

Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 30, 1844.

NO. 20.

Epistle.

TO A YOUNG LADY JUST-MARRIED.

Destiny's sickle sea
Near thou'rt ventured fairly;
Young in years, it may not be
The bark is launched too early.
The wish of mine to heaven is sent,
That on the stormy water
Thou prove a wife obedient,
As thou hast been a daughter.

Every wish of mine were bliss,
Every hope were pleasure,
I wouldst with him find happiness,
As he in thee a treasure;
Every wish and hope of mine,
And every thought and feeling,
Be the wealth of thee and thine,
As true as my revealing.

Please thy husband in all things,
For he be thou zealous;
And bear in mind that Love has wings,
Then never make him jealous;
For if Love from his perch once flies,
How weak are Beauty's jesses!
In vain might plead thy streaming eyes,
And thy dishevelled tresses.

Be prudent of thy thoughts of dress;
Be sparing of thy parties;
These fashion riots in excess,
O! nothing there of heart is;
And can its palling sweets compare
With love of faithful bosom?
The of the fatal tree beware,
There's poison in its blossom!

Each thought and wish in him confide,
No secret from him cherish;
Whenever thou hast ought to hide,
The better feelings perish.
Whoso'er ye do or say,
O never with him utter;
Remember, thou, that saidst "obey"
Before the holy altar.

For and forbear, for much thou'rt find
A married life to tease ye,
Should thy husband seem unkind,
Learn to smile, or please ye;
That that amid the cares of life
Thy troubles fret and fear him;
Then smile as it becomes a wife,
And labor well to cheer him.

He, answer him with loving word,
Be each tone kindly spoken,
In sometimes is the holy cord
By angry jarring broken.
Then curb thy temper in its rage,
And fretful be thou never;
If broken once, a fearful change
Flows over both forever.

Let thy neck light hang the chain,
For Hymen now hath bound ye,
For these and thine may pleasure reign,
And smiling friends surround ye,
Then fare ye well, and may each time
The sun smiles, and ye wiser;
They kindly take the well meant rhyme
Of thy sincere adviser.

Love and Hope.

BY THOMAS MOORE.
Beside you summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined;
But when had noon-tide come, when he
Laid his head leaped smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

"I said Love," to sail awhile
Amid this sunny main."
And then so sweet was his parting smile,
That Hope who never dreams of guile
Sighed he'd come again.

Angered there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
For the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Sighed his name, which still the stream
Often washed away.

Length a sail appears in sight,
And towards the maiden moves!
"Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
The golden bark reflects the light,
But ah! it is not Love's."

Another sail—twas Friendship showed
The night-lamp o'er the sea;
But when the light that lamp bestowed;
Love had lights that warmer glowed,
And where, alas! was he!

At last around the sea and shore
Light threw her darkling chain;
The many sails were seen no more,
The morning dreams of bliss were o'er,
Love never came again.

The Passions.

The passions are a num'rous crowd,
Sensuous, positive, and fond,
Which these licentious sons of strife;
Whom chiefly, rise the storms of life;
They grow mutinous, and rave,
They are masters, thou their slave.

The Village Prize.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia, there lived, in the year 1775, an odd old man, whose daughter was declared by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran in his youth was athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length the nineteenth birth-day of Annette, his charming daughter, who was amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay making frolic.

Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamoured swain with her own fair hands.

"Now my boys," said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitch-forks, they assembled round his door in the cool of the evening. "Now my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette.—Now you see I don't care anything about money or talents, book learning nor soldier learning, I can do as well by my gal as any in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster, I could beat anything in the way of leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern shore; and I have took the oath and sworn it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me boys. There's the green, and here's Annette," he added taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand.—"Now, the one that jumps the furthest on a dead level shall marry Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth as he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left the looms and quilting frames—the children their noisy sports—the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm-chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and many wished, that it would be young Carrol. He was the handsomest and best humored youth in the country, and all knew that a strong and mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carrol had won the reputation of being the "best leaper," and in a country where such athletic achievements were the "sine qua non" of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present, he had therefore every advantage over his fellow "athletes."

The arena allotted for this hymenial contest, was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plot reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the "green." The verdure was quite worn off at this place by the previous exercises of a similar kind and a hard surface of sand befittedly for the purpose to which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers, were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carrol tried his skill in this exercise, he "cleared" (to use the leaper's phraseology) twenty one foot and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the men stepped into arena.

"Edward Grayson seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet."—

Dick with a laugh turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches."

