The Bradford Porter.

[ERY WEDNESDAY.] *Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.*—Gov. Porter. [BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

OL. IV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MARCH 27, 1844. NO. 42.

The following beautiful and touching effu- came to us from some unknown hand, in publication, (if it is entitled to the appellation publication,) called "The Blue Stocking," interesting little sheet issued by the ladies Harrisburg for three or four consecutive days, the continuance of a *fair* held by them the benefit of the Presbyterian church.—articles are all from ladies' pens, and as a of course written expressly for the Blue Stocking. We select the two following as par- charming, while at the same time we in the three numbers of the Blue Stocking, we have received, (March 4, 5, and 6,) very many articles to admire; and we as- our lady friends at Harrisburg that we in- here-after to extract largely, about a *feet*, the "Blue Stocking."]

The Robin's Return.

Gentle Spring, with thy balmy air,
And thy sunny skies, and thy flowrets fair,
I bid thee a welcome gay.—
And away from the South, in joyous glee,
And a song of sweetest melody
I will wing my speedy way.

Hear thy call with a merry heart;
And thy breath—and I now depart
From the sunny Southern land;
For my home is ever dear to me,
And its blossoms are brighter far to see,
And my friends—a happy band.

So the Robin warbled his softest lay,
Away he flew on his homeward way,
From his winter's warm retreat:
Aloft, he soared in his airy flight,
Borne on pinions, swift and light,
He hasted, the loved to greet,

Heart was gushing with joyous song,
He carolled lightly and flew along,
And gazed on the lovely spring;
The sky was bright, and the landscape fair,
Of fragrance and melody filled the air,
And the warblers were on the wing.

Mind me, now, of a well known spot,
And faces and voices, not unforgot,
Where a welcome I ever find,
Will bid me now to that calm retreat,
And there again I will fondly meet
The friends, so warm and kind.

Then he fluttered around a dwelling near,
His spirit was light, and his voice was clear,
And he warbled a gladsome lay—
He watched the prattle of childish glee,
And the infant faces he used to see,
And the laughter wild and gay.

But his coming met with no kindly word,—
No answering welcome his bosom stirred,
With feelings of tender thought,
Long, he poured on the silent air,
But in vain, he listened for voices there,
That ever with love were fraught.

He flew to a casement, where the vine,
Its graceful branches and tendrils twine,
In the freshness of early spring:
He watched for the glance of the tender eye,
And the gentle hand that ever nigh,
His little repast to bring.

No glad response to his spirit came,
No to tell him friends were the same
As in happy days of yore;
His blighted hopes had chilled the lay,
And its gushing number died away,
And the Robin's song was o'er.

All gone—all fled—it is ever so:
Those that we cherish are first to go,
And cast o'er hearts a blight:—
Recklessness and daring he plumed his wing,
And far from the brightness of early spring,
He took his heavenward flight.

Harrisburg, Feb. 15, 1844. Ella.

Hope against Despondency.

HOPE.

Why art thou sad my ever restless soul?
Is thy blue heavens what deep'ning shadows roll?
Why is thy harp so desolately strung,
Hung with the willows bending branches hung?

DESPONDENCY.

Ask the benighted desert traveler why
Fear thrills his bosom—tears bedim his eye?
As is the unbefriended traveler's part—
Sadder, O, sadder the deserted heart!

HOPE.

Hope thou in Heaven—the wintry clouds will fly,
And summer's greenness bless the languid eye,
The gentle effort of thy Father's will
And *every fierce Euroclydon is still.*

DESPONDENCY.

Yet clouds may gather when the rain hath passed,
Then pledge is brightest that the calm will last,
And flowers may revel in the rainbow's beam
Nourished yet to perish by the lightning's gleam!

HOPE.

Hope thou in Heaven—the darkness brings the morn
Error points to truth's eternal ray:—
Hoping and trusting—be it shade or sun,
Press bravely onward till the goal be won!

Harrisburg, Feb. 1844. P.

[From the Anglo American.]

An Adventure in South America.

