

# Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY

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Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter—Gov. FORBES

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 9, 1844.

NO. 17.

## Letter from the Editor.

TOWANDA, SEPT. 10, 1844.

When I wrote you last, it was on my way to Williamsport, which we reached Saturday evening. I had a mere glimpse of this famous "State," and was gained as I passed from the presence of my good friend Judge Lewis (who lives in most enviable style) to the city of Williamsport. The buildings are neat and imposing structure, in the country town, and there is an air of gentility about the place that you receive at once. I saw here one or two very handsome private residences, which would have reflected credit upon Philadelphia. The Court House is a large and imposing structure, in the principal street. The principal hotels, by their size, seem to be worthy of their world-wide reputation for excellent and superior accommodations. I expect to see more of Williamsport and its citizens, I will write you again.

We arrived at Williamsport, and thus terminated our delightful ride by the canal. At 5 o'clock on the evening of the 7th, and immediately took our seats in the cars for Ralston, via the Williamsport and Elmira rail-road, distant twenty-five miles. This part of the ride was rapidly and pleasantly performed. Ralston is a delightful situation in a picturesque valley, made by a cove in the Allegheny mountains. There are a few houses—none, indeed, of any importance; save two well kept hotels. Here the rail-road, one of the results of the famous charter of the United States, and originally intended to be carried to Elmira, New York, makes a dead halt. This is highly romantic, and is visited by hundreds during the warm season, not only because of the cool climate, but on account of the trout, which are caught here in abundance. I felt almost inclined to tarry a few days, and give up all the pleasure I had anticipated from my visit to Towanda, to participate in a sport which is said to be the very poetry of the piscatory science; but this I was compelled to deny myself—not without an internal resolution to realize my wishes in the convenient future. We took the stage for Towanda, but, on approaching Canton, in Bradford, distant from Towanda about twenty-six miles, we were all astonished, on being informed by our driver that the Democratic Mass Meeting, originally to be held to-day in Towanda, had been postponed on account of the probable absence of Mr. BUCHANAN, (seen in the stage,) who, it was feared, would be delayed at home by illness. We all felt much mortified at this, but dashed on to Towanda, where Mr. B.'s arrival, as you may expect, created a considerable sensation. It was at once determined, by the Democrats of Towanda, that the meeting should be held as originally intended, and the news to that effect was circulated all over Bradford, Tioga, and Susquehanna counties, and the adjoining counties in New York. Everybody felt that the meeting would be a large one; the postponement had been widely circulated, and the notice countermanding it left only a few hours to prepare for the 10th. Well, the day came, and I wish some of our Lancaster county Democrats had been here to witness what was a spectacle at once sublime and significant. The Democrats poured in by thousands, until 2 o'clock, P. M., their wagons literally loaded down with human beings, until the town fairly swarmed with people. I never saw anything like it, taken altogether. I will not estimate numbers, which I feel were nearly innumerable. It was found impossible to form in procession and march through the town, and therefore all that could be done was to let each of the delegations, as mile after mile in length, and from all quarters, they came in, pass through the streets. They came from Bradford in thousands; and there were present numerous delegations from Owego and Elmira, New York, and from Susquehanna, Columbia, and even Wayne, our own State. I got tired, at last, of looking—the throng was so great.

The meeting was organized by name of the Hon. JOHN LAPORTE, President. Other officers were appointed, and then Wm. ELWELL, Esq., introduced Mr. BUCHANAN to the illimitable crowd in the square and before the stand. I wish you had been here to see a sight that is not seen often, and to enjoy it as I know you would have enjoyed it. My heart beat with joy at the scene. Thousands of faces were

