Bradford Reporter.

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

E. IV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MAY 29, 1844. NO. 51.

The Emigrant's Family.

e of the strongest peculiarities—ed, I may say *passions*—of the is the devoted fondness for their ring.

curious illustration of this occurred on my recent journey through northern Lakes. It happened to hat sailors call very *dirty* weather, ed up by a tremendous gale, which ed us to seek shelter at a lump of inal bareness, between Manitou d, where we were obliged to re- for five days. There were a few passengers—between five and six red; and inasmuch as they had provided themselves with barely cient for the average time, provi- became alarmingly scarce, and possibility of a supply. To be there was one venerable ox—a sort emipetrifaction, an organic remnant poor, attenuated, hornless, sight- , bovine patriarch, who obligingly ded up his small residue of exist- e for our benefit. Indeed, it was e a mercy that we arrived to relieve from a painful state of suspense; so old and powerless was he, that s last breath had not been extracted, certainly could not have drawn it imself.

ell, as you may suppose, there considerable consternation on d. Short, very short allowance dopted to meet the contingency, e poor deck passengers had a ter- ime of it. Amongst the latter n Irish emigrant, with his wife ree beautiful children, the eldest seven, and all without the smal- bsistence, except what the chari- their fellow passengers could them; and as they were but supplied, it can be readily im- how miserably off was this poor y. However it happened that the and intelligence of the children ted the attention of one of our la- assengers, who had them occasion- brought into the cabin and their er appeased. Gleesome, bright- l little creatures they were, scrupu- ly clean, despite the poverty of r parents, all life and happiness, n blissful ignorance of the destitu- with which they were surrounded. he day, delighted with her little gers, the lady happened to say estingly—"I wonder if this poor would part with one of these little gs? I should like to adopt it."

don't know," said I; "suppose ake the inquiry."

he man was sent for, and the deli- business thus opened:

lly good friend," said the lady u are very poor, are you not?"

is answer was peculiarly Irish:— or! me lady," said he. "Be the ers of pewther! if there's a poorer than meself troublin' the wuld, d pity both ov us, for we'd be about al."

"Then you must find it difficult to pport your children," said I, making long jump towards our object.

"Is it support then, sir?" he replied. Lord bless ye, I never supported them hey git supported somehow or ther; they've niver ben hungry yit hen they are it'll be time enough to uble."

ush all over, thought I;—to-day enough to do, let to-morrow take of itself.

Well then," I resumed, with a de- ined plunge, "would it be a relief ou to part with one of them?"

had mistaken my mode of attack. rted, turned pale, with a wild in his eye, literally screamed

A relief! God be good to uz, what mane? A relief!—would it be a d'ye think, to have the hand ped from me body, or the heart out of me breast?"

You don't understand us," inter- my philanthropic companion.— uld one be enabled to place your in ease and comfort, would you ere with its well doing?"

he tact of woman! She had touch- e cord of paternal solicitude;—the llow was silent, twisted his head and looked all bewildered. The le between a father's love and hild's interest was evident and ge. At last he said—

God bless ye, me lady, and all that of the poor! Heaven knows I'd d to beuther the child; it isn't in to meself, but——but hadn't I er go and spake to Mary; she's ther of thim, and 'twol'd be on- ble to by givin' away her child- re her face, and she not know of the matther."

Away with you then," said I; "and back word as soon a spossi- ble." In about an hour he returned, but with eyes red and swollen, and features pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," inquired I, "what success?"

"Beddad, 'twas a hard struggle, sir," said he; "but it's for the child's good, and Heaven give uz strength to bear it."

"Very good, and which is it to be?"

"Why, sir, I've ben spakin' to Mary, and she thinks as Norah here is the ouldest, she won't miss the mother so much, and if ye'll just let her take a partin' kiss, she'd give her to yez with a blessin."

So my poor fellow took his children away, to look at one of them for the last time. It was long ere he returned, but when he did he was leading the seeond eldest.