Serpent Hunting.

Business connected rather with pleasure than profit kept me roaming for some months among the West India Islands, that land of magnificence and discomfort; and from all that I had heard there, and more particularly from what came under my own observation, I can truly affirm that to Europeans in general it is a land replete with novelty and interest, and to writers both of fiction and truth, a field in which they may reap an abundant harvest of reputation. I at length found myself at Barbadoes, without any fixed resolution either to return or proceed further in my wanderings. In such a wavering and unsettled state of mind, a little matter will sometimes turn the scale.—I had carried a letter to a gentleman of the island, with whom I formed a most agreeable acquaintanceship; and in consequence of the description he gave me of the coast of South America I was induced to form the resolution of visiting at least a part of that country before I should think of bending my course homewards. Being furnished by him with letters to one or two individuals who might be of service to me, I took a passage in a ship bound to Demarara, and after a voyage in no degree remarkable for shortness or novelty, I landed there in safety. I will not stop here to describe all I saw. Suffice it to say, that having viewed all I considered worthy of being noticed, I set off across the country to deliver one of the letters I carried with me to a gentleman from whose attention and knowledge I had been assured I should obtain much information. After a journey of some days I reached the place; and considering that I had been previously an utter stranger, I was received, with a degree of warmth and kindness I should scarcely have anticipated. The estate, or rather plantation, on which I had been so kindly invited to take up my residence for some time, and where I had resolved to spend a few weeks in examining the local scenery and curiosities, laying upon the banks of a river that comes down from the mountains of Guiana. Mr. Heinvault (the proprietor) although the superintendence of his estate occupied a great portion of his time, contrived to devote no inconsiderable portion of it to my amusement. Accompanied by a couple of servants, and Cæsar, a shrewd and active negro who held the post of hunter (a personage not only useful, but even necessary to those who reside on a colonial estates distant from any town, as many of the delicacies of the table are furnished by him,) we made frequent excursions up the country, and committed occasionally sad havoc among the quadrupeds and feathered tribes with which that region abounds. At other times we manned a couple of canoes, and descending the river, we employed ourselves in fishing excursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves came within range of our pieces. Those who are acquainted with the general appearance and topography of the northern coast of South America, know well that from the flatness of the country as it approaches the sea, many rivers of considerable magnitude divide themselves into numerous streams or canals, before mingling their waters with those of the ocean. The delts or islands formed by those streams are sometimes of great extent, consisting, like most of that coast, of marshy or savannah land, partly bare, and partly overrun by tall reeds and canes, or other acquatic plants. In the thick and almost impervious recesses of these reptiles of various kinds often find a retreat, from which they occasionally emerge in search of their prey. The streams are in many places frequented by birds of most variegated and beautiful plumage, and the waters afford several kinds of fish, which from their delicacy and flavor, amply repay the labor employed in taking them.

I had been informed, both by Mr. H. and Cæsar, that serpents of a great size had been frequently seen by them cross the Lagoons from one island to another, and that by great exertion and not without difficulty, they had succeeded in destroying a few. I confess I had been for some time anxious to discover one of these reptiles; not that I wished a close connection with it—far from it. The little I had seen of them had given me an aversion to them, and this feeling was much heightened by the numerous stories I had heard of their fearful powers of deglutition. I had no objections, however, to view one at a distance, "dragging its slow trembling length along." But in all our excursions nothing of this kind was to be seen, and I had begun to conceive some latent suspicions that Mr. Heinvault and Cæsar had little exaggerated the number and size of the reptiles they had seen and destroyed. But an adventure soon after this befel me, which entirely changed my opinion of their veracity and convinced me that their account rather fell short of than exceeded the truth. Occasionally, when pressing business detained Mr. H. at his plantation or called him to a distance, and when I found time hang heavy upon my hands, Cæsar was always willing to volunteer his services as my guide and assistant in any rambles which I wished to undertake; and a clever and active fellow I indeed found him. He was a capital shot, and unequalled in the success with which he contrived to hook his fish when not one would look at the bait belonging to another.

