

Bradford Reporter

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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

[BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.]

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Spring's Advent.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

From Winter into Spring the year has passed
So calm and noiseless as the snow and dew—
The pearls and diamonds which adorn his robes,
With in the morning, when the solar beam
Shines the foliage like a glittering wand.
Above the sky above, the wave below;
Flow thro' the ether glide transparent clouds
Just wafted by the breeze, as on the sea
White sails are borne in graceful ease along.
The green spears thro' the harden'd ground
The grass is seen; tho' yet no verdant shields
Laid over head in one bright roof—
That which rose above the scented ranks
Roman legions in the battle plain—
Send it from assailing sun and shower,
A guarded spots alone young buds expand,
Nor yet on slopes along the southward sides
Of gentle mountains have the flowers unveiled
Their maiden blushes to the eyes of Day.
It is the season when Fruition fails
To smile on Hope, who lover like, attends
Long promised joys and distant, dear delights,
It is the season when the heart awakes
As from deep slumber, and, alive to all,
The soft, sweet feelings that from lovely forms
Like odors float, receives them to itself
And fondly garners with a miser's care,
Set in the busy intercourse of life,
They, like untended roses, should retain
No fragrant freshness and no dewy bloom.
Come the coming of the Spring is dear
To the sailor the first wind from land,
When, after some long voyage, he describes
The faint outline of his native coast.
Led by the wave, when grandly rose the gale,
Tho' how peaceful was the calm on shore.
Led by the wave, when died the gale away,
A dream of quiet he should find at home.
When I heard the Wintry storm abroad,
When upon my window beat the rain,
When I felt the piercing, arrowy frost,
Looking forth, beheld the frequent snow,
Falling as gently as the steps of Time,
Long for thy glad advent, and resigned
My spirit to the gloom that Nature wore,
Contemplation of the laughing hours
That follow in thy train, delicious Spring!

Written for the Clay Club.

Arr—Miss Lucy Long.

Oh, take your time, Sir Harry,
Take your time, Sir Harry Clay!
A fearful weight you carry,
And you cannot win the day.
So take your time, Sir Harry, &c.
You've been a gallant racer,
But you've seen your brightest day;
And a blow Kentucky puzest
Cannot bear the purse away.
So take your time, &c.
It's no use to strut and swagger,
Nor to bluff your pile of "tin."
Your two bullets and a bragger
Want the age to make them win.
So take your time, &c.
An ocean of Hard Cider
Could not float you to prize;
For you cannot throw the rider
That like lead upon you lies.
So take your time, &c.
Be quiet and be wary,
Save your distance, if you can;
But so dead a weight you carry
That you cannot lead the Van!
So take your time, &c.

Democrat's Girl's Song.

Text—Rosin the Bow.
I conclude to get married,
And I certainly think I may soon,
The lad that I give my fair hand to
Shall not be a fussy old coon.
He must toil in the great undertaking,
Be stirring by night and by day,
And vote 'gainst that Demon of Evil,
The reckless and bad Harry Clay.
The heat of the contest no finching!
But firm for the land and the laws,
The lad that will win me must battle
For the good old republican cause.
His locks may be brilliant as morning,
His countenance fair as the moon,
In my heart there's no place for a tory,
Do you think I would marry a coon?
Now look to it well, ye young gallants,
The times will admit no delay,
Would you win the frank heart of this maiden
You must work 'gainst the debauchee Clay.
Then I'll tender my heart to the altar,
To one who is able to say,
The battle is fought, my beloved,
And we've beaten the dissolute Clay!

True Modesty.

True Modesty.
I am silent with unconscious light,
I am silent in beauty shines most bright,
I am silent in charas with edge resistless fall,
I am silent in the who means no mischief does it all.

Anecdote of the Flogging Times.

