Bradford Reporter.

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

VOL. IV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MAY 15, 1844. NO. 49.

The World for Sale.

e world for sale!—Hang out a sign,
Call every traveler here to me;
ho 'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set my weary spirit free!
'is going!—yes, I mean to fling
The bubble from my soul away;
sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;
The world at auction here to day!

s a glorious thing to see—
h, it has cheated me so sore!
s not what it seems to be!
For sale! It shall be mine no more.
me, turn it o'er and view it well;—
would not have you purchase dear;
is going—going!—I must sell!
Who bids!—Who'll buy the splendid tear!

re's wealth in glittering heaps of gold—
Who bids!—But let me tell you fair,
baser lot was never sold,
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
nd here, spread out in broad domain;
A goodly landscape all may trace;
ll, cottage, tree, field, hill and plain;
Who'll buy himself a burial place?

re's Love, the dreamy potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart,
know its power, alas! too well;—
Tis going!—Love and I must part!
t part!—What can I more with Love?
ll over the enchanter's reign;
o'll buy the plumeless, dying love,—
breath of bliss,—a storm of pain?

Friendship—rarest gem of earth—
Who e'er hath found a jewel his?
h, fickle, false, and little worth—
Who bids for friendship as it is?
going—going!—hear the call;
Once, twice, and thrice!—Tis very low!
was once my hope, my stay, my all—
But now the broken staff must go!

ame! hold the brilliant meteor high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
e millions, now 's the time to buy,
How much for fame? How much for fame!
er how it thunders!—Would you stand
On high Olympus far renowned,
ow purchase, and a world command,
And be with a world's curses crowned!

eet star of Hope! with ray to shine
In every sad forboding breast,
ve this desponding one of mine—
Who bids for man's last friend and best?
h, were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure should my soul sustain;
t Hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

ition, fashion, show and pride,
I part from all forever now;
rt, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
Death! stern sheriff, all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
e best of all I still have left—
My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

A Brighter World than This.

Oh! when I trod life's early ways,
Hope winged my fleeting hours,
saw no shadow in her rays,
No serpent in her flowers;
thought on days of present joy,
And years of future bliss,
r deemed that sorrow could alloy
So bright a world as this.

s! the weary chains I wove,
Soon from my fancy fled,
e friends who owned my tender love
Were numbered with the dead;
on their pallid lips I pressed
ffection's parting kiss—
y left me for a world of rest;
A brighter world than this.

r did the spacious world supply
Those ties of opening life,
e was its mocking flattery,
Keen was its bitter strife;
d then I first began to look
For purer, truer bliss,
d loved to trace in God's own book,
A brighter world than this.

wounded heart desires relief,
found the good I sought,
d now in trial and in grief,
I feel the soothing thought,
t though the worldling may despair,
When robbed of earthly bliss,
Christian humbly hopes to share
A brighter world than this.

Love and Folly.

and folly were at play,
Both, too, wanted to be wise,
y fell out, and in a fray
They put out Cupid's eyes.

night the criminal was tried,
had his punishment assigned,
Folly should to Love be tied,
to be condemned to lead the blind.

My First Love.

BY H. J. VERNON.

How sweetly bloomed the gay-green kirk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom.

"Will you go with me, Laura, down by the brook?" said I, as the merry-hearted girl came in, singing gaily, after watering her flowers, looking doubly beautiful from her exercise.

"Go—oh! yes."

"But you'll put on your bonnet, surely."

"What that hateful one with the very, *very* large cape, I thought you didn't like it."

"Pshaw! Laura—only put it on—the sun is still an hour high."

"Well then, since I must"—and tripping gaily in, she re-appeared directly with the huge bonnet overshading her face, and covering with its enormous cape her snowy shoulders. In another instant she was bounding like a fairy over the grassy knoll.