One day about two or three weeks after my arrival, Mr. Heinvault informed me that he was under the necessity of going to a plantation distant about ten miles, and as the way lay partly through the woods and trackless savannah, he was obliged to take Cæsar with him, he being the only one on the estate who had a thorough knowledge of the way, and who from his dexterity and address proved a useful and agreeable attendant. He added, that he should be back early in the afternoon, and that if I wished to take a stroll, or go on the water, any of the rest of his people should be at my disposal. After Mr. H. had rode away, I strolled about the plantation an hour or two, looking at every thing to amuse myself; but getting terribly wearied with doing nothing, I told one of the people to get the lines ready, for it was my intention to go out a fishing for some time, the day being rather warm and sultry for enjoying a shooting excursion.

These being soon ready, I likewise sent for my gun, and delined the offer he made to attend me, I pushed out into the stream and dropped slowly down the river. The current being very slow, I was a while in reaching the place where the river branches off into a number of streams. I guided my canoe into one of those in which I had formerly been along with Cæsar, and where our sport had been very good.—The stream in general was above eighteen or twenty feet. I "paddled my light canoe" up and down this trying to get a shot at some of the beautiful birds which often frequent these lagoons. But the birds were scarce and shy. Fatigued with this unsuccessful sport, I set the lines, and paddled about for some time, at length I drew them up; but whether they had not been baited as well as Cæsar used to do it, or whether the fish were as shy as the birds, I cannot tell; but after a few trials I got tired of this sport likewise.—Thinking I would be more successful elsewhere. I proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther down, and set lines. By this time the day had become exceedingly sultry and oppressive. Seeing there was no prospect of a shot, I took off my stockings and shoes, and bathed my feet in the water, and working my canoe to the other side, I laid my gun ready loaded for a shot upon the benches, and stretched myself alongside of it, waiting till it was time to draw the lines which I had set. In this position I fell asleep, overcome, as I suppose, by the heat of the day, and the fatigue I had undergone.

I know not how long I might have slept; but I was aroused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking my foot.—In that state of half stupor felt after immediately awaking from sleep, I cast my eyes downward and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the neck and head of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with salava, preparatory, as immediate- flashed upon my mind, to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in many shapes,—on the ocean—on the battle field; but never till that moment had I conceived he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment and but a moment, I was fascinated. But recollection of my state soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with his basa-like eye, and at the same moment I instinctly grasped my gun, which was lying loaded beside me. The reptile, apparently by my motion (I conceive it had previously, from my inertness, taken me for a dead carcase) drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself half up, pointing the muzzle of my piece in the direction of the serpent, when its head and neck again appeared moving backwards and forwards, as if in search of the object it had had lost. The muzzle of my gun within a yard or two of it; my finger was on the trigger; I fired, and it received the shot in the head. Rearing up part of its body with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold—and by its contortions displaying to my sight a great part of its enormous bulk, which had hitherto escaped my notice—it seemed ready to throw itself upon me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of his reach.—Just as I was escaping, I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head. But the wound appeared rather to haue enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately all my shot was expended, otherwise I would most certainly at a respectful distance, have given him a salutation of the same kind as I had just bestowed. All that I have described passed in much shorter time than I have taken up in recounting it.