The master of a grammar-school of a borough in the central district of Scotland, about seventy years ago, was a worthy Trojan of the name of Hacket, a complete specimen of the thrashing pedagogues of the last age. Modern ears would scarcely credit the traditional stories which were told of this man's severity, or believe that such merciless punishment could have been allowed to take place in a country so far civilized as ours then was. Heavy and repeated applications of a striped thong, called the taws, to the open hands of delinquents, were matters of familiar occurrence. Skults, as these were called were nothing. But Hacket would, also, twenty times a-day, lay victims across the end of a table, and thrash as long as he could hold with one hand and lay on with the other. Horsing was one of his highest indulgences of luxuries, and he had an ingenious mode of torture peculiar to himself, by causing the boy to stride between two distant boards, while he endeavored to excite the thinking faculties by bringing a force to bear from behind. Thomas Lord Erksine and his brother Henry were brought up at his school, and remembered Hacket's severity through life, complaining particularly that it was all one whether you were a dull or bright boy, for if the former you were thrashed for your own proper demerits, and if you were bright, you had a monitorial charge assigned to you over the rest, and suffered for all the shortcomings of your inferiors. We wonder at this now; but the wonder is very superfluous. The whole system was based on a prevalent notion that severity to children was salutary and beneficial, nay, indispensable, and that, if you at all loved your son or pupil, it was your first and most solemn duty towards him to give him a sound strapping on all possible occasions. Flogging was simply one of the bigotries of our grandfathers. Amongst Hacket's pupils was a boy who had come from a distance, and was boarded with a family in town. His name for the present is Anderson. This youth, placed far from his friends, felt the ruthless severity of Hacket very bitterly, and, as he was by no means a genius, he was both well strapped himself, and probably the cause of much strapping in others. Naturally of a reserved and reflecting character, he said little of his sufferings to any of his companions; but the stripes sunk into his very soul, and, secretly writhing under a sense of the injustice and indignity with which he was treated, he conceived the most deadly sentiments of revenge against his master. To get these wreaked out in present circumstance was impossible; but he determined to take the first opportunity that occurred, and in the mean time to nurse his wrath, so that time should not interfere in favor of a tyrant, who seemed to him to deserve the utmost vengeance that could be inflicted. Anderson, like so many other Scottish youth, was draughted off at an early age to India, where he served for twenty-five years, during which he never once was able to revisit his native shores.—Having now attained competency, and settled his affairs, he returned to Scotland, in order to spend there the remainder of his life. It will scarcely be believed that he still cherished his scheme of vengeance against Hacket; but the fact is that he did so, and this indeed is what gives any value to the anecdote we are relating—it is curious only as a genuine instance of a feeling persevered in much beyond the term usually assigned to human feelings. He came home—he purchased a short but effective whip—he journeyed to the town where he had been educated, and, establishing himself at the inn, sent a polite message to Hacket (who was still in the vigor of life, though retired from active duty,) inviting him to dine that afternoon with a gentleman who had once been his pupil. All seemed now in train for a retributory visitation upon the epiderm of the old gentleman; and the reader may be trembling for the consequences of a revenge so much beyond the limit of all common resentments. Old Hacket dressed himself that day in his best—ruffles at the wrists, and silver buckles in his shoes—expecting from the appearance of the man servant who delivered the message, an entertainment of a recherche kind, from one who, no doubt, felt a difficulty in expressing his gratitude for the unspeakable benefits of a sound flagellatory education. He was ushered into a room where he saw a table prepared for dinner. A gentleman presently entered, and, to his surprise, turned and deliberately locked the door, putting the

