Miscellaneous.

[Many of the readers of the Reporter will recognize an old acquaintanee in the following, as it has already appeared in our paper on a former occasion—yet we cannot think that any who have read it will be unwilling to read it again, and to those who have not, its republication will certainly be acceptable. It was originally published in the Philadelphia Recorder of June 3, 1826. It is known very generally as the production of the Rev. W. A. Muhlenburg. The abridged form in the Prayer-book selection of hymns is more appropriate for devotion, but the lines there omitted are too beautiful to be lost.]

"I would not live alway."—Job vii. 16.

I would not live alway, live alway below!
Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go,
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

Would I shrink from the paths where the prophets of God,
Apostles and Martyrs so joyfully trod?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home
Like a spirit unblessed, o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway,—I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for peace, we but hover around
Like the Patriarch's bird, & no resting is found!
Where hope, when she paints her gay brow in the air
Leave its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray
Save the gleam of the plumage which bears him away.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without and corruption within,
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine e'er I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears;
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb,
Immortality's light burns there bright mid the gloom;
There too is the pillar where Christ bowed his head:
Oh! soft are the slumbers of that holy bed.
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight;
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns?
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll
And the smile of the Lord, is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music; what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air;
And see! soft unfolding those portals of gold
The king all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh give me! oh give me the wings of a dove,
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above:
Aye, it is now that my soul on swift pinions would soar
And in exstacy bid earth adieu! evermore.

Be kind to your Neighbors.

We ought not to give heed to tales that vilify and abuse a neighbor. It is easy to be mistaken. It may be that no such thing as is alleged against him has ever been done, and innocence may be where guilt is imputed.

It is Godlike to awaken joy and relieve distress; here then can be no mistake. Opportunities are frequent whereby we may assist and benefit a fellow being. To produce smiles and gladness, instead of weeping and sorrow, is certainly a Christian act. How much do we err, when indulging an acrimonious and bitter temper towards those whom we imagine have injured and offended us! It may be, and probably is true, that they are mistaken in relation to the supposed injury. We ought not, as we too often do, seek to bite and devour one another. If we would reflect credit upon ourselves, and confer honor upon humanity, we must be charitable and forgiving. Relieved as society is in such a great measure, from the dreadful evil and curse of intemperance, and enjoying, as we now do, exemption from one of the most injurious practices that ever obtained among men, it seems to be our duty more than ever to aim at a high standard of moral excellence. Not only should we speak no evil to one another, but we should endeavor to do good to all. The means of usefulness we are furnished with the objects upon which good may be produced, do constantly surround us. Let us, therefore, study to render to our fellow men services that will be gratifying and acceptable; let us learn to forgive one another the faults that have been committed, and to be kind, gentle, and courteous to each other. Unless mutual concession is made, and mutual forbearance exercised, much of our happiness will be lost.

Disappointed Hopes.

From the cradle to the grave we occupy tenfold more time in wishing for what we have not, than enjoying that which we have. When we once offer up praise for benefits received, we twenty times petition the Father of mercies to add to the number of gifts he already has bestowed.

There is a restless discontent that seems to cling to us like a leprosy. Give a child an apple in each hand, and he will want the one that remains on the table; and give a man thousands of gold and silver, and tens of thousands will become the object of his desires. Experience warrants the belief, that the possession of Europe and Asia would excite a yearning in our hearts for Africa and America; and that if to those the moon could be added, we should never rest in peace until we had obtained the sun.

As it was in our childhood and youth, so has it been in our manhood. Object after object has been attained with no better success. As he who picks up shells on the sea shore always has one preferable in his eye to that in his hand, so we ever hope to add to our happiness by some new acquisition. This is the case not with one only, but with all.

We have never yet attained an earthly advantage that has given us more than temporary joy. We have never gained aught that has satisfied our desires. Is this your experience? I know it is. It is mine. It is the experience of as all. We have all blown our bubbles, and ran after butterflies, in our childhood, in youth and our manhood. The bubble has burst, and the caught butterfly has been crushed, not yielding us half the satisfaction that they did when in the air.

Who is there among us who can look back through the vista of three score years, without wondering that, being so frequently deceived, he could so confidently trust the empty promise of future joy? It is in vain we try to deceive ourselves—

"Fortune map favor, Fancy may beguile,
Hope wave her golden wings, and sweetly smile;
But sad Experience, with a brow o'ercast,
Sighing with grief, and pointing to the past,
Whispers, the fair allusion to destroy,
That joy unclouded is not earthly joy."

When we were young, there was some excuse for us; but what excuse have we now? I speak to those who have gray hairs on their heads; and to those who have no hair at all.

