

The Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

No. IV.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 17, 1844.

No. 32.

Winter.

BY N. F. WELLS.

It has come again. The sweet-southwest
frost wind, and the strong earth
will smile its mantle to be bound.
The frost letter. There is not a sound
of the skater's heel, and there is laid
a finger on the lip of streams.
The clear icicle hangs cold and still,
the snow fall is noiseless as thought.
A rushing sound, and Summer sends
sweet voices with its odors out,
Autumn rustleth its decaying robe
a complaining whisper. Winter's dumb!
He bids his ministry a silent one,
he has given him a foot of steel.
An unlovely aspect, and a breath
to the senses—and we know that He
is well, and hath a meaning hid
in the shadow of his hand. Look up!
It shall be interpreted—Your home
is a temptation now. There is no voice
with beguiling for your ear,
the cool forest and the meadows green
do not tempt you away; and in the dells
are no sunny places to lie down.
You must go in, and by your cheerful fire
for the offices of love, and hear
of human tenderness, and feast
your eyes upon the beauty of the young,
reason for the quiet thought,
and still reckoning with thyself. The year
is back the spirits of its dead, and Time
is the history of its vanished hours;
the heart calleth his affections up,
with his wasted ingots. Life stands still
like a fountain, and the eye
stares through its depths, and noteth all
around its troubled waters. It is well
with the dying year should come.

Two Dollars a Day and Roast Beef.

Eighteen hundred and forty,
a song of promised relief,
was sung to the poor by the haughty,
two dollars a day, and roast beef.
The banners were flying and streaming;
reason the people were deaf;
weat through the universe screaming
two dollars a day, and roast beef.
The banners, and badges now flourished,
the portraits betokening grief;
we were hoped they should be nourish'd
two dollars a day, and roast beef.
The hack, the skunk, and the cool too,
the Fox, that inveterate thief,
their skins to the whigs with this tune too,
two dollars a day, and roast beef.
The banners, and the banners,
the banners are stuck on a reef;
we have ceased their hozanas,
two dollars a day, and roast beef.
Will now ask the whiggies one question;
we promise them it shall be brief—
ever yet hurt your digestion
two dollars a day, and roast beef!

Love Never Sleeps.

Love never sleeps! The mother's eye
is on her dying infant's bed,
she marks the moment fly,
the death creeps on with noiseless tread
and she is dead! Love never sleeps!
The frail and fragile form
is the tumult of her breast:
the burdened nature sinks to rest;
her heart both agonized keeps
a watchful eye—Love never sleeps!
Love—the angel sounds
of the care worn sons of men;
the eyes and eager hands
they raise the soul to hope again,
in the air their pity sweeps
of time—Love never sleeps!
Love—beneath—and over all,
the sun and angels, earth and heaven,
the slightest call
is answered; and relief is given:
of wo, when sorrow steps
in pain—Love never sleeps!
Love of love! our eyes to thee,
and of the world's false radiance turn!
we view thy purity
and our hearts within us burn
in the lowest depths
of hell—Love never sleeps!

A Story of Love and Debt.

A curious anecdote was once related to us, with name of person and place, and the date of the event, which we shall repeat for the benefit of the rising generation, who, in their haste to carry out their views, may commit some mistake whose effect will be permanent.

Mr. Rhodes was the High Sheriff of _____ county, Massachusetts; and his good name, inherited from the father and cherished by the son, made him not only popular as an officer, but rather wealthy as a man. Why Mr. Rhodes had never got married, the ladies could not ascertain, though they talked the matter over and over very often, but almost all said there must have been some cause in his youth, (Mr. Rhodes was thirty-five, at least,) which was known only to himself, and perhaps one other.

Some disappointment, said Miss Anna, a young lady who thought it wrong that gentlemen should be disappointed; some fatal disappointment?

Not at all, said her maiden aunt, not at all; nobody ever thought that Mr. Rhodes had courage enough to offer himself to a lady. He is so modest that I should like to see him make a proposal.

No doubt of it, aunt, no doubt of it; and to hear him too, said Anna.