key into his pocket. Then, taking down a whip from the mantle-piece, this gentleman came sternly up to the venerable school-master, and asked if he had any recollection of him. "No," said the teacher. "Then, sir, I shall insure that you remember me forever after. Do you recollect a boy at your school twenty-five years ago, of the name of Walter Anderson?" "I dare say I do." "Then, sir, I am that Walter Anderson. I have now come to punish you for the many unmerited thrashings which you gave me at school. They were savage, sir, and only something of the same kind can expiate them. All the time I was in India, I never allowed this design to lie dormant for a moment, and now the time for its execution is come. Strip, sir, this moment, and let me do full justice upon you. Resistance is altogether in vain, for the people here are all in my pay. Entreaty is equally vain, for nothing on earth could induce me to let you escape." Hacket, it may well be believed, was in a dreadful panic, for he saw that he was in the hands of a man not to be trifled with. He was, however, shrewd in human nature, and possessed plenty of presence of mind. "Well, well," said he, "this is a bad business; but I suppose it is true that I was rather severe long ago with my boys, and so must just submit. I see, however, that preparations have been made for dinner, and as I believe you to be a gentleman, I cannot suppose that you invited me here to that meal without intending to give it me. Now, if it is the same thing to you, I should much prefer having dinner first, and the licking afterwards. Come, shall it not be so?" The man of vengeance was taken by surprise, and assented, though inwardly resolving that nothing should in the long run balk him of his purpose.—They sat down, and the dinner and wine proved excellent. Hacket began to talk of old times, and of other boys who had been fellow pupils with his host; also of many sports and frolics in which Anderson, amongst others, had indulged. He told what he had learned of the subsequent fortunes of many of these youths, and gradually engaged Anderson in a relation of his own history. The whole bearing of the old man was so cheerful, so sympathetic, and so entertaining, that Anderson, like the gloomy sultan, felt himself gradually dispossessed of the spirit which had so long animated him.—It became evidently an absurdity to think of lashing a neatly-dressed old gentleman, who seemed to be the very pink of good humor. Once or twice he spasmodically endeavored to re-awaken the flagging emotions of destructiveness, but it would not do—another dull chatty story from the pedagogue stilled them down again at once. By and by he gave way entirely to the spirit of the hour, and ceased to think of his whip or its intended performances. Hacket got home that night in perfect safety, for Mr. Anderson insisted upon escorting him to his own door. THE FATE OF THE INVENTOR OF THE GUILLOTINE.—His retreat was so profound, that it was said, and readily believed, that he too had fallen a victim to his own invention. But it was not so; he was indeed imprisoned during the Jacobin reign of terror—his crime being, it is said (Gayot, p. 8.) that he testified an indiscreet indignation at a proposition made to him by Danton to superintend the construction of a triple guillotine. There is no doubt that a double instrument was thought of, and it is said that such a machine was made and intended to be erected in the great hall of the Palais de Justice, but it was certainly never used; and we should very much, and for many reasons, doubt whether it could have been a design of Danton. The general gaol delivery of the 9th Thermidor released Guillotin, and he afterwards lived in a decent mediocrity of fortune at Paris, esteemed, it is said, by a small circle of friends, but overwhelmed by a deep sensibility to the great, though we cannot say wholly undeserved, misfortune which had rendered his name ignominious, and his very existence a subject of fearful curiosity. He just lived to see the restoration, and died in his bed, in Paris, on the 26th of May, 1814, at the age of seventy-six.—[Quarterly Review.

