. Here I entered to collect insects, which abounded in it; but I was called back and warned of danger. I thought of serpents, and made a precipitate retreat; but I found the danger was from a smaller, though nearly as serious a cause. Among the insects of the country, is a kind of tick called *carapato*. This is exceedingly venomous; it has six hooked or sharp claws, with which it readily clings to any passing object, and it is furnished with a proboscis of singular structure. It consists of a pencil of bristles, serrated inwards, forming a terebro or piercer, with which it constantly penetrates the flesh of any animal to which it has adhered, and burrows its head in the wound. When entering, the bristles expand, forming a triangle, of which the base is inside, so that it opposes a resistance to extraction, which it is sometimes quite impossible to overcome. If it is suffered to remain, it gorges itself with blood, till it becomes bloated to an enormous size; if it be extracted forcibly, so as to separate the head, it remains festering in the wound, and as it is exceedingly irritating and acrid in its quality, it causes violent inflammation, which degenerates into a foul and dangerous ulcer. These horrid insects, which are the plague of the country, are sometimes so abundant that herds of cattle perish by their attacks. They are so tough that it is difficult to bruise them. When I came out of the wood, one was found on my neck, in the act of perforating the flesh with its proboscis, but had no time, as it was easily extracted. It was about the size of a large bug, with a grey mottled skin, which was so coriaceous and leathery, that no bruising would kill it.—*Walsh's Travels in Brazil.*

London.

London—thou Niobe, who sittest in stone, amid thy stricken and fated children; nurse of the desolate that hideest in thy bosom the shame, the sorrows, the sins of many sons; in whose arms the fallen and the outcast shroud their distresses, and shelter from the proud man's contumely; epitome and focus of the disparities and maddening contrasts of this wrong world, that assemblage together in one great heap the woes, the joys, the elevations, the debasements of the various tribes of man; mightiest of levellers, confounding in thy whirlpool all ranks, all minds, the graven labors of knowledge, the straws of the maniac, purple and rags, the regalities and the loathsomeness of earth—palace and Lazar house combined! Grave of the living; where mingled and massed together, we couch, but rest not—
"for in that sleep of life what dreams do come"—each vexed with a separate vision—"shadows" which "give the heart," unreal in their substance, but faithful in their warnings, flitting from the eye, but graving unforgetting memories on the mind, which reproduce new dreams, over and over, until the phantasm ceases, and the pall of a heavier torpor falls upon the brain, and is still, and dark and hushed! "From the stir of thy great Babel," and the fixed tinsel glare in which sits pleasure like a star, "which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays," we turn to thy deeper and more secret haunts. "Thy wilderness is all before us—where to choose our place of rest; and, to our eyes, thy mysteries are bare, and thy hidden recesses are pierced as with a spell.—*Bulwer.*

Bathing in the Dead Sea.

The correspondent of the New York American, gives the following notice of a visit to this standing problem in the natural history of the Holy Land. The gentlemen of the party determined to test the reported buoyancy of the water by personal experience.
They state, that where the water was five feet deep, they could only touch the bottom with their toes. Advancing to where the water was six inches deeper, their feet were suddenly taken under them, and they were thrown in a horizontal position upon the surface of the water. They could not maintain a perpendicular position without using some effort. They then swam to where the water was extremely deep, and endeavored to sink, which they found impossible, even with some effort to do. They could walk in the water equally as well as on land, with their heads entirely above the surface. They found that they could sit and converse as easy as a divan. A strong breeze came on from the south, and with a heavy swell. They described the sensation produced by this riding on the sea, without a vessel or a plank under them, as very singular. One of them had never before ventured beyond his depth in water, while here he was enabled, without the least sense of danger, to go to any distance from the land. They became convinced that what had been said respecting the great specific gravity and buoyancy of the water of the Dead Sea is entirely correct.

Napoleon's Heart.

When Bonaparte died at St. Helena, it was well known that his heart was extracted with the design of being preserved. The British physician who had charge of the wondrous organ had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, and related to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confessed to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt nervously anxious, as the custodian of such a deposit; and though he reclined, he did not sleep. While lying thus awake, he heard, during the silence of the night, first a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling with a rebound on the floor—all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A. sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion on his repose was soon explained; it was an enormous rat, dragging the heart of Bonaparte to its hole. A few moments more, and that which before had been to vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found even in a more degrading position than the dust of Cæsar stopping a beer-barrel—it would have been devoured as the supper of a rat.

SUNDAY GO-TO MEETING DRESS IN IOWA.—The bucks in Iowa are said to go to meeting in a pair of pantaloons made of hemp and hop vines, a vest made of hornet's nests and paste, a shirt manufactured of milk-weed and cotton; and to crown all, they wear wolf-skin caps and go bare-foot. What will Mrs. Trollope say, now?

A LEAP YEAR ANECDOTE.

The editor of the Nantucket Telegraph overheard the following dialogue on New Year's night:
"Will you take my arm?" said a gallant to a young lady, after the dance broke up.
"No, yes; and you too, seeing it is leap year," was the quick reply.