

Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. G. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 12, 1844.

NO. 8.

From the Democratic Review.]
The Printer's Mission.

BY T. W. COLL.

And trim the torch of Truth
From the dark'd earth:
Give the yearning heart of youth,
The earnest thought its birth:
Upon thy way to fling
Thee crowding that blindly grope
Despair, a ray of hope—
The mission of thy kind,
Mercury of Mind.

Through thy torch he often fed
From fables where falsehood sits enshrined,
Poison mingles with the bread
That giveth to the hungry mind:
Through the mind prolific teams
The little trash and skeptic dreams!
All thou shalt see and humbly wait
Till thou shalt see his final fate.
To aid her giant blows,
The ground above her face.

The scribe struck long ago
From his slowly yielding race,
From custom felt the blow,
And after years its mark could trace.
But that thou shalt leave behind
The Protean public mind
Whom they choose would make—
Unknown to thee 'twill take—
Thou art shall help to mould
Mental mass, no longer cold.

Send these forth! Thou herald ray
Of dawn's brightness, which so soon
Taught us that was far from day
Which hoisting Athens thought was noon!
From Faustus' brain alone
Thee hast thou being! Hast thou grown
So wise, in strength so great,
To fight with fools, or sway the State!
The brightening path, it tends
To higher source to nobler ends.

Art the child of him who brings
From man's device his own decree:
Minister of holy things
Whom providence will make of thee,
Gleam angel, far and wide
Thou wilt find thee at his side,
While he sends in cadence clear
Message to the heedless ear,
In the mission from on high
Hold it to the steadfast eye.

Speed the press! It is the heart
From which the mental pulse is fed:
Speed the press! Its throbbing dart
There all would else be cold and dead,
Give a form to moral strife
Struggles of the inner life,
Where errors meet, and clash and fall,
Truth shouts triumph o'er them all.
Every work is all designed
To great mind-controlling Mind.

[From the Christian Observer.]
Mission of Friends in Heaven.

BY REV. AUSTIN DICKINSON.

Behold those orbs of light
In higher worlds of endless joy,
When once again unite
In ceaseless love and sweet employ;
Who can wing that boundless sky,
Would be enslaved to this dark clod?
Would not rather upward fly,
To dwell with angels and with God?

How like some land unknown,
Light seem the brightest world above,
And the splendors of its throne,
We ne'er could greet the friends we love!
Hearts no more entwined,
In those realms we ne'er shall meet,
All angelic hosts combined
To make our heaven of bliss complete!

Dear of sinners! Lamb of God!
Teach us to live; teach us to die;
Teach us through atoning blood,
To face to meet beyond the sky.

Though thy foes be wrapt in flame,
Though all the stars from heaven shall fall,
Will sing for ever Jesus' name,
O'er Him, our Shield, our Life, our All.

SONG.

Take back, oh, take your gifts all back,
And give my heart to me,
Take them all—oh, how I pant
To see thee once more free!
Go and breathe in others ears,
The vows you breathed in mine;
Go—but first give back my heart
And take—oh! take back thine!

Thou would'st not have me longer keep,
What mine can never be,
What would faint relieve thy breast,
And take a weight from thee!
Go, and breathe in others ears,
The vows you breathed in mine;
Go—but first give me my heart,
And take—oh, take back thine!

Letter from the Senior Editor.

CHICAGO, Ill. July 12, 1844.