Your father and I, said Anna's mother, once thought that Mr. Rhodes would certainly marry Miss Susan Morgan, who then lived in the neighborhood.

Was he accepted by Miss Morgan? asked Anna.

I don't believe she ever had an offer, said aunt Arabella.

Perhaps not, said Mrs. Wilton, but she certainly deserved one from Mr. Rhodes; and I have frequently thought that, during services in church, he was about to make proposals before all the congregation, as he kept his eye continually on her.

Do you think, asked Anna, that Miss Morgan was fond of him as he appeared of her?

She certainly did not take the same means of showing her feelings, said Mrs. Wilton, for she never looked at him in church, & seemed to blush when, by any means she discovered that others had noticed his gazing upon her.

I should think, said Anna, partly aside, that a man like Mr. Rhodes would not lack confidence to address a lady, especially if she was conscious of her own feelings, and of his infirmities.

Mrs. Wilton smiled, and aunt Arabella was about to say that no lady should ever evince her feelings under such circumstances, when Mrs. Wilton remarked, that once, when she had joked Miss Morgan upon her conquest, she rather pettishly replied, that she may have subdued him, but he had never acknowledged her power.

Conquest and possession did not go together, then, said Anna.

Well, is this attachment the cause of Mr. Rhodes' single condition? Was there no one else at whom he could look in church, who would be likely to look at him? said Anna, nodding towards her aunt.

No, said aunt A., with a hearty smile, none in the pew to which you allude. I at least was too strongly impressed with the force of the tenth commandment, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox, nor his ass, ever to be looking over Miss Morgan at Mr. Rhodes.

One morning Mr. Rhodes was sitting in his office, when one of the deputies read off a list of executions and attachments, which he had in hand to serve, and among them was one against a lady at a short distance. The amount was not great, but enough to bring distress upon a family.

Let me take that, said the Sheriff, with some feeling; it is out of your walk, and I will drive to the residence of the person to-morrow morning.

The modest vehicle of the officer stood at the door of a neat dwelling house in a retired, delightful situation, where all things told of taste and economy. The Sheriff opened the gate, ascended the steps of the house, and asked if Miss Morgan was at home.

The servant answered in the affirmative.

As Mr. Rhodes passed along the hall, he thought over the part he had to perform—how he should introduce the subject—how, if the debt should prove to be onerous, he should contrive to

lighten the burthen by his own abilities; and when he reached the door, he had condescended his salutation to the lady, and his opening speech on the subject of his official call.

The servant opened the door—Mr. Rhodes entered with a bow. He blushed, hesitated, and at length took a seat, to which Miss Morgan directed him by a graceful turn of her hand.

After a few moments' hesitancy, Mr. Rhodes felt that it was his business to open a conversation that would explain the object of his visit; so he offered, by way of preface, a few remarks upon the coldness of the spring.

Yes, said Miss Morgan; but yet, cold as the weather has been, and even notwithstanding a few frosts, you see the trees have their richest foliage, and the flowers are luxuriant.

True, said Mr. Rhodes; it seems, though there may be a great deal of coldness, that nature will have her own way, and time asserts her prerogative, late perhaps, Miss Morgan, but still the same.

Mr. Rhodes felt rather startled at his own speech, and looking up, was infinitely astonished to see that Miss Morgan was blushing like one of the roses that was hanging against the window.

We are always pleased, said Miss M., to see what we admire breaking through the chilling influences by which they have been retained, and satisfying our hopes of their ultimate disclosure.

Miss Morgan was looking directly towards the bush on which three roses were clustering in a most gorgeous richness.

Mr. Rhodes put his hand into his pocket, and felt for the official papers, to gather a little courage from their contact.

I have, said Mr. Rhodes, an attachment.

Miss Morgan this time lent blushes to the rose.

The attachment, Miss Morgan, is of a distant date, and I felt that too much time had already elapsed; that, indeed, instead of entrusting it, as I might have done, to another, I thought that in a matter of so much delicacy, it would be proper for me to come in person.