"How's this," said I. "Have you changed your mind?"

"Not exactly changed me mind, sir," he replied, "but I've changed the crather. You see, sir. I've ben spakin to Mary, and whin it cum to the ind, be goxty! she couldn't part wid Norah, at all at all; they've got used to aich other's ways; but there's little Biddy—she's purtier far, if she'll do as well."

"It's all the same," said I, "let Biddy remain."

"May Heaven be yer guardian!" cried he, snatching her up in his arms, and giving her one long, hearty kiss. "God be kind to thim that's kind to you, and thim that offers you hurt or harum, may their soul niver see St. Pether!" So the bereaved father rushed away, and all that night the child remained with us; but early the next morning my friend, Pat re-appeared, and this time he had his youngest child, a mere baby, snugly cuddled up in his arms.

"What's the matter now" said I.

"Why thin, sir," said he, with an expression of the most comical anxiety, "axin yer honor's pardon for bein' wake-hearted, but whin I begun to think of Biddy's eyes—look at thim, they're the image of her mother's, bedad—I couldn't let her go; but here's little Paudeen—he won't be much trouble to any one, for if he takes afther his mother he'll have the brightest eye and the softest heart on the top of the creation; and if he takes afther his father, he'll have a purty hard fist on a broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Take him, sir, and gi' me Biddy."

"Just as you like," said I, having a pretty good guess how matters would eventuate. So he took away his pet Biddy, and handed me the toddling urchin. This chirping little vagabond won't be long with us thought I. Nor was he. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin, and seizing little Paudeen up in his arms, he turned to me, and with large tears bubbling in his eyes, cried, out—

"Look at him, sir—jist look at him!—it's the youngest. Ye wouldn't have the heart to keep him from uz. The long and short of it is, I've ben spakin' to Mary. Ye see she couldn't part wid Norah, and I didn't like to let Biddy go; but, by me sowl, naither of uz could live a day widout little Paudeen. No, sir—no; we can bear the bitterness of poverty, but we can't part from our chidher, *unless it's the will o' Hedven to take thim frow uz!*"—*From Brougham's Irish Entertainment.*

Natural Affection.—The world we live in is full of beautiful sights and sweet sounds; it is a treasure house of loveliness and of melody. Whether the eye ranges over the face of nature at large, and marks all the varied, the magnificent, the sweet, the bright, the gentle—in wood and mountain, and valley, and stream; or rests, wondering, on the bright, delicate fabric of a flower, the rich hues of a butterfly, or the lustrous plumage of the birds, beauty and brightness are everywhere. The air we breathe, too, is full of sweet sounds whether in the singing of the birds, the murmuring music of the stream, or the hum of all the insect world upon the wing, everything is replete with harmony. But of all the lovely sights, of all the touching sounds whereof nature, is full, there is nothing so beautiful, there is nothing so sweet as the *sight* and the *words* of natural affection.

Truisms.—Whoever is honest, courteous, honorable, and candid, is a true gentleman, whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor. When young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution that of age.

Reflections on looking down from an Eminence on a large and Populous City.

I looked into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive, and witness their wax-laying and honey making, and poison-brewing, and choaking by sulphur. From the place esplanade, where music plays while serene highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down to the low lane, where in her door still the aged widow, knitting for thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for except the Schloskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing joy and sorrow bagged up in pouches of leather; there topladen, and with four swift horses, rolls in the country baron and his household; here, on timber leg, the soldier hops painfully along begging alms: a thousand carriages and wains, and cars come tumbling in with food, with young rusticity, and other raw produce inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through the streets, of all qualities and ages; knowest thou whence it is coming and whither it is going? From eternity onwards to eternity! These are apparitions: what else? Are they not souls rendered visible; in bodies, that took shape and will loose it; melting into air? Their solid pavement is a picture of the sense; they walk on the bosom of nothing; blank time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow clothes screen yonder, with spurs on its heels, and feather in its crown, is but of to-day, without a yesterday or a to-morrow; and not rather its ancestor alive when Hengist and Horsa overran thy island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that tissue of history, which inweaves being; watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more.

