

# Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY.

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 27, 1844.

NO. 24.

## Misanthropic Hours.

As I could blot  
from mankind from earth—  
I would degrade, so shame their birth,  
that earth should be so fair,  
and bright a thing,  
should come forth and wear  
apparel;—  
I should live and glow  
with love and holiness,  
never feel or know  
a God can love or bless—  
I should feel of thankfulness.  
The sun go down and light  
of gold poured on the sky—  
every tree and flower, was bright,  
every pulse was beating high,  
every soul was gushing love,  
aching for its home above—  
when men would soar, if ever,  
to the homes of thought and soul—  
degrading ties should sever,  
the spirit spurn to control—  
I see, oh how my cheek  
with the shame I feel,  
truth is in the words I speak,  
my fellow-creatures steal  
to their unhallowed mirth,  
the revelries of earth  
that they could feel or share,  
glorious heaven were scarcely worth  
having notice or their care.  
I was a worshipper  
of a shrine—yet even there  
unworthiness of thought,  
when I deemed I had caught  
glimpses of that holy light  
makes earth beautiful and bright;  
eyes of fire their flashes sent;  
lips looked eloquent—  
I turned and wept to find  
all a deluding mind.  
One of those high halls,  
genius breathed in sculptured stone,  
shaded light in softness falls  
of beauty. They were gone  
of fire and hands of skill  
brought such power—but they spoke  
of every feature still  
lips breath'd and dark eyes woke  
from cheeks flashed glowingly  
and motion. I had knelt  
with Mary at the tree  
of Jesus suffered—I had felt  
of blood gushing to my brow  
of stern buffet of the Jew;—  
of the lord of glory bow,  
of head for sins he never knew;  
I wept. I thought that all  
like me—and when there came  
of bright and beautiful,  
of grace and eye of flame,  
and look most sweetly bent  
of presence eloquent.  
I looked for tears. We stood  
of the scene of Calvary,—  
of piercing spear—the blood—  
of the writhe of agony—  
of quivering lips in prayer,  
of "forgive them,"—all was there.  
of holiness of soul,  
of Jesus. I had thought  
of would refuse control:  
of man's heart, I knew was fraught  
of sympathies. She gazed  
of it so carelessly,  
of she'd her lip, and praised  
of priest's garment! Could it be  
of meant, dear Lord, for thee?  
of woman—what her smile—  
of love—her eyes of light,—  
of her lips revile  
of Jesus! Love may write  
of her marble brow  
of in her curls of jet—  
of flowing power may scarcely bow  
of her step, and yet—and yet—  
of meeker grace she'll be  
of than vanity.  
Evening.  
of brightness and the moon?  
of with her shining hair!  
of all flooded with the moon?  
of besides that's rich and fair!  
of thought now so?  
of my rhyme,  
of sad, sweet evening time.  
of is filled with crowds and strife,  
of with many a soaring song;  
of night is waked to life,  
of many a merry throng;  
of and song, and bell's soft chime,  
of ever at Evening time.  
of light wanders up the sky;  
of from the darkness flying?  
of your music? 'Tis the sigh  
of summer, 'cause 'tis dying.  
of, my soul; let's weave a rhyme  
of the sad, sweet Evening time.