The homely adage tells us that "old birds are not caught with chaff." If this be true, *old birds are wiser than old men.* Shame upon us; but we are continually forsetting the good gifts of God, and pursuing objects which are no better than chaff when they are attained.

The Quizzer Quizzed.

On a recent occasion of a medical professor delivering practical lectures, to the public, a gawking lumbering clodhopper thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the doctor. He mounted the stage, and, on being questioned as to his disorder, said very gravely,

"Why I'm a liar."

"Sad disorder, sir, but perfectly curable," said the doctor.

"Well," said the man, but I've a worser nor that; I've lost my memory."

"Quite curable, also," said the doctor. "But I must make my preparation.—Come again after dinner and I will be ready for you; but pay down five shillings."

The man who had intended to have his fun gratis, resisted: but the doctor declared he never let any down from the stage till he had paid something.

"Besides," said the doctor, "how can I trust you? you are a liar, and have no memory; so you will either break your promise, or forget all about it."

A loud laugh from the crowd expressed their acquiescence in the justness of the claim, and the poor fool *nolens volens*, was compelled to lay down the cash.—No one supposed he would come again, but he still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour. The doctor received him with great gravity, and addressing the audience remarked:

"Gentlemen may think it a joke, but I assure them on the honor of a gentleman, that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money, if the bystanders do not acknowledge the cure, and that I am fairly entitled to a reward."

The man sat down—was furnished with a glass of water—the doctor produced a box of flattened black pills, and to show that they were perfectly innocent affected to swallow three or four himself. He the gave one to the man, who after many wry faces, bit into it—started up, spitting and sputtering, exclaimed:

"Why, hang me if it isn't cobbler's wax!"

"There," said the doctor, lifting up both hands, "did any body ever witness so sudden, so miraculous a recovery?—He is evidently cured of lying, for he has told the truth instantly, and as to memory, my good fellow," continued he, patting him on the back, "if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return you the money."

Don't Grow Cross.—When adversity assails you, don't grow cross. It prevents, not only all sympathy for your misfortunes, but also all offers of assistance. People of benevolent feelings are repulsed by your snappishness. They are obliged to stand afar off, lest you bite them. Take the matter calmly, and like a Christian.—And then God will help—and your fellow-men, also.

Spring.

Spring gushes on the soul like a new existence. The bud on the tree, the blossom on the bough, the bird gushing forth its sweet melody with all the little might of rapture; the balmy breeze loaded with the perfume of flowers; the singing ripple of the murmuring brook; the lowing herds; and all nature, chanting a hymn of praise, are among a few of those reviving features, that indicate the approach of Spring; and proclaim the progress of renovation to the hopes of man. How cheering is it to the soul, to behold *Life* resuming her reign of love, the bosom of Nature, and bursting forth into every variety of form, hue, and tint, that creates beauty, or lends a charm to grace! How the hearts of all abound, swell, and leap with rapture, as the sun of spring, pours his brilliant beams upon the cheerful landscapes, and the songsters of the grove tune their tiny throats to the inspiring power of love! Even the crushed and blighted affections, revive under the genial glow that arrays all nature in the charms of a new existence. *Born again*, how all things glow, as if just freshly created from the hands of Omnipotent love! Praise God, and live!

How vivifying are the touching influences of Spring. An universal sympathy vibrates the nerve of love over all. Every plant, every flower, every tree, every bud, every blossom, seems vocal with love. The very verdure of the fields, appears to sing forth its ecstacy, at the young creation of the season. It is beautiful to behold all things of the earth's production in their infancy.—The young and tender leaf how sweet it smells, how delicate its shape, its tint, and all its curves of grace and beauty. And every day invests it with some new charm, as under the hands of God, it expands more and more to perfection; showing that nothing is created at one stroke; and that even Almighty power, operates by slow progression, in the elaboration of his works!

What a lesson for man! Even God himself operates through the degrees of love Adore and live!

Awful is the sublimity of winter.—Then it is, that we bow down in homage to the terrific power of God, which charges every blast with the energies of destruction. What a contrast to the mild, placid, smiling, dimpled face of *infant spring!*—clothed in all the loveliness of innocence, beauty and joy; singing its new born raptures to the rising sun, and sporting on banks of flowers, unconscious of impending storms!

Spring is the mother of Poetry. Illusion and fancy feed on every bud it swells, and glow in the ardour of the beam whose power kindles the surrounding scene to fascinate and delight the senses. Nay the Spring is Poetry itself, for it is Nature dressed in fancy's garb, more captivating and beautiful than any which imagination can paint!—Where is the language of Poetry that ever equalled the rich and voluptuous picture of Nature, when dressed in her new born graces of a mild May morn? the fresh dew drop sparkling on the flower; the rose just bursting into bloom; the violet teeming with sweets; the honeysuckle redolent of perfume; What artificial Poetry equals that of Nature!