Laura was just seventeen, with raven curls, dark hazel eye, and a form of exquisite symmetry. She was the only child of my guardian, and we had spent our childhood together. Even then I had a boyish fancy for her,—climbing the trees to pluck her fruits or nuts, making rail-bridges for her across the little streams in our walks, and gathering the sweetest flowers to bring her, when she happened one spring to be ill for a fortnight. But with my removal to school new feelings arose; accident had prevented our meeting for years; and I came at last to look back upon that period as on a happy, but half-remembered dream. But this summer after graduating I met her again; and we had not been together a week before all my old sentiments returned. But it was no longer a boyish fancy: it was the deep, ardent passion of a first love—that holy feeling, which visits us but once, and which amid the woe and misery of this world seems like a sunbeam from the blest. Alas! that we never love again as we did in the holiness of our first affection. The passion is there, but its purity is gone.

I found Laura impossible to read.—To me she was all frankness; yet did not this prove that she thought of me only as a brother? But I remembered that she always lived a secluded life, and that she freely confided all her little secrets to me. She was sometimes so tauntingly merry at my expense that I would vow she loved me not.—But then she did a hundred things which could have been done only to please me. That very bonnet had been almost discarded, because one day I laughed at its enormous cape. She read my books, patted my dog, and I half suspected her of filling the vase in my bed-room with flowers every morning. It was delicious; but I would have given worlds had she been more reserved.

If she used to be merry at my expense, I took my revenge by calling her jocularly a country-girl. She was too affectionate to get angry, but she only half liked it. But though I plagued ed her about her rural education, it was in reality her sweetest charm. She had never been contaminated by the society of cities, and like the lily of her own valley, was purity itself. Her very voice carolling a song as she tended her flowers, gushed forth with a music to my fancy almost divine. She was the idol of my young heart; the theme of daily reveries and nightly dreams. I still turn to that summer of my young existence, like the traveler to the cool fountain sparkling in the desert.

"Let us go over to the upper bridge," said she, pausing at the top of the knoll, and flinging her dark curls back from her forehead, as she looked up to the cliff from which the structure sprung.

"What!—is it ever used?" said I, in some surprise; for the fail planks rocked at a dizzy height above us—"I had no idea it was safe."

"Had n't you?—oh! then I'll prove it,—that is," said she, smiling archly, "if you're not afraid to follow a wild country-girl."

"Pshaw! Laura."

"Well—come."

"Stop, Laura—"

"Oh! indeed it's safe, but if you're really afraid, I'll come back," for she was already high on the cliff above, her white dress fluttering, and her ringlets waving in the breeze.

"Afraid!—only of yourself," and I sprung up the ascent after the laughing girl. She [illegible] till I came up, and then for an instant stood pointing at the scenery.

"You've been here for a month, I declare, and never have been on this rock before. I really believe," she continued, looking archly at me, "you were half afraid to attempt the ascent. But we country-girls don't mind it.—Look here though at Chester Hill, rising dark and gloomy on the northern horizon, and away there, like a far-off cloud, are the blue hills of your own state. Now that is our house, almost at our feet,—see I can throw this stone upon the roof—and there is the lake, and the mill-dam, and yonder is Newport, and down, down there," and she led me gaily to the edge of the ravine, "is the little streamlet murmuring and babbling along. See, the bridge is swinging in the wind. And now, valiant knight, cross with me," and springing laughingly away,—for I had made an attempt to grasp her arm; she was the next minute rocking on the frail structure, a hundred feet and more from the streamlet.

"Take care—take care," she laughed tantalizingly, as I followed, "it may not bear you—or your foot might slip—it's not two feet across, do, *do* go back now!" and the high-spirited girl stood perfectly secure, upon a height that almost made me dizzy. But I answered gaily, and was soon by her side.

"And now I'll take you to the brook by *my* path—you're not afraid are you?" and breaking from me again in the exuberant gaiety of a young and happy heart, she began to descend one of those steep paths which may be found on the side of almost every ravine, now springing lightly over some narrow chasm, and then swinging herself boldly around the corner of the rock by the roots that grew in the clefts. I followed with some difficulty, amazed at her skill and coolness, and trembling lest a false step should precipitate her down the giddy steep,—while every moment or two she would pause for me to overtake her, laughing merrily at my fears for her safely. When we reached the foot of the cliff she flung herself panting upon the sod, gaily motioning me to a seat upon the turf beside her. With her eyes sparkling, her cheek flushed with exercise, and her snowy bosom heaving her boddice, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful before; and when carelessly throwing off her bonnet, she permitted the breeze to wanton over her cheek, tossing the dark curls from her forehead, I almost fancied I looked upon some mountain nymph, such as the old Greek poet loved to sing of. The spot too we were in, favored the notion; for the dark cliff overhung it on all sides, and the glassy stream lay like a mirror at our feet. To complete the magic of the scene, the rays of the setting sun, glimmering through the leaves down the ravine, flooded the spot with a mellow, golden, subdued, and dreamy light.

