

Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 1, 1845.

NO. 40.

To My Wife.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROBERTSON.

Check is pale with many cares,
The brow is overcast;
The fair face a shadow wears
The bells of sorrows past;
The bath thy tongue for me;
The dark so'er my lot may be
For comfort, love, to thee,
My beautiful, my wife!

Gentle eyes are not so bright
When I wooed thee first;
They have the same sweet light
Which long my heart hath nursed;
They have the same enchanting beam
Which charm'd me in love's early dream,
Still with joy on me they stream,
My beautiful, my wife!

But all without looks dark and cold,
And voices change their tone,
I regret me as they did of old,
I am not lone;
Thou, my love, art eye the same,
Thou looks and deeds thy faith proclaim;
I wish all should scorn thou wouldst not
My beautiful, my wife!

How comes across my heart
And overclouds my fate
When I think thou may'st depart
And leave me desolate;
The wretch who treats alone
The gloomy path in wilds unknown,
Should I be if thou wert gone,
My beautiful, my wife!

Who wert dead the flowers might spring,
But I should heed them not.
The merry birds might soar and sing,
They could not cheer my lot.
The dark despair would rise
And spread a pall o'er earth and skies
None no more thy loving eyes,
My beautiful, my wife!

Whose dear eyes have shone through tears,
But never looked unkind,
Whose shattered hopes and troubled years
Still closer seem to bind
By pure and trusting heart to mine,
For thyself didst at thou repine,
For all thy husband's grief was thine,
My beautiful, my wife!

When at the eventide, I see
My children throng around,
And know the love of them and thee,
My spirit still is bound
To earth, despite of every care:
I feel my soul can do and dare
As long as thou my lot dost share,
My beautiful, my wife!

The Angel's Visits.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

The earth was at rest, and the evening air
Seem'd like breath of the evening sleeping;
The stars stole forth like fancies fair,
That come in the light of the mother's prayer,
When love is her vigils keeping.

The mother felt in her trembling breast,
That the Angel's presence was o'er her,
As she shook with a nameless fear distressed,
As though a reed by the dews oppress'd,
To guard the dear babe before her.

The clouds gathered dark as the funeral pall,
The midnight winds were sighing,
The mother's tears like the rain-drops fall,
And she heard the soft tone of the Angel's call,
And she knows that her babe is dying.

The sun is bright in the morning sky,
As when its first smile was given;
The Angel soars to his home on high,
His faith reveals to the mother's eye
That he bears her sweet child to Heaven.

Melody.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

Upon bright stars which gem the night
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits re-unite
Whom Death has torn asunder here:
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar!
My soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star!

How dark, how drear, how lone
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
Wandering through each radiant zone,
We failed to find the loved of this?
Where no more the ties shall twine,
Which Death's cold hand alone can sever,
Then those stars in mockery shine
More hateful, as they shine for ever!

Cannot be—each hope and fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now!
There is a voice which Sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs Life's galling chain;
The Heaven that whispers "dry thy tears—
The pure in heart shall meet again."

A Shark Story.

BY THE LATE WM. P. HAWES, ESQ.

We copy from the New York Spirit of the Times, the following really good "fish story."

"Well, gentlemen, I'll go ahead, if you say so. Here's the story. It is true, upon my honor, from beginning to end—every word of it, I once crossed over to Faulkner's Island, to fish for *tautangs*, as the north-side people call black fish, on the reefs hard by in the Long Island Sound. Tim Titus, (who died of the dropsy down at Shinnecock's point, last spring,) lived there then. Tim was a right good fellow, only he drank rather too much.

