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SCENIC VIEW.

TOWANDA:
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1847.

MAY,
BY WILLIS RAYLORD CLARK.

The Spring's scented birds all around me are swelling.
There are songs in the streams, there is health in the gale:
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of Old Winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun loatheth forth from the halls of the morning
And flashes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning
Tapest on the promise and hope of the year,
He fills with rich light all the beam breathing flowers,
He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
And gifts the gay plain which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion—
He humbly sails in the infinite sky;
He greets to May, and her fairy dominion,
He pines on the west wind's fragrant sigh:
Apostrophe above, there are peace and pleasure,
The woodlands are singing, the heaven is bright;
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

As for my weary and care hunted bosom!
The spells of the Spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wild wood, the siren of the blossom,
The fresh-welling fountain, their magic is o'er!
When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,
That tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throng of my long vanished hours,
And sigh that their transports are o'er and gone.

From the wide breathing earth, from the limpid stream,
There have radiated an eloquent glow and gleam,
To my veiled mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream:
The dawn purple landscape is Liveliness keepeth,
I deem that a light as of old glids the wave;
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Of life but my youth, and the visions it gave.

It is not that age on my years hath descended,
'Tis not that life's snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the sweetness and sweetness of Being are ended,
I feel not their love kindling witchery now.
The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping;
'Tis not that those who have loved me departed from the day;
The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,
And no wings of penitence my soul is away.

So that to the glow of this present existence,
It bears, from the Past, a funeral strain;
As it eagerly turns to the high seeming distance,
Where the last bloom of earth will be garnered again:
Where no mid-day the soft daisy rose cheek shall flourish,
Where (time) bears no longer the poisonous sting;
Where pale Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his bright the luxuriant spring.

Thus that the hopes which to others are given,
Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
The clear anthems that ring through the heaven,
I think the bland airs that enliven the day;
And I grieve, Nature, for festival keeping,
'Tis not my bosom, ah! do not contend;
'Tis not the loss and the loss of my spirit is weeping;
For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

The one Progressive Principle.

BY J. T. HADLEY,
Author of "Solomon & his Marshalls—The Sacred Mountains," &c.

Now, as there is a principle operating in this world, gaining strength every day, and which, in some form or other, has excited more alarm and aroused more effort than all others put together, and one which threatens to change the structure of all human governments, or the laws and states, men of the earth are mistaken and poured out their treasures and the blood of their subjects in vain; the question naturally arises, what will be the issue? The solemnity of this question and the immeasurable interests at stake, are the only reasons that have induced me to present this topic before the many societies of this University. If the republicanism was the end of it all, and the erection of popular governments the world over the coming act, then we might contemplate it with the curiosity of the philosopher or the pleasure of the patriot. But our own history shows that it does not end here. It is as active in the midst of this republic as in the bosom of England. If in despotism it is only limited monarchy, and in a monarchy it is republicanism, in a republic it tends to radicalism and anarchy. It progresses faster than we know, and it breaks away from the inducements designed to curb it. Guided by hope and not at all by memory, it pushes on, drawing off restraint after restraint, removing check after check, believing that the will of the majority must always be right and safe. It is a careless and ignorant observer who does not see that this principle in its progress, is a destroying reverence for authority and respect for constitutions and the wisdom of our fathers. Greater latitude is demanded, more liberal construction required, and every thing that is not of the popular current. On the doubtful stream, also, the hopes of the scholar and the interests of learning are yet to be cast. Flooding one department after another, it is destined yet to bear all things on its turbulent bosom. Before the tyranny of fact, the voice of the scholar is yet to be hushed, the sound-clear and clarion-like over its turbulent. Some see the course it is taking, and are rushing back into the past and seizing its shackles, but they by this effort only enslave themselves from the mass, not stay the current. A wise and instructed policy is that which is not to be arrested, and that the office of the reformer at the present day is to point towards the point of greatest safety.

A Female Crusoe.—A Thrilling Sketch.

Off the coast of Alta California, about two degrees distant, bearing nearly west from Point San Pedro, which is in the latitude 33 43 N., and longitude 118 14 W., will be found a small island, called by the Spaniards Saint Nicholas. This island was formerly inhabited by an inoffensive, indolent race of Indians, who subsisted almost entirely upon fish, which they caught from the rocks, and muscles, which they found in the sands of the beach.—They were a listless quiet race of beings, who seldom had communication with others of the human family, and who had but few wants, and fewer cares.