"This is my *boudoir*," said Laura gaily, "and you must think it quite a compliment to be admitted here. Is n't it beautiful?"

"It is—but, Laura, do you always approach it by that dizzy path?"

Oh! no, only when I wish to give it *eclat*, and then, you know, it appears the prettier just in proportion to its difficulty of access. But, I declare, I never thought you'd look half so frightened," continued she laughingly, "I shall not venture to take you back that way—we must cross the brook below us, "over the water and over the sea,"—and she finished her sentence by humming that delightful old Jacobite air.

"Are you serious?"

"Serious!—to be sure, Mr. Impertinence."

"Well, then," said I, "Laura, I will go back the way we came."

"Oh! no—you musn't think of it—it's really, positively dangerous to ascend—besides I wish to show you my path across the streamlet"

"If it is dangerous to ascend I am decided. And yonder," I continued, pointing to a steep and apparently impracticable gully up the perpendicular side of the ravine, "is a more difficult road still—wait here till I come back, and then you shall shew me your path."

"Oh! no—indeed you shall do no such thing"—and she laid her hand artlessly upon my arm.

"But, Laura, you said you were serious—"

"No—no, it was only in jest," said she eagerly looking into into my very soul with her melting eyes.

"But only for a minute or two—you've dared me to the trial—there is no danger," and I would have gently removed her arm as I made a step or two toward the ascent.

"Indeed, indeed I was only in jest—you'll fall, indeed you will—take, at least, the path we came—now, Harry, *don't go*," said she, with that low, thrilling entreaty, and that imploring look which makes every nerve tingle.

"Why don't you wish me to go, Laura?" I whispered softly.

"Because I am afraid," she scarcely murmured.

"Why are you afraid for me, Laura?"

"Because—because"—and, dropping her eyes to the ground, beneath my gaze, while the crimson tide rushed down to her bosom, and dyed even the fingers that lay upon my arm, she was all at once unaccountably silent. My heart beat with wild emotion.

"Say, Laura," I whispered, as my arm stole around her delicate waist, "would *you weep for me if any thing* should happen?"

I could feel her light form trembling as I proceeded—but she made no reply. There was a minute's silence, and then came a deep, long-drawn sigh.

"And—Laura! will *you* love me too?"

Her bosom heaved wildly, and she breathed quick; but she neither answered, nor raised her eyes from the ground. She was picking a flower to pieces. I ventured to draw her to my bosom as I whispered

"*Will you.*"

She looked up timidly, but oh! how trustingly into my eyes, and heaving a sigh as if her heart had broke, fell upon my breast. I pressed her sacredly to it, and in silence. It was a moment never to be forgot. One holy kiss I bestowed upon her brow, one long, passionate embrace,—and then gently she disengaged herself from my arms. But her swimming eyes, from beneath their long, silken lashes, told of her first and only love.

It is many a long year since then, but Laura is still, to my eyes, as beautiful as ever. She is not so merry as she was that summer, though her eye is softer, and her voice more sweet. She has now a matronly look, and a smile of holier repose; but there is a little Laura on her knee with the self-same eye and girlish laugh, and her mother still blushes to the brow when she lisps out a request, at her father's laughing bidding, to hear the story about pa's First Love.

Egypt at Daybreak from a Pyramid.

