

Bradford Reporter.

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 16, 1844.

NO. 18.

The Ball is Rolling.

Oh, Lud, Gals, give me a chew tobacco.
Boys, while we are singing,
You hear the jaw-bone ringing;
I relate to you a story,
Of democratic glory.
Poor whigs, why do you feel so badly?
Poor whigs, why do you feel so badly?
Poor'oon, what makes you wonder?
Is democratic thunder!
Hickory, true to duty,
"BOOTS AND THE BEAUTY!"
A little fightish,
Out and flogg'd the British.
So close to Texas,
Copies try hard to vex us,
Where they upon the trees sit,
Nothing left but a dirty grease spot!
The future this is sure an inkling,
We shined them in a twinkling;
It was so very nicely,
"Enough" 'tis so, precisely.
North Carolina coming,
The loess all a humming,
To suit the great occasion
K. Polk and annexation.
The coons are fast declining—
Their star is dimly shining;
When the fight comes off in autumn,
Find their craft has struck the bottom.
Hulberg beats all nater,
Half horse—half alligator;
No vote so big is swelling
No twill end there is no telling.
Abennah is a nation
As big as all creation;
Enough to scare the Clayites,
Wits and out of daylight.
Tooga has come in, too,
Her pockets full of skins, too;
Dressed her coons, remember,
Exist in next November.
Baste, just back in '40,
Were numerous and hearty;
Saw Sam he failed to feed them,
Where she would not breed them.
Led to raised a commotion,
The surges of the ocean,
The volcanos in eruption,
Her soil from whig corruption.
Man's crowing through Missouri,
The whigs are full of fury;
They tried by craft to trick us,
You found they could not lick us.
These states they've played at brag, sir,
We left them in the drag, sir;
Have a little joke, sir,
And their game by playing Poker.
Now all remember
Great day of next November;
Thunder rolls—our lightning's flashing,
The whigs are ripe for thrashing.
The Scattered Household.
The family group is gathered,
All are happy there;
The careful glass and word-pass round,
For with them is fair.
A broken household!
A pleasant sight!
The mother's eye is sweeter than—
The father's glance more bright.
There is another gathering,
But one is wanting there;
The youth who sat beside his sire,
Comes not to fill his chair;
The grave yard bears another stone—
The miss'd one sleeps beneath—
The cheerful smile doth yet pass round,
But thou art felt, O, death.
There is a gathering,
But where is she whose smile
Was wont to make our hearts glad—
Our father's heart beguile!
When we list a mother's voice,
The silent in the tomb;
The happy smile is seen no more,
Where mirth was, now is gloom.
More there is a gathering—
In more an empty space,
Where Death has been at work,
To fill a brother's place.
The grave is in a distant isle,
Made by a stranger's hand—
Hard it is to die away
From one's native land.
The group will never gather more
Around that kindred hearth—
The broken up—what death has left
And scattered o'er the earth!
Where the humble mansion stood,
There now is not a stone
To mark the spot or tell of those
Who to the grave have gone.

Life of General Zebulon Montgomery Pike.