For me, Mr. Rhodes? the attachment for me?

As I was saying, Miss Morgan, the attachment I have; and I felt it a matter of delicacy to come in person, thinking that my own means might be considered, if there was any deficiency in value of this property.

Mr. Rhodes, you seem to be rather enigmatical.

I nevertheless, said Mr. R., mean to speak very plainly when I say, that with reference to this attachment, Miss Morgan, should you honor me so far as to accept my proposition, my pecuniary means would be devoted to the—the attachment.

I was, said Miss Morgan, wholly unprepared for this.

I was afraid that was the case, said Mr. Rhodes, and therefore I thought it more delicate to make the offer in person.

Your are very considerate, Mr. Rhodes.

Am I then to understand, Miss Morgan, that my proposition is agreeable to you? In other words, that it is accepted?

Mr. Rhodes, said the lady, with much hesitancy, I must claim a little time to think of it.

I will call, then, on my return from the village beyond.

Let me ask a little more time, she said; say next week.

Miss Morgan, said Mr. Rhodes, the matter requires immediate answer: the attachment is of an old date, and time now is every thing. My feelings are deeply interested; and may I not hope that while you are using so short a time to consider a subject which you are so pleased to view as of great delicacy with regard to yourself, you will allow my wishes and feelings to weigh with you in deciding in favor of my proposition, which I assure you, is made after due deliberation upon my ability to perform my part of the contract.

Mr. Rhodes then took his leave, astonished at his own unvoiced volubility, which indeed, nothing could have induced but his desire to relieve one so much esteemed as Miss Morgan, from present embarrassment.

Mr. Rhodes drove to a neighboring place, deeply occupied with his good purposes towards Miss Morgan, satisfying himself that the pecuniary sacrifice he had proposed was due to his untold and unknown affection for her, and not beyond his means.

Miss Morgan felt a renewal of all those feelings which had rather been dormant than quenched in her bosom, and desired the advice of her married sister, who was unfortunately absent.

That Mr. Rhodes had once felt a strong attachment to her, she could not doubt; that he had continued to cherish, as she had done, the reciprocal feelings, she had not ventured to hope. But it was evident that the proposition of Mr. R. was not from any sudden impulse, and Miss M. resolved to signify her assent to a proposition so worthy of consideration on all accounts.

In less than two hours, Mr. Rhodes drove up to the door again, fastened his horse, and was re-admitted to the little parlour which he had occupied in an early part of the day.

Miss Morgan, said Mr. Rhodes, before receiving your answer, which I trust you are prepared to give in favor of accepting my proposals, I wish to state to you that I have reconsidered all the circumstances of my situation and yours; and find myself better able, from some previously unconsidered matters, to keep my part of the arrangement, than I thought myself when I ventured to make the offer, so that the kindness, if you will have that word used in this matter, is all on your side.

Under present circumstances—I mean those of our long acquaintance, and our family intercourse, though of late rather interrupted, said Miss Morgan, and my right, my years, (she added, casting a glance at a looking glass that showed only a matured womanhood,) to speak for myself, I have concluded to consider your proposition favorably.

Consider! Miss Morgan, consider favorably! may I not hope you mean that you will accept it?

Miss Morgan gave no answer.

Nay; then, it is accepted, said Mr. Rhodes, with a vivacity that Miss Morgan thought would have brought him to her feet—her hand at least.

How happy you have made me, said Mr. Rhodes; having disposed of this matter, there are ten days allowed.

That's very short, said Miss Morgan, only ten days—you seem to be in a haste unusual to you at least.

It is the attachment and not I, that is imperative.

You speak rather abstractedly, Mr. Rhodes.

But truly, very truly, Miss Morgan.

But why limit it to ten days?

The attachment requires it.

I thought, said she, smiling, the attachment would be for life.

Mr. Rhodes looked exceedingly confused. At length he started suddenly towards the lady.

My dear Miss Morgan, is it possible that, for once in my life, I have blundered into the right path? Can I have been so fortunately misconceived?

