

# Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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## Meeting in Age a Friend of Youth.

BY S. D. FOSTER.

Years have passed since we have met,  
And things are altered now;  
The sunny hours in gloom have set,  
And sorrow clouds my brow:  
Now intrude where flowers once grew,  
And visions bright, are o'er;  
And its dreams when life was new  
I dream no more.

Time hath changed—the joyous glow  
Of youth and health hath fled;  
The pulse beats faint and low—  
Alas, not long, the dead:  
I'd to see hope's dreams depart,  
And does the light at even;  
Hope alone now cheers my heart—  
The sweet hope of Heaven.

Parted in our youth and prime,  
When all was bright and fair—  
Each were then untouched by time—  
Our eyes undimmed by care:  
Hearts swelled high with hope and bliss;  
The future then was bright;  
Changeless ray of happiness,  
Unclouded by sorrow's blight.

Now have we toiled for wealth and fame,  
Mid care and pain and strife;  
Alas! we find an empty name  
Our highest aim in life—  
Now—when age hath cooled the fire  
That burned in youth so bright—  
Nobler joys our hearts aspire,  
When dwells eternal light.

Alas! when I look upon thy face,  
So wan and wrinkled o'er;  
A single mark I scarce can trace,  
Of what thou wast before:  
The light hath faded from thine eyes—  
The beauty from thy brow:  
The youthful smile is now a sigh—  
Of thou art altered now!

Still old friend, 'tis not for nought  
We tread life's stormy way;  
With this price a home is bought,  
In realms of endless day;  
From grief's every pain and care—  
From grief's stern chastening rod;  
In a heaven of bliss shall share,  
The bounties of our God.

[From the Weekly Mirror.]  
Lines by Lord Byron.

SAID TO BE EXPRESSED.

It is a mystic thread of life,  
So clearly wreathed with mine alone,  
That destiny's relentless knife  
It once must sever both or none!

It is a form on which my eyes  
Have often gazed with fond delight;  
That form my joy supplies,  
And dreams restore it through the night!

It is a voice whose tones inspire  
Such thrills of rapture through my breast,  
That I would not hear a seraph choir,  
Unless that voice could join the rest.

It is a race whose bipeds tell  
Affections tale upon the cheek,  
That pallid at one fond farewell,  
Proclaims more love than words can speak!

It is a bosom—ALL MY OWN—  
To pillow oft my weary head;  
That which smiles on me alone,  
An eye whose tears with mine are shed!

It is a pair of hearts, whose movements thrill  
In unison, so close and sweet,  
That pulse to pulse responsive still,  
They both must heave or cease to beat!

It is two souls, whose equal flow  
Gentle streams so calmly run,  
That when they part—they part! O! no;  
They cannot part—those souls are one!

## A Mother's "Gentle Eye."

The first dear thing I ever loved,  
Was a mother's gentle eye,  
That smiled as I woke on the dreamy couch  
That cradled my infancy.  
Never forget the joyous thrill  
That smile in my spirit stirred;  
For how it could charm me against my will  
Till I laughed like a joyous bird.

## Mary.

Is thy name MARY? lady fair:  
Such should, methinks, its music be:  
The sweetest name that mortals bear,  
Were best befitting thee:  
For she to whom it once was given,  
Was half of earth and half of Heaven.

## A Beauty.

Her hair is as dark as the stormy cloud,  
Her eyes are as blue as the distant hill;  
Her cheek is as white as the snow on the hill,  
Her lips are as red as the blackberry still.

## An Adventure in the Last War.

One day during the last war, opposite Portsmouth Harbor and about three miles from the shore, lay a black frigate at anchor, and the continual motion on its decks as seen with the aid of a glass from the land, betokened that some event of unusual interest was soon to occur. Although it showed no colors, it required an eye of but little experience in naval matters to decide that it was English. What could be its object, was a mystery. Its wooden walls effectually concealed from many who watched it anxiously from the shore, and when during the day it was joined by another vessel of the same class, and a heavy man-of-war, not a little excitement was created among those who lived near the water.

Towards Portsmouth the enemy had often cast longing glances. It was the key to New Hampshire and the western port of Maine, and possessing one of the finest harbors in the world, where a navy, without losing a spar, might ride out a tempest, it held in their eyes a place of no mean importance.