PREJUDICES.—Prejudice may be considered as a continual false medium of viewing things, for prejudiced persons not only never speak well, but also never think well, of those whom they dislike, and the whole character and conduct is considered with an eye to that particular thing which offends him. [From the Home Journal and Citizen Soldier.] Printing—Books, and Antiquities. "Thou hast caused printing to be used, and contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, built a paper mill." SHAKESPEARE. The utility of printing, as far as regards the progress of truth, is counteracted by the great expense of setting type; for as all books sell best which flatter prevailing opinions and support vested interests, and as they are printed chiefly at the risk of traders, who print for sale and profit, so few (very few) printed books contain the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Before the art of printing, books were of incredible price. From the 6th to the 13th century many bishops could not read, and Kings were scarcely able to sign their names; and hence the use of seal and sealing. In the year 1471, when Louis XI. borrowed the works of Rasis the Arabian physician, from the faculty of medicine in Paris, he not only deposited in pledge a considerable quantity of plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as security in deed, binding himself under great forfeiture to restore it. When any person made a present of a book to a church or a monastery, in which were the only libraries during several ages, it was deemed a donative of such value, that he offered it on the altar, *pro remedia anime sue*, in order to obtain the forgiveness of his sins. These were the ages in which superstition, witchcraft and priestcraft obtained so universal an ascendancy. From 600 to 1200 all learning was in the hands of the Arabs, Saracens and Chinese. It is supposed by many that the art of printing originated in China, where it was practised before it was known in Europe. The Romans had the possession of the art long before they were conscious of the rich possession. And it is a curious fact, that a well known Italian, to whom learning owes much, actually published a treatise on the art of reading a printed book, which was dedicated to the higher and more enlightened class of society. Copying was in ancient Greece and Rome, a productive employment, but it afterwards fell into the hands of monks, who copied chiefly theology. A good copy of the bible, on Vellum employed two years; and the works of either of the Fathers still more time. Jerome states, that he had ruined himself by buying a copy of the works of Origen. Books were originally boards, or the inner bark of trees, the word being derived from *Bench* a Beech tree. The Horn-Book, now used in nurseries, is a primitive book. Bark is still used by some nations; skins are also used, for which parchment was substituted.—Papyrus an Egyptian plant, was adopted in that country, and an article of commerce, thin plates of brass, were also used for the church service. The Papyrus and parchment books were commonly rolled on round sticks, with a ball at each end, and the composition began at the centre, the outer fold being its termination; these were called volumes. The outsides inscribed just as we now letter books. The MSS., in Herculaneum, consist of Papyrus rolled, charred and matted together by the fire, and are about nine inches long and one, two or three inches in diameter, being a volume of separate treatise. Specimens of most of the modes of writing may be seen in the British Museum. No. 3478, in the Sloanian library, is a Nabob's letter, on a piece of bark; about two yards long, and richly ornamented with gold. No. 3207, is a bark of Mexican hieroglyphics printed on bark. In the same collection are various species, many from the Malabar coast and the East. The letter writings are chiefly on leaves. There are several copies of Bibles written on palm leaves, still preserved in various collections in Europe. The ancients doubtless, wrote on any leaves they found adapted to the purpose. Among these early inventions many were singularly rude, and miserable substitutes for a better material. In the shepherd state they wrote their songs with thorns and awls on straps of leather, which they wound round their crooks. At the town Hall in Hanover, are kept twelve wooden bars, overlaid with beeswax, on which are written the names of owners of houses, but not the names of streets. The wooden manuscripts, must have existed before 1423, when Hanover was first divided into streets. The laws of the twelve tables which the Romans chiefly copied from the Grecian code were, after they had been approved by the people, engraven on brass, were melted by lightning which

struck the capitol, and consumed other laws—a loss highly regretted by Augustus. Of course as Books were scarce, and the art of reading uncommon, they were very dear. The bequest of one at a religious house, as we have already stated, entitled the donor to masses for his soul, and they were commonly chained to their station, and some to this day. As specimens of the prices of books, the *Roman de la Rose* was sold for above 30—and a Homily was exchanged for 200 sheep and five quarters of wheat; and they usually brought double or treble their weight in gold. The first printed books were trifling Hymns and Psalters, with images of saints, and being printed only on one side, the leaves were pasted back to back. One of the first was the *Biblia Pauperum*, of forty leaves, which pasted together, made twenty. An entire Psalter was printed in 1457 by Faust and Schaeffer; and a bible in 637 leaves, in moveable type, was printed at Menz between 1355; but the most important part of the invention (that of the moveable types) in uncertain both as to name and date. The first characters were Gothic; and Roman type was first used in 1467. Some writers give the invention of printing to Gutenberg, of Mayence; while others ascribe it to Faust (often called Dr. Faustus) of the same city; and others to Laurence Coster, of Haerlem. The Dungeon of Krongstadt. I am assured, on good authority that the submarine dungeons of Krongstadt contain, among other State prisoners, miserable beings who were placed there in the reign of Alexander. These unhappy creatures are reduced to a state below that of the brute, by a punishment, the atrocity of which nothing can justify. Could they now come forth out of the earth, they would rise like so many avenging spectres, whose appearance would make the despot recoil with horror, and shake the fabric of despotism to its centre. Every thing may be defended by plausible words and even good reasons; not any one of the opinions that divide the political, literary or the religious world lacks argument by which to maintain itself; but let them say what they please, a system, the violence of which requires such means of support, must be radically intensely vicious. The victims of his odious policy are no longer men. Those unfortunate beings denied the commonest rights, cut off from the world, forgotten by every one, abandoned to themselves in the night of the captivity, during which imbecility becomes the fruit, and the only remaining consolation, of their never ending misery, have lost their all, as well as all that gift of reason, that light of humanity, which no one has a right to extinguish in the breast of his fellow-being. They have even forgotten their names, which the keepers amuse themselves by asking with a brutal derision, for which there is none to call them to account; for there reigns such confusion in the depths of these abysses of iniquity, the shades are so thick, that all traces of justice are effaced. Even the crimes of some of the prisoners are not recollected; they are, therefore, retained forever, because it is not known to whom they should be delivered, and it is deemed less inconvenient to perpetuate the mistake than to publish it. The bad effect of so tardy a justice is feared, and thus the evil is aggravated, that its success may not require to be justified.—*Empire of the Czar.* BABIES.—It strikes us that there are more fibs told about babies than about any thing else in the world. We all say they are sweet, yet every body who can smell knows they are sour; we all say they are lovely, yet nine babies in ten have no more pretensions to beauty than a pup dog; we praise their expressive eyes, yet all babies squint; we call them little doves, tho' one of them makes more noise than a colony of screech owls; we vow they are no trouble, they must be tended night and day; we insist that they repay us for all our anxiety, tho' they take every opportunity of scratching our faces or poking their fingers into our eyes; in short, we make it our business to tell the most palpable falsehoods about them every hour of the day. Yet, strange to say, wedlock seems a void without them, and those who have them, even while telling these self-evident untruths, look just as if they expected people to believe them.—*N. Y. True Sun.*