"It was during the latter part of July; the sharks and dog-fish had begun to spoil sport. When Tim told me about the sharks, I resolved to go prepared to entertain these aquatic savages with all becoming attention and regard, if there should chance to be any interloping about our fishing ground. So we rigged a set of extra large hooks, and shipped some rope-yarn and steel-chain, an axe, a couple of clubs, and an old harpoon, in addition to our ordinary equipments, and off we started. We threw out our anchor at half ebb tide, and took some thumping large fish: two of them weighed thirteen pounds—so you may judge. The reef where we lay was about a half mile from the island, and perhaps a mile from the Connecticut shore. We floated there very quietly, throwing out and hauling in, until the breaking of my line, with a sudden and severe jerk, informed me that the sea attorneys were in waiting, down stairs; and we accordingly prepared to give them a retainer. A salt pork cloak upon one of our magnum hooks, forthwith engaged one of the gentlemen in our service. We got him alongside, and by dint of piercing, and thrusting, and banging, we accomplished a most merry and exciting murder. We had business enough of the kind to keep us employed until near low water. By this time, the sharks had all cleared out, and the black fish were biting again; the rock began to make its appearance above the water; and in a little while its hard bald head was entirely dry. Tim now proposed to set me out upon the rock, while he rowed ashore to get the jug, which, strange to say, we had left at the house. I assented to this proposition—first, because I began to feel the effects of the sun upon my tongue, and needed something to take, by the way of medicine; and secondly, because the rock was a favorite spot for a rod and reel, and famous for luck: so I took my traps and a box of bait, and jumped upon my new station. Tim made for the island.

"Not many men would willingly have been left upon a little barren reef, that was covered by every flow of the tide, in the midst of a waste of waters, at such a distance from the shore, even with an assurance from a companion more to be depended upon than mine to return immediately and be by to take him off. But, some how or other, the excitement of my sport was so high, and the romance of the situation was so delightful, that I thought of nothing else but the prospect of my fun, and the contemplation of the novelty and beauty of the scene. It was a mild, pleasant afternoon, harvest-time. The sky was clear and pure. The deep blue sound, heaving all around me, was studded with craft of all descriptions and dimensions, from the dipping sail-boat to the rolling merchantman, sinking and rising like sea-birds sporting with their white wings in the surge. The grain and grass on the neighboring farms were gold and green; and gracefully they bent obedience to a gently-breathing southwester. Farther off, the high upland, and the distant coast, gave a dim relief to the prominent features of the landscape, and seemed the rich but dusky frame of a brilliant fairy picture. Then, how still it was! not a sound could be heard, except the occasional rustling of my own motion, and the water beating against the sides, or gurgling in the fissures of the rock, or except now and then the cry of a solitary saucy gull, who would come out of his way in the firmament, to see what I was doing without a boat, all alone, in the middle of the sound; and who would hover, and cry, and chatter, and make two or three circling swoops and dashes at me, and then, after having satisfied his curiosity, glide away in search of some other food to scream at, rock, and gave myself up to the luxury

"I soon became half indolent, and quite indifferent about fishing; so I stretched myself at full length upon the

of looking and thinking. The divine exercise soon put me fast asleep. I dreamed away a couple of hours, and longer might have dreamed, but for a tired fish-hawk, who chose to make my head his resting-place, and who waked and started me to my feet.

"Where is Tim Titus?" I muttered to myself, as I strained my eyes over the now darkened water. But none was near me to answer that interesting question, and nothing was to be seen of either Tim or his boat. "He should have been here long ere this," thought I, "and he promised faithfully not to stay long—could he have forgotten? or has he paid too much devotion to the jug?"

"I began to feel uneasy, for the tide was rising fast, and soon would cover the top of the rock, and high water mark was at least a foot above my head. I buttoned up my coat, for either the coming coolness of the evening, or else my growing apprehensions, had set me trembling and chattering most painfully. I braced my nerves, and set my teeth, and tried to hum "Begone dull care," keeping time with my fists upon my thighs. But what music! what melancholy merriment! I started and shuddered at the doleful sound of my own voice. I am not naturally a coward; but I should like to know the man who would not in such a situation be alarmed. It is a cruel death to die, to be merely drowned, and to go through the ordinary common places of suffocation; but to see your death gradually rising to your eyes, to feel the water rising, inch by inch, upon your shivering sides, and to anticipate the certain coming, choking struggle for your last breath, when, with the gurgling sound of an overflowing brook taking a new direction, the cold brine pours into mouth, ears, and nostrils, usurping the seat and avenues of health and life, and with gradual flow, stifling, smothering, suffocating—it were better to die a thousand common deaths.

