

The Bradford Porter

WEDNESDAY,

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

(BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.)

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MARCH 20, 1844. NO. 41.

[For the Bradford Porter.]

W. Owen, on the death of her infant.

Could a sympathetic strain
From the current rushing through each
Heart, then this song, from one whose heart hath
Suffered, she has never mourned an infant dead.
With a whisper of the tranquil joy
Of the cradle of thy sleeping boy?
To point the treasure gone,
To brighten in its early dawn;
Like the diamond-dew of morning clear,
Alas! too bright to linger here!
Did it hourly brighten in thine eye?
On that brow was written—Thou shalt
Die!

Thy fair image still! methinks the glow
Of the tear of an unaffected wo,
When my mourning sister! take thy seat,
To seek submission, at the Savior's feet;
Thy agent ever to his praying saints
Language kind he answers their complaints.
Let thy faith behold him throne on high,
Social pity beaming in his eye,
Thy infant on his breast, a spirit bright,
To soft visions of serene delight;
Thy interest in our bleeding Lord,
Thy never trembled from an angel's chord,
Thy warbling tongue so sweetly flows
From bosom, at the accents glow,
Bright and tall, their lutes lay by
To this sweeter song of Infancy.

Responsive mother! catch the dulcet sound,
So soft cannot thy bosom wound;
Catch the sound, and, with thy angel-boy,
To the accents fraught with heavenly joy,
Till sorrow, past and present seem,
A remembrance of a faded dream!
Thy sweet communion, with a spirit blest,
Thy bosom bring a hallow'd rest.

From the string melodious grief must roll,
The language of the inmost soul.
Thy decay'd and falling leaf,
Thy symbol of existence brief;
Thy sweet, that in my window bloom,
Thy fairest hastens to the tomb!
Thy silent 'neath the autumn sky,
Thy sweetest melody may die!
Thy one 'neath disease's power,
Thy soul of a transient hour!
Thy calm had felt death's chilling
Thy withers all that charms the earthly sight,
Thy bud, renewed its trusts divine,
Thy glory from its gloomy shrine!
MAY.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

Life's Sunny Spots.

BY WM. LEGGETT.

Though life's a dark and thorny path,
Its goal the silent tomb,
Yet some spots of sunshine bath,
That smile amidst the gloom.
The friends who weal and wo partake,
Unchanged what'er his lot,
Who soothe the heart that aches,
Are sunny spots.

Those who half our burden bear,
And share not a moan,
Whose ready hand wipes off our tears,
Who labors all her own;
Who treasures every kindly word,
Each harsher one forgot,
And smiles blithely as a bird—
She's too a sunny spot.

The child who lifts at morn and eve,
In prayer its tiny voice;
Who grieves when'er its parents grieve,
And joy when they rejoice;
Whose bright eye young genius glows,
Whose heart, without a blot,
Fresh and pure as summer's rose—
That child's a sunny spot.

There yet upon life's weary road,
One spot of brighter glow,
Whose sorrows half forgets its load,
And tears no longer flow;
Friendship may wither, love decline,
Our child dishonor blot;
But still undimmed that spot will shine—
Religion lights that spot.

Death and the World.

BY MISS JEWELL.

The world a gay good world,
Of smiles and bounties free;
Death, alas! is king of this world,
And it holds a grave for me.

The world hath gold—it is bright and red
With love, and the love is sweet;
Prize, like the song of a lovely lute—
But all those with death must meet.

Will rust the gold, and the fervid love,
Will bury beneath the dark mould,
The praise he will put in an epitaph,
When on marble cold?

The First and Last Dinner.

A TALE OF LIFE.

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their pursuits, their family connexions and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed one day when they were drinking their wine at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations: That they should dine alternately at each others' houses on the first and last day of each year; and that the first bottle of wine uncorked at the first dinner should be recorded and put away to be drunk by him who should be the last of their number; that they should never admit a new member; that when one died eleven should meet, and when another died, ten should meet, and so on, and when only one remained, he should, on those two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table; but the first time he so dined alone, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the first bottle, and in the first glass drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meetings with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that could have darkened those anticipations, was not one very likely to intrude itself at this moment—that of the hopeless wight who was destined to uncork the first bottle at his lonely repast.