If there is any mistake, said Miss Morgan, I hope it will be cleared up immediately. I can scarcely think that Mr. Rhodes would intentionally offend an unprotected orphan, the daughter and sister of his former friends.

Mr. Rhodes hastily pulled from his pocket his writ of attachment, and showed it to Miss Morgan.

This is certainly your name, and this property—

Is the disputed possession, said Miss Morgan, of my sister-in-law of the same name, Mrs. Susan Morgan?

Mr. Rhodes stood confounded. He was afraid of the course which the matter was likely to take.

So, Mr. Rhodes, you see the attachment was for this property. Now as it is not mine, and as, indeed, I have little of my own, you of course have no claim upon my person.

I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Morgan, I beg your pardon. You have not the property, indeed, for me to attach, but be pleased to read lower down on the writ; you will see—look at it if you please, for want thereof take the body.

But Mr. Rhodes, the promise was extorted under a misapprehension, so that I am released.

Not at all; you are required only to fulfil the promise just as you intended when you made it. And as to the attachment for the widow and her property I'll serve that by deputy.

In ten days the clergyman and not the magistrate, was called in, and the whole arrangement was consummated.

And aunt Arabella, who was so careful about the tenth commandment, declared that it said nothing about coveting a neighbor's husband, and if it had, she did not think that she would violate it.

A Sister's Influence.

MANY a young man owes his preservation from vice and ruin to the influence of a sister. When in danger of temptation—when his own principles were insufficient to resist the vice of evil influence—that was coming upon his heart—when he was in danger of becoming profane, licentious, intemperate, it was her society, her conversation, her prayers that rescued him. Nothing else would have saved him but affectionate entreaties and fervent supplications to God; and society now embosoms many a virtuous and pious man, who has been rescued from impending ruin by the conversation and influence of a sister. Indeed, it will be found that most of those young men who are peculiarly liable to bad influences, and were in danger of ruin, who have been rescued, have been recovered by this influence, and owe their happiness to, and their hopes of salvation, to those whom a beneficent Providence stationed as the pure companions of their early years.

It should be added, on this head, that this is an influence which is evidently designed to be exerted in favor of religion, and which should be sacredly employed to promote the salvation of the soul. So far as it goes, even in ordinary circumstances, it is one of the greatest auxiliaries to piety. She who preserves her brother from profaneness and intemperance, and an impure life, is doing much in aid of the proper influence of religion in the world. She is keeping him from throwing himself forever from the means of grace, and from the hopes of salvation. She is making it possible still to reach his heart by the appeals of the gospel. She is retaining him where the means of grace may have access to him; she is keeping him where there is a hope, a possibility that he may be saved. But her influence should reach far beyond this. Of all persons, she probably, has most entirely his confidence and affection. There is not one of his companions whom he would not sooner abandon than his sister. There is, perhaps, no amusement which he would not give up or a place of resort that he would not forsake at her affectionate entreaty.

There is perhaps, not a book which he would not read to gratify her feelings, or a good influence under which attachment to her might not bring him. She has his heart at all times—at all times can speak to him on the subject of his soul's salvation. He will not turn rudely away from her, as he will from one of his own sex; nor will he despise her entreaties as he may those of ministers of the gospel. And she has one power which is in advance even of this; for a brother though he may not be religious, though an infidel, though a companion even of the evil and the licentious, she may pray—And what young man is there, who, in his sober moments of reflection—and all young men have such moments—would be unmoved at the knowledge of the fact that a sister was pleading with God for the salvation of his soul, and resorted to this method—the last method which piety and love can use to save the soul, when all other means shall fail to rescue the young man from eternal perdition.—*Charlestown Observer.*

Interesting Facts.

Out of every thousand men, twenty-eight die annually.

The number of inhabitants of a city or county is renewed every 30 years.

The number of old men who die in cold weather is to the number of those who die in warm weather, seven to four.

The men able to bear arms form one fourth of the inhabitants of a country.

The proportion between the deaths of women and that of men, is one hundred to one hundred and eight. The probable duration of female lives is sixty; but after that period, the calculation is more favorable to them than men.