How bountiful is God, in furnishing man with endless sources of innocent pleasure, to rescue him from crime, and lead his disciplined passions to the perfection of nature, of reason, and of soul. Attune the heart to the harmony of Spring. Let nature be your handmaid, and as you pass through the varying seasons, note how kindly and graciously God has furnished you with a model of virtue, truth, fidelity, simplicity and love, mingled at the same time with the most exquisite, the purest, the noblest gratification; wholly independent of grovelling vice.—*Phila. Sun.*

Life.

We have known some persons in the world who, gliding quietly through life, have floated on upon the stream of time like a boat on the waters of a broad and tranquil river, carried on by the unruffled tide of prosperity, and lighted to their journey's end by the clouldless sun of happiness. And we have met with others whose star seemed to rise in clouds, to hold its course through storms, and to set in blacker darkness than that which gave it birth. But long continued joy loses its first zest, and uninterrupted sorrow its first poignancy; habit robs even misery of its acuteness; and one that is long endured brings along with it the power of long endurance. It is the sudden transition from joy to sorrow that is the acme of human suffering, adding the bitterness of regret for past enjoyment to all the pangs of present distress.

Good Guess.—Col. C——, who was over head and ears in debt, when stationed at the Tower, was told by his servant that a person wanted to him on particular business. Requiring a description of his visiter, the reply was,—"A man of color. "Oh, say no more, said the Colonel, I know what color, it is a *dun*."

Absence of Mind.—In a state of mental absence, a young man demanded the *hand* of a young lady, and only perceived his error when he got her father's *foot*.

An Indian Duel.

Wingenund waited until the speech of his antagonist had been translated to them; when he replied with unmoved composure, "If the Crow warriors require better witness than words, it is not difficult to find. They have already been told that the Kainiana stranger gave to Mahega a present of a bow and arrows, which he had in the rocks;—Wingenund took them out, and there they are," As the youth spoke he dropt the blanket that had been thrown over his left arm and shoulder, holding up to the council the bow and arrows: which all present instantly recognised as being made and ornamented by the Blackfeet: "Are the warriors yet convinced, or do they wish for more? If they do, let them seize the Washashe wolf, they will find in his belt—" He was not allowed to finish the sentence, the storm that had long been brooding now burst in all its fury. Mahega driven to desperation by the damning evidence brought against him, and reckless of all save the gratification of his fierce revenge, whirled his iron-pointed mace around his head and launched it with tremendous force at Wingenund. Never had the latter, even for an instant, taken his falcon eye off the Osage; but so swift was the motion with which the weapon was thrown, that although he sprang lightly aside to avoid it, the spiked head grazed and laid open his cheek, whence it glanced off, striking unlocky Crow, who stood behind him, felled him with a broken arm to the ground. Even in stooping to escape the mace, Wingenund fitted an arrow into the Blackfoot bow, which he held in his hand; and, rising quick as thought, let it fly at his gigantic adversary, so true an aim, that it pierced the windpipe, and the point came out at the back of his neck, close to his spine. While the Osage, half strangled, and paralysed, tugged ineffectually at the fatal shaft, Wingeund leaped upon him with the bound of a tiger, and uttering aloud the war cry of the Lenape, burried his knife in the heart of his foe.—With one convulsive groan the dying Indian fell heavily to the earth; and ere the by-standers had recovered from their astonishment, his blood-stained scalp hung at the belt of the victorious Delaware.—The Prairie Bird by the Hon. C. A. Murray.

To Mothers.

The mother who bring up her daughter in ignorance of domestic duties, entails upon her lasting misery, and her memory will not be cherished as a mother's should. If she teaches her how to mend and make clothes, knit stockings, knead bread, boil potatoes and bake pork and beans, she not only renders her daughter a valuable service, by thus qualifying her for future usefulness, but she will confer, through her, blessings on those to whom she may become afterwards allied in her pilgrimage through the world. Mother, if you are now *rich*, learn your daughter to work—to understand domestic affairs and good housewifery. Such knowledge will not detriment her high standing in society, and then a day *may* come, nay *will* come, when it will be to her more valuable than all the cotillions and *bruvaries*, that were ever invented. Riches may, and often do, take to themselves wings and fly away; and what then has an unfortunate daughter, trained to no useful employment, to depend on! Alas, her dancing, her music and drawing, and skill in the fashions, will not satisfy the cravings of hunger, nor procure a covering for the body.

By these remarks we do not mean to discountenance female accomplishments—we admire them, but we would have the useful added to the ornamental, and blended in happy proportions, to suit any emergency of fortune's freaks.