I believe I wrote you last from Mackinaw, a little Island containing only about 1200 acres of land, situate at the eastern extremity of the straits of Michillimackinaw in about 46 degrees north latitude. We left that place on the 5th inst about noon, passed the straits and entered upon Lake Michigan. The straits would hardly be known as such, but for the name; for there is certainly no room enough between the Islands for all useful purposes. Towards evening we anchored in a beautiful harbor on Beaver Island, and the passengers spent about two hours in rambling along the beach and through the groves cutting flowers and gathering "wintergreen berries," which were found there in great abundance. On the 6th we entered Green Bay, and traversed its entire length, arriving at "Astor" a small town at the southern extremity, a little after noon. Astor, (though I believe the name is now changed to "Green Bay,") is one of the loveliest spots I ever beheld. You will readily conjecture that its name was given to it in honor of John Jacob Astor of New York, who was the founder of the town and still owns a considerable portion of it. In 1839 it contained 2500 inhabitants, now only 500—more than half of its dwelling houses are untenanted, and yet as I said, it is one of the most beautiful sites in the world, and the climate perfectly healthy. It started up in times of speculation, and grew far too rapid for its health. Business could not sustain it, and like many of the towns in the west brought into existence by the spirit of speculation, it enjoyed a mushroom growth for a while, and then not only stood still, but actually declined as fast as in the first instance it had advanced. In passing out of the Bay into the lake again, we passed a channel between the main land and an Island called "Death door," a narrow pass as we double the point of the peninsula between the Bay and the lake. At the very point of the peninsula the shore is a bluff of perpendicular rock 200 feet above the lake; and so very true that it resembles masonry. Tradition says that eighty canoes manned by Indians and French traders were once wrecked in a storm against these rocks.—hence the name of "Death door." The next place at which we touched was Milwaukee in Wisconsin Territory. This is a place of considerable importance, and I regretted extremely that I had but a poor opportunity to see it, as it was evening when we arrived. I however obtained from a friend a description of the place.

Milwaukee River, as you probably know, runs in a southerly direction parallel to and within about half a mile of Lake Michigan for several miles before emptying into the lake. The principal part of the village is situated on the ground between the River and the Lake. The hill is perpendicular on the side next the Lake and about 80 feet above it, and slopes westerly to the River; and on the street next the River and parallel to it are the principal streets. The dwelling houses, court house and churches are built on the higher ground next the Lake, which is beautiful gravel land covered with small oak trees. At the southern extremity of the point of land between the Lake and River there is a marsh which extends a mile and a half further south to the mouth of the River where the government has built a pier: but the steamboats all land their passengers on the pier built out into the Lake near the foot of the hill, and I think they will always do so; for although there is water enough to run around up the River into town, yet the channel is so long and crooked, that it would occupy more of their time than they could afford to lose on their trips. Schooners, and a small steam boat which is used for a lighter, come up the River to the upper part of the town.

The Menomine River from the west, intersects the Milwaukee in the marsh about a quarter of a mile below the town. The road to Chicago runs across this marsh and River; and the point of land on the south side of the stream is called Walker's point, where there are a few dwelling houses and stores. There are three draw bridges over the Milwaukee River; above the mouth of the Menomine; and on the west side of the stream, and north of the Menomine, the flats extend up the River about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile, and back to the west $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile. On these flats is a considerable part of the village; (though not so much as on the east side of the River,) and all the machinery; the race

from the dam being on the west side of the stream. This machinery is north of the principal part of the town about half a mile, but there are several stores and taverns at that point now, and we think when all the water power is improved it will be the most business part of Milwaukee. There are now upon the race one tannery, one saw mill, one woollen factory, one furnace, one planing machine and turning shop, one four story building nearly finished for manufacturing purposes, one flouring mill of four runs of stone nearly ready for grinding, another of six runs of stone and a foundry in process of erection.—Schooners drawing seven feet water can come up to the rear of all these buildings so as to load and unload directly at their doors. If a flouring mill can make money at any point it must be here.

Racine and Southport are also thriving villages on the same shore of the lake Racine with 1200, and Southport with 2500 inhabitants.

We arrived at this place on Monday at 12 o'clock, without the least accident or unpleasant occurrence having taken place. A smoother voyage or more delightful trip was probably never made upon the lakes. The weather was calm and more than beautiful during the entire time. From the time we left Astor at the head of Green Bay, until our arrival here scarcely a ripple could be seen upon the surface of the water.—We came out of the Bay into the main body of the lake early on Sabbath morning—and the sun never rose upon a morning more beautiful and sublime.—we had several Clergymen on board, an invitation was extended to the Rev. Mr. Scott of New Orleans, (the same who administered the ordinance of Baptism to Gen. Jackson) to perform divine service, which was accepted and at half past ten the bell was rung and the entire company assembled in the dining saloon where Divine service was performed in the most decorous, devout and impressive manner. Mr. Scott is a very talented man, and his introductory prayer and sermon on this occasion was appropriate, powerful and interesting.