"Well done Harry Preston," shouted the spectators. "You have tried hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the "fun of the thing." Henry was a rattle-brained fellow but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the "fun of the thing." He would not have said so if he was sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half," hurrah for Charley! "Charley win," cried the crowd good humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife she would fall in love with his good temper, rather than his legs. Charley however made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now cried the villagers, 'let's see Harry Carrol. He ought to beat this,' and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor, and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success. Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers and rested, before he bounded forward upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit of assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance, with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his, he bounded forward.

"Twenty one feet and a half. Harry Carrol forever, Annette and Harry." Hands, caps and hand-kerchief waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Harry Carrol moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall gentlemanly young man, in a military undress frock coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted, and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on; stepped suddenly forward and with a knowing eye, measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that," said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the area. "If you can leap beyond Harry Carrol, you'll beat the best man in the colonies."

The truth of this observation was asserted to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime," inquired the youthful stranger, or is there a prize for the winner.

"Annette the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"

"All! young sir," replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportion of the straight limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who out-leaps Harry Carrol. If you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carrol, has no watch in Virginia. Here's my daughter sir, look at her, and make you trial."

The young officer glanced upon the trembling maiden, about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania, with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges he drew a sash he wore beneath it, tightened it around his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made apparently without effort the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Harry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet and one inch," shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his

son, and he felt prouder of him than if he was a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patent of nobility.

Resuming his coat the victor sought with his eyes the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize, said the victor, taking her passive hand, 'I have won you fairly.' Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride!—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I might be, he added with gallantry, to wear so fair a gem next my heart. Perhaps," and he cast his eyes round inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd—"perhaps there is some favored youth among the competitors, who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Henry, "methinks you were victor in the list before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly receive from my hand the prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth stepped forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment, Annette was weeping from pure joy, upon his shoulder. The welkin rung with acclamations of the delighted villagers and amid the temporary excitement produced by the act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble-hearted stranger, was drunk in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair, sons and daughters, and Harry Carrol had become Col. Henry Carrol of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home, after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country house, when an advanced courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite, informing him he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the house hold preparation, and Col. Carrol, ordering his horse rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, altho' serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening at the table; Annette, (now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carrol) could not keep her eye from the illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his own commanding features, and half doubtingly, half assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband who affectionately inquired if she were ill!

"I suspect Colonel," said the General, who had been, with a quiet, meaning smile, observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features, that Mrs. Carrol thinks she recognizes an old acquaintance." And he smiled with a mysterious air, as she gazed on both alternately.

The Colonel started and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea urn, with clasped hands, and an eye of intense, eager inquiry fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted, as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me, Colonel—I must put an end to this scene. I have become by dint of camp fare and hard usage, too unwieldily to leap again twenty-two feet and one inch even for so fair a bride as one I wot of."

The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

General Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper" whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers is still traditional, and whose claim to a substantial body of "bona fide" flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story tellers, until the happy denouncement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Col. Carrol.

An Insult well answered.

At a late democratic meeting in Virginia, Maj. Davezac (Jackson's companion in arms at New Orleans) was one of the speakers. After he had concluded, a whig asked the privilege of replying, which was granted, when he taunted Maj. D. with being a "foreigner!" to which he replied:

"Sir—I am sorry to interrupt you, but I can permit no man to use such language in my presence. Judging from your appearance, I was an American citizen before you were born. I have a son, born an American citizen, older than you. As for myself, I have been four times naturalized. I was naturalized by the sanctity of the treaty of Louisiana, the highest form of law known to the Constitution. The rights of an American citizen were conferred upon me by the law creating the Territorial Government of Louisiana; and I was admitted to all the rights, blessings, and obligations which belong to you, my fellow citizens, by the law bringing the State of Louisiana into our glorious confederacy." Then turning to the whig speaker, his eye flashing as on the plains of New Orleans, and heart swelling with the majesty of old recollections, he continued: "Sir, you look now as if you desired to know where and when was the fourth time of my naturalization, and who were my sponsors. The consecrated spot on which I received the right of naturalization, was the battle ground of New Orleans; the altar was victory; the baptismal water was blood and fire; Andrew Jackson was my god-father, and patriotism, freedom and glory were my god-mothers."

The mighty mass of listeners rose spontaneously, and gave nine cheers for our gallant speaker. The coon was soon missing.

