

Bradford Reporter

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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

[BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.]

VOL. V.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JUNE 11, 1845.

NO. 54.

The Widow's charge at her Daughter's Bridal.

BY MRS. L. H. HIGGINS.

Gently thou, whose hand hath won
The young bird from the nest away,
There careless neath a vernal sun
She gaily carolled day by day;
Her haunt is lone—the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
Be pensive list, at gush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.
Gently with her—thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips hath told;
And like a lamp from fountain clear,
She turns confiding to thy fold;
Be round thy sweet domestic bower,
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy sleep at vesper hour,
And blend her boldest prayer with thine.
Gently, thou, when far away,
Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
For let thy tender cares decay;
The soul of woman lives on love;
And shouldst thou, wondering, mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
The man's strong heart can ne'er partake.
A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all the treasured hopes of heaven.
Deal gently with the widow's child.

Legal Whiskers.

As o'er their wine and walnuts sat,
Talking of this and then of that,
Two wights, well learned in the law—
That is, well skilled to find a flaw—
Said one companion to the other,
—How is it, most respected brother,
That you of late have shaven away
Those whiskers which for many a day
Had ornamented much your cheek?
Sure, 'twas an idle, silly freak."
To whom the other answer gave,
"With look half merry and half grave—
"Though others be by whiskers graced,
A lawyer can't be too bare-faced!"
"Now tell me why," the other cried,
"In whiskers you take so much pride;
Why such a mass of savage hair,
Upon your 'face divine,' you wear?"
To whom the other answer gave,
"With look half merry and half grave,
"For the same reason that you say—
Caused you to shave yours all away—
Though some by whiskers are not graced,
A lawyer can't be too bare-faced!"

Light of My Life.

"This joy is o'er me, when in thy
Endearing presence time is fleeing."
When Night unfolds her sable wings,
The streamlet moans—the forest sighs,
And flowers no more their incense fling,
Nor smile in all their gorgeous dies;
But when the light of morn appears,
The conscious rose resumes its hues,
And from its branches shakes the tears
Dro'p'd on its leaves by midnight dews.
Light of my life! 'Tis thus my heart
Is dark when thou'rt no longer near,
While from its magic glooms there start,
A thousand shadowy forms of fear,
That, whispering thou hast ceased to love,
But make me wish for morning's skies,
When, like the light from Heaven above,
Joy bursts in radiance from thine eyes.
Then Nature seems to smile again—
Then the bright flowers of Hope unfold,
And then like courtiers round their Queen,
And vobed in purple, pearl and gold,
A thousand sweet emotions throng
My breast in passionate ecstasy,
And poor, like morning's choral song,
Light of my life, their strain to thee!

The Farmer.

Drive on, thou sturdy farmer,
Drive cheerly o'er the field;
The pleasures of a farmer's life,
No other life can yield.
Thou risest with the morning sun,
To till the fruitful earth;
And when thy daily task is done,
Thou seek'st thy peaceful hearth.
Thou lovest not the gaudy town,
With its tumultuous roar;
Plenty and peace thy forehead crown,
And thou dost ask no more.
Monarchs with robes in crimson dyed,
Are low, compared with thee;
They are the pampered sons of pride,
Thou'rt God's nobility.
Go on, thou sturdy farmer,
Tread proudly on the sod,
Thy proud and godly heritage,
Thou chosen man of God.

The Borderer's Child; OR, Washington at Eighteen.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a calm, sunny day, in the year 1750; the scene, a piece of forest land on the Northern Neck of Virginia, contiguous to a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about, and several men, idly reclining under the trees, betokened by their dress and appearance that they composed a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the then frontier of the old Dominion. These persons had apparently just finished their noontide meal, for the relics of the banquet were scattered around.