It is true sublimity to dwell here.—These fringes of lamplight struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient region of night, what thinks Bootes of them, as he leads his hunting dog over the zenith in their leash of sideral fire? That stifled hum of midnight, when traffic has lain down to rest; and the charriot wheels of vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only vice and misery, to prowl or to moan like night birds are abroad; that hum, I say, like the stentorious, unquiet slumber of sick life is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlid of vapors and putrefactions and unimaginable gases, what a fomenting vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there; men are being born: men are praying—on the other side of the brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast void night. The proud grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains;—wretchedness cowers into truckle beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into his lair of straw, in obscure cellars. *Rogue et Noir* languidly emits its voice of destiny to haggard hungry villians, while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess game, whereof the pawns are man. The lover whispers to his mistress that the coach is ready, and she full of hope and fear glides down to fly with him over the borders; the thief still more silently sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in the boxes. Gay mansions, with supper rooms and dancing rooms are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out throughout the darkness, which around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow; (comes no hammering from the *Rubenstein?*) their gallows must even now be o'building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us in horizontal position; their heads all in night caps and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries out and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the mother with streaming hair, leans over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them, crammed in like salted fish in their barrel; or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptain pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others; such work goes on under that smoke counterpaine! but I sit above itall; I am alone with the stars.—*Sartor Resartus.*

The way they Court "Down East."

Sally, the housemaid, paring apples in the corner; Obadiah enters and seats himself opposite to Sally, without saying a word for 15 minutes, but finally breaks silence with—

"There's considerable imperceptible alterin in the whether last week."

S. "I think's likely, for birds of that specie fly a great quantity higher in warms days than in cold ones."

Both parties now assume a grave and knowing look, and a long pause ensues. Finally the youth Obadiah gives his pate a very harrowing scratch and again breaks silence with—

"Well, Sally, we chaps are going to raise a slay-ride, it's such inimical good sleighing to morrow."

S. "You are? Our folks are suspecting company all day to-morrow."

O. "I'spose they'll have insatuate time on't, I should be supernatural happy if you would disgrace me with your company; I should take it as a deropitary honor, besides, we're calculatin to treat the gals copious well with rasins and blackstrap."

S. "I should be most excruciating happy to disgrace you, but our folks suspect company; I can't go.

Obadiah sits scratching his head a while, and at length starts up as though a new idea had come into it, and says—

"Well, now I know what I'll do; I'll go hum and thrash them are beans what have been lyin' down there in the barn sich a long time.

Etiquette—for the Ladies.

If a lady be engaged with light needlework when visters enter, it promotes ease and is not inconsistent with good breeding to continue her employment during conversation; particularly if the visit be protracted, or the visitors be gentlemen.

It is generally in bad taste to greet her female friends with a kiss, when there are gentlemen present with whom she is not very intimate. There are of course many occasions when this rule may be deviated from. Of these the lady must herself be the judge.

When you enter a drawing room where there is a ball or party, if possible salute the lady of the house before speaking to any body else. Even your most intimate friends are to appear invisible until you have made your courtesy to your entertainer.

When you leave a room before the others, go without speaking to any one, and if possible unseen.

Men of all sorts of occupations meet in society. As they go there to unbend their minds and escape from the fetters of business, you should never at an evening party, speak to a man about his profession.

If, in paying a morning visit, you are not recognized when you enter, mention your name immediately. If you call to visit one member of the family and you find others only in their parlor, introduce yourself to them. Much awkwardness may occur through defect of inattention to this point.

If your visit is merely one of ceremony, do not wait too long. If the party is not at home, leave your card. This equally entitles you to a return visit as if you had found her at home.

