

# Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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## Human Life.

What is life? A vessel driven  
Across Time's wild and storm-swept sea,  
Belmed, unmasted, sails are riven  
To sink at last, no more to be!  
A thing of nameless destiny  
From nothing sprung, to nothing born—  
Acess to vice and misery;  
Provoking pity less than scorn?

So foul in heart, not less than deed,  
Whom guilt alone prompts thus to think:  
For credulous fools have still a creed,  
That lead-like helps the soul to sink:  
They pushed by passion, to the brink  
Of sin's abyss, leap madly down;  
And then there's naught from which to shrink,  
So dreadful as their maker's frown.

The years depart, and with them go  
The friends we love—ah whither sped?  
Warmed, mysterious breezes blow,  
That waft to regions of the dead:  
Sailed the port with sails all spread,  
Where sky and sea mingle with the main;  
Where tears once wiped no more are shed!  
Then life is lost, and death is gain.

My God! what bitter tears I poured  
Above a father's curse of late;  
The heaviest loss e'er son deplored—  
The darkest of the frowns of fate—  
The grief that maketh desolate—  
And with the sweet blood mingled gall:  
When fear and unbelief were great,  
And every faith-born comfort small.

Sleep is a mystery, no less  
Than death, and may bestow  
A sense and function like to this,  
Which waking we can never know;  
May lift the veil that hides and show  
The secrets of the world unseen  
Which makes the life-blood freeze or glow;  
Share converse held the dead between.

Shade of my sire! oh nightly bless  
My pillow, in that radiant guise  
I saw thee once, when comfortless,  
And with rapturous surprise  
Thou, rapt new comer from the skies  
With oath-like emphasis declare  
THAT ALL THAT'S GREAT IN GOODNESS LIES,  
AND ALL THAT'S SWEET AND ALL THAT'S  
FAIR.

Test on the waves of Time and change,  
That roll and rock and rush and rave;  
Engulphing all within their range,—  
Each billow vale, a mighty grave:  
Yet hands I see, stretched out to save;  
There far within you azure cope  
As born along on topmost wave—  
Cast strongly forth thine anchor, Hope.

Cast all on God when worst ill frown:  
For neither can thy burden small,  
Nor multitude of worlds weigh down  
The Godhead underlying all:  
Oh thou upstarting at Heaven's call,  
Strain up the mount that's summitless,  
Where sunbeams e'er flash and fall—  
Sky-piercing mount of holiness.

## Love Unchanging.

And is it just or kind, my mother,  
To break my heart to soothe your own?  
And would you give me to another  
Than him I love, and love alone?  
Shall I be false to every feeling,  
To every pledged word untrue—  
And with poor smiles my thoughts concealing,  
Bestow this wedded heart anew?  
Never loved but once—no never!  
And when a heart like mine is given,  
It fondly loves and loves forever,  
Unchanging as the truth of heaven.  
Before the sacred marriage altar,  
With him alone, hand linked in hand,  
Sustained by trust that cannot falter,  
Dear mother will your daughter stand!  
Then deem it not that such love will perish,  
By any change, or time, or chance,  
For I can never cease to cherish  
The thoughts you vainly call "romance."  
Undimmed will grow my true devotion,  
Now rendered to his dearest name—  
Unfaded bloom each sweet emotion,  
Through life, through life—the same, the same!

## Pretty.

The earth hath treasures fair and bright,  
Deep buried in her caves,  
And ocean hideth many a gem,  
With his blue curling waves;  
Yet not within his bosom dark,  
Or 'neath the dashing foam,  
Lives there a treasure equalling  
A world of love at home.

## On a Dandy.

A dandy is a chap that would  
Be a young lady if he could;  
But as he can't, does all he can  
To show the world he's not a man.