"This is one of the instances, in which, it must be admitted, salt water is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. However, the rock was not yet covered, and hope, blessed hope, stuck faithfully by me. To beguile, if possible, the weary time, I put on a bait, and threw out for fish. I was sooner successful than I could have wished to be, for hardly had my line struck the water, before the hook was swallowed, and my rod was bent with the dead hard pull of a twelve feet shark. I let him run about fifty yards, and then reeled up. He appeared not at all alarmed, and I could scarcely feel him pull upon my fine hair line. He followed the pull gently and unresistingly, came to the rock, laid his nose upon its side, and looked up into my face, not as if utterly unconcerned, but with a sort of quizzical impudence, as though he perfectly understood the precarious nature of my situation. The conduct of my captive renewed and increased my alarm. And well it might; for a tide was now running over a corner of a rock behind me, and a small stream rushed through a cleft, or fissure, by my side, and formed a puddle at my very feet. I broke my hook out of the monster's mouth, and leaned upon my rod for support.

"Of no long duration, however, was this fishy tourney. It seemed soon to be discovered that the prize contended for contained nothing edible but cheese and crackers, and no flesh; and as its mutilated fragments rose to the surface, the waves subsided into their former smooth condition. Not till then did I experience the real terrors of my situation. As I looked around me to see what had become of the robbers, I counted one, two, three—yes, up to twelve successively, of the largest sharks I ever saw, floating in a circle around me, like divergent rays, all mathematically equidistant from the rock, and from each other; each perfectly motionless, and with his glowing, fiery eye, fixed full and fierce upon me. Basilisks and rattle-snakes, how the fire of their steady eyes entered into my heart! I was the centre of a circle, whose radii were sharks!

"I was the unsprung, or rather the unchewed game, at which a pack of hunting sea-dogs were making a dead point!

"There was one fellow that kept within the circumference of the circle. He seemed to be a sort of captain or leader of the band; or, rather, he acted as the coroner for the other twelve of the inquisition, that were summoned to sit and eat up my body. He glided round and about, and every now and then would stop, and touch his nose against some of his comrades, and seemed to consult, or to give instructions as to the time and mode of operation.

"The water had not got above my ankles, when to my inexpressible joy, I saw a sloop bending down towards me, with the evident intention of picking me up. No man can imagine what were the sensations of gratitude which filled my bosom at that moment.

"When she got within a hundred yards of the reef, I sung out to the man at the helm to luff up, and lie by, and lower the boat; but to my amazement, I could get no reply, nor notice of my request. I entreated them, for the love of heaven, to take me off; and I promised I know not what rewards, that were entirely beyond my power of bestowal. But the brutal wretch of a captain, muttering something to the effect of "that he hadn't time to stop," and giving me the kind and sensible advice to pull off my coat and swim ashore, put the helm hard down, and away bore the sloop on the other tack.

"Heartless villain!" I shrieked out, in the torture of my disappointment, may God reward your inhumanity. The crew answered my prayer with a coarse, loud laugh; and the cook asked me through a speaking trumpet, "if I wasn't afraid of catching cold,"—the black rascal!

"It now was time to strip; for my knees felt the cool tide, and the wind dying away, left a heavy swell, that swayed and shook the box upon which I was mounted, so that I had occasionally to stoop, and paddle with my hands against the water, in order to preserve my perpendicular. The setting sun sent his almost horizontal streams of fire across the dark waters, making them gloomy and terrific by the contrast of his amber and purple glories.