If you accidently forget the name of the person you are addressing, the easiest and most polite mode of discovering it is, without constraint to ask him his name, making some casual remark about the difficulty of remembering names, and your unfortunate aptitude to forget them.

When a lady visits you for the first time, her visits should be returned within three days, or at least within a week.

Visits of congratulation, after a marriage or birth, should be made within a fortnight.

Only two visits a year are due to persons with whom you are not very well acquainted.

To peep through the blinds of a window, or over the banisters, when the street door bell rings, is decidedly vulgar.

Save your Soap Suds.—There is scarcely a plant that, is not benefitted by watering with soap suds. It furnishes nutritive matter as well as moisture; keeps off insects and promotes a rapid growth. The Gardener's Chronicle states that while there has been a great failure in the cabbage and cauliflower gardens generally, those watered with soap suds have produced plants of the finest quality, and entirely escaped the injuries inflicted by insects upon others.

Warts on Cow's Teats.—Lamp oil will kill warts on cow's teats—apply it several days in succession.

Sixty Years Ago.

We had a conversation a few days since, with a respectable gentleman of this county, who is among the very few, whose earthly pilgrimage extends beyond the limits of four score years. Of all his companions of youthful labors and amusements, he can now count up but four or five, who have thus far escaped the devouring jaws of the grave, and who stand like the few venerable oaks which spread their decaying branches amid the vigorous growth of a useful race, that has sprung up around them, on the spot where the woodman's axe has levelled, one by one, their predecessors. We turned the tide of conversation back upon the times of his youth, and inquired, not of the great public events of that period, but simply of the ordinary business transactions, the habits of of the people, their amusements, &c., and it may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to many of our readers to look back upon the domestic condition of their ancestors, and see how "people got along in the good old times."

The farm on which our informant now resides, and which is among the best in the county, was purchased by his father, about 70 years ago, for eleven shillings per acre, including the expenses of the survey. The county west of the Walkill, was then for the most part a dense forest, with here and there a clearing, in the centre of which was a substantial log house. Deer, bears, wolves, panthers and other wild animals, abounded in the forests. The price of corn and rye was about 4s per bushel. Wheat would bring 6s. and 6d. at New Windsor. Newburgh was not yet in existence, or at least was not a market town, as no boat sailed from thence.

The price of labor was $50 a year for a good hand. Butter usually sold at 9d. a pound. A good cow was worth $12, and a first rate horse about $50. One pound of Bohea tea, costing five shillings, was considered sufficient for a family for one year. This was used only on Sunday mornings, except on the occasion of a visit from friends.—Sage tea and coffee made from scorched flower, constituted the ordinary beverage of the morning meal. Calicoes cost the ladies about six shillings a yard. But a woman calculated that one such dress would last her a life time, and then make a respectable bequest to her eldest daughter. The every day dress of females, consisted of a short gown and petticoat, made of fabrics which their own hands had wrought. And a white short gown and dark skirt formed a dress enough for a social visit or even to attend church with.

Balls formed a very common amusement in those days, but they were conducted with great simplicity, and with very little cost. They were held at private houses, and no refreshments were furnished, except at one in the Autumn, which was called a "watermelon party," when this juicy fruit was devoured in quantity. To these balls the young knights proceeded, each carrying his lady on the crooper of his steed; that is, if the animal would allow this kind of lading, if not, the lass must be placed before the rider. Light, slim girls, were very much in demand in these times. The heavy ones were too bulky for this method of transportation. They danced in those days. It was none of your light stepping and skipping, but a downright honest, heel, and toe affair, that made the log house shake again. When the ball was ended, each swain marched up to the operator on cat-gut, and forked over his ninepeuce and this was all the cost there was about the business.