## The Last Bachelor.

It was on New Year's Eve in 1820, that twelve young professional men sat around the table of a club room at supper. The cloth had been removed, and nothing was left upon the mahogany but an expressive black bottle, and a single thin spirituelle looking glass to each member.  
The Old South struck eleven, and the last hour of the year was hailed with an uproarious welcome.  
"A bumper, gentlemen," said Harry St. John, the "sad dog" of the club; "brim your beakers, my friends, and let every man be under the table when the ghost of the old year passes over."  
"No, no!" timidly remonstrated Earnest Gourlay, a pale graduate just from the University, who sat modestly at the bottom of the table. "no, no! it is a sad hour not a merry one! Cork the bottle till after twelve! We have lost too many hours of the year to throw away the last! Let us be rational till the clock strikes, at least, and then drink if you will. For my part, I never pass these irrevocable periods without a chill at my heart. Come, St. John, indulge me this time! Push back the bottle!" The dark eyes of the handsome student flashed as he looked around, and the wild spirits of the club were sobered for a moment—only!  
"Good advice," said Fred Esperel, a young physician, breaking the silence, "but, like my own pills, to be taken at discretion. Sink moralizing, I say.—There are times and places enough when we must be grave. I, for one, will never nape when I can be merry; what say, O'Lavender? Fill your glass and trump my philosophy."  
"Smother me! but you're all wrong," hiccupped the dandy, who was always sentimental in his cups. "Gourlay, there,—I am shocked at your atrocious cravat, by the way, Earnest—Gourlay is nearer to it—but but he smacks of his vocation! No preaching, let us pass the bottle, Tom—sober.—Send for a dozen 'white-top,'—and when the clock strikes twelve—how those olives make me stutter!—seal it up, solemnly, for the last surviving m-m-member—solemnly. I say!"  
"What's the use—thundered Tom Corliss," who, till the third bottle, had not spoken a word, and from sundry such symptoms was strongly suspected to be in love, who would drink it? not I faith! What, sit down when eleven such fellows "slept without their pillows," to drink! It's an odd taste of yours, my dear marconini! It would be much better to travestie that whym, and seal a bottle of vinegar for the last bachelor!"  
The proposition was received with a universal shout of approbation. The vinegar was ordered, with pen, ink and paper. Gourlay wrote out a bond by which every member bound himself to drink it, in case it fell to his lot, on the night the last man, save himself, was married; and after passing round the table, it was laid aside with its irregular signatures, till twelve.—As the clock struck, the seal was set upon the bottle, and after a somewhat thoughtful bumper, the host was called, and the deposit with its document was formally charged to his keeping.  
It was on the last night of 1830, that a gentleman, slightly corpulent, and with here and there a gray hair about his temples, sat down alone at the club table in—Street, with a dusty bottle and single glass before him. The rain was beating violently against the windows, and in a pause of the gust, as he sat with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, the solemn tones of the old South, striking eleven, reached his ear. He started, and, seizing the bottle, held it up to the light, with a contraction of the muscles of his face, and a shudder of disgust quite incomprehensible to the solitary servant who waited his pleasure.  
"You may leave the room, William," said he, and as the door closed, he drew from his pocket a smoky, time-stained manuscript, and a number of letters, and threw them impatiently on the table. After sitting a moment and tightening his coat about him in the manner of one who screws up, his resolution with some difficulty, he filled his glass from the bottle, and drank it with a sudden and hysterical gulp.  
"Pah! it cut like a sword. And so here I am—the last bachelor! I little thought it ten years ago, this night.—How fresh it is in my mind!—Ten years, since I put the seal on that bottle with my own hand. It seems im-