"Something glided by me in the water, and then made a sudden halt. I looked upon the black mass, and as my eyes ran along its dark outline, I saw, with horror, that it was a shark—the identical monster out of whose mouth I had just broken my hook. He was fishing now for me, and was evidently only waiting for the tides to rise high enough above the rock, to glut at once his hunger and revenge. As the water continued to mount above my knees, he seemed to grow more hungry and familiar. At last he made a desperate dash, and approached within an inch of my legs, turned upon his back, and opened his huge jaws for an attack. With desperate strength, I thrust the end of my rod violently at his mouth; and the brass head, ringing against his teeth, threw him back into the deep current, and I lost sight of him entirely. This, however, was but a momentary repulse; for in the next minute he was close behind my back, and pulling at the skirts of my fustian coat, which hung dipping into the water. I leaped forward hastily, and endeavored to extricate myself from the dangerous grasp; but the monster's teeth were too firmly set, and his immense strength nearly drew me over. So down fell my rod, and off went my jacket, devoted peace offerings to my voracious visitor.

"In an instant the waves all round me were lashed into froth and foam. No sooner was my poor old sporting friend drawn under the surface, than I was fought for by at least a dozen enormous combatants! The battle raged upon every side. High black fins rushed now here, now there, and long, strong tails scattered sleet and froth, and the brine was thrown up in jets, and eddied, and curled, and fell, and swelled, like a whirlpool in Hell-gate.

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Occasionally, he would scull himself towards me, and examine the condition of my flesh, and then again glide back, and rejoin the troupe, and flap his tail, and have another confabulation. The old rascal had, no doubt, been out in the highways and byways, and collected this company of his friends and kin-fish, and invited them to supper.—I must confess that, horribly as I felt, I could not help but think of a tea party of demure old maids, sitting in a solemn circle, with their skinny hands in their laps, licking their expecting lips, while hostess bustles about in the important functions of her preparations. With what an eye have I seen such apparitions of humanity survey the location and adjustment of some especial condiment, which is about to be submitted to criticism and consumption.

"My sensations began to be now most exquisite indeed; but I will not attempt to describe them. I was neither hot nor cold, frightened nor composed; but I had a combination of all kinds of feelings and emotions. The present, past, future, heaven, earth, my father and mother, a little girl I knew once, and the sharks, were all confusedly mixed together, and swelled my crazed brain almost to bursting. I cried, and laughed, and shouted and screamed for Tim Titus. In a fit of most wise madness, I opened my broad-bladed fishing knife, and waved it around my head with an air of defiance. As the tide continued to rise, my extravagance of madness mounted. At one time, I became persuaded that my side waiters were reasonable beings, who might be talked into mercy and humanity, if a body could only lit upon the right text. So I bowed, gesticulated, threw out my hands, and talked to them as friends and brothers, members of my family, cousins, uncles, aunts, people waiting to have their bills paid. I scolded them as my servants; I abused them as duns; I implored them as jurymen, sitting on the question of my life; I congratulated and flattered them as my comrades, upon some glorious enterprise; I sang and ranted to them now as actor in a play-house, and now as an elder in a camp-meeting; in one moment roaring—

"On the cold and flinty rock I will lay down my head—
and in the next singing out to my attentive hearers for singing, a hymn of Dr. Watts so admirably appropriate to the occasion:

"On slippery rocks I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below."

"What said I?—what did I not say? Prose and poetry, scripture and drama, romance and ratiocination—out it came. "Quandiu, Catilina, nostra patientia abutere?"—I sung out to the old captain, to begin with—"My brave associates; partners of my toil"—so ran the strain. "On which side soever I turn my eyes"—"Gentlemen of the jury"—"I come not here to steal away your hearts"—"You are not wood, you are not stones; but"—"Hoh!—Begin ye tormentors, your tortures are vain"—"Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to any sudden flood"—"the angry flood that lashed her groaning sides"—"Ladies and gentlemen"—"my very noble and approved good masters"—"avaunt! and quit my sight; let the earth hide ye"—"lightly on his head, O earth!"—"O heaven and earth, that it should come to this!"—"the torrent roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews, stemming it aside, and oaring it with hearts of controversy"—"Give me some drink, Titania"—"Drink, boys, drink, and drown dull sorrow"—"for liquor it doth roll such comfort to the soul"—"Romans, countrymen and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent that ye may hear"—"Fellow-citizens, assembled as ye are upon this interesting occasion, impressed with the truth and beauty"—"The quality of mercy is not strained"—"Maga veritas et prevalabit"—"Truth is potent, and"—"most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors!"

"Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded!"

"Ha! ha! ha!—and I broke out in a most horrible laughter, as I thought of the mince-meat particles of my lacerated jacket.

"In the mean time, the water had got well up towards my shoulder; and while I was shaking and vibrating upon my uncertain foot-hold, I felt the cold nose of the captain of the band snubbing against my side. Desperately and without any definite object, I

struck at one of his eyes, and by some singular fortune, cut it out clean from the socket. The shark darted back and halted. In an instant hope and reason came to my relief; and it occurred to me that if I could only blind the monster, I might yet escape. Accordingly I stood ready for the next attack. The loss of an eye did not seem to effect him much; for, after shaking his head once or twice, he came up to me again; and when he was about half an inch off, turned upon his back. This was the critical moment. With more unaccountable presence of mind, I laid hold of his nose with my left hand, and with my right I scooped out his remaining organ of vision. He opened his big mouth and champed his long teeth at me in despair. But it was all over with him. I raised my right foot and gave him a hard shove, and he glided off into deep water, and wed to the bottom.

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose you'd think it a hard story, but it is none the less a fact, that I served every remaining one of those nineteen sharks in the same fashion. They all came up to me, one by one, regularly and in order; and I scooped their eyes out, and gave them a shove, and they went off into deep water, just like so many lambs.—By the time I had scooped out and blinded a couple of dozen of them, they began to seem so scarce that I thought I would swim for the island, and fight the rest for fun on the way; but just then Tim Titus hung in sight, and it had got to be almost dark, and I concluded to get aboard and rest myself."

"The Work of Philanthropy.
The inhuman, depraving and hurtful system of prison discipline and that which, until recently, was practised in lunatic asylums, is giving way, we are glad to perceive, all over the world.

"Pinel, a benevolent French physician, was the first to treat lunatics with but slight restraint. When he resolved upon the experiment, there were more than three hundred maniacs in the dungeons of Bicetre. Having obtained permission of the commune, and accompanied by the notorious Couthon, Pinel entered upon his work. On reaching the spot, his companion and himself were assailed with yells and vociferations of the most frightful character. Couthon was appalled and retired; but the philanthropic Pinel pursued the object of his mission, and resolving to release fifty of the afflicted inmates, commenced with twelve of the most violent.

"The first man set at liberty was an English captain who had been chained for forty years. His keepers feared him. He had killed one with a blow of his mallets. The kind hearted physician entered his cell unattended, and offered him liberty to walk abroad with only a waistcoat to confine his arms. The madman consented. His chains were removed and the door of his cell left open. Many times he raised himself and fell back; his limbs gave way, for they had been cramped in iron forty years. At length he gained the door, and gazed with many exclamations of delight upon the scene to him so novel. He was no more in bonds, and became contented, cheerful and happy. Within a few days Pinel liberated fifty-three maniacs. The result was beyond his anticipations. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder, and the most ferocious maniacs became tractable. May the day be hastened when this system shall be universally adopted."

Christianity.
Christianity, like a cloud, goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence it is not abashed before princes, nor confounded by the wisdom of synods. Before it the blood-stained warrior sheathes his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow, the midnight murderer turns from his purpose and like the heart-smitten disciples, goes out and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the mourner; freedom to the slave, repentance and forgiveness to the dying. It also enters the hut of the poor man, and sits down with them and their children, it makes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks through great cities amid all their pomp and splendor, their imaginable pride and their unutterable misery, a purifying, ennobling, correcting, and redeeming angel. It is alike the beautiful companion of childhood and the comfortable associate of age. It ennobles the noble, gives wisdom to the wise and new grace to the lowly. The patriot, the poet and the eloquent man, all derive their sublime power from its influence.—
Mary Howitt.