I have now spent three days in this city, and if I had space could give you its history in detail, but find I must restrict myself to a small limit, and consequently must be very brief.

Chicago is the county seat of Cook county, in the State of Illinois. It is situate on the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan, at the head of Lake navigation in about the forty-first degree of north latitude. The site of the city occupies a level prairie on both sides of the Chicago river which empties into the lake at this place. The city, as laid out covers an area of about three and a half miles in length and two and a half in breadth, about a mile and a half square of which is already built upon, and the streets opened and graded, if it may properly be called grading when nature has made the ground so, and that water will scarcely run in any direction. Strange as it may seem, the highest ground is on the lake shore, and what little descent there is found is the other way, so that the water in the ditches along the streets runs from the lake, if it runs at all. The bank near the lake is not over four feet above the water of the lake. So you will perceive that the inhabitants can have no cellars to their houses, and after getting back a few squares the streets are so low that water is constantly standing in the gutters and under the houses and side walks which are mostly made of plank. The streets are regularly laid out at right angles to the lake, and are wide and spacious. The dwellings are principally of wood, though there are several blocks of elegant brick buildings, principally occupied as stores, business houses and public offices.

The site of the city being a plain, does not afford, either from the lake or surrounding country, a very interesting field of vision. It is bounded on the south and west by a prairie, varying from ten to twelve miles in width most of which is low and even marshy, and at the present time, the whole country having been inundated by heavy rains, the water in many places is a foot or more deep. Yet strange to say, the citizens here are in the daily habit of driving teams across them in all directions. You must not understand that these prairies are one continuous dead level; there are portions somewhat elevated, so as to be susceptible of cultivation. The climate is said to be healthy and salubrious, as much so as any in the west.

Chicago river, which has two branches, one from the north, and one from the south, forming a junction in the city, will admit at all seasons,

vessels of every class navigating the Lake some distance into the interior, affording peculiar facilities for a harbor, and giving to this advantages in a commercial point of view, unsurpassed by any city of the west.

In 1833 the place contained but 100 inhabitants, and but five or six log houses. The population now is 8000. It was incorporated as a city in 1837; and its greatest period of prosperity was previous to that time. The revolutions of 1836-7 greatly retarded its growth; yet it presents one of the most remarkable instances of sudden rise to importance, especially in a commercial point of view to be found on record.

It is at this point that the Illinois and Michigan canal commences, by which was designed to connect the waters of Lake Michigan and the Illinois river, but unfortunately the work has been suspended, although the general belief is that it will soon be resumed and completed. The work was commenced in 1836, and was to have been made upon the deep cut plan, 60 feet wide and 6 feet deep and to be fed from Lake Michigan. This plan will however probably be abandoned, and the canal when completed will probably be fed from the Fox and Calumet rivers. Its length is 96 miles, commencing at Chicago and terminating at the mouth of little Vermillion river on the Illinois, and when completed will afford the best artificial link of the greatest continuity of inland water communication in the world, extending from the Atlantic ocean by the Erie Canal, along the chain of Lakes, through the Illinois and Michigan canal, the Illinois and Mississippi rivers to the Gulf of Mexico.

The prairies abound with game.—The prairie hen, the grouse and the plover are quite common, and afford rare sport to the lovers of that kind of amusement. I went out yesterday in company with several gentlemen and succeeded in killing a dozen or more. They have dogs and horses trained to the business. It is not uncommon for a sportsman to sit in his wagon, and keeping his eye on his dog, discover when he "sits" a bird, bring him down the moment he rises, when his faithful dog picks him up, brings him to his master and will actually raise himself upon the wagon wheel to hand in his game.

An Eloquent Picture.