But the iron teeth that grinned on the forts at the mouth of the Piscataqua had hitherto been an effectual check upon their courage. Besides, several thousand well trained soldiers had collected there, in anticipation of an attack, and whole companies of volunteers were daily arriving from northern parts of the State, and even from the Green Mountains, panting with a desire for the conflict. Portsmouth was under martial law. Its rope walks, school houses and churches were crowded with the bone and muscle of New England, all determined to defend the place to the last extremity. The shore was walked for miles night and day, by a corps of sentinels, and every precaution taken to guard against surprise.

A notice of the approach of the war ships soon reached the town. The tall flag staff that had been placed near the mouth of the river, and was watched from the steeples, was seen to have been inclined towards the sea, which was the signal of danger agreed upon. And when the sun went down not knowing how eminent it might be, the excitement that filled the place was tremendous. There was mounting in hot haste, and couriers dashed through the streets like the winds. Every cart and carriage was busy in removing the women and valuables to a station of security, and the soldiers busied their arms and renewed the charges in their pieces, and were ready at the tap of the drum or the blast of the bugle, to spring to their defence.

The night gathered dark and chilly. The heavens looked watery and filled with clouds of mist. A double watch was set upon the outposts, and the soldiers lay down to dream of their home or battling for its safety.

No sooner had the darkness settled on the sea than boats just observable through the twilight, were seen passing through the enemy's vessels, and evidently bearing orders from one to the other maturing their plans. Through the opened port-holes lights could be seen flying in all directions, and there were none who saw these movements who did not feel the fate of Portsmouth would be decided before morning. All along the coast and every eminence commanding a view of the vessels were collected little companies of speculative watchers. On a little hillock, a few rods from the shore, on the east side of the river, were gathered ten or twelve men, noting every motion that was visible, and listening to every sound that came from the waters.

"Is it not possible to know what is the object of these water coffins?" said an old gentleman, while he strained his eyes as the darkness grew deeper.

"It might be done," said a young man whose face had been bronzed by a familiarity with all weathers, "it is nearly dark enough. Come, Bill, what say you? there won't be so much light as comes from a cat's eye in an hour; shall we take a boat there and slip alongside?" Bill, as a stout fellow of thirty was called, could not permit that a man younger than himself should propose a deed he would shrink from executing, and immediately signified his willingness to join in the almost reckless enterprise.

The night was cloudy, the darkness had settled thick and heavy, the waves looked like a black, undulating pall, and as though to increase the awfulness of their condition, the British had extinguished their lights, soon after the adventurers had launched their boat, and not an object could be traced in the al-

most palpable blackness, the boat's length distance. They rowed in silence for some time, and had gone two-thirds of the distance before either spoke; "are you sure this is the right course, Ned?" at length said Bill, as they rested on their oars.

"Hush, speak lower. No, I am not certain, but we cannot be far from them. If but one star would look out it would be better than this eternal gloom. I cannot even see the lights on shore, through this fog. What a murky night we are out in! Gloomy as a graveyard." "Hang the British, I had rather met a legion of them by daylight," whispered Bill, moodily. "But hark! there they lay, dead ahead, and getting ready to make a port too," he continued, as he heard the low grating of a cable, as it was slowly and cautiously drawn up.

Lightly as the swallow's wing the oars dipped into the brine, silently as the fin of a shark, the boat cut the water, and directed by the sound, ere the anchor swung at the bow, they glided unseen under the very stern of the large vessel. Here they held fast for several minutes, in breathless anxiety to catch some word which should reveal the desired secret. But the humming of voices out of which nothing distinct could be gathered, was mingled with the winds, sighing through the rigging, and the dashing of the waves against the huge fabric.

With their patience nearly worn out, Ned at length whispered, "Bill, if you can keep your hold I will go aboard and get a full report of these villains' business." The latter was about to reply when they heard hurried motions on the deck, a large boat was let down, and a dozen men, all of whom, by the faint light of a lantern, they discovered to be armed, pushed off towards the shore that lies south of the Piscataqua. Scarcely had they gone, when Ned, with the assistance of a rope that dragged into the water climbed to the deck. The watch was grouped beside a gun carriage, and Ned, as confidently as though he had been one of the crew walked by, and reaching the hatchway, descended the lower deck. Here he found himself among several hundred men, a part of whom were in their hammocks, but others, although it was as dark as a dungeon, appeared to be arranging their clothes and preparing for some desperate enterprise.