## Love and the Pledge.

A young gentleman and a fair girl were seated in thoughtful and emparassed silence, in a fine house in Chesnut street, studying the fire that glowed in comfortable quiet in the grate. At length, the lady said, in a low and hurried voice, while her eye was steadfastly turned away from her companion, after a furtive glance:—  
"James, I have considered your proposals long and seriously since I saw you; for my happiness as well as yours depended upon the decision, and I am obliged to say that I cannot accept them."  
"Cannot, Anna? Do you doubt my love, dearest? Surely you do not."  
"No, James; I do not doubt your love, nor do I deny that my own feelings plead against the decision I am constrained to make."  
"Your feelings plead for me! Why, how then can you reject my hand?—Am I not worthy your love, of your esteem? Why do you despise me?"  
"I do not despise you, James; we can still be friends."  
"Then you love another; for surely you would not grant your friendship to one who was unworthy of you. Tell me the truth; be candid—do you love another?"  
"I do not."  
"Then why this determination?—What is the reason of your conduct? You tell me that your feelings must be repressed to enable you to fulfill this resolution! Of what have I been guilty?—Cannot I prevail upon you to change your opinion. If I have done anything to offend you, let me know it."  
"James, you cannot alter my determination; and you only cause me pain and excite myself by argument against it."  
"Do not ask me, James; it would only offend you, without doing you the slightest good."  
"It will not—indeed it will not, however unjust and unkind; I will not reproach you even with a look."  
"James," she answered, after a moment's silence, and her voice was sad, and seemed half-smothered by a sob.—"James, you are too fond of wine!"  
"Fond of wine! Is this your reason? When have I ever used wine to excess? What harm have I done by drinking a few glasses of wine?" he replied angrily. "Who ever saw me intoxicated?"  
"You have been so, James."  
He hesitated, and then continued—  
"But that was an accident; and many, whom the world esteems, use wine more freely than I do, I never injured any one by drinking."  
"James, you have injured others by your example. You have afflicted your mother and sister, and you would embitter the life of a wife by chance intoxication. James, I am not unreasonable in this refusal; it is best for us both. Look at your sister, Alicia—When she married, she knew that Mr. Herrick used wine, but she feared not the consequences. Now look at her. All their comforts, every means of subsistence, have been lost by the habits of her husband, and she is hourly afflicted by the evil example he sets her children. Yes, by the lessons he gives them in vice! You have seen his little boy intoxicated by his father, to give pain to his wife and her family, upon whose bounty he was living."  
"But I never use wine as he did; I will promise never to use it to excess."  
"James, I dare not marry any man that uses any intoxicating drink."  
"Well, persevere in your reasonable determination, but I will not be subject to your capricious government."  
James retired with the angry design of making Anna rue what she had said, by deliberately intoxicating himself, but judgment whispered in time to restrain him—that this would only be proving her opinion of him correct.—He resolved not to let her see him again improperly excited by liquor, while he at the same time purposed, by studiously avoiding her, to show his independence of her esteem; and although they met occasionally at parties, he adhered to both of his resolutions, even while he felt piqued that she did not notice his neglect; but one evening he was standing near her as the wine passed round, and observed that her eyes were upon him as he approached; to show his superiority to her opinion, he took a glass, and rejoiced that he had caught a glance of reproach as she turned away. The determination, painfully broken,