It was high summer when this frolic compact was entered into: and as their pleasure yacht skimmed along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their first and last feasts of ensuing years. Their imaginations ran riot with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They wandered in conjecture of what changes time would operate; joked each other upon their appearance when they should meet—some hobbling upon crutches after a severe fit of the gout; others poking about with pur-blind eyes, which even spectacles could hardly enable to distinguish the alderman's walk or a haunch of venison—some with portly round bellies and tidy little brown wigs, and others decently dressed out in a suit of mourning, for the death of a great-grand-daughter or great-grand-son.

"As for you, George," exclaimed one of the twelve, addressing his brother-in-law, "I expect I shall see you as dry, withered, and shrunken as an old-leek-skin, you mere outside of a man!" and he accompanied the words with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

George Fortesque was leaning carelessly over the side of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any at the conversation which had been carried on. The sudden manual salutation of his brother-in-law threw him off his balance, and in a moment he was overboard. He heard the heavy splash of his fall, before they could be said to have seen him fall. The yacht was proceeding swiftly along—but it instantly stopped. The utmost consternation now prevailed. It was nearly dark, but Fortesque was known to be an excellent swimmer, and, starting as the accident was, they felt certain that he would regain the vessel. They could not see him.—They listened. They heard the sound of his hands and feet. They hailed him. An answer was returned, but in a faint, gurgling voice, and the exclamation, "Oh God!" struck upon their ears. In an instant, two or three who were expert swimmers plunged into the river, and swam towards the spot whence the exclamation had proceeded. One of them was within an arm's length of Fortesque—he saw him; before he could be reached he went down, and his distracted friend beheld the eddy circles of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. He dived after him and touched the bottom; but the tide must have drifted the body onward for he could not be found! They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where drags were kept, and having procured the necessary apparatus, they returned to the fatal spot. After the lapse of about an hour, they succeeded in raising the lifeless body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies were employed for restoring suspended animation, but in vain; and they now pursued the remainder of their voyage to London, in mournful silence, with the corpse of him who had commenced

the day of pleasure with them in the fullness of health, of spirits, of life!

Amid their severe grief, they could not but reflect how soon one of the joyous twelve had slipped out of the little festive circle!

The months rolled on, and cold December came with all its cheering round of kindly greetings and merry hospitalities; and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of Fortesque; eleven of the twelve assembled on the last day of the year, and it was impossible not to feel their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, six on one side, and only five on the other, forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

There are few sorrows so stubborn as to resist the united influence of wine, a circle of select friends, and a season of prospective gaiety. A decorous sigh or two, a few becoming ejaculations, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous offerings to the remains of "poor George Fortesque," as they proceeded to discharge the more important duties for which they had met. By the time the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to sundry potatoes of fine old hock, and "capital madeira," they had ceased to discover anything so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of eleven.

The rest of the evening passed off very pleasantly in conversation, good humored enjoyment, and conviviality, and it was not till toward twelve o'clock that "poor George Fortesque" was again remembered.

They all agreed, at parting, however, that they had never passed such a happy day, congratulated each other upon instituting so delightful a meeting, and promised to be punctual to their appointment the ensuing evening, when they were to celebrate the new year, whose entrance they had welcomed in bumpers of good claret, as the watchman bawled, "past twelve o'clock!" beneath the window.

They met accordingly, and their gaiety was without any alloy or drawback. It was only the first time of their assembling after the death of poor George Fortesque, that made the recollection of it painful; for though but a few hours had intervened, they now took their seats at the table as if eleven had been their original number, and as if all were there that had been ever expected to be there.

It is thus in every thing. The first time a man enters the prison—the first painting an artist executes—the first battle a general wins—nay, the first time a rogue is hanged—(for a rotten rope may provide a second performance, even of that ceremony, with all its singleness of character)—differ inconceivably from their first occurrence, on repetition.—There is a charm, a spell, a novelty, a freshness, a delight, inseparable from the first experience, (hanging always excepted, be it remembered,) which no art or circumstance can impart to the second. And it is the same in all the darker traits of life. There is a degree of poignancy in the first assaults of sorrow, which is never found afterward. In every case, it is simply that the first fine edge of our feelings has been taken off, and that it can never be restored.