One half of those who are born, die before they attain the age of seventeen.

Among 3125 who die, appears by the registers that there is only one person of one hundred years of age.

More old men are to be found on elevated situations than in valleys and plains.

In the country, the spring is the most fatal period; in great cities, it is in the winter.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.—A French regiment at the battle of Spiers had orders to give no quarter. A German officer being taken, begged his life.—The Frenchman replied, "Sir, you may ask me any other favor, but as for your life, it is impossible to grant it."

Heaven as a Residence.

To go to heaven when we die, seems to be the grand wish that we form to ourselves whenever we happen to fall into a serious mode of thinking, or begin to grow melancholy at the prospect of death. To go to HEAVEN, and then it would appear that nothing more was wanting to complete our happiness.

And yet there is one very simple question that it is quite surprising we never think of asking, and that is—What kind of a place we should find it if we went there? That heaven is a scene of unbounded happiness and everlasting delight, there is no doubt whatever, but should we find it so is quite another question. We know that a deaf man might be surrounded with the sweetest music, and the most enchanting harmony, and to him it would be all dead silence; and a beautiful portrait, or a lovely landscape would be nothing but darkness to a blind man's eye.

Now, is it not probable that to some men heaven would be a state of languor or of misery? Heaven is not a theatre that shifts the scene to suit itself to every foolish fancy, and every silly humor of the spectators. It has, indeed, its fullness of joy, and its pleasure for evermore; but the question is, have we the power and the relish to enjoy them? We will suppose, a moment, that our hope of going to heaven, is, some way or other, fulfilled, and that (God knows how) we have passed the fearful account that we shall have to render—of sins committed, of duties neglected, of blessings abused, of time squandered away; we will suppose that we have found our way into that heaven that is the object of our hopes—what have we to promise ourselves? We know at least what we shall not find there; we know that, "naked as we came into this world, naked shall we go out of it; that the body which held us, and the earth together, is laid in the dust from which it was taken, and the bond that united us to this lower world is snapped, and the channel through which we communicated with it withdrawn; and this busy stage upon which our affections have been running to and fro, seeking rest and finding none, is at once concealed from our views, and becomes to us a dead blank. Alas! Alas! what objects shall we fasten upon to fill up the dreary vacancy which was once occupied by our busy pursuits, and our dear pleasures upon earth? For the gold and the silver are gone, and the pipe and the viol and the tabor have died away in silence. What can we seize upon to employ our minds or to excite our desire, or to fill up our conversation? Alas! where is the buying and selling, the bustle of business, or the enthusiasm of enterprise, that supplied us at once with our cares and our hopes? Where is the flowing goblet, and the wild and wanton merriment that used to set the table in a roar? Alas! what shall we do for the delightful trifles by which we contrived, while we were upon the earth, to get rid of time, and forget that it was rolling over our heads? What shall we do for those wild pursuits, by which we made ourselves mad for a time and hunted eternity out of our minds? What shall we do for conversation? upon what subject shall we converse? And then—to go on in this way for ever. We cannot sit thus dreaming through eternity. If this be heaven, would to God he had still left us upon our beloved earth.—Wherefore have ye brought us out of Egypt, where we ate and drank and were merry, and have left us here to perish in the wilderness? Better would it have been for us to have still our interchanges of hope and fear, of pleasure and pain, of repose and fatigue, of joy and sorrow, than to endure this dismal serenity—than to say in the morning, "would to God it were evening, and in the evening would to God it were morning."

THE USE OF THE FORK.—An English writer remarks that "it is curious enough that nations should be distinguished by so trifling a circumstance as the mode of using the fork at the table. An Englishman is remarkable for placing his fork at the left side of his plate; the Frenchman is recognised at table for using the fork alone, without the knife; a German by planting it perpendicularly in his plate; and the Russian by using it as a pitchfork."

CAPITAL AND ORIGINAL.—The London Punch says:—"How dependent a thing is human excellence? What is beauty without soap?"

"As coke is to a steam engine, so is mutton to genius. Life is a railway, and the cook is a stoker."