The out-fit of a newly married wife was extremely simple. Half a dozen unpainted chairs, with bark seats, the same number of white earthen cups and saucers, a tramal with hooks to match, a pair of stout andirons, a square oaken table, a bed with bedding, and a spinning wheel were considered by the husband, a pretty fair sort of an out-set, for a plain woman. As to knives and forks, we once heard our informant relate an anecdote which shows how easily that accommodation was got along with. A good wife once complained to her husband, that there was a lack of knives for the table. Well, said he, how many of us are there? Why, six, was the reply. Well, let us see how many knives we have got. There is my knife and John's shackle-back, broken point and cob handle—five. Now, old woman, you see we don't want but one more.

The friendly feelings which prevaded society, in these times of primitive simplicity, were manifested in various ways. If a man needed a dwelling, he had only to give his neighbors notice and they would assemble, on a day appointed, and put him up a log house in a hurry. If a field was to be cleared of its wood the owner made a frolic, and the thing was done without cost.—If one man finished his harvest before another, he would immediately proceed to the field of his neighbor, and there labor without pay, until the crop was secured. Such was the simplicity and such the sympathies of former days.—The progress of wealth and refinement, has wrought a complete revolution, and are we a better and happier race than our forefathers were?—*Goshen Democrat.*

The latter day Saints.

The Preston (Eng.) Chronicle notices the return to their home of two young Englishmen, who, it seems, left their friends about three years since, and emigrated to Nauvoo, the city of the Mormonites. They have given curious accounts of their sojourn with Joe Smith, and assert that his followers are much dissatisfied with their prospects, both terrestial and heavenly:

The English disciples, it seems, are regarded with very little favor, and numbers of them, last winter, were out of work for five months, on account of the severity of the season. The frost and snow set in early in November, and continued till April. Their sufferings were beyond description. They were without shoes and clothing; they lived on the coarsest food, scarcely fit for hogs, and, and were huddled together in houses to which there was neither doors nor windows. Last fall, as it is termed, the number of deaths among the mormonites, especially the English portion of them, was fearfully great; the heat, and the vapory emanations from the Mississippi, spread dysentary, dairrhœa, jaundice, fever and ague among them, and they sickened and died by hundreds. * *

We have heard and read a good deal of the Mormon prophet and his followers, and the result is a conviction that Joe's terrestial paradise is just as much a humbug as his pretended heavenly mission. Those of our countrymen who intend to take themselves and their property to nauvoo, may depend upon it that they will avoid much suffering, and ultimately be the gainers, if after having paid for their passage, they throw the rest of their money in the river, and return home and work as common day-layborers.

Ashes and Lime.

Dr. Jackson said that ashes and lime alone would render a soil fertile. He had analyzed a soil, a blowing sand which had been manured with ashes alone, for 7 or 8 years, at the rate of 200 bushels per acre, and found there was 3 per cent. gain of organic matter after the crop was taken off. Light soils are the most benefited by ashes while heavy clay soils are but little.—The first effects of unbleached ashes are the most powerful, but the effect in succeeding years, show that bleached ashes are as good. It should be remembered that the lime which is added to bleached ashes, more than repays the loss of the alkali.

Mr. Robinson said he had used ashes and lime, mixed, two parts of the first to one of the latter, as a manure for potatoes; half a pint to a hill, at the time of planting, the soil light and loamy.—Where the manure was used, 7 hills produced as much as 12 not so manured. The lime had been slacked some time.

We cannot further extend our condensed extracts at this time. The conduct of the Massachusetts Legislature is deserving of commendation and imitation. It is our firm conviction that if a large portion of the time of the legislatures of the several States, that it is now occupied in filling our statute books with useless or conflicting legislation, was spent is discussing such subjects as the improvement of stock, the preparation of manures, or the cultivation of crops, the country would be quite as much benefited, and their constituents recieve as little detriment as they now do.

Quick Thought.—The Edinburgh Courant says that an Irishman having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window of a house in Queenstreet, was making the best of his way to get out of sight as well as out of mind; but unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar exclaimed—

"You broke my windowy, fellow, did you not?"

"To be sure I did," said Pat, "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"