Apart from the group walked a young man, evidently superior to his companions, though there was nothing obtrusive in his air, which, on the contrary, was distinguished by affability. A certain dignity of aspect, however, accompanied him. Added to this, he was a tall and compact frame, and moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance could not have been said to be handsome, but it wore a look of decision and manliness not usually found in one so young—for apparently he was little over eighteen years of age. His hat had been cast off, as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a natural and graceful attitude, at the moment that we have introduced him to our reader.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and then several in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream the youth turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded; but when it was repeated, he pushed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and quickening his footsteps as the cries succeed each other with alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space or "clearing," as the borderers even then called it, on the banks of the stream, in the centre of which a rude log cabin stood, whose well pole poised over one end, and smoke curling from the chimney, gave signs of habitation. As the young man, with a face flushed by haste, broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the bank of the river, while in their midst a woman, from whom proceeded the shrieks, was visible, held back by two of the most athletic of the men, but still struggling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to make his way through the crowd and confront the female. The moment her eyes fell on him she exclaimed, "O! sir—you will do something for me. Make them release me—for the love of God! My boy—my poor boy is drowning, and they will not let me go."

"It would be madness—she will jump into the river," said one of those who held her, as the frantic mother strove again to break from his grasp—"The rapids would dash her to pieces in a minute."

The youth had scarcely waited for these words. His eye took in at a single glance the meaning of the sad group. He recollected the child of the woman, a bold little fellow of four years old, whose handsome blue eyes and faxen ringlets made him a favorite with strangers, and filled the mother's heart with pride whenever she gazed on him. He had been accustomed to play, at will, in the little enclosure before the cabin; but this morning the gate having been accidentally left open, he had stolen out when his mother's back was turned, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over when his parent's eye caught sight of him. The shriek which she uttered precipitated the catastrophe she feared, for the child, frightened at the cry, lost his balance and fell headlong into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in that section of the country. A scream now followed scream in rapid succession, as the agonized parent rushed to the bank. She arrived there simultaneously with the party whom we left reclining in the shade, and who were scattered about him within a few steps of the scene of accident. Fortunately it was that they were so near else the mother would have plunged in after her child, and both been lost. Several of the men immediately approached the brink and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowd-

ing the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

Not so with the youth we have introduced. His first work was to throw off his coat; his next to spring to the edge of the bank. Here he stood, for a second, running his eye rapidly over the scene below, and taking in with a glance the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to chafe his course by them when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when his gaze rested on a white object in the water that he knew at once to be the boy's dress; and while his companions, agast at his temerity, were prevented as much by consternation as by the awe with which he had already inspired them from interfering, he plunged headlong into the wild and roaring rapids.

"Thank God! he will save my child," gasped the woman; "see—there he is—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you!"

Every one rushed to the brink of the precipice and was now following with eager eyes the perilous progress of the youth, as the current bore him onward like a feather in the embrace of a hurricane. Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock over which the water flew in foam—and now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape seemed impossible. At times the current bore him under, and he would be lost to sight; then just as the spectators gave him up, he would re-appear, though far enough from where he vanished, still buffeting amid the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career—how her heart sank when he went under—and with what a gush of joy she saw him emerge again from the waters, and fling the waves aside with his athletic arms, struggle on in pursuit of her boy. But it seemed as if his generous efforts were to be of no avail, for though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts, overtake the drowning child.

On they flew, the youth and the child; and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed to pieces against the rocks. Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips—but twice he re-appeared, and then, with hands wrung wildly together, and breathless with anxiety, she followed his progress as his unremitting form was hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, where the rapids, contracting between narrowed shores, shot almost perpendicularly down a declivity of fifteen feet. The rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity, even in a canoe, lest they should be sucked in. What then would be the youth's fate, unless he speedily overtook the child? He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and urged his way now through the foaming current with desperate strength. Three several times he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him. The third effort was made just as they were about entering within the influence of the current above the fall, and when it failed, the mother's heart sunk within her, and she groaned aloud, fully expecting to see the youth give up the task. But no! he only pressed forward the more eagerly; and as they breathlessly watched, they saw, amid the boiling waters, as if bearing a charmed life, the form of the brave youth following close after that of the boy. And now, pursuer and pursued shot like an arrow from the bow, to the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung there, distinctly visible amid the glassy waters that seemed to pause on the edge of the descent. Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout, alas! that was suddenly checked by horror when the rescuer and rescued vanished into the abyss!