tinguished guest, whose imposing figure stood before them, and then, from the heart of every democrat in the vast throng, there burst a long, loud, and thundering welcome: Mr. BUCHANAN'S speech was worthy of him. He spoke about an hour and a half, mostly upon the Bank and in favor of re-annexing Texas to our Union. I never heard him to more advantage. He is, as you know, remarkable for the clearness and the force of his style; and I never realized this so fully as during his speech to-day. But the patience with which the fast-increasing crowd listened to Mr. BUCHANAN, was the best proof of the value of his efforts before the Yankee-democrats of this noble and interesting region. You could see how they comprehended his meaning, in the bright glances of satisfaction and interest which sparkled in every eye. When he pointed them to the ruin which had flowed from former National Banks—when he proved the corrupting influences they had introduced into our legislatures, State and National—when he explained how the people were raised and pulled down, by the machinery of the monster monopoly—they signified their honest indignation in loud and repeated cheers. His explanation of the Texas question, I need only add, was equal to all that could have been anticipated. I am almost ashamed to say, that while Mr. BUCHANAN was proceeding in his speech—during which he expressed nothing disrespectful of HENRY CLAY—a few blackguards, on the opposite side of the way, nailed an insulting banner on one of the taverns, inscribed with an insulting reference to the villainous slander of "ten cents a day"—a falsehood so foul, so disgusting, and dishonest, that it seems to have been dropped by every decent whig in the country. This shameful outrage created a general feeling of indignation, and warm work would have been the consequence, had not C. L. WARD, Esq., a leading and gentlemanly whig—who deserves credit for thus rebuking these low blackguards, and who felt ashamed of the indignity for the sake of his party and his town—torn down the insulting motto with his own hand. After this had been done, and while Mr. BUCHANAN, without noticing the gross insult which had been offered to him, was proceeding with his remarks, a voice cried out, from the crowd, "the whigs charge you with having said that the laboring man can work for ten cents a day!" Immediately, and in all the ardor of honest indignation, he exclaimed, "It is false—FALSE AS HELL!"

After the sensation which this denial created had subsided, Mr. Buchanan proceeded to say that this vile calumny was so gross and scandalous a character as to excite in him only disgust. It was not believed by those who were most busy in retailing it. From what did this base charge spring? From a speech he had made in the U. S. Senate, in which he had taken the ground that the laboring man was better paid when he received one dollar a day, in round silver currency, than when he received a dollar and a quarter in the miserable shin-plasters of irresponsible corporations and insolvent companies—for it was ever the case, he remarked, that the poor laboring man was the very first to receive bad money. When he got it, he was compelled to spend it, lest it might die in his hands. If he could get nothing else, he would even purchase whig pamphlets in preference to keeping it. Who ever heard, asked Mr. Buchanan, of a man saving shin-plasters for a rainy day? In the good old times, there used to be a money-box in most of the families of the industrious laboring community; and when mammy or daddy got a half-dollar, it was slipped into the money-box as a contribution to a fund which would purchase them a homestead in their old days. But this was not the case now, or had not been the case heretofore. The industrious hard-working man had been plundered by means of worthless bank rags, and kept poor, and prevented from receiving what was his "just reward." Because he had tried to remedy this evil, he had been denounced as the enemy of the poor man! But he felt that he was right, and that was above all the praise or censure of the world. This eloquent and dignified rebuke of a vile slander, was received with loud cheers by the vast crowd in attendance. Before taking his seat, Mr. Buchanan paid a high and deserved tribute to MARTIN VAN BUREN, the distinguished favorite of the Empire State, many of whose citizens were present on the occasion. It was in defending his administration, said Mr. B., that I earned much of my humble rep-

utation as a public man. The position of Mr. VAN BUREN, at the present time, continued the eloquent speaker, is a great moral spectacle, and entitled to universal admiration. Obeying the mandate of the National Convention, he has given, and his friends have given, an efficient and zealous support to the democratic candidate for the Presidency, JAMES K. POLK. This magnanimous act of justice to a great and good man was loudly cheered. Mr. B. also alluded eloquently, to the nomination of SILAS WRIGHT, as the Democratic Candidate for Governor of New York, and expressed his gratification for the course, which had thus been pursued—a course which would secure New York to the Democratic party in her November Election, for Governor and President. He said there did not live an able, purer, or more honest man than SILAS WRIGHT, and while he should rejoice to see him the Governor of New York, (of which no one pretended to doubt,) he deeply regretted the loss which would be sustained by the country at large, in losing his services in the Senate of the United States. In the course of his speech, Mr. Buchanan paid a chaste and appropriate tribute to the late lamented MURLENSBERG, and referred to FRANCIS R. SHUNK as a man whose integrity and capacity, as Governor of Pennsylvania, would secure for him the confidence and respect of all parties. The sketch of JAMES K. POLK and GEO. M. DALLAS, our candidates for President and Vice President, was received with great satisfaction by the audience, and the high opinion he expressed of the eminent talents and virtues of these distinguished men, proved how cordially he could confide in their administration of the National Government. I have thus given a faint and imperfect outline of an effort that will long be remembered in Northern Pennsylvania.