The Desert. One of the most striking characteristics of Africa is the deserts, and nothing can be more desolate than the appearance presented by them. They have generally a flat and uniform surface, only chequered by moving hills of sand, which, like the billows of the mighty ocean, are raised one instant and levelled again the next, by sudden bursts of wind. Few trees diversify the scene, save here a miserable and stunted thorn, withering under a scorching sun and unclouded sky of intense and dazzling blue. No cooling breezes can ever visit; for the earth resembles a vast sheet of heated metal; and the winds which sweep over it are like blasts from a burning furnace. The effect of these winds can scarcely be conceived by the inhabitants of a temperate climate.—They come in violent gusts from the mountains, piercing, though hot, and loaded with sand so fine as to be almost imperceptible, but which penetrates into every crevice. Sometimes they rage with the fury of a tornado; bending the loftiest palms like reeds, and rolling the sand before them in mighty columns, overwhelming the whole country through which they pass. FITZ-BOODLE'S HINT TO THE LADIES. Whilst ladies persist in maintaining the strictly defensive condition, men must naturally, as it were, take the opposite line, that of attack; otherwise, if both parties held aloof, there would be no more marriages; and the two hosts would die in their respective inaction without ever coming to a battle.—Thus it is evident that, as the ladies will not, the men must take the offensive. I for my part, have made, in the course of my life, at least a score of chivalrous attacks upon several fortified hearts. Sometimes I began my work too late in the season, and winter suddenly came and rendered further labors impossible; sometimes I have attacked the breach, madly sword in hand, and have been plunged violently from the scaling-ladder into the ditch; sometimes I have made a decent blow-up in the place, when—bang! down goes a mine, and I am scattered to the *deuce!* and sometimes, when I have been in the heart of the citadel—ah, that I should say it!—a sudden panic has struck me, and I have run like the British out of Carthage! One grows tired after a while of such perpetual activity. Is it not time that the ladies should take inings? Let us widowers and bachelors form an association to declare, that for the next hundred years, we will make love no longer. Let the young women make love to us; let them write verses; let them ask us to dance, get us ices and cups of tea, and help us on with our cloaks at the ball door; and if they are eligible, we may, perhaps be induced to yield, and to say, "La, Miss Hopkins—I really never—I am so agitated—ask papa!"—*Fraser's Magazine.* The Tyranny of Fashion. Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for fashion's sake. She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neck handkerchief; or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing; she makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning, when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait on one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless. She makes people visit when they would rather stay at home—eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades our pleasure, and interrupts our business. She compels the people to dress gaily, whether upon their own property, or that of others, whether agreeable to the word of God or the dictates of pride. HOMOEOPATHIC SOUP.—Take two starved pigeons, hang them by a string in the kitchen window so that the sun will cast the shadow of the pigeons into an iron pot already on the fire, and which will hold ten gallons of water, boil the shadow over a slow fire for ten hours, and then give the patient one drop in a glass of water every ten days. SCRIPTURE FOR IT.—A distinguished writer says, "There is but one passage in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men; and that is in the golden rule, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"