As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds, among which the animal was apparently taking refuge, crashing under its weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left; but hurrying as fast the canoe would go through the water, I was not long in reaching the landing place before Mr. Heinvault's house. Hastily mooring the canoe, I jumped ashore, and hurried up to the house where I found Mr. Heinvault, who had just arrived. You may be certain I lost no time in communicating to him the almost miraculous escape I had just made, and the wound I had inflicted on the animal.—"In that case," said he, "it cannot escape; we must immediately go in search of it," instantly summoning Cæsar, he told him to get the guns ready, and to bring two of his fellows with him. "If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun, and to have a second adventure you novel antagonist, we shall show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords." I protested that nothing was further from my intention than staying behind, and added, that had not my shot been expended, we should not have parted on so easy terms. "In general," he said "it is very dangerous to attack them at close quarters after being wounded, as they become extremely infuriated; and there are not wanting instances in which life has been sacrificed in doing so.—But we now take such precaution in approaching them it is next to impossible that any accident can happen."—Just as he finished saying this Cæsar re-appeared, himself armed with a club, one of those who followed him carrying a weapon of the same kind, while the other was armed with a weapon similar to a bill-hook. This Mr. Heinvault told me was to clear a road among the reeds if the animal should have retreated among them; the club being reckoned the best instrument for a close encounter. We were soon seated in the canoes, gliding down the stream as fast as a couple of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered with reeds, bore from its sanguine hue, evidence that the wound the animal had received could not have been slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, and a sort of passage was formed among them so wide, that a man could with little difficulty enter. Mr. Heinvault commanded a halt, to see that the arms were in proper order.—All being right, we listened attentively, in order to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy.—No sound however was heard. One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his bill-hook whatever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr. Heinvault and me with our guns; while Cæsar and his fellow-servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height and at the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

We had penetrated I should suppose, about thirty yards, when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal.—Mr. Heinvault ordered him behind, and advancing along with me, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster coiled up and part of it stretched out; but owing to their thickness its head was invisible. Disturbed, and apparently irritated by our approach, it appeared from its movements, about to turn and assail us.—We had our guns ready, and just as we caught a glimpse of its head we fired, both of us almost at the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shot could not have taken effect; but what did, seemed to be sufficient; for it fell, hissing and rolling itself into a variety of contortions. Even yet it was dangerous to approach it. But Cæsar who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioning his master and me not to fire again in the direction of the animal, forced a way through the reeds at one side, and making a kind of circuit, came in before it; a few repetitions of this gave us the victory.

We could now examine the creature with safety. We found that a good part of our shot had lodged about its head and neck, and would probably have proved fatal to it, even if we had left it to its fate. I confess it was not without a shudder that I handled and examined it, when I thought how nearly I had escaped from furnishing it with a meal.

We set ourselves to work, and not without difficulty did we succeed in dragging the huge carcase to the edge of the stream, and in embarking it in one of the canoes, to which it formed a pretty fair loading. It was not far from sunset when the expedition landed on the bank near Mr. Heinvault's house. He soon got sufficient assistance in conveying the carcase up, and in depositing it in a place of safety. On measuring it we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and of proportional thickness. Mr. Heinvault informed me that it was the largest he had seen killed, although he had often seen others under circumstances which convinced him that they must have been of a far greater size.

It was not until I was seated at a late dinner, that I felt myself a little overcome with the usual exertion I had undergone on so sultry and oppressive a day. But as the evening wore on I completely recovered; and never do I recollect spending a more agreeable one. The adventure however, and the consciousness of my escape, must have been deeply impressed upon my mind; for during some months after, I often started from my sleep with the cold sweat upon my brow, imagining myself crushed and expiring in the embrace of a horrid reptile.

Hindoo Reverence for Monkeys.

Matura, or Muttra, must be one of the Paradises of monkeys, for in no part of the world are they more cherished and respected: in worldly point of view, I doubt if in Muttra, it is not worse to be a man than a monkey. Even princes (Scindiah was one of their benefactors) consider it an honor to contribute to their comfort and support. The place absolutely swarms with them, and, in riding through the narrow and crooked streets, they may be everywhere seen gambolling, pilfering, nursing their young or engaged in those entomological researches to which these quadrupeds are so much addicted. Every now and then you stumble on a young one, who shows his little teeth and grins with terror; or perched on the corner of some temple, or on the wall of a bunyah's shop, you encounter some stolid old fellow, devoured, apparently, with chagrin and melancholy, who however, no sooner catches a glimpse of you, the strange-looking *tope wala*, (hatman,) than, arousing from his trance, he becomes endued with astonishing animation and fury, gnashing his teeth, as you pass, in a manner unequivocally hostile. I have been followed half-way down a street by one of these old monkeys, particularly if I have given him a taste of my whip. After gnashing at me furiously from one house, he would, to keep pace with my horse, scamper off by a certain back-ways, best known to himself, and re-appear in all his fury, at some other opening or "coign of vantage," in order to have another grin at me.