Almost lost in confusion, he stood motionless at the bottom of the steps, but he had been there but a moment, when hearing some one approaching, he stepped aside hastily, and not knowing where he might be, held out his hands to grope the way. As chance would have it, he went directly towards the head of a sailor who was trying to catch an hour's sleep before his night's work should commence. Ned quickening his pace as the step came nearer, suddenly plunged his fingers into the locks of the sleeper, and with such force that his head received no inconsiderable wrench. The old tar leaped to his feet in a twinkling, and Ned darted like a chicken chased by a hawk, leaving the angry sailor daring the whole ship's company to try to take his scalp off.

He soon learned that it was the intention to make an attempt to effect an entrance of the harbor that night, and the boat he had seen leave the ship, was gone to examine the chains which had been thrown across the main channel, and if possible, saw them. This was all he could learn. It was enough, and he felt there was urgent necessity of giving instant warning of the danger. But when he reached the hatchway, he found the passage entirely closed by the two old veterans, half intoxicated, and who had settled themselves to have a quiet time in lauding Old England and cursing the Yankees. Ned stood by, entirely invisible, but necessarily hearing every word. It was nearly an hour that he stood waiting for them to rise, and listening to their outbreaks of passion concerning the Americans.

"Their men are no bolder than our women, and their guns are no better than tin horns," said one, gruffly. "No, Jack," said the other, "and do you know that once on a time, about twenty of our gals on the coast of Cornwall, dressed like sailors, put off in a gun boat, and took a Yankee seventy-four with no other arms than old swords?" Ned, boiling with rage, could not hear such slander, and regardless of the consequences roared out, "that's a d—d lie, you old dog!" Both sailors shook as though the magazine had exploded, plunged toward him, and awakened to a sense of his situation by his own voice, Ned sprang out of their reach, and as soon as the

uproar had in some degree subsided, made his way on deck. But here an unexpected event occurred. The boat which had left just before he came on board had just returned, and the crew when he stepped on deck were in the act of lifting up a prisoner. Determined, if possible, to know who he might be, he elbowed his way with admirable coolness and succeeded in taking the arm of the prisoner. While notice of their success was passed below, Ned found an opportunity to whisper a word of encouragement in the poor fellow's ear, and when the order was given that he should be conducted to the cabin, Ned stole aft and dropped into the boat.

The prisoner found the cabin furnished in an elegant and even sumptuous style. Sofas, book cases and tables of the costliest wood, rested on a carpet that trod like velvet. Mirrors of enormous dimensions, reflected the occupants at full length, on every side. A lamp hung above a rack that looked like a dazzling pyramid, so rich were the polished silver blades and jewelled hilts, the silver scabbards, the varnished pistols, the steel sabres and the guns, touched with the brightest finish that skill could give them. Flower vases, filled with beautiful exotics were fastened to a stand, diffusing an agreeable odor through the cabin.—An old man with snow white hair and thoughtful brow, sat in an antique chair of carved oak, and fashioned after such a luxurious pattern that one might have loured his life out in it and never grow weary. A girl, the daughter of the old man, with such a sweet countenance as can belong only to a pure mind, and with lips as tempting as her own rose-buds, was reading when he entered. The prisoner was brought before the hard-featured veteran, and the officers arranged themselves about, at respectful distance.

"Young man," said the old commander, with a severe frown and penetrating look, "remember it is the truth of what you shall say, on which your life depends; any attempt at deception, in my presence, will cause you to be hung immediately at the yard-arm.—Who are you?"

"A soldier in the American Army."  
"And what duty were you performing on the?"

"That of sentinel to watch for the approach of the murdering British."

"Bridle your insolence, young man; you did not perform your duty so well that you can boast of your occupation,"

"Ask your servant which was the hardest, his head or my gun stock. I could not dissolve the night, but I swept away the cobwebs that clouded the stars before his eyes."