This great meeting was also addressed by Col. S. G. HATHAWAY, of Elmira, New York. He is one of the ablest and most powerful orators I ever listened to; and his speech could not but be admired by all who heard him. His wit was rich and original; and his review of whig principles and whig changes irresistible and unanswerable. He is, as he deserves to be, a rising man. Joy go with you Colonel! You have one fault, however, with all your merits. You are a bachelor, and so incorrigible, that I fear, the more you advocate annexation the farther you are from Union!

Col. S. F. HEADLY, of Columbia county, further addressed the great crowd with marked success. He is a popular, attractive, and successful speaker. He was very loudly applauded.

The good old Intelligencer and Journal, (God bless it!) was represented, in the remarks of your humble servant. At this hour, 12 o'clock, P. M. a party of about 500 are in front of Mr. BUCHANAN'S lodging, serenading and cheering him. They have already been addressed by a number of gentlemen; and even now I hear the trumpet-toned voice of the eloquent and true-hearted WILMOT. He was nominated for Congress unanimously this afternoon, by the conferees from the district composed of Bradford, Tioga and Susquehanna counties. He will be elected by a majority of at least two THOUSAND. Richly has he earned this compliment by long years of unrewarded exertion in the good cause, and richly will he repay the confidence reposed in him, by his course in Congress. GEORGE FULLER, Esq., the editor of the Montrose Volunteer, has been nominated from the same district, to fill out the unexpired term of the lamented READ. He is a valiant soldier in the ranks, and a faithful and industrious one. He, also, will be triumphantly elected.

While I continue to write VICTOR E. FOLLET, Esq., is speaking. He is one of Nature's noblemen, and unites with all vivacity of a true Frenchman the warm heart of an American democrat, and the talents of a rich and well-cultivated mind. God bless him!

The prospect is bright indeed! ALL IS RIGHT HERE! Our friends are hard at work, and feel sure of, at the least, 500 for POLK, in Bradford, and probably 1000 for SHUNK. Susquehanna will give for at least 700—Tioga, about 1200, &c., &c. All is right! You may rely on it that the North feels its responsible position in this campaign, and will be worthy of it.

NEW YORK TOO IS ALL "WRIGHT." The nomination of her able and true-hearted senator places the election of POLK beyond the shadow of a doubt. It settles the political coffee of HENRY CLAY. I never saw such enthusiasm as was evinced by the hundreds of New

York democrats present, to-day, at Towanda, in favor of SILAS WRIGHT and JAMES K. POLK. The way to insult them most unparadoxically, is to say their State is doubtful. The only doubt they will admit, is whether POLK and WRIGHT'S majority shall be 20 or 30,000! I feel new assurances that the country will be saved from the domination of Henry Clay!

To give you an idea of the way the people love FRANCIS R. SHUNK, I will relate what was stated by JNO. I. ALLEN, Esq., the bold and able editor of the Wayne County Herald, in his excellent speech, last evening, in the Square. He stated that such was the insignificance of MARKLE and the strength of Mr. SHUNK, that he would not be at all astonished to see the latter receiving the bulk of the votes of both parties in Wayne county, where it is certain hundreds of whigs openly prefer him to the hero of Miss-sis-si-a-way!

But I had almost forgotten to tell you something about Towanda. It is a very pleasant and thriving place, and lays romantically, on the side of a steep hill—is very healthy, and possesses nearly all the creditable characteristics of the New York towns. Among its citizens I recognize many true friends—many warm hearts—many eloquent and able men. I shall never forget the kindness I received, during my brief but interesting and pleasant sojourn in this lovely village, from such gentlemen as Wilmot, Follet, Means, P. C. and C. L. Ward, Bartlett, Goodrich, Sanderson, Mercur, Laporte, I. H. Stephens, Elwell, Morgan, Mason, Baird, and others, whose names I cannot now retain. The ladies—though last now, ever the first—the ladies of Bradford county were present to-day, at our meeting, forming a perfect blaze of beauty. May they long retain the same deep interest in the success of a party which advocates a virtuous cause, and fights under the banner of Union and Annexation.

I have already made this letter too long. So, good morning!—for 't is past the witching hour of twelve, and I have worked hard for two days.

