

Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 20, 1844.

NO. 23.

The Morning Sky.

BY W. O. EATON.

Of dawn with steeds of light,
Scorching through the eastern air,
All the stars in pale affright
Have fled before the morning glare.
The floor of Paradise;
The sea of lucid blue?
The gentle beauty of the skies
Enchants me with its hue.
Had my soul the power to fly
To thy bosom, morning sky!
I look towards the world no more,
But glory in the shroud
Which veiled a planet I abhor
With a perennial cloud.
Morning sky! Oh, morning sky!
The wild sun hath dashed
The scorching banner zenith-high,
In splendor unabashed,
To smile out thy dawning eye,
There is a look so free,
Full of love and grace and glee
And liberty serene,
Oh! this burning heart of mine
Yearning for the hour divine
When it may seek thy scene,
Would the grave were in thy breast,
Instead of on the earth;
The field of an eternal rest
Should have a boundless girth.
Were a charnal fit for gods;
Or nobler than our couch of sods,
There outward bloom and inward gloom
Can never harmonize;
Or sweeter were an azure tomb
Among the stars and skies.

The Choice.

BY J. LYLE HENDERSON.

WILL IT PROFIT HIM, IF HE GAIN
THE WORLD AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?
Is this world, its pomp, its pride,
All who breathe, to Death allied,
With a common fate,
To store up wealth on earth,
Seeking joys of priceless worth,
Till the just man await?
The man, in princely hall,
Obedient to his call,
His idle pleasure;
When disease attacks his frame,
Lies on his bed in racking pain,
Till boots his swollen treasure?
The worthless proves the garners' d wealth,
Purchased for him while in health
In favor of the great;
As his end approaches nigh,
Tears, with a moisten'd eye,
Beggar at his gate.
The hours around him crowd,
Prayers and protestations loud,
The virtues round their prey;
The world of future bliss,
He contracted all in this,
Takes from Death away.
That humble christian's life!
His care and worldly strife,
His peaceful way;
Not fortune's smile or frown—
Is an immortal crown,
Of endless day.
Enough of earthly store
To stave famine from his door,
And his life can spare;
The vain world's empty praise,
To give his aims in hidden ways,
The world of Heaven's care.
Common'd from this life away,
The stern Death without dismay,
Smiles at his behest;
With God and all mankind,
No lingering look behind,
Calmsly sinks to rest.
Who would choose a life of care,
A few vain pleasures here,
To eternal bliss?
I am yield my breath,
To me die the Christian's death,
To my end like his.

The Flight of Time.

Flow, thy falling river,
Like a dream that dies away,
The ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm, untroubled way!
With such a silent motion
Flows along, on wings of air,
Thy dark ocean,
Carrying all its treasures there.
The bloom, and then they wither,
The cheeks are bright, then fade and die,
The light are wadded hither;
The like visions, hurry by;
The clouds at evening driven
By the many colored west,
Are bearing us to Heaven.
The flight of happiness and rest.

The Christian Maiden.

BY MARY V. STEVENS.

