

Bradford Reporter

EVERY WEDNESDAY,

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

[BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.]

VOL. V.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., APRIL 23, 1845.

NO. 45.

[From the New York Mirror.]
FAME.

As a child—had gathered not
The wisdom of a longer life,
And far away had been my lot
From all the stirring scenes of strife.
But oft I heard the noise of war
From other lands and climes afar:
I learned of brave men had won
Who led the strong in battle on,
And sought beside a foe as brave
The glory of a soldier's grave!

As a child when first I learned
To dream of glory and of fame;
And then while my head was turned
To hope and struggle for a name!
I thirsted in my youthful heart
For fame that never would depart;
I begged a name which men might love
To list and learn the story of;
And glory that would never die,
Till perished earth, and sea, and sky!

My dreams were of the battle ground,
I saw the ranks of foemen come;
I heard the bugle's thrilling sound
And the loud thunder of the drum.
I heard the tramp of man and horse,
The onset of contending force;
I saw the warrior fall and die,
And heard the victor's battle cry;
And vowed to be whilst dreaming then,
A hero in the midst of men!

Some years are gone, and I am now
No more the child that I have been,
But in the pathway of the plough,
What I may get of fame I win!
This I have learned, that to my hand,
Is given the labor of the land;
My foot must tread the furrowed ground,
And stand when harvest time comes round;
To me is given the laborer's care,
In autumn, mine the laborer's share.

I seek not now the warrior's fame,
I covet honor with the good,
And not with him whose fearful name
Is written in a foeman's blood!
Let me be known as one whose hand
Hath brought a blessing to his land;
Whose heart is filled with something more
Than longings for the golden ore;
Whose strife hath been not all in vain,
To love man more than gold and gain.

And what is this which I have sought,
With others, that the world calls fame?
Hath it to the needy brought
Food and raiment when it came?
No: those who justly are the pride
Of nations, whose good fame and wide,
Whose deathless words have borne with song
A country's name and fame along,
Though honored as the mighty dead,
Have lived in rags, and wanted bread!

And such is fame, to toil and live
Through hours of hope and years of dread,
Waiting for honor men will give
When we have been for ages dead!
To live unknown and struggle on
Till courage, hope, and life are gone;
And whilst the marble guards our bed,
Sleep with the broken hearted dead!
This is the glory of a name,
All man may reap of earthly fame!

Nor more a child, I have marked out
A pathway in the land of song,
Where I may wrestle with old Doubt—
Power, persecution, and rank wrong.
I have a purpose to o'erthrow
King Custom's laws of long ago;
To shun no peril, fear no strife!
To rush in earnest into life.
And drive the whirlwind and the storm
Whose wings are laden with reform!

The Three Meetings.

They met in passionate embrace,
And young love's warm caress,
And hand in hand was fondly clasped,
And lip to lip was pressed,
And vows of innocence and love
Were softly whispered too,
And sealed with kisses pure as drops
Of freshly fallen dew.

They met in friendship's holiness,
With gentle word and smile,
And eye met eye with meaning glance
Of kindness the while;
And tho' no passion stirred the heart,
The memory of the past
Still o'er their kindred souls a shade
Of tenderness had cast.

They met again—the serpent too,
Her heart at last had wiled,
She passed as tho' she knew him not,
He turned away and smiled!
'Twas the last ripple of the stream,
As the cold ice-king's breath
Stemmed the swift current of its life
And locked it up in death.

The Jew with two Heads.

An Illustration of Life in Constantinople in 1840.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE LONDON JOURNAL.