J. W. F.

## The Duelist.

READ AND PONDOR.

Extract from a Sermon preached at Cambridgeport, on fast-day, April 4, 1844, by Rev. J. C. Lovejoy.

But there is one scene—one circle of objects to which I would call the solemn attention of every man in this land, as he writes the name of a duelist upon his ballot.

When the unfortunate Cilley was murdered, I well remember the sensation produced by the tale of how he came flying from city to city, and at length reach his ill-starred family. A young, accomplished, and pious wife, with a little group of tender children, await the mail from Washington, for tidings from the husband and father. The strange hand upon the outside of the letter excites surprise and trepidation: with fear and trembling the fatal seal is broken.

Your husband is dead—killed in a duel! he died nobly upon the field of honor, forgetful of God and you; that he might assure the world that he dared to commit murder. The death of her husband she could, by divine grace, have borne, but his crime drove her to distraction; the children in terror stare at the wild horror of the mother; a look at her children redoubles the streams of fiery agony that played along every nerve and fibre of her whole being. Such a scene might well arouse the whole State—the entire land. It did so. Every pulpit spoke out against dueling. But what good can we do to weep over the bloodshed, and yet honor the man who shed it? I am tired of dealing with the subject; and if the citizens of this and other States will go and deliberately VOTE FOR A DUELIST FOR PRESIDENT—one who has acted upon the principles of revenge all his days, and who yet deliberately avows them—then I say, when your fellow-citizens are murdered at Washington, make no ado about it, ask no sympathy, demand no retribution; but say, like men, we choose a murderer to shoot them if they did not behave according to refined notions of propriety, and we sent them there to be shot if he thought best. Either make the tree corrupt, or else let them both be good: LET PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE GO TOGETHER. It is vain for us to preach against duelling, to lament its prevalence, while our hearers go and VOTE FOR DUELISTS.

(From the Illinois Lark.)

## Babbitt's Last Dream.

Last Saturday afternoon, I took a walk to the "Springfield Jockey Club" race course. I was studying about the ungodly practice of horse racing, its evil tendencies, the ruin it had bro't upon many a poor fellow, and the drunkenness and gambling that follow in its train. I laid myself down upon the green earth, shaded by a tree, solitary and alone. I called to mind all the races I had ever seen or read of. While my mind was thus wrapped in contemplation, I fell asleep, and commenced dreaming as follows:

I thought I saw a race course that encircled the whole twenty-six States. Every body seemed to be talking about a match race that was about to be run, hundreds were betting, and the whole country appeared to be in commotion. Directly I heard a great shout, louder than the seven thunders, saying "make way, make way, here comes the horses." I looked, and behold, two splendid horses were led to the stand. One was an oldish looking horse, and he was called "Harry of the West." The other was but a colt, and called "Young Hickory." Directly I saw the two riders, beautifully dressed. One was called Frelinguysen, and the other Dallas. Frelinguysen had on a black hat lettered Abolitionism, a blue jacket lettered Federalism, and a pair of striped breeches lettered Whiggery, with coonskin leggings.

Dallas was dressed in a suit of perfect white with the word Democracy interwoven in a white silk cap, with threads of gold.

Frelinguysen mounted Harry of the West, but was required to carry his saddlebags full of dead weight, such as bank charters, bankrupt notices, blood-stained challenges, five hundred packs of cards, violated instructions, speeches against foreigners, speeches denouncing the settlers on the public lands as robbers and pirates, and cotton bale full of slanders against Old Hickory, labelled "war, pestilence and famine."

Dallas sprang upon Young Hickory, quick as thought, and came up to the starting post in fine style. He had a whip in his hand, lettered equal rights, and a spur on the right foot lettered Texas, and on the left Oregon. Every eye was now fixed on the two horses, as the sound of a bugle announced that the moment for starting had arrived. The bugle sounded again, and they were off like a streak of lightning.

As they passed through Maine, the ghost of the murdered Cilley rose, shaking its gory locks, and so frightening the old horse that his rider was well nigh being thrown. Young Hickory crossed the line of the State nine miles (electoral votes) ahead of the old horse.

The young horse leaped over the granite rocks of New Hampshire, with the speed of an arrow, gaining six miles more.

In passing through Vermont the young horse was checked by the swamps of abolitionism, while the old horse, being used to such swamps, gained six miles.