"Sir," said the veteran, in a voice hoarse with anger, which he strove to conceal, "what is the force assembled this night in Portsmouth? Recollect that I shall know before morning, and if you deceive me you shall die at day break."

"This morning it was proclaimed that it numbered thirty thousand, and they have five hundred cannon in town, ready to blow your old hulks out of the water, like cockle shells, if you are so fortunate as to float, after the forts have the sifting of you."

The old commander clenched his fist, his face grew white as his cravat, and he would have ordered the fearless soldier to instant punishment for his bold reply, had not his daughter, who had stolen to his side, pressed his arm and breaking into tears, whispered mercy. An angel's tears will melt iron, or at all events, an iron soul, and his countenance lost its sternness as he gently put her aside, and directed that the soldier should be secured and guarded on the deck for the night.

As he left the cabin, the girl unseen by her father threw her arms about the soldier's shoulders, and he, touched by such unlooked for kindness, murmured a fervent blessing on her young heart.

The night grew darker as the minutes glided by. The mist was so dense that it was impossible to distinguish even the outline of an object six feet distant; and it seemed that the clouds rested on the waves and enveloped the ship. The hands and feet of the prisoner were then ironed, and he was lashed by a rope to a gun carriage. The watch that was set over him walked the length of the deck momentarily passing and re-passing, thus rendering escape by his united efforts impossible. Ned having again climbed on board had observed them fasten the prisoner and waited a fit time, to spring and rescue him; and it was when the sentinel passed him to go to the bow, that he glided to the prisoner—with a thrust with a

knife he severed the cords that bound him to the gun, and lifting him in his arms as though he were an infant, hastened to the stern and swung into the boat. As for life they plied their oars, but they had scarcely left the ship, when they heard the alarm upon the decks. Calls for lights and shouts that the prisoner had escaped, followed.—Lanterns flew through the ship, and all was confusion. The bold fellows in the boat saw all, and felt in that deep darkness, that it was impossible for the British to overtake them; and although within a pistol shot they were unable to retain their joy, but with that fearlessness that characterizes American soldiers, rested on their oars and gave three hearty cheers. Scarcely had the last hurrah left their lips, than a stream of fire shot out from the ship, and the deep boom of the cannon awakened them to their folly. Though fired at random, they heard the balls whistle by very near them. The boatswain's shrill call to quarters rose on the night, and the sailors expecting an attack every moment, rushed to defend the decks.

Our heroes reached the shore safely, and the sentinel released of his shackles, was ready to resume his arms and his duty. The night passed heavily and in suspense, and the sun from its bed looking cold as an icicle. The sea was blue but calm, and every ship was gone, and not a speck dotted it from the shore to the horizon. The British have given over all attempts on Portsmouth, but whether restrained by the crafty story of the Sentinel, or the valiant cheering of the men in the boat will perhaps ever be a point in dispute.

## Youth and Love.

Young, loving, and beloved—How much of happiness may be summed up in a few brief words! All great nonsense, I grant; and at this conviction most lovers arrive in a very few months. But if it would sometimes save much sorrow, it would also destroy great enjoyment, could we think at the time as we do afterwards. Yet there is a period in the lives of most, when the heart opens its leaves, like a flower, to all the gentle influences;—when one beloved step is swept in its fall beyond all music, and the light of one beloved face is dear as that of Heaven—when the thoughts are turned to poetry, and a fairy charm is thrown over life's most ordinary occurrences; Hope, that gentlest astrologer, foretelling a future she herself has created; when the present is colored by glad yet softened spirit, buoyant, though too tender for mirth. Who shall say that is a selfish feeling which looks in another's eyes to read its own happiness, and holds another's welfare more precious than its own? What path in after time will ever be so pleasant as that one walk which delayed on its way yet ended so soon?—What discourse of the wise, the witty, the eloquent, will ever have the fascination of a few simple, even infantile words—of the still but delicious silence which they broke? Why does love affect childish expressions of endearment, but because it has all the truth and earnestness of childhood?—And the simplicity of its language seems the proof of its sincerity. Or is it that, being unworldly itself, it delights to retreat upon those unworldly days?—Go through life, and see if the quiet light of the stars, the passionate song of the poet, the haunted beauty of flowers, will ever again come home to the heart as they did in that early and only time.