ceases to be a restraint, and James drank more freely than ever, until he was excessively intoxicated. The next morning brought repentance and regret for the insult of the indulgence of appetite, but could not convince him that the appetite itself was false, and that he should conquer it. Once more he allowed himself to mingle in scenes of conviviality, until his prudence was overcome by the allurements around him, and reason was bartered for a moment's enjoyment.  
One morning, as he was soberly reflecting over the folly of the preceding night, and questioning the propriety of continuing to use liquors, he received a summons from his sister, Alicia. In a mean and unfurnished house, in a poor and disreputable part of the city, James found the sister who had sent for him. She was in bed, having been beaten by her husband for remonstrating with him against giving their little boy, who was barely six years old, whiskey.—The child was beside her on the bed, insensible from drink, and aqualor and misery reigned in the abode of those who had been educated in affluence, but wasted their comforts by vice and heedlessness.  
James could not see this without feeling the dangers that beset those who use alcohol; and after he had done every thing in his power to make his sister comfortable, he sat down for a few moments and reviewed the past, whose present was developed in that room. Eight years before, his sister had married a man who was in profitable business, but he sometimes drank to excess. She had married knowing this, and her husband continued to indulge himself in liquor until he became an habitual drunkard. He failed, and had sunk down, gradually, to be a complete sot, without one redeeming trait in his character; brutal and insulting when most sober, and sacrificing every thing to obtain money for liquor.  
"Anna was right," said James to himself, as he rose from his chair.—"There can be no solid expectation of happiness for any woman that marries a man who uses liquor in any way. I will join the Temperance Society."—He immediately did so; and as he left the hall of the society, after signing the pledge, he walked up to the residence of Anna. He found her alone, and was kindly but coldly received.  
After the first salutation, James laid the pledge upon the work-table before Anna, and said,—"There, Anna, may I now ask you to re-consider the answer you gave me one month ago, when I asked you to be mine? I have long been convinced that you were right, but my pride revolted against admitting it. I have, however, seen to-day what forces me to give up pride to duty. Now may I not urge you to re-consider your answer?"  
Anna bent low over the card, and tears filled her eyes as she read, but she looked smilingly up. "There is nothing for me to re-consider, James—nothing to withdraw; but you will let me ask for a brief proof of your resolution?"  
"Yes, dearest! if you will be mine when the probation is over."  
She whispered faintly, "six months!" and yielded to the happy confidence of mutual affection.  
Six months passed, and they were married, and six years have since flown by, without causing either to regret that they have thought principle a better guide than ungoverned and unreflecting feeling in the selection of a partner for life.  
**Christian Education.**  
We are hoping to form new men and women by literature and science; but all in vain. We shall learn in time that moral and religious culture is the foundation and strength of all true cultivation; that we are deforming human nature by the means relied on for its growth, and that the poor who receives a care which awakens their conscience and moral sentiments, start under happier auspices than the prosperous, who place supreme dependence on the education of the intellect and taste. It is the kind, not the extent of knowledge, by which the advancement of a human being must be measured, and that kind which alone exalts a man is placed within the reach of all. **Moral and Religious Truth**—this is the treasure of the intellect, and all are poor without it. This transcends physical truth as far as the Heaven is lifted above the Earth.  
**TRY IT.**—Sage put into a closet, or any place frequented by those troublesome little visitors—Red Ants—will drive them away.

"Shopping" Ladies.  
We happened to be in a dry good store the other day when a lady entered, and enquired for some trifling article, which was shown. The article was examined, laid down and another taken up. But we will describe what took place as near as possible.  
"I see," said the lady, "you advertise some cheap ribbons; please let me see them." (They were shown, and the lady unrolls some half dozen pieces.) What a beautiful calico! will you hand it down. (Examines it.)—These are delicate muslins; what is the price? Will they wash? Are you sure? What is the price of the shawl? That is too high. O! I want to look at some book muslins. (They were shown and turned over.) I forgot it, it is Swiss I wanted to see. (Swiss shown.) Are not those new patterns of delaines? Do let me see them.—(Shown.) Now that I am here I may as well look at some fine cotton hose. (Shown four parcels.) Please show me a few samples of silk hose. I was informed you had received a new lot of silks—dress silks; will you let me see them, sir! (The clerk handed down and unrolled eight or nine pieces.)—What a lovely lace! please let me see it. (Shown.) Have you no other patterns. (Others shown.) Well only think, it was thread lace I wanted, and this is cotton; please let me see your thread laces. (Shows a large box full, which were all examined.) I am sorry to give you so much trouble, but do let me see some of your best French kid gloves. (Several dozen shown and a half dozen pair pair tried on.) What an elegant tunic; please let me see it. What is the price? Is not that rather high? Have you others? (Others shown.) Really, I'm afraid you'll think I'm troublesome.—  
"Not at all," said the clerk, and blushed as he spoke it.  
But do let me see your Cashmere shawls, of the latest style. (A dozen opened and examined; counter by this time piled up so that the clerk, who was rather short in stature, stood on his tiptoes to look over.) I would like to see some Irish sheetings. What a lovely embroidered pocket handkerchief—do let me see it. Lovely. Have you others? (Others handed.) What is the price of this muslin?  
"Ten cents a yard, ma'am."  
"I'll take two yards. (The countenance of the clerk lighted up as he measured it.) Let me see your sewing silk. How much a skein? I'll take one. (3 cents.) O, dear! I had almost forgotten I wanted to see your carpets. Piece after piece was unrolled—this piece had too much red and that too much green, the other too much blue; the next was too high, and the other following too low—finally she said, I'll call again if I cannot suit myself better. The 23 cents worth was folded up, paid for, and when the clerk handed the parcel to the lady, she said, "Please send it to No.—York street."  
"I would madam," said the clerk, "but the cartmen are all gone home."  
The lady left the store and the poor philosophical clerk set about his one hour's work to fold up and put away the tossed goods. We gave up—we thought the printer's devil's cry of copy—copy, was the most annoying thing in the world, but the practiced shopping lady goes ahead of it.  
To the above the New York Commercial Advertiser offers the following as a set off:  
Not so fast, neighbor, not so fast.—We have a word to say about the scene you have so graphically described.—Was the lady handsome, agreeable, intelligent? "On your honor, sir," was she not a good natured, elegant, educated, with a bewitching smile, dimpling her fair cheek, and as each request parted her coral lips, was there not music in her silvery tones? Aye, we thought as much. Well, then, we say the young gentleman had his reward, and was rather to be envied than pitied.—"What a beautiful calico!" Why there's melody in the very sentence, though we hear not the sweet warbling of the lady's voice. "Will they wash?" we own, is rather practical and prosaic, but no doubt her mamma bade her ask that question, and it was amply atoned for by the half mistrusting, half confiding—"Are you sure?" No wonder that our "philosophical" friend blushed as avowed that it was no trouble to comply with the gently uttered wishes.  
Nay, we even go further and aver a conviction that the young gentleman gained much by this pleasant interlude of his occupation. We have no doubt he had his say in the matter, which our neighbor did not overhear; or perhaps,