"Away with her—she blasphemeth the gods—let her be cast to the lions!"
It was a high day in Carthage. The sun shone with unclouded splendor on the white palaces that glittered along the beautiful bay of the Numidian city. The streets were thronged with the populace in gala dress, for it was a festival in honor of the gods. Towards the great hall of justice a crowd poured continually, though the avenues leading to it were blocked up; but the rumor had gone abroad that a Nazarine maiden was that day to be tried, and the public curiosity was alive to behold the demeanor of her fate.
Within the hall there was scarcely room to stir. A dense mass of spectators filled it to suffocation, and it was with difficulty that the officers could keep from encroaching on the space reserved for the judges. The most intense excitement pervaded the apartment. The audience, as if impatient of control, heaved to and fro, and more than an ineffectual attempt was made to rush on the prisoner, while ever and anon the shout would rise from the crowd.
"Away with her—she blasphemeth the gods—let her be cast to the lions!"
The object of this angry cry was a girl scarcely yet in her eighteenth summer, and very beautiful. She stood at the bar with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, her lips moved as if in prayer, apparently regardless alike of the howls of the mob and the angry looks of the judges.
"Wilt thou sacrifice? Again I ask thee, wilt thou sacrifice?" said the praetor sternly; "remember to refuse is death—the emperor is inexorable."
The maiden convulsively wrung her hands and a large tear drop started in her eye. A breathless silence ensued. Notwithstanding the cries for blood, the spectators were agitated by many and various emotions. Some were secretly favorable to the religion, and others pitied the youth on account of her youth and beauty, but at least half the audience were bigoted Pagans and thirsted for her death. Those being the most brutal had the ascendancy, as if in every popular tumult. But all kept silence now, awed by the feelings of suspense which ever attend the crisis of another's fate or our own.
To the maiden those few moments of silence were crowded with recollections. The events of her whole life rushed past her. She saw once more the pleasant valley where she had spent her childhood. She heard its cool waters, the rustle of its palm trees, the tinkle of its sheep bells on the distant hill. Then other associations rose up before her. She saw herself attacked by an angry wild beast, and only saved by an only javelin of a passing traveler, a young Numidian hunter.
The gratitude, deepened into love which ensued; her mutual pledge of fidelity to death; their separation in consequence of his entering into the army, and being ordered to the German frontier with his cohort, moved before her like scenes in a magic phantasmagoria. Then came her conversion to christianity, her secret baptism in an upper chamber where the persecuted sect met, her arrest and imprisonment, and new this scene! She felt that she stood alone with no friend nor relative to advise; and orphan, poor, and of a despised religion. Oh! if her brave soldier had been there, she knew she would have one bosom to lean on in this terrible crisis. But no pitying eye looked on her from the crowd, and seas rolled betwixt her and her lover. Yet, though thus deserted, her faith did not desert her. In earnest prayers she sought strength from heaven, and he who stood by the Polycarp among the lions heard the cry. The momentary weakness brought on by her recollections of how many ties yet bound her to earth disappeared, and she looked firmly at the judge, her form erect, and her eye like that of Stephen which he confronted his murderers.
"Wilt thou sacrifice? I ask for the third and last time," demanded the praetor. "Cast incense on the altar of Jupiter and thou shalt be saved. Refuse and thou diest ere noon."
The spectators bent eagerly forward and held their breath to catch the maiden's answer.
"I am a believer in Christ," she said, calmly; "Him whom ye call the Nazarine. I cannot sacrifice to false gods. Do with me as you will."
There was something so meek, yet dignified and courageous in these words