They passed into the Bay State, under whiff land spur, but the northern winds chilled the blood of the young southern horse, and by the "bargain, intrigue, and corruption" of John Q. Adams, the old horse succeeded by 12 miles.

They leaped into Connecticut, neck and neck, the old horse taking the short route over the Hartford Convention bridge, pointed out by blue lights, and left the young horse six miles in the rear.

The old horse cheered on by the Algerines, passed through Rhode Island, FOUR miles ahead, crushing beneath his iron hoofs the hope of a republican institution, while the champion of liberty weeps in a dungeon.

Now the old horse darts by Kinderhook; but young Hickory gains upon him, amidst a shout that shakes the heavens, and the earth, soon leaving him THIRTY-SIX miles behind.

The race through New Jersey, was close; the rider of the young horse seemed to understand the ground and gains seven miles.

Away they bound through Delaware, the old horse gaining THREE miles. The old horse kept the lead in Maryland, and with great effort, gained EIGHT miles.

As they entered Pennsylvania, the old horse began to blow, his bottom falling, and was defeated by young Hickory TWENTY SIX miles.

Away they went through Ohio over mountain and valley, but the young

horse (increasing in speed) left Harry TWENTY-THREE miles behind.

Now they reach Indiana and the young horse gains TWELVE more.

Next they go to the prairies of Illinois; but the old horse meets objections among the old settlers, and loses NINE miles more.

Over Missouri the old horse is repeatedly swamped, along the Oregon passes, the young horse gains SEVEN miles.

Next they reach Michigan, and the Wolverines give 100 cheers for Young Hickory, as he gains FIVE miles more.

Now they dash into Kentucky, the old horse is lashed and spurred till the blood flows from him in streams, and succeeds in gaining TWELVE miles upon the young horse.

As they pass by the Hermitage, "by the eternal" the young horse gains with the greatest ease THIRTEEN miles.

The old horse is failing and is left behind SIX miles in going through Mississippi, young Hickory just in a trot.

The young horse trots over Alabama and gains NINE miles.

Next over Arkansas, gains THREE miles.

Now through Louisiana, young Hickory gains SIX miles, the Texas spur being used to advantage, the old horse rallied for the last time.

Georgia is crossed by young Hickory, head up and tail up, gaining TEN miles more.

In North Carolina the lash is applied to the old horse, but without effect—the young colt gains ELEVEN miles.

South Carolina is walked over by the young horse, who gains NINE miles more.

The old horse enters Virginia, and is revived as it passes the "Shades of Hanover" and makes a few desperate plunges and falls upon the earth dead—the young horse gaining SEVENTEEN miles more, and as fresh as when he started.

## Principles we Fight for.

Jefferson lays down the following principles:

- The People—the only source of legitimate power.
- The absolute and lasting sovereignty of Church and State.
- The Union—a confederacy, a compact, neither a consolidation, nor a centralization.
- The Constitution of the Union—a special grant of powers, limited and definite.
- The civil, paramount to the military power.
- The Representatives to obey instruction of his constituents.
- Elections free, and suffrage universal.
- No hereditary office, nor order, nor title.
- No taxation beyond the public wants.
- No national debt, if possible.
- No costly splendor of administration.
- No proscription of opinion, nor of public discussion.
- No unnecessary interference with individual conduct, property, or speech.
- No favored classes, and no monopolies.
- No public monies expended, except by warrant of a specific appropriation.
- No mysteries in government, inaccessible to the public eye.
- Public compensation for public services, moderate salaries, and strict accountability.

Gov. DOAR.—We were informed on Monday—says the Providence Herald—that this victim of Algerine oppression was suffering under a severe and aggravated attack of rheumatism, and that his friends had applied to the Committee who visit the prison, for such a relaxation of prison-discipline, as might permit him to take such exercise in the open air, as the circumscribed limits of the walls of the yard would permit, and that the request was coldly and unfeelingly refused!

Coal.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser is hard at work courting the votes of the Irish adopted citizens, and the Cincinnati Chronicle those of the Germans, though the ink is scarcely dry with which both papers supported the "natives" of Philadelphia. We trust the Irish and Germans will not be led away by those on the like appeals made to them in a capacity which they never should recognize—but investigate the subject for themselves, and vote according to their own conclusions.