There lived at Constantinople a poor old tailor, who was an excellent Mussulman, scrupulously performing his five ablutions a day, a good observer of the Ramadhan, and who regularly kept himself, from morning till night, in a narrow stall, which he dignified by the name of shop, and who for more than twenty years had incessantly occupied himself in mending old clothes. His prophet had not even once sent fortune to visit him, nor had an opportunity even been granted him of proving his talent in making a new suit of clothes. With his business, he joined an almost titular one of bell ringer to a mosque, situated near his abode. It is well known, that the residences of Turkish shopkeepers are always separated from their shops, which forms part of a bazaar. One day, while Hussein the tailor was seated in his shop, counting his wooden beads and waiting for customers, he remarked a well-dressed man, who was walking slowly along the bazaar, passing and re-passing before his shop, and who appeared to him as if waiting the moment he could enter without being observed. Hussein was not wrong in his conjectures, notwithstanding the individual appeared to him a personage of too high a rank to need his humble services. Great was then his surprise, when, on entering the stranger demanded if he thought himself capable of making a complete suit of clothes to the pattern of a model which he would give him. At this flattering proposition, the tailor felt himself transported to the third heaven, and as he had a vast opinion of his own abilities, he immediately assured the stranger that he would not regret having addressed himself to him, and he would perform what he demanded as well as the most able tailor of Stamboul.

"It is well," answered the stranger, "but you must come yourself to get the model I have spoken of." "Immediately, if you wish it," "Now, be here when the clock strikes the midnight hour, and I will then come to conduct you, where it is necessary to go." "Your wish shall be obeyed." "That is not all! you must consent to have your eyes bandaged." At this second proposition poor Hussein trembled with fear, but the unknown threw on the counter three pieces of gold, and continued—"Twenty other pieces of gold shall be your recompense when the work is done, and, by Mahomet! you shall have nothing to fear."

The sight of the gold, and the prospect of a considerable sum in addition, produced on the good tailor the same effect it always does on a Turk, and, need we add, as it does too often also on a Christian. "Allah Kerim!" said Hussein between his teeth, and then promised to be exact in waiting for the stranger at the specified time. After this interview the tailor went to see his wife, to whom he recounted his adventure, without concealing from her the conditions which fortune had imposed on him. His wife, who felt much interested at his recital, used all her persuasions in encouraging him in his nocturnal enterprise.

At the promised midnight hour the stranger was at the shop of the tailor, where the latter was anxiously awaiting him. The former then placed a bandage over Hussein's eyes, and giving him his arm to guide him, conducted the tailor along the streets, and for two tedious hours Hussein was unable to form the slightest idea as to where he was leading him.

At length his guide halted, and directed him to kneel; when, removing the bandage, and ordering him to wait a little while, left him by one of four doors which the room he had entered contained. The moment Hussein recovered his sight, he found himself in a splendid saloon. Never could he have imagined a magnificence equal to that which now surrounded him. Immense mirrors encased with golden frames, silks of the most costly nature, displayed themselves to his eyes, while the whole saloon was illuminated by splendid girdles and lustres.

Hussein, kneeling in the midst of this splendor, on a carpet of the richest design, had not yet recovered from his astonishment, when he beheld the door open by which his guide had disappeared, and a man of majestic appearance, in the bloom of youth, entered the room, as equally remarkable for his beauty as for the richness of his dress. This

splendid personage bore a packet enveloped in a cashmere of the most beautiful texture; which partly unfolding, he displayed to the trembling tailor the pattern which the cashmere contained, together with the rich stuffs necessary to make a similar one, saying, that he gave him five days to achieve his work. Unfolding the packet, and throwing it on the ground a few paces from where Hussein remained still kneeling, immovable as a statue, the splendid looking personage left the saloon, and immediately afterwards the guide re-appeared, who immediately replaced the bandage over the eyes of the tailor, forcing under his arm the packet which the latter had not dared to touch, so great was his awe and astonishment. The guide re-conducted the tailor out of the saloon. When they had entered the bazaar, the guide withdrew the bandage from Hussein's eyes, and recommended him to apply himself diligently to the work which had been confided to him. After adding that he would come himself to receive it, and begging him not to mention his good fortune to any one, he left the tailor to his own reflection.

It was autumn—the fourth hour of day had scarcely struck, so that three hours would yet elapse before the rising of the sun. Hussein thought it was too early to install himself in his shop; he therefore directed his way towards his humble abode, where he found his wife anxiously waiting for his return. He recounted to her the extraordinary things he had seen, but scarcely giving him time to conclude his relation, she seized the packet that she might gratify her curiosity in beholding the beautiful stuffs it contained. Seating herself, she first minutely examined the beautiful cashmere. With an exclamation of delight she then unloosed its knots, when a cry of terror broke from her when she threw the packet to the ground. Hussein, at the cry, rushed towards his wife, and by the feeble light of a solitary candle beheld a human head rolling on the floor. His terror equalled if not surpassed that of his wife.