that the mob's fury was for a moment choked in admiration. But their heathen prejudices and thirst for blood soon attained the ascendancy of better feeling. A low sullen murmur ran through the crowd like the half stifled growl of a famished wild beast which gradually deepened into a shout; and then came execrations and cries for vengeance.
"Away with her—she blasphemeth the gods—let her be cast to the lions!" roared the angry multitude.
"Thou hast chosen thy fate," said the judge rising, "away with her to the lions!"
The maiden turned deadly pale, but though only a weak woman, she evinced no other sign of horror or fear.—When the soldiers approached to seize her, she shuddered for an instant, as if she already felt the fangs of the lion; but immediately this trace of emotion vanished, and she signed for them to lead on. Yet there was still left one mortal feeling in her bosom. As she stepped from the bar she shrouded her face in her veil to conceal it from the gaze of the crowd.
"To the lions with her! Let her be cast to them at once. Ho! for the amphitheatre!" shouted the crowd, rushing tumultuously after the condemned maiden, struggling and fighting with each other to get near, that they might spit upon the prisoner, and now and then lashing themselves into a fury so great that it was with difficulty the soldiers could keep the mob from tearing her limb from limb.
The slight frame of the maiden shook perceptibly with terror, for though she had never herself to face the lions, her virgin delicacy shrunk from being made the victim of the coarse and brutish rabble.
In this manner her conductors struggled through the streets, until in sight of the amphitheatre. Here at the corner of one of the ways, they were met by a vast crowd composed of the lowest mob of the city, who hearing of the condemnation of the Nazarine had gathered together ripe for mischief. Led on by some of the vilest of their demagogues, they had resolved to assault the officers in charge of the prisoner, that they might sacrifice her more summarily than by the lions in the arena.
"Stand back!" said the captain of the guard, unsheathing his sword as he saw the threatening aspect of the crowd.
"Down with him!" cried one of the rabble, hurling a missile at his head.—
"Give us the prisoner or die with her."
"Close in men, close in!" shouted the officer undaunted. "You pay with your lives for the safety of the prisoner."
The little band gathered in a compact circle round the maiden, and prepared to maintain the unequal contest.
"Down with them all!" shouted one of the most prominent of the rioters, soldiers and prisoners—they are all secretly Nazarinians. Down with them."
With these words he headed a rush of the crowd, that bore back the scanty band of the soldiery like feathers that are swept by the gale. Stones and bricks, meanwhile, filled the air, and though the soldiers were defended by shields, several were wounded. The prisoner, in this onset would have fallen a victim to the missiles of the mob, but for two of the more humane of the soldiery, who covered her with their buckles. Thus pushed back by the rabble, the guards retreated against the wall of a neighboring house, and being now covered in the rear essayed with more hopes of success to make good their stand until succor should arrive from the city legionaries.
But the utility of this hope was soon apparent. The mob swelled rapidly, extending far down the thoroughfares on either hand. The whole city seemed up.—There were doubtless many among the crowd who were secretly favorable to the prisoner, and a still greater number who wished not to see her perish except by a lawful death—but the more violent, if not most numerous, had attained temporary ascendancy, and the others uncertain of their power, were afraid to move in her behalf.
More than half of the guard had now fallen; the others were worn out and wounded. The soldiers began to murmur.
"Why should we die to protect the life of a Nazarine?" said one of them. "Comrades, let us surrender her to the people."
A sullen murmur of assent ran along the scanty ranks, and the mob, now hearing the mutinous words, desisted, and broke into huzzas. The maiden saw that her hour had come, and sank

shuddering to her knees, lifting her agonized eyes to heaven in a last appeal. Suddenly over the deep roar of the huzzas, rose the lampet of the cavalry, and the pavement seemed to the kneeling girl to rock beneath her, under the tramp of many horsemen.—She started to her feet with sudden hope. The shouts of the populace had ceased simultaneously, and now was heard close at hand, the clatter of hoofs and the shrill sound of the trumpet.—Like a flock of sheep awaiting the approach of wolves stood the lawless mob; now silent, with black faces, and standing aghast at the sudden apparition of the horsemen. Down they came, the solid earth shaking under them—while for in the vain, on a barbed horse, rode their leader.
"Disperse ye knaves!" he cried, in a tone used to command, as he rose haughtily in his stirrups. "Disperse, or we ride ye down." And turning to his troops he waved his sword and shouted.
"Charge!"
The word struck terror into the populace. For one instant they hesitated, but for one instant only. Up the long avenue to where it turned to the left, they beheld the glittering line of cavalry advancing at a gallop, each file wheeling around continually as if countless numbers yet remained behind, and at the sight the stoutest hearts gave way. The cry "fly for your lives" rose on every hand, and darting into the by streets or rushing headlong down the main thoroughfare, the crowd dispersed with the rapidity of magic. By the time the leader of the cavalry had come up, the streets were entirely empty.
"Throwing his proud steed back on his haunches as he reached the guard, the commander of the cohort addressed his brother officer.
"We are just in time I see. I heard on landing that there was a riot in the city and the cause, and I galloped at once thither. We are to-day come from Italy; and I bring important news. Diocletian is dead and the persecutions against the christians are stopped. It is well we came up as we did—"
He would have spoken farther, but his attention was arrested by a shriek from the prisoner and the mention of his own name. He quickly turned round, and for the first time his eyes fell on the maiden. Quick as lightning he leaped from the horse throwing the bride to the nearest by-stander, and rushed towards her.
"Lorette!" "Anthony!" were the mutual exclamations of the lovers as they fell into each others arms: for it was the Numidian hunter now risen to high rank who thus opportunely arrived to rescue his mistress.
Language would be too weak to describe that meeting. In haste the lover ordered a chariot to be brought for Lorette, and by his commands she was conveyed the house of the praetor, whose wife took charge of the orphan girl. The intelligence of Diocletian's death spread with inconceivable rapidity, and those who were favorable to the christians now spoke boldly out.—The great mass of the influential citizens as usual, aided with the new order of things. The tide of opinion turned; and the mob, finding their ascendancy over, sullenly submitted, like wild beasts confined to the limits of their cage and restrained from harm.—The young officer himself soon became a christian, his conversion to that faith being doubtless attributed to the example and arguments of Lorette.
On the pleasant shores of the Numidian bay stands the ruins of a once splendid palace. Tradition says that there lived the christian maiden and pious husband, the hero and heroine of our story.