About the year eighteen hundred and eighty-two or twenty, the Russians from their settlements on the north, landed on this island a party of Kodiak Indians, for the purpose of hunting the sea otter, which, at that period, abounded in those waters. This party remained on the island for more than two years; and were the means of sowing the seeds of disease and contention amongst its unsuspecting and unoppressed inhabitants.

Some ten or twelve years after the departure of the Kodiaks, this tribe had become diminished to about twenty or thirty individuals, when the Governor of the department of California sent over a small vessel and moved them to the main.

In the last boat, which was embarking with the last of this people (some six or eight perhaps in number) to convey them to the vessel, which was to carry them from the home of their nativity for ever, was one of the tribe, small in stature, but far advanced in years, and his dusky mate then in the bloom of life. The order had been given to shove from the shore; the oars had dipped in the wave, the boat was rising on the foaming surf, then breaking on the beach with awful roar, when, with the impulse of the moment, as it were, this young and blooming bride of the red man, the imprint of whose footsteps had been last left on the sands of her island home, waved an adieu to her chosen mate, plunged into the abyss "strove through the surge" and, in another moment, stood alone on the shores of her native land. She turned, to give the last lingering look to her departed helpmate; and then, gathering around her form her flowing mantle, wet by the ocean wave, in an instant disappeared for ever from the sight of her astonished and sorrowing companions.

The vessel weighed anchor, spread her canvases, and in forty-eight hours, this remnant of the inhabitants of San Nicholas were landed on Point San Pedro homeless and forlorn.

From that period to the present—if she be not dead, or has not left within the past eighteen months—has resided alone on the Isle of San Nicholas, this female Crusoe, the monarch of all she surveys. She preferred to part even with her chosen mate, and sever every human tie that could be binding, rather than leave the home of her birth—that lonely little isle, that had been to her a world, which she cared not to exchange for the abode of civilized man, with all its luxuries.

Since our Crusoe became the sole monarch of the Isle, San Nicholas has been visited perhaps ten or twelve different times, by different individuals; but there she has continued to be found, with none to dispute her right, solitary and forsaken.

Her dress, or covering, is composed of the skins of small birds, which she kills with stones, and sews them together with a needle of bone and the light sinews of the hair seal, sometimes found dead amongst the rocks. Her only food is a shell fish, of the muscles species, which she sometimes throws on to the beach. She never remains long in one spot, but is constantly wandering around the shores of the island, sleeping which she seldom does, in small caves and crevices in the rocks.

During the last few years, it has been very difficult to obtain any communication with her. At the approach of the white man she flees as from an evil spirit; and the only way to detain her, is by running her down, as you would the wild goat of the mountain, or the young fawn of the plain.

Those who have seen her at the latest period, report that she appears to have lost all knowledge of language; that she makes only a wild noise, altogether inhuman; and, when taken and detained against her will, becomes frightened and restless; that the moment she is liberated, she darts off, and endeavors to secrete herself in the wild grass, or amongst the rocks which hang over the never ceasing surf.

Every endeavor has been made, and every inducement offered, by different individuals, to prevail upon her to leave the island, but in vain. The only home she appears to desire, is her own little isle. Her last hope, if she has any, is to finish her journey alone. She has no wish now to hear again the sweet music of speech. Its sounds are no longer music to her ear—and, as for civilized man, his tameness is shocking even to her dormant senses.

To all appearance, she is strong, healthy, and content to be alone. What can reconcile her to her lot, who can conjecture? Humanity may hope that contentment may continue to be hers, to the last hour; for she is destined to lie down and die alone, on the cold shore of her deserted home, with no one to administer to her last wants, and none to convey her cold body, when the spirit shall have left the clay.

But the story of our Crusoe's chosen mate, the companion of her early life, has yet to be told. He saw her for the last time, as we have stated, when she stood alone on the shore of her own isle; when the boat with himself and his companions was dashing through the wild surf, that broke in unintermitted succession against the rocks which encircled the resting-place of his fathers, and which he was then leaving forever. With the remnant of the family from San Nicholas, our hero was landed at San Pedro, and there left, with the others who had accompanied him, to find a home in that land of strangers.

A Dream of Summer.

BY JOHN S. WHITTELL.

Blind as the morning dream of June
The south-west breeze play;
And, though its base, the winter snow
Some where on summer's day.