possible. How distinctly I remember those dozen rascally Benedicts who are laughing at me to-night, seated round this very table, and roaring at my proposition! All married—St. John, and Fred Esperel, and little Gourlay, and to-night, 'last of all, O'Lavender has got before me. And I am—it's useless to deny it—the old bachelor. I, Tom Corliss, that am as soft in my nature as a "Milk diet!" I, that could fall in love any time in my life, from mere propinquity! I, that have sworn—and broken—more vows than Mercury! I, that never saw a bright eye, nor touched a delicate finger, nor heard a treble voice without making love presently to its owner! I, Tom Corliss, an old bachelor! Was it for this I flirted with you, —? Was it for this I played shadow three nights successively to you, —? Was it for this, oh —, that I flattered you into the belief that you was a wit, and found you in puns a fortnight to keep up the illusion? Was it for this I forswore laughter, oh serious —, and smothered your mother with moral saws? Was it for this I say, that I have danced with time out-of-mind-wall-flowers, and puckered my wits into birth-day rhymes, and played groomsman monthly and semi-monthly at an unknown expense for new kersymeres and bridal serenades? Oh, Tom Corliss! Tom Corliss! thou hast beaten the bush for every body, but hast caught no bird thyself!  
And so, they have each written me a letter, as they promised. Let me see:  
DEAR TOM—How is the hippocrene? I think I see you with the bottle before you! Who would have dreamed that you would drink it? I am married as you know, and my children sing "we are seven." I am very happy—very. My wife—you know her—is a woman of education and knows everything. I can't say she knows too much. Her learning does pester me, now and then—I confess I think if I were to marry again, it would be a woman that did n't read Greek. Farewell, Tom. Marry and be virtuous.  
Yours, HARRY.  
N. B. Never marry a "woman of talents."  
Ha! ha! "happy—very happy."—Humbug my dear Harry! Your wife is a blue, and virulent as verdigris, and you are the most unhappy of Benedicts, so much for your crowing.—We'll see another:  
Tom, I pity thee. Thou poor, flannel wrapped, forsaken, fidgety bachelor! drink thy vinegar and grow amiable! Here am I, blest as Abraham.—My wife is the most innocent—that's her fault, by the way—the most innocent creature that lives. She loves me to a foolish degree. She has no opinion but mine, no will of her own—except such as I give her, you understand—no faults and no prominent propensities. I am as happy as I can expect in this sad world.—Marry, Tom, marry. "The world must be peopled."  
Thine ever, FRED.  
N. B. Don't marry a woman that is remarkable for her simplicity."  
I envy not thee, Fred Esperel! Thy wife is a fool, and thy children, egregious ninnies, every one! Thou wouldst give the whole bunch of their caroty heads for thy liberty again.—Once more:  
Tom, my lad, get married! "Matrimony," you know, "is like Jeremiah's figs, the good very good"—the rest of the quotations is inapt. My wife is the prettiest woman in the parish. I wish she was not, by the way—my house is the resort of all the gay fellows about town. I'm quite the thing—my wife is, that is to say—every where. I am excessively happy—excessively—assure yourself of that. I grow thin, they say, but that's age. And I've lost my habit of laughing, but that's proper, as I'm warden. On the whole, however, I'm tolerably contented, and I think I shall live these ten years, if my wife settles down, as she will, you know. God bless you, Tom. How is the vinegar? Well, marry! mind that.  
Yours always, G.  
N. B. I would n't marry a beauty, Tom.  
Poor Gourlay! His wife's a belle, and he's as jealous as Bluebeard—dying absolutely of corrosion. It's eating him up by inches. Hang the letters! they make me melancholy. One more, and I'll throw the boding things into the fire.  
MY SWEET TOM—I hope the gods have promised thee a new weasand.—The vinegar improves, doubtless, by

age. It must be a satisfaction, too, that it is nectar of your own bottling. Here I am, the happiest dog that is coupled. My wife—I took warning from Gourlay—is not run after by a pack of puppies. She's not handsome, heaven knows—I wish she were a trifle prettier—but she's as good as Dorcas.—Ah! how we walk and talk, evenings. I prefer that time, as I can imagine her pretty; when I don't see her, you know, Tom. And how we sit in the dim light of the boudoir, and gaze at each other's just perceptible figure, and sigh! Oh, Tom! marry, and be blest, as I am!  
Yours truly, PHIL.  
P. S. Marry a woman that is at least pretty, Tom.  
The gods forbid that I should marry one like yours, Phil! She is enough to make one's face ache! And so you are all discontented—one's wife is too smart, another's too simple, another's too pretty, and another's too plain!—And what might not mine have been, had I too been irreparably a husband!  
Well—I am an "old bachelor." I didn't think it though, till now. And is it my lot, with all my peculiar fitness for matrimony, with all my dreams of woman, my romance, my skill in philandering, is it my lot to be laid on the shelf, after all? Am I to be shunned by sixteen as a bore, to be pointed at by schoolboys as an old bachelor, to be invited to superannuated tea-drinkings, to be quizzed with solicitations for founding hospitals, to be asked of my rheumatism, and pestered for snuff, and recommended to warm chairs! The gods pity me!  
But not so fast! What is the prodigious difference! What if I were married! I should have to pay for a whole house instead of a part, to feed heaven knows how many mouths instead of one, to give up my whole bed for a half or quarter, to dine at another's hour and not my own, to adopt another's friendship and submit my own to her pleasure, to give up my nap after dinner for a room with a child, to turn my library into a nursery, and my quiet fire into a Babel, to call on my wife's cronies, and dine my wife's followers, and humor my wife's palate, at the expense of my own cronies, followers, and palate. "But there's domestic felicity," says the imp at my elbow, "and interchange of sentiment, and sweet reliance, and the respectability of a man with a family, and duty to the state, and perpetuation of name, and comfort, and attention, and love." Prizes in a lottery—all! and a whole life the price of a ticket!  
And why not live single, then. What should I have then, which I cannot have now. Company at my table? I can have it when I like, and what is better, such as I like. Personal attention? Half a wife's pin-money will purchase the most assiduous. Love? What need have I of that? or how long does it last when it is compulsory? Is there a treasure in my heart that will canker if it is not spent? Have I affections that will gnaw like hunger if they are not fed? Must I love and be beloved? I think not. But this is the rub, if there be one. I'll look into it the first day I feel metaphysical.  
WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—The following extract from a speech of a western lawyer, we find in the *Wheeling Gazette*. It is a capital burlesque:  
"The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakespeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to lean on the side of instinct and fetch him in innocent. If you keep this fact in view in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honor of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look upon this occasion, and reflect with pleasure that you did as you would have been done by; but if, on the other hand, you disregard this principle of law, and set at naught my elegant remarks, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you all over every fair cornfield. I reckon, and my injured and down-trodden client will, be apt to light on you one of these dark nights, as my cat lights on a sasser full of new milk!"  
EASILY PLEASED.—An Arkansas hero was lately convicted of horse stealing, and when sentence had been passed on him, he took a survey of his feelings after the following manner:—"Well, this rather the briskest place I ever did see. Travelled fifteen miles this morning—stood an election, and unanimously voted by twelve men to be maintained at the public expense for two years, by—"