## Contentment.

If people would only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be.—If we would come down a peg or two now and then in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness might be within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds to, or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, and envying of those who possess that more, and with the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin. Reflect on these things, and be cautious in prosperity, and courageous enough to come down a little, should adverse circumstances assail or threaten.

God's SLUMBER.—"The Almighty is resting, or asleep," says the heart of man, when his dim eye can no longer follow his footsteps. Thus did the man once dream that the sun had sunk to sleep in the ocean, when he was walking and moving over a new world.

## Matter and Manner.

There are two classes of preachers whose peculiarities may be marked by these two words. The one class make it the whole aim of their discourse to leave a strong impression of the importance of their subject. With them the matter rules the manner. You feel that they are in earnest; and you are more inclined to think of the truth you have heard, than to criticize the style, voice, and gestures of the speaker.

The other class so write or speak, as to leave the impression that they desire rather to give a specimen of their elegant style and oratorical powers, than to enforce truth. With them the manner rules the matter. Indeed, the only use of the matter seems to be, like that of a dandy's body, to furnish a frame work to show fine clothes on. It is impossible to feel that such men are in earnest. They seem to write and speak, not for the purpose of making you wiser and better, but for the sake of writing and speaking. Nor are preachers of this class very rare.—One may hear many a pretty sermon, so filled with harmonious sentences and beautiful figures, that all tho't of the subject is swallowed up in admiration of its dress; and set off with forced tongues and gestures, as to take away every particle of real earnestness from the preacher's manner. However hard it may be for our fine writers and speakers, to believe it, it is nevertheless certain, that it is quite impossible to mould a harmonious sentence to harmony, to introduce a beautiful figure for the sake of beauty, or to use a particular tone or gesture for the sake of oratorical effect, without betraying the design to nine-tenths of the audience, and so utterly defeating the true purpose of speaking and writing. All such ornaments in style as a supreme desire to enforce the truth does not suggest, and such as do most evidently subserve this end; as well as all tones and gestures which a really earnest spirit does not supply, should be pruned away without mercy. They effect no other end than to increase the speaker's vanity. To be in earnest, and therefore to appear so, is the first qualification of a preacher. Such a man's audience will seldom go away talking of his fine talents, sweet voice, or beautiful style; they will think of the matter and not of the manner, because the preacher himself has done so.

## A Scene at Camberwell Fair.

Following the stream, I entered the crowded avenue. "Best spice nuts, sir," bawled out a stout man, thrusting a cake under my nose. "The real article—try 'em, sir." "Here you are, sir," cried an old woman, interposing her specimen. "The Reading nuts, sir, only a shilling a pound.—" "The original spice nuts, sir," said a soft voice in my ear; while a light hand on my arm invited me to turn. A rosy, smiling girl, with saucy blue eyes, stood balancing a spice nut between as taper a finger and thumb as nature ever tipped with rose. "The original spice nuts, sir," she repeated with a roguish smile. I looked at the cake as she held it at arm's length. A rich, brown, irregular surface, with a glorious piece of lemon-peel extending, like a smile across its tawny face. I hesitated. She passed the tip of her fore-finger from end to end of the fragrant lemon-peel, indicating its abundance. The white finger moved along the lucid yellow, like ivory on amber. I felt the force of the argument and decided in favor of originality. "A pound, sir?" she enquired, diving into the great canister, (what a pretty attitude?) There was a crisp rattling among the cakes half way down in the canister; and she speedily returned to the surface with an abundant catch. The bag was filled, swung around my ears, and delivered, with great despatch. I handed her half a crown in payment. She took the coin and bit it. The action was prudent, but disenchanting. I took my change and passed on.

CHRISTIANITY.—Pure and genuine Christianity never was, nor ever can be, the national religion of any country upon earth. It is a gold too refined to be worked upon in any human institution, without a large portion of alloy; for no sooner is this small grain of mustered seed watered with the fertile showers of civil emoluments, than it grows up into a large and spreading tree, under the shelter of whose branches the birds of prey and plunder will not fail to make for themselves comfortable habitations, and thence deface its beauty and destroy its fruits.