We have seen some of our *finney finey* young ladies, who actually stick up their noses at those who are so *unfortunate* as to understand and perform house work, and not rich at that. This shows a defective education and a bad taste. If you are poor, your daughter may be taught those useful lessons which will make her more an object worthy of possessing, than riches.

Vice Versa.—As a canal boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning by calling aloud,—"Look out!" when a little Frenchman who was in the cabin obeyed the order by popping his head out of the window, which received a severe thump by coming in contact with a pillar of the bridge. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed, "Dese Americans say, "Look out" when they mean "look in."

Pa and Ma.—The following connundrum has been ascribed to a learned judge: "Why is the letter D like a squalling child! Because it makes Ma mad."

Here is another equally as good though it does not boast quite so dignified an origin: "Why is the letter Y like a young spendthrift? Because it makes Pa pay."

An Orator, holding forth in favor of woman, dear woman, dear divine woman, concluded thus:—"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats woman!" "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband *does*."

ADJOURNED SPECIAL COURT.

AN ADJOURNED SPECIAL COURT will be held in Towanda in and for the county of Bradford, on Thursday, the 13th day of JUNE next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the trial of the following causes, to wit:

C. L. DeChastelleux vs A. Fairchild, Trespass.
Sartile Holden vs. Moses Warford, do.
Rebecca Schrader vs. J. Decker et al., ejectment.
Samuel Benight vs. L. M. Palmer, et al. do.

AARON CHUBBUCK, Prot.

Prothonotary's Office, May 6, 1844.

Executor's Notice.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the estate of GEORGE BOWEN, late of Warren deceased, are hereby notified to make immediate payment; and all persons having demands against said estate, are requested to present them to the subscriber, legally authenticated for settlement without delay.

NOAH C. BOWEN,
H. B. BOWEN, } Executors

Warren, April 26, 1844.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans Court of Bradford county, there will be exposed at public sale on the premises, at 1 o'clock, on the afternoon of Monday, the 1st day of July next, the following real estate, to wit:—A tract of land situate in Granville, containing 109 acres, or thereabouts, bounded north on land of J. Pratt; east on land of Major Hawley; south on land of Joseph Pratt; west on land of Stephen Vroman, and others, with about fifteen acres improved, and a small house and log barn thereon erected.

Attendance will be given at the time and place of sale by the subscribers.

JAMES H. ROSS
JEHIAL M'KEAN

Granville, May 6, 1844.

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to the subscribers expect to pay in Grain, must deliver it the first of MARCH next, otherwise, we expect the Cash by the first of April. Those neglect this call, will find their notes and accounts in the hands of an attorney, who will collect them in the *shortest time possible.*

J. F. MEANS & Co.

Towanda, Feb. 20, 1844.

Three Dollars Reward.

TAKEN from my little girl on the Towanda bridge, the afternoon of Monday, the 26th inst., a Copper Colored Whippet dog about eight months old, rather long hair, and answers to the the name of "Penny," very lively and playful, by a man that met the little girl. He is rather rough appearance, with two horses before a wagon, one white, the box partly filled with straw, and went towards Monroe. The above reward will be given for the dog or the man, or sufficient information where he may be had.

M. S. WARNER

Towanda, February 28th, 1844.

TOWANDA ACADEMY.

THE friends and patrons of this institution are informed that the *Summer Term* will commence on Monday, the *29th inst.*

Terms of tuitinn, per Quarter of 12 weeks.

Ancient & Foreign Languages & Drawing, $5
Natural, Moral and Mental Science, 4
Common English branches, 3

Contingences, 25 cents per quarter.

It is expected that a competent Instructress will take charge of the Female Department on the commencement of the term.

CHARLES NASH, Principal.

Towanda, April 4, 1844.

BOOTS & SHOES, a large assortment. SALSBURY

Nov. 8.

The Bradford Reporter

BY E. S. GOODRICH AND SON.

TERMS:

Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, exclusive of postage. Fifty cents deducted if paid within the year; and for *cash* actually in advance, ONE DOLLAR will be deduted.

Subscribers at liberty to discontinue at any time by paying arrearages.

Advertisements, not exceeding a square, inserted for fifty cents; every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers.

Twelve lines or less make a square.

Job Printing, of every description neatly and expeditiously executed, on new and fashionable type.

☞ Letters on business pertaining to the office, must come free of postage, to ensure attention.

AGENTS.

The following gentlemen are authorized to receive subscriptions for the Bradford Reporter and to receipt for payments therefor:—

C. H. Herrick, Esq., ... Rich
J. R. Coolbaugh, ... Smith
Col. W. E. Barton, ...
E. Aspenwall, ...
J. E. Goodrich, ...
B. Coolbaugh, ... Burlington
Addison M'Kean, ...
D. Johnson, ...
A. M. Coe, ...