Several years had elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up their double anniversaries, as they might aptly enough be called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But, alas, there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness, for on that very day their friend, companion, brother almost, was hanged! Yes, Stephen Roland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their little circle, had on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for having made one single stroke of his pen in the wrong place. In other words, a bill of exchange which, passed into his hands for £700, passed out of them for £4, 700; he having drawn the important little prefix to the hundreds; and the bill being paid at the banker's without examining the words of it.—The forgery was discovered, brought home to Roland, and though the greatest interest was used to obtain the remission of the penalty, poor Stephen Roland was hanged. Every body pitied him; and nobody could tell why he did it. He was not poor; he was not a gambler; he was not a speculator; but phrenology sealed it. The organ of acquisitiveness was discovered in his head, after his execution, as large as a pigeon's egg. He could not help it. It would be injustice to the ten to

say, that even wine, friendship, and a merry session, could dispel the gloom which pervaded the dinner. It was agreed beforehand that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme; and having interdicted the only thing which really occupied their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight.

Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of poor Roland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled—two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig; the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye; good old Port and warm Madeira carried against hock, claret, Burgundy, and champagne; stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favor; crusts were rarely called for to relish the choicest after dinner; conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or landed property; apologies were made for coming in their thick shoes and stockings; the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list and sand bags; the fire was more in request; and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. The rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, were the usual cries, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, tying on woollen comfelters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. One had been killed by the overturning of the mail, in which he had taken his place in order to be present at the dinner, having purchased an estate in Monmouthshire, and removed thither with his family. Another had undergone the terrible operation for the stone, and expired beneath the knife. The third had yielded up a broken spirit two years after the loss of an only surviving and beloved daughter. A fourth was carried off in a few days by the cholera morbus. A fifth had breathed his last the very morning he had obtained a judgment in his favor by the Lord Chancellor, which had cost him his last shilling nearly to get, and which, after a litigation of eighteen years, declared him the rightful possessor of ten thousand a year. Ten minutes after he was no more. A sixth had perished by the hand of the midnight assassin, who broke into his house for plunder, and sacrificed the owner of it as he grasped convulsively a bundle of exchequer bills, which the robber was drawing from beneath his pillow, where he knew they were placed every night for better security.

Four little old men, of withered appearance, decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless eyes, sat down by the mercy of Heaven, (as they themselves tremulously declared,) to celebrate for the fiftieth time the first day of the year—to observe the frolic compact, which half a century ago they entered into, at the Star and Garter at Richmond! Eight were in their graves! Yet they chipped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, if a sort of strange wheezing might be called a laugh; and when the wines sent their joy blood in a warmer pulse through their veins, they talked of their past as if it were but yesterday that had slipped by them, and their future as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth and whist was no longer practicable; two could play only at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their fading sight distinguish, the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doza between each deal.

At length came the last dinner, and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head fourscore and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary

meal. It so chanced it was at his house and his table, they celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained for eight and fifty years, the bottle which they had uncorked, recorked, and which he was then to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the "frail memorial" of a youthful vow, and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years and his heart traveled through them all. Their lusty and blithesome spring; their bright and fervid autumn; their chill but not too frozen winter; he saw as in a mirror how one by one the laughing companions of that merry hour at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt all the loneliness of his condition, for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own; and as he drained the glass which he had filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and prepared himself to discharge the other by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts, a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon a carpet at the foot of the easy chair, out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following day. And this was the LAST DINNER.

Beauty of Form.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Genoa, says,—"Sometimes you may travel all day, and see nothing but the ugliest faces, and you wonder how nature should have gone so away in every instance; and then again, in another province, you see at every step the beautiful eye and lash, and flexible brow and laughing face of your true Italian beauty. In form the Italians excel us; larger, fuller, they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that a small waist is—and, per necessitatem, must be—beautiful. Why, an Italian lady would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire only by the longest, painfulest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them, and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of milliner's shops.

Hundreds perish annually, victims to corsets. And yet it will be seen by the models of beauty, as given by the celebrated sculptors, are by no means characterized by the hour-glass waists, of which so many of the gentler sex of this country delight to boast. It is almost impossible for a female to subject herself to the fashionable system which has so long prevailed in the United States, and yet be healthful, graceful, elastic in figure and in spirits. She may have a thin waist, but the chances are nine to one that her cheeks will be bloodless, her movements languid, her frame feeble and her constitution impaired.