The following extract is taken from a recent address of the Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, the distinguished historian, delivered at the great Democratic Mass Meeting, at Concord, New Hampshire, on the 6th inst. Praise from such a source is precious indeed:

In presenting to you the name of JAMES K. POLK, of Tennessee, for the office of President, my first word, said Mr. Bancroft, is this—his PRIVATE LIFE IS PURE. From boyhood, the career of James K. Polk has been unsullied. At the University he was noticed for his sobriety and diligence, obtaining the highest honors in his class. Educated in the bosom of a pious family, and in the Presbyterian church, he has ever by his example manifested, by the most regular attendance, the truest respect for the institutions of public worship. He is ignorant of every game of hazard, he knows nothing of cards, his hand—I speak on the authority of men of honor, who live near him, who know him well, and would not deceive me—his hand has never been raised against the life of his fellow-man. Without taking the pledge, and without pretension, he abstains from the use of ardent spirits, and illustrates by his example the virtue of strict temperance. In a word, his private character is unblemished as a man and a Christian. I say this reluctantly, Religion is the very best possession in the world, and the last to be spoken of. It should dwell quietly in the heart and rule the life; not be hawked about as a commodity; nor scooped up as a rusty buckler for protection; nor be worn over the shoulders like a blanket for defence. I have said this reluctantly; but silence on the present occasion might be misinterpreted, and it is due to our candidate to say that his integrity, and purity, and attachment to his early instructions in religious duty are such, that in the present canvass he does not need to hide his life behind the screen of another man's sanctity. (Rounds of applause.)

WHIG DOCTRINE.—Poverty and vice go hand in hand. Such was the remark of the Hon. Ambrose Spencer, President of the Baltimore Clay Convention, made in reply to an able speech of Mr. Van Buren, in the New York Convention of 1831 in favor of extending the right of suffrage.

Henry Clay and "Games of Hazard."

We have had occasion frequently to speak of the gambling and duelling propensities of Henry Clay. But a portion of the Whig press have denied that Mr. Clay has, "during thirty years, played a game of cards, even for sport." Accordingly, not long since, we asserted the denial of his friends in our paper, and admitted that it might be true that Mr. Clay abandoned, in his maturer years an evil and dangerous practice that he was addicted to in his younger days. Though we had no proof that he had abandoned the vicious practice, yet we thought it due to Mr. Clay that the denial of his friends should have as wide a circulation as the charge. But it appears that we were wrong in supposing that Mr. Clay's friends had not misrepresented the matter. The following letter from a distinguished citizen of Kentucky, General McCalla, a man of high standing and character among his neighbors, and wherever known, having held an important office for twelve years in his own State, an exemplary member of the Presbyterian Church, and an honest, virtuous, and upright man. It will be seen from the letter, that Mr. Clay as recently as the 4th of July last, played at BRAG, and won more than a hundred dollars; that it is a habit he has not abandoned, but is yet notoriously addicted to, and it is universally spoken of by his political friends and enemies throughout the section of country in which he lives.

The letter we copy from the Gazette, published at Lexington, Kentucky:

LEXINGTON, May 24, 1844.

Sir: Some time ago, the 4th number of the "Junius Tracts," containing the life of Henry Clay, was placed in my hands. Among some of its imprudent pretensions I was particularly struck with the following:

"In 1819, when invited to a game of brag, he (Mr. Clay) replied, 'excuse me gentlemen, I have not played a game of hazard for more than 12 years, and I take this opportunity to warn you all to avoid a practice destructive of a good name, and drawing after it evil consequences of incalculable magnitude.'

The evident object of the author is to excite the belief that Mr. Clay has not since that time played cards for money, or gamed. Brag is a game of cards, and therefore the disclaimer and inference apply to such games. About the same time public declarations were made in one of the leading New York papers, friendly to Mr. Clay, that he was a reformed man in that particular, and had not gamed for many years.

In a speech which I made soon after seeing that tract, I stated my convictions that Mr. Clay's habits were unchanged, and that he still continued that practice, which he is represented by Junius to have stigmatized as "destructive of a good name." I referred to a case as late as the 4th of July last, which occurred near Lexington, where he played and won between one and two hundred dollars, as I was informed by a gentleman who was present, and perhaps played at the same table but did not bet.

I was assailed by a Lexington editor for having made that assertion, and dared to the proof. I did not wish to go into a public controversy upon such a subject, although well aware that the fact was notorious in all this country, and especially at the watering places in Kentucky, on the steamboats of the Ohio and Mississippi, and in Lexington, Washington City, and New Orleans. That in fact, there were thousands who had been eye witnesses of the fact.