It would seem from the following the "Reveille" entertain the same apprehensions of the influence of widows, as Tony Weller:
BEWARE OF THE WIDOWS.—Young widows are always blithe. They ever meet one with a smile and flattering word. Can any one tell why?
Young widows pay very scrupulous attention to dress. None knows so well as they what colors, black, or otherwise, are best suited to their complexion, nor what tricks of millinery best serve to heighten the beauty of their form. Their knowledge on this subject they will put in practice. Does any one know why?
Young widows are better pleased with bachelors than with widowers.—What can be the reason?
Young widows are the most charming part of creation—the envy of one sex, and the beloved of the other—and why?

A Sketch Founded on Fact.

"What wonderful changes there are in life," observed a stage passenger to his seatmate, as the carriage was passing through a small village in the western part of N. York; "Do you see that miserable, half-decayed dwelling on the left?" Oh being answered in the affirmative, he thus proceeded:—"You are a stranger in these parts, and I suppose, do not know the history of the unfortunate family who reside there; but I will give you a sketch of it, as you are very young in life, and the lesson it affords may be a useful one, if well treasured up in your memory. The fine brick mansion situated on yonder little eminence, surrounded by beautiful gardens, orchards and pleasant fields, was but a few years since the estate of Doct. N., now the occupant of that miserable cottage.
"He had acquired a genteel competency, by close industry to his profession, and although he sometimes drank too freely of the adder's milk, still he was kind, amiable and laborious; and the world pronounced him the most promising man in his parts. At length, however, his besetting sin was found to be growing fast upon him, and the certainty was truly painful to his relatives and the large circle of his friends; but their advice, their prayers, their admonitions and their tears were alike unheeded, and an amiable wife and two lovely daughters were soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness, by the increasing dissipation of their dearest earthly friend.
"He is now a most despicable sot; and the amiable daughters, by their untiring industry, procure a maintenance for their heart-broken and feeble mother, and their degraded and wretched father."
"Oh, woman, woman! canst thou look on the many wrongs and sufferings of thy sex; canst thou see the misery to which they are often reduced, and perhaps even feel in thine own bosom the bitter rankling of the thorn planted there by intemperance—the intemperance of some dear friend, and fold up thy hands, and weep, and say thou hast nothing to do! Dost thou not see that this field of the great moral reform is whitening; and dost thou refuse to labor there because the son of public vice is blazing in the sky; and thou fearest its scorching rays may fall upon thine head, or because thine arm is feeble? Dream not of such objections; but draw over thee the beautiful soothing shelter of self-approval before God; lift up thy sickle in his strength, and go into the field; and if thou canst not cut down the heavy grain, thou canst pluck up that which is tender; at least thou mayest follow the reaper, and glean carefully, that nothing be lost—as did the excellent Ruth of old, the immortal heroine of her age.—Come to this resolution, thou wilt soon find that thou canst do something—thou canst do much—Ladies' Tem. Mirror.