The snow-placed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth loaths forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The hawk-reel leaves his nook,
The blue-bird, in the meadow breaks,
Is singing with the brook.

"Bear up, O mother Nature!" cry
Birds, insects, and streamlet too,
"Our winter voice prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and dross
O'er swept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear,
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living power,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter, of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greatest masses cling.

Behind the cloud the star-light looks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all!

A Yankee Locked Out.

We have noticed a story going the rounds of the press, taken from the Boston Atlas, stating how a New York boy "come it" over the French waiter, who refused to let him into his hotel unless he was allowed a fee.

The origin of the story is this: Some years ago a green Vermonte went to New Orleans on a tour of "speculation," and put up at one of the hotels in that city. One night he was out rather late, where he had been, or upon what business does not appear, though it was thought by some, that a portion of his outlays had found a market, yet this is by no means an ascertained fact—that he was out late, very late, was however indisputable. The hotel was closed for the night and Jabez was outside. After ringing at the bell for some time, a window was opened above his head, and the next moment a curly headed son of Africa exhibited his phiz, who accosted our friend with—

"Who dere?"

"Well, now, mister, who do you think it is?" said the Yankee with a chuckle. "I rather guess you'd better pick yourself up and get down stairs in a little less 'an no time, or may be I shall have to open this 'ere door by walking clean through it!"

"Massa gib a dollar, eh?"

The Yankee stepped up at the negro for a moment, with a mixture of indignation and astonishment, and was about to pour upon his devoted head, a torrent of Yankee thunder, when the idea struck him that it would be as well to strike a bargain with the "gentleman of color."

"Well, it's a pretty tall sum to pay for a nigger's work, but I suppose there's no way of getting out of it. Come along, I ain't goin' to stand on trifles."

Down came Sambo, but with true negro cunning he refused to open the door unless the "dollar" was put under it. The Yankee hesitated a moment, but finally "shelled out" and opened the door. The next moment our friend was inside, when he asked the darkey to bring a little bundle from the side-wall.

The negro stepped outside to get the package as the Yankee directed but he was no sooner outside than our friend turned the key on him. In vain the negro entreated, plead and told the Yankee that the parcel was coming along, and that he should be carried off to the calaboose for want of a pass, and "massa would flog him next day."

"The only reply was, 'I couldn't begin to let a customer in for less than a dollar. It wouldn't pay. Now look here you black rascal, if you don't want to get inside say so, and I'll go to bed and you may go to the callybush."

The negro was cornered. The patrol were only a block distant. He shelled over the dollar, and was admitted.

The next day he made a trade with the Yankee for some of his " notions," by which the Yankee got some \$25 in his pocket, and left for the West.

PROFANE SWEARER NONPLUSSED.—In Schoharie county there lives a man whose addiction to swearing is such that his name has become a by-word and a reproach, but by some internal thermometer, he so graduates his oaths as to make them apply to the peculiar case in hand; the greater the mishap or cause for anger, the stronger and more frequent adjurations. His business is that of a gatherer of ashes, which he collects in small quantities and transports in an ox cart. Upon a recent occasion, having by dint of great labor succeeded in filling a tub with the ash, he went to the barn to stand at the brow of a steep hill; and it was not until he reached the door that he noticed, winding its tortuous course down the long declivity, a line of white ashes, while something short of a pack remained in the cart. "The dwellers by the way side and they that tarried there," had assembled in great force, expecting an unusual spectacle. Turning, however, to the crowd, the unfortunate man lowered his eyes, and simply remarked—

"Neighbors, it's no use; I can't do justice to the subject!"

CONSPIRACY.—A conspiracy is a secret agreement between two or more persons, for the purpose of doing some wrong, or of committing some crime. It is a wicked and dangerous thing, and is always punished by the law. It is a secret agreement between two or more persons, for the purpose of doing some wrong, or of committing some crime. It is a wicked and dangerous thing, and is always punished by the law.

San Pedro, it may be known, is a bleak, barren, bleak point, running out into the blue waters of the Pacific, on which no verdure is to be seen, and but one solitary shade of man rising amidst the desolation, which surrounds it. The Pueblo de los Angeles is situated ten leagues distant, with one farm house between the one on the point and those of the town. The mission of San Gabriel lies yet farther on, some three or four leagues; where, at that time, might be found, perhaps, three or four hundred converted Indians.