I again, in a speech in Mercer, alluded in a good natured way to Mr. Clay's successful skill in card playing, but not relying upon that as sufficient to defeat his claims to public office, even among professing Christians; many of whom, even of the clergy, have hitherto supported him for the Presidency, with a full knowledge of his habit.

This last speech has blown up the ire of the editor of the Frankfort Commonwealth, who had assailed me, in his paper of the 28th inst., with characteristic vulgarity and folly. He says I make the charge against Mr. Clay on negro testimony. He will find himself mistaken. I leave it for him and the gentleman of the highest standing in Lexington, who has authorized him to use Harry Bruen's, alias Brennan's Harry's, denial of a statement which I never made, to choose such associates, allies, and witnesses. I imagine their association is very appropriate, and I will not disturb it. Never will I retaliate the charge of immor-

ty upon the editor of the Commonwealth; I do not suppose that the amount of his intellect would ever place him in so high a scale as Junius. Idiocy comes nearer to his grade.

Mr. Clay's whole history in this country is so mixed up with his habits at the card table, that a conversation about him is almost invariably intermingled with sporting anecdotes of his past life. If any reformation has taken place, it must have been long since the period fixed by the veracious author of Junius. I assert, on the authority of gentlemen of undoubted standing, that, as late as the 4th of July last, he gamed cards, at the place before mentioned, for money which he won.

If Mr. Clay will dare to deny the truth of the charge, as to his particular instance which is given merely as one out of many recent instances, I will produce the proof. The witnesses shall be named, and they must testify or stand mute. There are enough who will, although reluctantly, state the facts.

I cannot but admire the cool command of countenance which his indiscreet friends must possess, when they attempt to deny a charge so well known and admitted in every circle in which Mr. Clay has moved, from that of the British Ambassador at Washington; with whom I am informed has had many a hard set-to, down to his hard-favored associates at watering places and on steamboats.

I am charged with being incited to this attack on Mr. Clay by bitter personal malice, resulting from attacks made by him on me. With these the public have nothing to do, and about them they care nothing. I deny personal malice, but avow a deep conviction of Mr. Clay's unfitness, from his habits, for the station to which he aspires; a station which should be held by those only, who, to talents such as he possesses, add the higher qualities of good morals, and integrity in political life, of which I conscientiously believe him to be destitute.

JOHN M. McCALLA.

To the Editor of the Kentucky Gazette.

This is placing the matter in a tangible shape. Here is a distinct charge that Mr. Clay is addicted to gambling; not for sport merely, but for money.—The very day is given on which he did play at brag; and that day is not thirty years ago, but the 4th of July last, a day consecrated to liberty. This is not all; the proof is offered, if the fact is denied.

We had hoped that the denial made by his friends might be true. But the fact that he is still a gambler is now placed beyond the pale of further controversy. And Henry Clay, whose head is hoary with age, who has lived the ordinary number of years allotted to the life of man, who has seen, we think, the sun of seventy summers set, is still a gambler!

We cannot, notwithstanding his many vicious practices, but admire the splendid talents of the man; and we think it would be infinitely better that his friends should candidly confess his many grievous faults while the whole country will do honor to the high talents, and those good qualities of the heart that he undoubtedly possesses.—N. Y. Plebeian.

SOMETHING TO BE REMEMBERED.—In 1828 when General Jackson was candidate for the Presidency, and when all the signs indicated his success, Henry Clay used the following language at the barbecue at Baltimore:

"He would humbly prostrate himself before God, and implore his mercy to visit our favored land WITH WAR, WITH FAMINE, WITH PESTILENCE, or with any scourge, rather than that a MILITARY CHIEFTAIN should be elected to the Presidency."

SIZE OF LONDON.—London is now beyond all doubt, the largest and most populous city in the world. It may somewhat assist the imagination in forming a conception of its immensity, when we reflect that its present population is equal to that of the six N. E. States—viz: Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Vermont.

MORE HELP.—The "Catoctin Enterprise" heretofore a neutral paper, published at Middletown, in this county, has placed at its head the names of POLK, DALLAS and CARROLL. The "Enterprise" will be of service to the good cause, in the propagation of democratic sentiment.