overhearing, has "cast discreetly into shade." At least he had an interview with a real heroine, when perhaps otherwise he would have been conning the pages of some miserable novel in chase of an imaginary one. Be that as it may, we must protest against any comparison between the harsh sound of the printer's devil, calling for "copy," and the feminine tenderness with which the lady whispered "what a lovely lace."  
**Supposed Concealment of a Gold Mine by the Aborigines of Mexico.**  
Tradition speaks of numerous and productive mines having been in operation in New Mexico before the explosion of the Spaniards, in 1680, but that the Indians, seeing the cupidity of the conquerors had been the cause of their former cruel oppressions, determined to conceal the mines by filling them up and obliterating, as far as possible, all trace of them. This was done so effectually as is told, that, after the second conquest, (the Spaniards, in the mean time not turning their attention to mining pursuits for a number of years,) succeeding generations were not able to discover them again. Indeed, it is now generally credited by the Spanish population, that the Pueblo Indians, up to the present day, are acquainted with the *locale* of a great number of these wonderful mines, of which they most sedulously preserve the secret.  
Rumor further asserts that the old men and sages of the Pueblos periodically lecture the young men on this subject, warning them against discovering the mines to the Spaniards, lest the cruelties of the original conquest be renewed towards them, and they be forced to toil and suffer in those mines as in days of yore. To the more effectual preservation of secrecy, it is also stated that they have called in the aid of superstition, by promulgating the belief that the Indian who reveals the locations of the hidden treasures will surely perish by the wraths of their gods. Playing upon the credulity of the people, it sometimes happens that a roguish Indian will amuse himself at the expense of his reputed superiors in intelligence, by proffering to disclose some of his concealed treasure. Hence knew a waggish savage of this kind proffer to show a valley where virgin gold might be "scraped up by baskets full." On a bright Sunday morning, the time appointed for the expedition, the chuckling Indian set out with a train of Mexicans at his heels, provided with mules and horses, and a large quantity of meal bags to carry in the golden stores; but as the shades of evening were closing round the party, he discovered that he believed he could not find the place.  
**Munchausenism.**  
"I belong to a rifle company in Vermont, 100 strong, called the "Mountain Peak Rangers," and our Captain takes us out every week to practice; he draws us up in single file, and setting a cider barrel rolling down a steep hill, we commence shooting from right to left, by file at the *banghole*, as it comes up! You know stranger, this is pretty quick work. We then shoot by sections, then by platoons and lastly by company. After the shooting is over, our captain examines the barrel, and if he finds a single shot that did not enter the banghole, the member who missed is expelled; and I assure you, sir, that I have belonged to this company eight years, and there has not been a *single member expelled, since I have been a member!*"  
**Plague.**  
Some of the most memorable visitations of this disease were;—in the year 1348, ninety thousand perished in Germany. In 1352, fifty-seven thousand in England. In 1409, forty thousand in London alone. In 1499, thirty thousand in London. In 1517, it was computed that one half of the entire population of England cut off by this scourge. In London, 30,000 died in 1604, and 35,000 in the year 1625.—At Constantinople, 200,000 perished in 1611. At Lyons, in 1632, it was estimated that 60,000 perished. And in London, at the time of the great plague in 1665, more than 68,000 persons were swept away. Marseilles lost 18,000 of her population in 1720, and at Basora in Persia 80,000 died in the year 1773.  
**TIGHT LACING.**—We once saw a lady laced so tight that, while stooping to pick up a pin, her stay gave way, and she turned three somersets in consequence. It gave our natural modesty a shock.