A moment—rather, many moments elapsed, before a word was spoken or a breath drawn. Each of the group felt that to look into the mother's face was impossible. She herself had started eagerly forward and now stood on the bank, a few paces nearer the cataract, where she could command a view of its foot, gazing thither with fixed eyes, as if her all depended on what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave a glad cry.

"There they are!" she exclaimed, "see! they are safe—Great God, I thank thee!" and for a moment wildly turning her face to Heaven, she hurried with trembling steps along the side of the river in the direction of the fall.

Every eye followed hers, and sure enough, there was the youth, still unharmful, and still buffeting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child, and with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did, until they reached his side, just as he had struggled to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless—but his mother declared he still lived, as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. His preserver, powerfully built and athletic as he was, could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

Who shall describe the scenes that followed: the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver when the child was out of danger and sweetly sleeping in her arms? Our pen shrinks at the task. But her words pronounced them—we may hope in the spirit of prophecy—were remembered afterward by more than one who heard them.

The Philosopher and the Ferryman.

A philosopher stepped on board a ferry boat to cross a stream. On his passage, he inquired of the ferryman, if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished.

"Arithmetic? No sir. I never heard of it before."

The philosopher replied, "I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone."

A few minutes after he asked the ferryman, "Do you know anything about mathematics?"

The boatman smiled, and again replied, "No."

"Well then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is lost."

A third question was asked the ferryman, "Do you understand astronomy?"

"Oh! no sir! never heard of such a thing!"

"Well, my friend, then another quarter of your life is lost."

Just at this moment, the boat ran on a snag, and was sinking, when the ferryman jumped up, pulled of his coat, and asked the philosopher with great earnestness of manner, "Sir, can you swim?"

"No," said the philosopher.

"Well, then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is lost, for the boat is going to the bottom."

A Sister.

He who has never known a sister's kind administration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed; it is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feelings flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood. "That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark. "And why do you think so?" said I. "Because of the rich development of all the tender and more refined feelings of the heart which is so apparent in every action—in every word." A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with a pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influence which moved him in his early years.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail," as the man said when he knocked his wife down with the Bible.

Ladies' Dress.

Only a few out of the great number of ladies one chances to see in the street seem to dress with any regard to a correct standard of taste. First, as to the colors of their attire, they appear to have to have no idea of a harmony or agreeable assemblage of tints. You will observe a lady, for example, dressed in a blue silk bonnet garnished with a red flower, a scarlet shawl daubed with green spots, and gown of some neutral tint, but marked strongly with pink and purple streaks. The object in dressing in this guise would seem to be the bringing together as many startling colors as possible—a bit of blue, red, green, yellow, pink, orange, or any thing else which will make a dash and look pretty. Pretty is the only standard; a pretty bonnet, a pretty shawl, a pretty gown, &c.; let it be only pretty, and that is quite enough. Thus, when things are bought separately, although each may look tolerably well by itself, the whole will probably make up a most fantastic assemblage of colors, and really render the wearer ridiculous. If we should be permitted to offer an advice upon the very delicate matter of a lady's dress, we should by all means, recommend the adoption of simple, not flashy colors. A high toned color is always dangerous; it may be quite a variance with the complexion, and at least cannot easily be suited to other parts of a swarthy complexion should on no account attempt blues, lavenders, or any other violent colors; the most suitable for them are whites, or any of the broken light tints. Sky blue and pea green are the most trying colors which can be worn. We have been told by manufacturers that they prepare dresses of certain colors for certain towns. In one place there is a demand for high colored goods, and in another these goods could scarcely find a purchaser, but the demand would be nearly all for neutral tints; in other words, the ladies in one exercise a coarse indiscriminate taste, and in the other they are more refined in judgment.