A Market for Wives.  
In the district of Bemis Sooar, a mountainous country, inhabited entirely by the Berber tribes of Morocco, there is one place, where, during the fair, a barker of a very curious kind takes place. This fair is held once a year, and is chiefly resorted to for the purpose of bachelors finding wives, married men adding to their matrimonial treasures, and the maidens of widows getting husbands. In fact, the whole affair resolves itself into the women selling themselves; but to escape the ignominy of such a procedure, the traffic is carried on in the following manner.—Each lady, desiring to enter into wedlock, dresses herself in her best and most becoming attire, and taking with her a piece of cloth of her own weaving, sits down unveiled in the market place. The men, both young and old, who are candidates for matrimony, parade about, examining the texture of the cloth displayed by the ladies, and scrutinizing the same time their looks and behavior. Should the customer be pleased with the maiden, he inquires the price of the cloth; she replies by naming what she would expect as a dowry, and the amount of this she raises or depresses, according as the candidate for her heart may please her, resorting to the demand of an exorbitant sum should she be averse to the purchaser. During this barker the enamored swain is able in some degree to judge of her temper and character. If they come to an agreement, the parents of the girl are appealed to and they have the right of assent; the parties adjourn to a public notary, the contract is made, and the purchased bride is carried off to her new home. In this traffic, widows are at a low rate price in general, and divorced ladies sell their cloths very cheap. The wife thus purchased cannot be resold, however much the purchaser may repent his bargain. She is his lawful wedded wife, and retains the purchase money, which is her jointure or dowry. It is evident that this curious system of barker has been resorted to by these Mahomedan mountaineers as a means of evading the law of the Prophet, which interdicts all courtship before marriage.  
Lawyers.  
Bless me, cried a stranger, on entering a court room, how many lawyers have you; how is it possible that half this number can find employment? Nothing so easily conceived, said a by-stander; they live by watching each other. I conceive, says the stranger, how the case stands. The catchpole watches the culprit, the attorney the catchpole, the counsellor, the attorney, and the solicitor the counsellor. You put me in mind, says the by-stander, of a fable I read when I was at school, which was this:  
A grasshopper, wet with dew, was merrily singing under a leaf, a wamgam that eats grasshoppers, was just stretching forth to devour it; a snake that eats wamgams lay coiled up ready to fasten upon the wamgam; the hawk that eats snakes had just stooped from above to seize the snake; all quietly intent upon their prey, and unmindful of their danger. Just at the same moment, wamgam eat the grasshopper, the snake eat the wamgam, the hawk eat the snake, when soaring from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, snake, grasshopper, wamgam and all.  
A CAUTIOUS WIDOWER.—In a village in Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy.—Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain and so, according to the custom of the country, she was wrapped in a sheet, and carried out to be buried. But, as ill luck would have it, the bearer carried her so near a hedge, that thorns pierced the sheet, and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after, she died in reality; and as the funeral passed along the husband would every now and then call out—"not too near the hedge, neighbors—not too near the hedge!"  
PAYABLE AT SIGHT.—"Bob, have you seen Mr. Brown lately?"  
"No, Jim, I haven't—why?"  
"Why, I have a note of his, and being short of funds, should like to find him."  
"The note is good, is not it?"  
"O! yes; good as gold, I suppose, but there's a difficulty nevertheless.—It reads "at sight" I promise to pay." &c. "Now I don't say anything against the note, but blow me if I have had a sight at him since he gave it to me; and probably won't have again as long as I live."