This remarkable night passed without sleep, under the wondrously glittering stars of the African heavens, now brought so near to us. We awaited with eagerness the morning; when it broke, and the sun arose out of the sandy desert behind Cairo in glorious state, we had a majestic prospect.—Eastward flowed the Nile, through the fruitful plain; beyond, we beheld Cairo with its green palms and acacias; south from it, in the distance, nearly twenty lesser pyramids in a waste sandy plain; and near us, farther in the desert, between the Nile and the pyramids, the ruins and mounds of the ancient city of Memphis. Immediately around us, on the same hill of sand six other pyramids reared themselves, one of which was nearly as large as that on which we stood, but had yet a smooth and pointed top, and had never yet been ascended. Another, not very distant, is but a very little less; but the other four are decidedly less. All these monstrous piles are said to have served for the sepulchres of the kings and priests of the ancient Memphis, and that their entrances were but recently discovered by an Austrian ship's captain.

Liberty.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to apppear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her in the period of her disguise, were excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war. Such a spirit is liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But wo to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory.—*Macauley.*

The Age of Temperance.

It is pleasing to the philosopher, as well as the philanthropist, to mark the march of moral reformation which is abroad in the land. Its mighty revolution is at hand, more glorious than any ever recorded on the pages of history—more brilliant and beneficial than any that ever severed the chains from the limbs of liberty, or rescued and redeemed man from slavery far more dreadful than death. It will be achieved without arms—and, unlike the conquests of Alexander, Caeser, and that man without a model, who snatched a brand from the French volcano and lit all Europe with its blaze, it will be accomplished without bloodshed and established without tyranny. How glorious will be its accomplishment!—How brilliant the benefits conferred upon mankind! The greedy grave will no longer be glutted with the victims of a vice which has slain more than all the evils of the earth; yea! more than have fallen by famine, pestilence and the sword. Dreadful indeed has been the record of their ruin and of their renown, and melancholy the memorials of their martyrdom.

Of all bondage that ever blasted human ambition and shackled the understanding of man, the most galling and inglorious is the slavery of the soul. The chains of habit are strong as adamant, and it requires a grasp like that of a giant to rend them asunder. Of all the calamities of life, the most touching and terrific to behold is human reason in ruins, hurled from the exalted throne by the paralizing power of intemperance.

Thank Heaven, the spirit of glorious temperance has gone forth into the gardens of America, and an effort is being made which will save millions from disgraceful graves, dry up the tears of the weeping wife, and soothe the anguish of the weeping mother, who has so long lamented the career of her wretched sons. Thank Heaven, the time has arrived when the catalogue of crime will be obliterated; when the gallant and gifted will rescued from ruin, and the reckless will not dare to outrage public opinion.

Oh! Baltimore, mother of monuments and moral reformation, much praise is thine, for thy mighty efforts in the cause of temperance. Other cities will follow thy example, and ere long we hope to behold our country free from a cutse, more fatal to the fame, fortunes, and eternal salvation of man, than any other that ever disgraced the annals of human error. Oh! what a beautiful world were this, were the demon of dissipation exiled from the earth, and the spirit of temperance triumphant. Man, redeemed from this curse, would rise in the scale of being; the serpent that crawled over the cradle of Eden would no longer tempt him to error, and virtue would preside over the hopes and happiness of the human heart. The red arm of rapine and revenge would no longer reek with human gore, nor the gloomy walls of the dungeon echo the groans of the conscience-stricken wretch. Industry, prosperity and happiness would rise from the ruins of degradation and disgrace, and peace, like a dove, carry consolation to thousands, yea millions, who mourn.

Go on, then, ye pioneers in the great cause of human happiness. Relax not your efforts, until the strong towers of Intemperance shall lie level with the dust, and the beautiful temple of Temperance shall rise upon its ruins and stand to all future ages the admiration of the world.

Treatment of Scarlet Fever.—In a letter from Mr. Edward Chaplin, of St. Helena, South Carolina, recently published in the Charleston Mercury he describes the following treatment for Scarlet Fever, as having been eminently successful. He says "out of thirty-four cases where I administered the jalap, not one remained in bed more than one day."

"*Directions*—Immediately on the first symptoms, which is a sore throat, give a full dose of jalap, to an adult sixty, seventy, or even eighty grains, at night give strong red pepper tea, from a tea cup full to a pint, according to age and violence of the symptoms; the next day give a small dose of jalap, say half the quantity given the day before, continue the pepper tea at night; on the third day, if there is any soreness remaining in the throat, give a dose of salts, which will generally effect a cure; the doses of course must be regulated according to the age of the patient."