But our hero, as he may be called never left the beach on which he was first landed. Alone and friendless, there he remained, an isolated being, till life ceased to animate his frame.— True it is, that several times he was induced, and once or twice forced, to venture farther as the Pueblo, and even the mission of San Gabriel; but he always, as soon as at liberty, returned and resumed his old station on the beach, or fixed himself on the rocks which hung round the Point. And there he might always be seen, a solitary outcast, as it were, and more constantly when the sun was going down, with his eyes gazing on that celestial orb as it sunk into the western horizon, a direction which he well knew pointed to the lost but never forgotten home of his nativity.

With difficulty he sustained the wants of nature by fishing about the rocks, gathering muscles, and sometimes receiving a scanty pittance of corn from the house on the point, or a few pence from a passing stranger.

He studiously avoided, as far as possible, all intercourse with his fellow-man, and sought to live and die in solitude; and so did he continue to live a life which manifestly appeared a burden to him, till one morning, as the sun rose, not two years past, his body was found on the beach a stiffened corpse, stretched out, and bleaching, as it were, in the white foam of the surf, which was thrown about his lifeless remains as the mighty wave broke on the shore.

It is presumed his death was accidental—that whilst searching for shell fish, in the night, amongst the cliffs, he must have fallen from an eminence and thus terminated his solitary existence.

IMPORTANT PRINCIPLES OF TRADE.

Many of the Northern Journals appear to think that the scarcity of food in Europe, and the consequent acquisition to our stock of the precious metals in payment thereof, is a permanent national gain. This is not such a view of national benefit as is founded on the reciprocities of commerce. It is at most a temporary advantage. Mutual profit is the only true basis of commercial intercourse. This is particularly applicable to two countries like the United States and Great Britain. The closeness of their mercantile relations renders injury to the one the cause or occasion of reaction on the other. This is more felt should such injury have its source in a scarcity of food.— Subsistence, as it is the first want of Nature, so is it the foundation of all prosperous commerce. Full granaries are the most healthy stimulants to trade, as large expenditures for food derange its regular course, choking some of its channels and starving others.

Thus the flow of coin to this country furnishes more than can be profitably employed. What is gained by us in the increased price of our breadstuffs, is lost in the large accumulation of an unproductive stock of specie; whilst our best customer is straitened in his means of purchasing some other products of our industry, his resources being so largely absorbed in expenditures of articles of subsistence.

If reaction does not this year reach those productive classes in the United States who now obtain large gains from this cause, it must affect them before their account of profit and loss is finally closed. It were better that the European demand for the products of our soil were so gradual and moderate as to yield ordinary gains. It were more conducive to continued intercourse that the exchange of the customary equivalent should stimulate enterprise in both parties to such intercourse, than that all the reciprocities of commerce should be extinguished in the gain of the one party and the loss of the other.—*Charleston News.*

GOOD ADVICE.—

Dor, Jr., in his sermon of last week, gives the following very excellent advice to the young ladies of his flock. The boxon, bright-eyed, rosy-checked, full-breasted, bouncing lass who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pig, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady without in "company," is just the sort of a girl for me, and for any worthy man to marry—but you, ye pining, moping, hollow, screw-up, wisp-waisted, puny-faced, consumption-mortgaged, name-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of Fashion, and idleness—you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens.

The truth is, my dear girls you want generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraints—more hitches and less parties—more leg exercises and less soft—more peddling and less pining—more frankness and less mock modesty—more breakfast and less beads.—*Losses you need are a little; enjoy your liberty, and rise triumphantly by the aid of your own power, into the atmosphere of freedom, and become something hearty as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed.*

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.—

An officer on the eve of battle, seeing one of his soldiers on his knees praying, asked him if he was afraid.— "Oh no," answered the soldier, "I was only praying that the enemy's shot might be distributed, like prize money, chiefly among the officers."

FLIGHTS OF GEES.—A geese is sometimes like that of a paper kite. While we are admiring its van elevation, and gazing with boyish wonder at its graceful soaring, it often plunges into the mud, and becomes an object of derision and contempt.

Polished Diamonds.