CHANGE OF CUSTOMS WITHIN FIFTY YEARS.—The following extracts are from an article in the New York Mirror. They are designed by the writer for New York particularly, but are applicable to other portions of our country, and worthy of attention. The writer says:

When Washington was President, his wife knit his stockings in Philadelphia, and the mother made doughnuts and cakes between Christmas and New Years; now the married ladies are too proud to make doughnuts; besides they don't know; so they send to Madame Pompadour, or some other French cake-baker, and buy some sponge cake for three dollars a pound. In those days, New York was full of substantial comforts, now it is full of splendid misery; then there were no grey headed spinsters, (unless they were ugly indeed) for a man could get married for a dollar and begun house-keeping for twenty, and in washing his clothes and cooking his victuals, the wife saved more than it took to keep her. Now, I have known a minister to get five hundred dollars for bucking a couple; then the wine, cake, and etceteras, five hundred more; wedding clothes and jewels a thousand more; six or seven hundred in driving to the springs or some mountain; then a house must be got for eight hundred dollars per annum, and furnished at an expense of two or three thousand, and when all is done, his pretty wife can neither make a cake nor put an apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must be got for twenty dollars per month, a chambermaid, a laundress, a seamstress, at seven dollars each, and, as the fashionable folly of the day has banished the mistress from the kitchen, those blessed helps aforesaid, reign supreme; and while mistress is playing cards in the parlor, the servants are playing the devil in the kitchen—thus lighting the candle at both ends it soon burns out. Poverty comes in at the door and drives love out at the window. It is stupid and expensive nonsense which deters so many unhappy old bachelors from entering the state of blessedness, hence you find more deers than marriages.

QUAKER TOAST.—This from me and mine to thee and mine. I wish when thou and thine come to see me and mine, that me and mine will treat thee and thine as kindly as thou and thine have treated me and mine.

Political Courtship.

The New York Mercury tells the following anecdote: Jonathan walks in, takes a seat, and looks at Sukey—rakes up the fire, blows out the candle, and don't look at Jonathan. Jonathan hitches and wriggles about in his chair, and Sukey sits perfectly still. At length Jonathan musters courage and speaketh—

Sukey? Well, Jonathan. I love you like pizen and sweetmeats.

Dew tell! It's a fact, and no mistake—wi—will now—will ye have me Sukey?

Jonathan Higgins, what am your politics? I'm for Polk, straight!

That your soft! says Sukey. When shall we be married, Jonathan? Soon's Clay's elected.

Ahem! A-a-hem! What's the matter, Sukey? Sposin he ain't elected?

Jonathan didn't go away till morning, but whether he answered the last question, this deponent knoweth not.

Russian Habits.

The bearded Russian, no matter what influence he may derive from his wealth, is still a gross barbarian. His odor is insupportable—arising from a variety of causes, but chiefly from the vapor-bath, which he is so fond of, and which he enjoys at a heat sufficient to cook fish. The steaming result of this, considering the nature of his diet, may be faintly guessed at.

He eats large quantities of the rank hempseed oil, either as a soup, or in his pastry, his buckwheat or his vegetables, during the fast, which lasts half the year. But the principal bulk of his food is the fermented cabbage, and the sour black bread which is scarcely more nourishing than bran. Something of the essence of all these things seem to strain through his pores with the perspiration.

The Emperor Alexander was so sensitive to this peculiarity, that he used to burn perfumes whenever any Russians of rank had left his presence!

HOOPS OR HANDS.—Mr. Verplanck, in his masterly letter before the Mechanics' Institute, observes that "several years ago, in conversing with a very ingenious and well-informed friend, now deceased, I was much struck by a transient observation of his. "In spite," said he, "of man's boasted intellect, he is as much indebted to his present state in civilized life to the hand as to the head. Suppose," said he, "that the human arm had terminated in a hoof or a claw, instead of a hand, what would have been the present state of society, and how far would mere intellect have carried us?" I do not know, (continued the lecturer,) whether this idea was original with my friend or not, although I have never since heard it or met with it in books; and as he did not follow it out any further, I cannot say what where the particular consequences he meant to infer from it."—This grotesque and unphilosophical idea belongs to Helvetius, who carried it out as far as it could be carried.—One might as rationally conjecture what would have been the condition of mankind if they had been constructed so as walk on their heads instead of their feet. Mr. Verplanck, however, uses the idea very skillfully as the text for his discourse.

ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISING.—The New York Morning Post says:—A wealthy merchant of this city, who has given more advertising to the press than any other merchant here, once told the editor of this paper, that he commenced business with a determination to expend in advertising all his profits for the first two years, but that he soon found it impossible to do so; the faster he paid it out, the more received, and could he have monopolized all the papers in the city, he would have been repaid tenfold.

A NEW KIND OF MOB QUELLER.—Mr. Walsh, in his last letter to the National Intelligencer, after speaking of the riot and violence that attended the recent election in Greece, says, that "in a church, where the ballot box was held, a general exchange of blows was stopped by a rustic, who emptied a hive of bees in the midst of the combatants."