Musical.—"Smith," said a New York Judge, when about to sentence a culprit but just arrived in the country, "Smith, I shall have to send you to Sing Sing." "Don't, Judge," said he, I have a very bad cold just at this particular time, and I would rather be excused from singing until I get over my hoarseness, if it's all the same to you."

Spring.

The young and rosy-footed Spring, with all its freshness and beauty, is breaking brightly upon us. Its many toned voices are heard echoing through the grove and forest, and making our hearts glad by their sweetness and lovely melody. The limpid streams, freed from their icy bonds, are leaping along in every joy of freedom, and breathing music in their gentle cadences. The feathered choristers of nature are making their sylvan homes vocal with their untaught minstrelsy, and sending up the incense of praise in song to God.

Every season has its moral and its type. Spring—with its blooming flowers, its beautiful landscapes, its bright full dreamy sunshine, its circulean skies, its fragrance and its perfume!—how emblematic of the adolescence of infancy and childhood—when Hope, with rain-bow hues, weaves its fairy wreath o'er the clouded future—when the young heart, unschooled in the wiles of deceit and free from the turbulence of passion and ambition, revels in its little world of innocence and joy!

Summer and autumn, too, have their bright skies and their mellow sunlight, but they bring with them the sober realities of riper years. The freshness of the young year has fled, and a bitter drop mingles with the cup that was once all sweetness to the taste and brilliance to the eye. The ideal creations of the glowing imagination, have lost their fair proportions, and wear a sadder and a sterner tinge; and the Harvests of Life, seen through the meridian of Hope, has not been realized in its fulness. Rank weeds and tares have sprung up in the spot which delusive fancy decked with flowers and shrubbery—and pain and care occupy the foreground, instead of joy and bliss.

Then comes old winter, with his hoar frosts and bleak and chilling airs, that bear no fragrance on their wings. How symbolic of that "second infancy and mere oblivion" of the last of seven ages of man, ere Death, in pity of his dotage and infirmities, drops the curtain over the drama of his strange, eventful history, and the solemn epilogue is rehearsed.

Love.

If we could look into the heart of a girl when she first begins to love, we should find the nearest resemblance to what poetry has described as the state of our parents when in Paradise which this life ever presents. All is then colored with an atmosphere of beauty and light, or, if a passing cloud spils across the azure sky, reflecting a transitory shadow on the scene below, it is but to be swept away by the next balmy gale, which leaves the picture more lovely for this momentary interruption of its stillness and repose. But that which constitutes the essential charm of a first attachment is its perfect disinterestedness. She who entertains this sentiment, in its profoundest character, lives no longer for herself. In all her aspirations, her hopes, her energies—in all her noble daring, her confidence, her enthusiam, her fortitude, her own interest is absorbed by the interest of another. For herself, and in her own character alone, she is, at the same time, retiring, meek and humble—content to be neglected by the whole world—despised, forgotten or contemned—so that to one being only she may still be all in all. And is this love to be slightly spoken of, or harshly dealt with? Oh, no! but it has many a rough blast to encounter yet, and an insidious enemy to cope with, before it can be stamped with the seal of faithfulness; and until then, who can distinguish the ideal from the true?—*Mrs. Ellis.*

Affectation Extraordinary.—"Mamma," exclaimed a beautiful girl, who had suffered affectation to obscure the little intelligent she possessed, "what is that long green thing lying on the dish before?"

"A cucumber, my beloved Georgiana," replied the mamma, with a blind smile of approbation on her darling's commendable curiosity.

"A cucumber! gracious goodness, my dear mama, how very extraordinary! I always imagined, until this moment, that they grew in slices!"

Taking a Poetical License.—In a church yard in the North England is an epitaph on John Newtown:

"Here lies (alas!) and more's the pity,
All that remains of John New city."

The poet very handsomely acknowledges the poetical license he has taken in the following *nota bene*:

"The man's name was New-*town*, which would not rhyme."