Effects of Kindness.

I am almost convinced that there never yet was an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed any more than one shower of rain can reclaim the burning desert; but let it repeatedly shed then the due of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and it will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness. Let any person put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstance, he can deliberately resist continued kindness? And a vice of affection will answer, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of affection in his heart that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him; friends would not approach him with a frown; the weak would no longer meet him with dread; children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that his kindness wins all by its smile giving them confidence, and securing their friendship.

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 receive 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 Heavens is lifted above the Earth.

MARRIAGE.

Tacitus says, early marriage makes us immortal. It is the soul and chief prop of empires. The man who resolves to live without woman, and the woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to the community in which they dwell, injurious to themselves, destructive to the whole world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven and earth.

Courtship Abolished.

Heigho! for the coming generations. The great Reform broom which has swept and "is being" swept so fiercely throughout the world—brushing down old cobweb notions, and kicking such a dust in every quarter—proscribing eatables, drinkables, wearables, sleepables, and all kind of bles, has got at last into "Love's own bowler."—Courtship has been seriously voted down in solemn conclaves! A resolution "against nightly courtships" has recently been discussed in a Free Will Baptist Convention, sitting in Boston, and passed unanimously. A reverend Elder lifted up his voice against the wicked practice of courting, "the custom of keeping company in the night, after the usual hour of retirement, is corrupting" and that it "ought to be done away with." Nine o'clock is the usual bed time. Now if we understand the elder, a "fellow" may "keep company" with a gal until the bell rings, but every moment he remains afterwards he is guilty of sin. But let us hear the reverend gentleman's objections in full. Here they are:

"My objections to it are as follows: 1. It lowers the dignity of the matrimonial institution. 2. It subjects the mind to temptation. 3. It disqualifies the mind for deliberate action.—What merchant could you induce to close a bargain after the fatigue and excitement of a night's watching? Were he to purchase a horse, he would say that he was not fitted to conclude the bargain till he had taken some rest. And if all men are so cautious, as to a trifling engagement, how foolish and wicked is the custom of nightly watching to negotiate engagements important as life itself!"

The elder reasons like a book. We don't like his idea altogether of making courtship a mere "business transaction," however. It takes away a huge slice from the romance of the thing.—We don't fancy this negotiating for a wife as we would for a horse or a quarter of beef. It smacks so much of the shop. In our courting days—"long time ago"—we did not consider it so very very "foolish and wicked" a habit we had of sitting up o' nights. It depends, however, on the temperament and motives—the moral standing of a man; and our elder may have felt very "foolish and wicked" in certain situations, while we, placed in similar ones, would have felt uncommonly sensible and innocent. It all depends upon one's bringing up. Major Noah says, and we half coincide with him, that a man's courting days are his happiest—and we will put the Major against the Elder any day in the matter o' Courtship.

Raising fruit for Swine.

Mr. Foote states that fruit is excellent for swine; they prefer it to potatoes or corn. It was likewise good for neat cattle, make exciting flesh, and cows fed with a peck of apples a day, would give more and better milk. Some say that they are better than potatoes for this purpose. Some persons suppose that the nutritive power of sweet apples is greater than that of sour, but this is not correct. Sour apples should be cooked and Indian meal mixed with them. As to profit in raising fruit, a few statistics will show a favorable result. It setting trees 40 feet apart there will be 40 to the acre, which before arriving to maturity would produce 10 bushels each, making 400 bushels to the acre, which, at 25 cents per bushel, would bring \$100. A farmer in this vicinity has received \$1,000 a year for the produce of six acres.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.—The origin of this national badge is thus handed down by tradition: "When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwelcome to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped upon a superbly pricked thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain which discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland."

GENIUS.—Genius can alone comprehend genius, and only a noble mind understands one of its own stamp; at the same time, it sees ignoble spirits, more clearly than they do themselves. He who sees, understands the blind man; but the blind man cannot comprehend him.