A Touching Adieu.—The Rev. Sidney Smith can make a good witticism, even if he cannot make any thing out of Pennsylvania stocks. On Bishop Selwyn leaving England for his diocese of Cannibals, in New Zealand, Sidney took leave of him with tears in his eyes, and said:—"Good bye, Selwyn. *I hope that you will not disagree with the man that eats you!*"

Beautiful Simile.—As the water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter, so those sentiments of friendship which proceed from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

Sensible Reflections.

But the leading vice in Burn's character, and the cardinal deformity, indeed, of all his productions, was his contempt, or affectation of contempt for prudence, decency, and regularity; and his admiration of thoughtlessness, oddity, and vehement sensibility; his belief, in short, in the dispensing power of genius and social feeling in all matters of morality and common sense. This is the very slang of the worst German plays and the lowest of our town made novels; nor can any thing be more lamentable than that it should have found a patron in such a man as Burns, and communicated to many of his productions a character of immorality, at once contemptible and hateful. It is but too true, that men of the highest genius have frequently been hurried by their passions into a violation of prudence and duty; and there is something generous at least, in the apology which their admirers may make for them, on the score of their keener feelings and habitual want of reflection. But this apology, which is quite unsatisfactory in the mouth of another, becomes an insult and an absurdity whenever it proceeds from their own. A man may say of his friend that he is a noble-hearted fellow, too generous to be just, with too much spirit to be always prudent and regular. But he cannot be allowed to say even this of *himself*; and still less to represent himself as a hair-brained sentimental soul, constantly carried away by fine fancies and visions of love and philanthrophy, and born, to confound and despise the cold-blooded sons of prudence and sobriety. This apology, indeed, evidently destroys itself; for it shows that conduct, to be the result of deliberate system, which its effects, at the same time to justify as the fruit of mere thoughtlessness and casual impulse.—*Edinburg Review.*

Immensity of Creation.

Some astronomers have computed that there are not less than 75 millions of suns in the universe. The fixed stars are all suns, having, like our sun, numerous planets revolving around them.—The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The sun which is nearest to ours, is called Sirius, distant from our sun about 852 millions of miles. Now, if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun; or, if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the 75 millions of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation!—Who can survey a plantation containing 75 millions of circular fields, each 10 millions of miles in diameter! Such, however, is one of the plantations of him who has measured the waters in the hollow of hand—meted out the heavens with a span—comprehended the dust in a measure—and weighed the mountains in scales, and hills in a balance. He who "sitteth upon the orbit of the earth—stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them as a tent to dwell in." Nations to him are "as a drop in the bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance, and yet, overwhelming thought! He says,—Though I dwell in the high and mighty place, with him also will I dwell who is of an humble and contrite spirit."

Indian Wit.

The Caddo Gazette relates an anecdote, to the editor by Gov. Butler, who lately returned from the Indian country, which shows in a strong light the natural wit and penetration of the Red Man of the forest. It appeares that Gov. Butler in order to show the good feeling and friendship existing between the United States and the Western tribes of Indians, requested Mr. Stanley, the young artist who accompanied him on his late visit to the Indian country, to sketch two hands embracing each other—the one of a red-man and the other a white man, with the "calumet of peace" above them—which was done in the most exquisite style. After its completion, the young Camanche Chief, to whom he was about to present it, proposed, very appropriately, an addition to the picture, by drawing, under the hands, and in immediate proximity, the head of a bull-dog, to bite, as he said, the hand which proved treacherous. The group was finished and transferred to the Indians, to their great amusement and gratification.

Short Savings.—The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

As the curb to the unruly horse so is criticism to unprincipled authors.

The beginning of love is in the power of every one; to put an end to it, in the power of none.

A man will seize upon any pretext to lay his fault upon another.