The Mother.

Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something which claims kindred with the skies. The waking, watchful eye, which keeps its tireless vigils over her slumbering child; the tender look, the angelic smile, are objects which neither the pencil or chisel can reach, and poetry fails in attempting to portray. Upon the eulogies of the most eloquent tongue we should find Tekel written. It is the sympathies of the heart alone where live the holy picture, and the eye may look abroad in vain for its counterpart in the works of art!
A mother's love! Oh what joy is in the sound. Entwined around our very souls in our earliest years, we cling to it in manhood, and almost worship at its shrine in old age. To use language of a celebrated writer, we say that he who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking, of such is the kingdom of heaven," or view the fond parent hanging over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feelings, is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.
"Sally," said a lover to his intended, "give us a kiss, will you Sally?" "No, I sha'n't," said Sally; "help yourself."
A dandy with a cigar in his mouth, entered Van Amburg's menagerie, when the proprietor politely requested him to take the weed from his mouth, lest he should teach the other monkeys "bad habits."

Work for Children.

There is no greater defect in educating children, than neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil that attaches mostly to large towns and cities. Children suffer much from it.—The parent never considers whether the child's work is necessary or not to the child. Nothing is more uncertain than their future independence and comfort—much depends on being accustomed to work—accustomed to provide for the thousand constantly recurring wants that nature entails on us.
If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits—it secures their health—it strengthens both mind and body. It enables them better to bear the confinements of the school-room, and it tends more than any thing else to give them just views of life.
It is too often the case that children, provided they spend a half dozen hours of the day at school, are permitted to spend the rest as they please. Thus they grow up in the world without a knowledge of its toils and cares. They view it through a false medium. They cannot appreciate the favors you bestow, as they do not know the toils they cost. Their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are constantly exposed to whatever vicious associations within their reach. The daughter probably becomes that pitiable, helpless object, a novel reading girl. The son, if he surmounts the consequences of your neglect, does it probably after his plans and station for life are fixed, and when knowledge, for one of its important objects, comes too late.
No man or woman is fully educated if not accustomed to manual labor.—Whatever accomplishment they possess, whatever their mental training, a deduction must be made for ignorance of that important chapter in the world's great book.
It is easier to bring up a dozen children right, than to reform one block-head.

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.—
Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride.
Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper.
Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.
Never be in a hurry.
Rather get than follow example.
Rise early and be an economist of time.
Practice strict temperance.
Manner is something with every body, and every thing with some.
Be guarded in discourse, and attentive and slow to speak.
Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.
Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.
In all your transactions, remember the final account.

HOW TO GET A FEATHER BED.—The following is an extract from Lover's "Handy Andy":
"In carrying off even the small thing of a feather bed, Jack Tate, the bowld burglar, showed the skill of a high practitioner, for he descended the stairs backwards."
"Backwards!" exclaimed Larry Hagon; "what's that for?"
"You'll see by and by," said Groggins. "He descended backwards, when suddenly he heard a door opening, and a female voice exclaimed—
"Where are you going with that bed?"
"I'm going up stairs with it, ma'am, said Jack, whose backward position favored his he; and he began to walk up again.
"Come down, said the lady, "we want no bed here man."
"Mr. Sullivan, ma'am sent me home with it himself," said Jack.
"Come down, I tell you," said the lady in rage, "there's no Mr. Sullivan lives here."
"I beg your pardon, my lady," said Jack Tate, turning round, and marching off with the bed fast and aisy.
"Well, there was a regular shillo in the house when the thing was found out, and cart ropes wouldn't howld the lady for the rage she was in."
A MUSTY MAN.—Nancy, you must have my things read to-morrow morning early—the boat starts at 7 o'clock.
"O, dear, husband! with you it is always must, must, must—you are the most musty man I ever knew."
"Beat again By —" H. CLAY.