The Factory Girl.  
I have seen myself, on the third floor of a wooden factory at Tariffville, in Connecticut, the daughter—the orphan daughter, of an Episcopal clergyman—the own niece of the oldest Episcopal Bishop of the United States, the late Bishop Griswold of Massachusetts, so engaged; and the fair Gertrude—and fair she was—her brow as Parian marble—her eye dark and bright, and full like the gazelle's and  
"The maid beamed forth a countenance  
Radiant with pure light ethereal."  
She felt none the less good, or virtuous, or respectable, that with the labor of her hands she assisted to give support to a widowed mother in declining health, and two or three young orphan sisters. She was thus at work when I saw her on what was the old mill-seat for her grandfather, who had owned the country for a circuit of two miles round. I may mention here, as exposing that silly argument of the poor against the rich—that I have heard my father say, that when a boy he took a grist to the same old mill, that Mr. afterwards Bishop Griswold, was moving in an adjoining field; he hung his scythe upon an apple-tree, took the grist off his horse's ground, put the bags on, and started him home. My father subsequently studied Greek and Latin, with Mr. Griswold, and came to the bar, while the miller became a Bishop, and deceased but a few months since, with the reputation of being one of the most learned and respectable divines in the Episcopal Church.—C. P. Holcomb.  
True Female Nobility.  
The woman, poor and ill clad as she may be, who balances her income expenditure—who toils and sweats in unreproving mood among her well trained children, and presents them, morning and evening, as an offering of love to her husband in rosy health and cheerfulness, is the most exalted of her sex. Before her shall the proudest dame bow her jewelled head, and the bliss of a happy heart dwell with her forever. If there is one prospect dearer than another to the soul of man—if there is one act more likely to bend the proud and inspire the broken hearted—it is for a smiling wife to meet her husband at the door with his host of happy children. How it stirs up the tired blood of an exhausted man when he hears a rush of many feet upon the stair case—when the crows and the carol of their young voices mix in glad confusion—and the smallest mounts and sinks into his arms amidst a mirthful shout. It was a halo from every countenance that beamed around the group. There was a joy and a blessing there.  
REVERSING A CUSTOM.—Hitherto, the son has generally succeeded the father in his positions and possessions. The late election for Governor of Ohio, furnishes an instance reversing this very natural and proper arrangement. The Hon. Th. W. Bartley, is now Governor of Ohio. His father, Mor. decai Bartley, has been lectured by the Whigs, and will soon succeed his son in the gubernatorial chair of Ohio. These are truly days of strange events.  
EARLY MARRIAGE.—Tacitus says, "Early marriage makes us immortal. It is the soul and chief prop of the empire. That man who resolves to live without a wife, and that woman, who resolves to live without man, are enemies to the community in which they dwell—injurious to themselves, destructive to the whole world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven and earth!"  
REMEMBER THE WHEEL.—Let our rich men remember that their own offspring may sometimes be poor. History tells of an ancient conquerer, who having harnessed several kings to his triumphant chariot, noticed one of them frequently looking back, and watching the wheel. The conquerer asked him why he did so. I was thinking, said he, how quick the top of that wheel would come down into the dust, and the part now down, would be on the top. The conquerer unharnessed him. Rich men! remember the wheel.  
GOT ME DAR.—"Look heah, Jake, how you get dat hole in de sleeve of your new coat?"  
"Hole—whar? war? I doesn't see no hole in de sleeve."  
"You doesn't see it praps, but y' got one—big one too—big enow to put your arm throo."  
"Yah—yah—ah! I mu' 't fess you got me dar, miggah."