A SHORT STORY.—A circle has met, list! they are whispering low. Mark the sneer on that lady's countenance. Another is indignant. A third would never have suspected such a thing! All are excited. They talk louder and faster until they forget entirely the object of their meeting, in canvassing the character of a friend. They know nothing against her, but what Report says, and you all know how correct she is. They are all animated about the matter; and when they part, each one goes to a different section to report what has been said, and, before the week's end, the character of an honest woman is almost destroyed.

POULTRY HOUSES AND POULTRY.—Let the poultry houses be cleaned out and white-washed; fresh straw or hay be put in the nests, and provide the poultry with ashes, sand, lime and gravel, and give them, occasionally, fresh meat, or fish, boiled and chopped, during this month, and let them be well fed daily with grain of some kind—such wheat, or, have been sold, promotes laying.

Ascent of Mont Blanc.

Mont Blanc has never been so easy of ascent within the memory of man as during the present season. The most dangerous and difficult crevasses have remained filled by compact snow, and the perpendicular walls, which it is necessary to ascend have been also covered by the same material into which steps could be easily cut. Four parties have consequently succeeded in making the ascent. Each gentleman is attended by five guides, each of whom receives a hundred francs, acting in the triple capacity of guides to show the route, of friends to assist him in difficult passes, and of porters to carry provisions and blankets. On the last of these expeditions a variation from the usual course was adopted with much advantage. The party started in the morning (at first attending mass, as is usual in Catholic countries before encountering any great danger) and after mounting all day, instead of sleeping as usual, at the Grand Mulet, (a little rocky spot bare of snow) they rested at the Petit Mulet only from 7 to 11 in the evening, and then resuming their ascent by moonlight, succeeded in reaching the top by sunrise. They were accompanied by a little dog, who with them overcame every difficulty, even the steps cut by axes in the perpendicular walls of ice, and was at the top, the first of the party; but no sooner did they begin to descend than he rushed down as if mad, reaching the village two hours before them, with one frozen foot, and could never again be enticed to go near the mountain.

The ascent attempted by Sergeant Talford, the distinguished author of "Ion," narrowly escaped a fatal result. He was accompanied by a son of only sixteen years, and when half-way up, the boy became completely exhausted by the fatigue, lying as if dead, scarcely breathing, and it was with great difficulty that the terrified father could restore him again to consciousness. Another of these expeditions resulted in the feet of a guide being so frozen as to require amputation, though this was attributed to his carelessness in wearing only ordinary shoes and stockings. Such are some of the benefits of ascending Mont Blanc. My guide, (Michael Cachat) who had been twice to the summit, had much good sense on his side, when he said, "For us guides it is well enough to go up, for we want the money; but for gentlemen to risk their lives and half die from fatigue, and see nothing but fog at the top; and go up only to say that they have been at the top of Mont Blanc, it is a great piece of absurdity—c'est une grand bêtise."

A Miss Mis-kissed.

An amusing incident occurred with a friend of ours the other day. He was expecting his mother in the evening train from Baltimore, and like a good son repaired to the depot to meet her. It was a dark day, and by the time the cars arrived there was no such thing as distinguishing the faces of the passengers. As he entered one of the cars, a lady seated in a corner addressed him as "father"—the voice was his mother's and the title one which she always gave him while at his house among his children—so, without hesitation, he threw his arms round the lady's neck and kissed her. Just then a gentleman pushed him gently aside, and went through the same ceremony. This was very strange, he thought, a man kissing his mother! Hardly had he thought passed his mind, when his veritable mother came forward and kissed him. Very much embarrassed, he turned to the gentleman, "Sir, I have made an egregious blunder; but whose pardon shall I ask, yours or the lady's?" The meek reply was, "Thee had better ask the lady's pardon, though I don't know which had the best of the bargain, thee or my daughter."

LEARN TO DIE.—This, it seems is the most curious of all arts. How shall it be learned? I answer—by living well! There is the whole secret; and a blessed secret it is. Dying is a step at much else. To be prepared for it by a good life, will give an excellent degree—a degree far higher than the highest that men upon earth ever attain! For this degree, too, we are all invited to become a candidate, and furnished every facility for reaching.

BARNS AND OUTBUILDINGS.—Examine all such places on your farm, and have them repaired while you can command the labor to do so without interfering with other labors; all such work should be done before the spring opens.