Amsterdam is much engaged in manufactures, and some of them are peculiar to the country. The one of these which I was most curious to see is that for the polishing or cutting of diamonds. These are several in the city, and they are exclusively the property of the Jews, who are quite numerous. In the lowest story of a large building were six or eight benches, driven round and round by a number of boys, and turning a large wheel. From this I ascended a narrow and steep stairway, lined with dust-smut and cobwebs, to the second floor. Here were about forty workmen, seated at their benches round the side of the room. The large wheel below turned four smaller cylinders in the middle of this room, and from these bands ran to all the benches and kept in motion a number of circular iron plates, horizontal and even with the surface of the table. The superintendent sat in the center, busy at his work, and overlooking the room. He spoke English, and took much pains to explain and show me the whole process.

The flat plate of soft iron is about ten inches in diameter, and furnished with a file or piece of coarse sandstone, so as to be full of fine lines radiating from the centre. This lasts a workman one or two days, and used there be prepared once again. The rough diamonds made are small, irregular, round pebbles, just about the size of a shot a sportsman is accustomed to use, from the smallest size to buckshot.

The workman takes a small copper cup, one inch in diameter, which is fastened to a strong wire, and fills it with composition of zinc and quicksilver. This composition, when hot, has the consistency of wax, and is easily moulded into any shape. The workman fills a cup and rounded it off with a flat piece of iron, in his hand—an experiment which, he told me, would be difficult for an inexperienced person to try without burning his fingers, but upon his horny hand the red hot metal made no impression. When finished, it looked just like an iron upon its stem, with the diamond partially embedded in the apex.

The whole was then plunged into cold water, and the stone was held firmly in its place by the solid zinc, and ready for polishing.— This score of zinc, and diamond is then fastened firmly in an iron clamp, and the point put down upon an iron plate, which is whirling round and grinds it off. Sometimes a weight of lead is put on to press it down and grind it down faster. Each workman succeeds two at the same time, and takes them up, every minute, to apply with a camel-hair pencil the smallest quantity of diamond dust, which is the only substance that will cut upon them, and is much more precious than gold; or to bend the stiff wire with the thumb and form a new face. His first step is to "make a table," as it is called; that is, to grind down a considerable surface on one side, around which the other faces are arranged. Every diamond is here finished with sixty-four faces, and done entirely by the eye.

The workmen are employed twelve hours and finish three or four a day. The diamond merchants of Amsterdam pay from four to ten guilders—that is, from two to four dollars—each for polishing. The best place for buying the rough stones is France, and the best market for selling the polished jewels is England. Any color injures the value of stone. The clear, limpid diamond is the most valued. A workman showed me three of the same, just finished, weighing about three carats each, half as large as a pea, and said, they were worth 600 florins, that is, about sixty dollars each. Doubtless they will soon sparkle in "emerald halls," and in unison with splendor and beauty; but I doubt if they will ever again sparkle in more striking and brilliant contrast than when I saw them in the sunny hands of the workman.

The place was covered with smut, dirt and oil. The wheels rattled and the workmen shouted rough jokes at each other above the noise, and grined and dashed about their duties as merrily as ever the Cyclops could have wrought when they made the precious shield of Zeus. And now and then the tortured diamonds sent forth a shriek, the like of what comes from filing a saw, but to which, that is a mere whisper, that pierced the ears and contracted the muscles of the very workmen themselves.

INSTINCT OF PLANTS.—

Observation shows that plants have hours devoted to rest, during which time they make little or no progress in growth. A curious proof of this statement was afforded by an account of a gentleman, who had an artificial illumination kept up in his greenhouse throughout the night, and where this was done the grapes ripened sooner by several weeks; but subsequent accounts inform us that the vines thus stimulated were much weakened.

Some plants like some animals have been ordained for night, and these, accordingly, are active only during those hours. The night-blooming Cereus is an example of this sort. Others, that increase and flourish during the day, close their flowers, and frequently their leaves, remaining inactive throughout the night.

The botanist Gussone, in a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, attributed the remarkable mortality of the night-blooming cereus, with gas, since the trees as well as living creatures need repose at night.

THE MECHANIC.—

If there is any station truly enviable, it is that of an industrious mechanic, who by his own unaided exertions has established for himself a respectable place in society; who, commencing in poverty, has been able by his skill and perseverance, to overcome every obstacle, vanquish every power, and build for himself a reputation whose value is enhanced for others; and let it be remembered, this situation is attainable by all who have health and practical knowledge of their business. It is a mistaken idea that fortune deals about her favors blindly, and with reckless hand. Industry and virtuous ambition are seldom exerted in vain.

CONSPIRACY.—

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