When the terror-stricken pair had partly regained their self-possession, they lost themselves in conjectures on such an extraordinary event. For a long time did they hold counsel together to find out some expedition to prevent their ruin.

"By Ali! we are saved," at length exclaimed the wife. "Only yesterday that upstart of a baker, our neighbor, refused to give me credit, but he shall now pay for it. Give me the tin dish we bake meat in, and let me arrange the matter."

The tailor brought the dish to her, wherein she placed the head, and covering it over went out.

Hussein, alarmed at the events of the morning, awaited his wife's return with anxiety. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed when she re-appeared.

"All goes well," she exclaimed on entering; "make yourself perfectly easy. You may now go to the mosque to ring the bells as usual, so that nobody might suspect anything."

We will now see what has become of the head. The wife of the tailor, well acquainted with the habits of the baker, was aware that every morning, while his oven was heating, to look a stroll out with his dog, while his son did not rise until his father had left the house, so that the shop remained without any one in it for a short time. She therefore seized this moment to place her baking dish among others filled with meat, which the neighbors had left for baking. When the baker returned from his walk, he found his son waiting for him on the steps of the door, without suspecting anything. Suddenly the dog rushed with extraordinary energy against the tailor's dish: the baker surprised, lifted up its cover. Had Satan presented himself to his view, he could not have been more startled; for he beheld two large black eyes staring at him, which struck him speechless.

Astonished at this sudden emotion of his father, and the barking of the dog, the son approached to see what the dish contained, when he was seized with a fright equal to that of his father. Being, however, the first to recover his self-possession, he began to reflect on the best means to be employed of getting rid of this terrible head. Following the example of the tailor's wife, he determined to pass it over to a neighbor. To execute this determination, it was necessary that his father should assist him; and the following was the plan pursued:

At the turning of the street in which the baker resided, there stood a barber's

shop, and it was to him the head was destined. As a pretext, the baker first went to the barber with an invitation to take a walk with him, while the son followed his father a little distance, carrying the head under his mantle, and entered the shop, the moment the barber and his father had left it. On the chair where the barber's customers were wont to seat themselves, he placed a piece of wood of the size of a human body, on which he planted the head, and tied a shaving cloth over the wood which he had enveloped in an old frock. On returning, the barber, casting his eyes on the figure, thought he was a customer awaiting him.

"You are very early," he exclaimed. Finding that no answer was returned, he continued: "Ah! ah! I see now, he is dumb."

With this exclamation, he prepared the necessary articles, and placed himself, *secundum artem*, to commence his shaving operation. At the first touch of the hand, the head lost its equilibrium, and fell rolling to a corner of the shop. Astonished at this, so unexpected an event, the barber, though terrified at the moment, was less so than the tailor. After a short time spent in consideration, he took up the head and commenced to examine it. By a small tuft of hair that grew on its crown, he recognized it as belonging to a Mussulman, which stimulated him to the same desire as that of its preceding possessors—that of promptly getting rid of it. Placing, therefore, the head under his mantle, he bent his way towards an eating house, kept by a Greek, who lived a few doors from him, and where he often went to take his meals.

"Landlord," he exclaimed, on entering, "as this day is not of fasting, prepare me a good piece of roasted mutton and a dish of rice."

After giving this order, the barber strode into the back shop to light his pipe, when seizing an opportunity, he hid the head under a quantity of pieces of meat that were piled on the table, and then left the room. A few moments after, the master, in preparing to arrange the meat for cooking, discovered the head. His astonishment and fear were even greater than the preceding head bearers, and situation even more critical than theirs. If a head was discovered at his house, there was no doubt, in his quality of a Christian, he would at once be impaled. A prey to the most violent fears, and in a state almost bordering on madness, he seized the head, and rushed forth from his house into the streets, ran as if a demon was pursuing him. Luckily it was not yet day. Fate conducted him to the quarter of the Jews, where he arrived out of breath. While running along in haste he struck himself against some object, and looked at what thus impeded his path, he recognized by a faint gleam of light, the dead body of a man, the head of which was separated from the trunk, and placed between the legs. Such is still the ignoble mode reserved for the decapitated Jews, the Mussulmans enjoying the honor of having the head placed under the right arm until the body is interred. Without considering that no man, not even a Jew can be possessed of two heads, the poor fellow seized, what he thought, a favorable opportunity of getting rid of his terrible by placing it close to and in the same position as the other head, and then quietly returned to his home.