**Cheerfulness.**  
The ladies of England give a more practical exemplification of this virtue, than those of any other nation on the Globe. Their genuine sociability and cheerful mirth, contrast strongly with the surliness and ill-humor so frequently attributed to the opposite sex of that country. The merry faces and ringing laugh of childhood, seem but softened and tempered down, in after life, while genuine sympathy, and social accomplishments, guided by a calm, even temper, spread happiness in every family circle. A stranger introduced, soon ceases to be one; friendly inquiries as to his welfare, cheerful conversation, remarks calculated to draw forth his own views upon topics with which he is conversant, soon combine to make him feel "home" and among friends, and he leaves with a lively impression of a cordial reception which cannot be effaced. It causes an acknowledgement also of the full power of female influence at the domestic hearth. The cares of life are materially lightened, by greeting cheerful and happy faces, with welcome conversation at our daily meals and when the business of the day is laid aside. Who can compare the social board, with an assemblage of joyful faces, cheerful conversation and merry laughter, so generally found in England, with the solemn bolting of a melancholy meal so prevalent here, without a strong preference for the former? Although English satire upon this subject, is generally carried to extremes, we cannot deny the existence of an evil, within the power of our fairer sex to ameliorate, perhaps destroy. Let them change that formal, chilling demeanor, so frequently exhibited in their own circles, and towards strangers, and adopt the cheerful, social intercourse, which characterizes the ladies of England generally, with their cordial and ever ready sympathy for all, and a full reward will be found in a consciousness of their superior influence and power, while rendering home happy, and being at all times the counselors of those who look to them for sympathy, friendship and love.  
**Butter Making.**  
Messrs. Editors.—One word on butter-making, if you please—Well do I remember what a task it was to churn, when I was a boy. It was my lot to churn, and one cold day in the winter I was pounding away at the churn, and sweating as I had for many a time before. "Poor boy," said my mother, "let me take hold, it is too hard work. I wish some way could be devised to make our butter come quicker." My father came along, and hearing it, observed—"Sarah, it is too hard work, indeed; and I have heard something about scalding milk, as a good plan—let us try it after this." And so scalding was agreed upon. My mother was particular and never missed to do it.—The cream rolled over, thick as a sole-leather, and when we came to the churning, it was, comparatively, nothing at all. About fifteen minutes would generally complete the business. Ever after this our milk was scalded, both winter and summer. But, what is very strange, although my father, and my mother and all the family told of my good success, not a soul of a farmer around us would try the plan; nay, all seemed to disbelieve its truth, and followed on in the old way of tugging for hours and hours to fetch their butter, white indeed, as hard; while my mother's was rich, delicious and of a good color; and I have never failed to practice the above mode of butter-making since I kept house myself, and the agitation necessary to bring the butter is always of short duration.  
Your correspondent, "A HOUSE-KEEPER," of Jan. 25th is in the right of it. Never mind "the increase of manufactures, the pursuit of fashion, and other causes combined,"—stick to the scalding, summer and winter—keep but few cows, and these of the first rate—such as give good milk, rather than the greatest quantity.  
Whether this is called a *new system*, or one learned from "some old codger," I know not, and I care not. The farmers, I think, will by-and-by, come in to it, and the dairy-maid and boys will all be glad for the improvement.—*Cultivator.*  
**VERY LIKE.**—When woman Joseph her good name she can't get it back again. That is precisely the case with a dog made up into sausages. He is gone for ever! Alas, poor Tray!  
"Remove the limb," as the judge said when he struck the attorney off the rolls.