Day now began to appear in the narrow streets of Constantinople. The Jews, aware that one of their number had been decapitated the preceding evening before their residences, did not dare to go out, but viewed from their windows with astonishment the sight of the two heads. At the same time the Mussulmans, who commenced passing along the streets, beheld them, also, with similar wonder; and soon an immense crowd collected, which completely obstructed the passage of the street. At the report of this tumult, a body of Janissaries was seen to advance to establish order; but, oh shame! they beheld the head of a Mussulman, lying next to that of a Jew. "The Israelite dogs have committed this sacrilege. Down with the cursed race!" resounded on all sides. In a moment they rushed into the Jew's houses, and commenced burning and pillaging all they were enabled to lay hold of; but their vengeance increased to a still greater degree, when, on examining the head, they recognized it to be that of their favorite aga. Their rage now knew no bounds; and several bodies of the same corps arriving to join their comrades, a formidable revolt menaced the whole city, when the tumult at length reached the ears of the sultan.

His grand vizier and principal officers were immediately on the spot, and upon the Janissaries being promised in his name that justice should be rendered to them, they were with much difficulty persuaded to retire to their quarters.

At the first news of the tumult, the sultan divided its cause, and despatched the tailor's guide, who was no other than a faithful slave, to inquire of Hussein what he had done with the head that he had borne to his house the preceding night. The tailor immediately related how his wife had taken it to the baker. The slave then applied to the latter, where he learnt the manner in which he had passed it on the barber; and the latter, in his turn, owned the way he had disposed of it; and, lastly the Greek recounted how he had placed it by the side of the Jew's head.

Upon the report of the slave, the sultan wished to have the different parts of the story related to him personally by those who had been actors therein. The tailor and his wife, the baker and his son, the barber and the Greek, were all summoned into his presence, and after each had given his relation, were, with the exception of the Greek, dismissed with rich presents, in testimony of his satisfaction at their ingenuity. The unfortunate Greek was sewn up into a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus, to punish him for his audacity in placing the head of a Mussulman near that of a Jew.

As to the head of the aga, it had been struck off by order of the sultan, in consequence of the great influence this officer exercised over the Janissaries. Many times had the order been given to that effect without being executed; and this time, to make sure of obedience, he had commanded the head of the aga to be brought into his presence, and to prevent the discovery of his decapitation, Hussein had been thus conducted by the night of the sultan, and the head of the aga placed in the packet delivered to the former. Fate ordained the rest.

Swearing.

Whatever fortune may be made by perjury, I believe there never was a man who made a fortune by common swearing. It often happens that men pay for swearing, but it seldom happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive what honor or credit is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or is any man advanced in dignity because he is expert at profane swearing? Low must be the character which such impertinence will exalt; high must be the character which such impertinence will not degrade. Inexcusable, therefore, must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups, the lecher his mistress, the satirist his revenge, the ambitious man his preferments—the miser his gold, but the common swearer has nothing; he is a fool at large, sells his soul for nought, and drudges in the services of the devil gratis. Swearing is void of all plea; it is not the native offspring of the soul, nor interwoven with the texture of the body; nor anyhow allied to our frame. For, as Tillotson expressed it, "though some men pour out oaths as though they were natural, yet no man was ever born of a swearing constitution." But it is a custom, a low and paltry custom, picked up by law and paltry spirits who have no sense of honor, or regard for decency but are to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense to supply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.

RATHER FUNNY.—The Louisville Journal tells a story which is a good one, whether it be manufactured or genuine. Among the persons who called on Mr. Polk whilst he was at Louisville, was a German who got roughly handled in a political fight at the November election. On his being introduced, Mr. Polk for lack of something to say, asked him how he did. "Oh," said he, turning the back of his head towards the President elect, and rubbing it, "I see only so so, *mine head isn't vel yet.*"

SAXON LADIES.—The ladies of Saxony are models of industry—at all times, and under all circumstances, they are either knitting, or employed at needle work. At a court the implements of industry are indispensable. At Dresden, even the theatres are not protected against stocking wares. A writer says: "I have seen a lady lay down her work, wipe away the tears with the sorrows of Thekla, in Wallenstein's death, had brought into her eyes, and immediately resume her work."

Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Of the noble patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence, 9 were born in Massachusetts; 8 in Virginia; 5 in Maryland; 4 in Connecticut; 4 in New Jersey; 4 in Pennsylvania; 4 in South Carolina; 3 in Delaware; 2 in R. Island; 1 in Maine; 3 in Ireland; 2 in England; 2 in Scotland, and 1 in Wales.

Twenty-one were attorneys, 10 merchants, 4 physicians, 3 farmers, 1 clergyman, 1 printer, and 16 men of fortune. Eight were graduates of Harvard College, 4 of Yale, 3 of New Jersey, 2 of Philadelphia, 2 of William and Mary, 3 of Cambridge, (Eng.) 2 of Edinburgh, and 1 of St. Homer.

At the times of their death, 5 were over 90 years of age; 7 between 80 and 90; 11 between 70 and 80; 12 between 60 and 70; 11 between 50 and 60; 7 between 40 and 50; one died at the age of 27; the age of two is uncertain.

At the time of signing the Declaration, the average age of the members was 44 years. They lived to the average age of more than 65 years and ten months. The youngest member was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was in his 27th year. He lived to the age of 51. The next youngest member was Thomas Lynch of the same state, who was also in his 27th year. He was cast away at sea in the fall of 1776.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest member. He was in his 71st year when he signed the Declaration. He lived to 1790 and survived 16 of his younger brethren. Stephen Hopkins of Rhode Island, and the next oldest member, was born in 1707, and died 1778. Charles Carroll attained the greatest age, dying in his 96th year. William Ellery, of Rhode Island, died in his 93 year; and John Adams in his 91st.

Cold Water.

The Boston Social Reformer, in an article relative to the virtues of cold water, has the subjoined paragraph, which will be found not only worth reading but well worth remembering by all to whom bodily health is an object:

"From one to five pounds of decayed animal matter pass off daily, by insensible perspiration from a human body. The white dust which collects on the skin, sometimes called goose flesh, is refused matter of the system. If the pores of the skin are closed and impervious perspiration is stopped; this corrupt matter is thrown upon the lungs, liver, or intestines, causing colds, consumption, fevers, &c. &c. "The remedy is to be found in the specific that will restore the system to its proper balance, upon the natural avenues, for the discharge of poisonous secretions, and relieve the internal organs from burdensome clogs that are thrown upon them. "Cold water has been proved to be this remedy in a pre-eminent degree. It is nature's own remedy. And nothing but its simplicity, its commonness, and the almost universal hydrophobia which prevails, could have kept its virtues so long concealed."

MORAL AFFECTIONS.—How sweet are the affections of social kindness; how balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around our fireside!—Distrust and doubt darken not the brightness of its purity—the carpings of interest and jealousy mar not the harmony of the scene. Parental kindness and filial affection blossom there in all the freshness of an eternal spring. It matters not if the world is cold—if the selfishness and injustice of mankind return our warm sympathies coldly, if we can turn to our dear circles, and ask and receive all that our heart claims. The exchange of kindly affections, in confidence and trust, is the purest enjoyment of nature.

SETTLE UP.—The editor of a country paper says he wishes it distinctly understood, that he will receive wheat, buckwheat, pancakes, corn, oats, sugar, bacon, lard, almshouses, hoes, tallow, Sherman's Lozenges, boots, little shoes and stockings; turnips, rakes, wood, and, indeed all other kinds of produce, except promises in payment for his papers.

WOMEN vs. MEN.—Some leather-headed scamp describes woman as "a sign on which to hang dry goods."—The ladies can retort by describing such slanderers as blocks upon which tailors exhibit their skill.

SENTIMENT.—The following toast was drunk in a circle of the colored fashionables, in the city of New York: "To de colored fair sec—Dar face needs no paint, dar hair no fumery. (3,000 tremendous cheers.)"