We rejoice to learn, that a gentleman competent to the task, AMOS HOLTON, Esq., has undertaken to furnish the public with a biographical memoir of the accomplished and gallant PIKE, who expired in the arms of victory at York, in Upper Canada, during the last war with England. The country has yet to be made acquainted with the peculiar traits of character, the chivalrous spirit, the abilities for command, the high-souled patriotism, and the comprehensive grasp of mind, of this once excellent officer and good man. It is strange that such shining qualities should have been allowed to remain so long in comparative obscurity—that some friendly hand should not, ere this, have elevated to their proper standard, his noble deeds and character, and have paid the proper tribute to his renown. To Major Holton, the task is a grateful one. He served, during the last war, for some time, with General Pike, and has seen him in a variety of scenes and situations—in the domestic circle, where the urbanity of his manners, and the blandness of his smile, lent joy and gladness to each heart—and in the dread hour of battle, which severely tries the qualities of the sternest soul. The following is an extract from the work, which Major Holton will complete as soon as he can finish the collection of materials for that purpose, which, we are informed, are by no means easy of access; and he would be obliged to any one, who may be in possession of any important facts, to furnish them to him, directed to his address, Delaware, Ohio. But to the extract, which possesses a thrilling interest:—*Columbus, (Ohio.) Dem. Monthly Magazine.*
"I can never forget, while 'memory holds her mental seat' a solemn and impressive, if not appalling scene, that occurred in our last attempt to dislodge the foe from his fortified position, in Odeltown, Canada, near the close of the first campaign; and hope I may be excused from giving a slight sketch of it here. The expedition consisted of some four hundred men—was commanded and led by Col. Pike. It was in the last days of the month of November, which, in the hyperborean region, are usually cold and boisterous. The weather, having been, for a day or two, comparatively moderate, very suddenly changed soon after we left our camp, at Champlain, for the point of destination; and while on our march, the angry and drifting clouds rolled together, and filled the concave above, with a dense dark mass, portending wind and tempest. It was the intention of the commander to approach as near the enemy by evening, as practicable, without hazarding a discovery—and when night drew her black pall over the earth, to bivouac at the best place that could be conveniently found, until the earliest dawn—then a bold and vigorous attack was to be made upon the position of the slumbering enemy, and carried by a coup de main. Many causes combined to interpose obstacles, and prevent the complete success of the enterprise—causes, unseen, and beyond the reach of human foresight, and against which, consequently, no human skill, or prudence, or wisdom, could guard. Unknown to Col. Pike, the enemy had been reinforced that day and the preceding evening, by troops from Isle au Noix and the Three Rivers; and Major Mayhew, the Forsythe of the British army, with his embodied militia, well disciplined for such guerrilla warfare, and his three hundred Indians, was near by, and as ever alert and active.—By nightfall, a regular storm had ensued; which raged through the first half of the night, and more. Our guides had lost their way in the turmoil of the elements, the darkened atmosphere, and by the blinding sleet and rain, which were forced upon them irresistibly, by a furious wind. No shelter could be found to protect Col. Pike and his company from the violence of the storm, or other place, where they could expect any considerable mitigation of its severity. One was finally fixed upon, a hollow, wherein to spend the night. The enemy, by some means, obtained intelligence of our situation, and resolved upon a night assault. He possessed many positive advantages over us. The country was much diversified by hills and dales; and a large part of it was densely covered with woods. These were perfectly familiar to most of the enemy, but unknown to Col. Pike, or his command, except partially, and through the representation of others. The enemy, besides, were four or five to one of us in numerical force; and could, if repulsed, retreat to a known place of safety. Such were

the fearful odds against which Col Pike had to contend.

The enemy's plan was to surround our force, and commence an attack, at several points simultaneously, and, by such an arrangement, cut off all retreat, and thereby compel a surrender. The attack was made accordingly, and a scene ensued which defied description. Our command stood in solid column, or formed a hollow square, or charged upon the foe, agreeably to orders, and as occasion required. The darkness of the night was more unfavorable to the enemy than to us. He was placed upon higher ground, and, when a heavy cloud was drifted past, and a dim light emitted from the stars, through the intervening haze, became a ready mark for our best shots; and the bayonets of Col. Pike's command taught a lesson that night, to the surrounding foe, which he little expected to learn from such a quarter. When his ranks were broken, and forced to give ground in a hurried retreat, it was difficult to rally and form them again; and the separated parts of the same corps would meet, and, in the noise and confusion of the moment, fire upon each other, unable to distinguish the hailing word, in the deafening roar of winds and woods. Our own troops suffered somewhat from the same causes. They were enjoined, imperatively, to keep in close order and condensed. Difficult as such an order was, under the circumstances, for strict and uniform observance, it was, nevertheless, generally obeyed. Yet some young officers, of impulsive temperament, and excited by the contest, rushed unrestrainedly with their commands upon the foe, and drove him, with precipitation, some distance from the main body, and had occasion to rue their temerity. The fight lasted about two hours; and many realized there, for the first time, the dangers and horrors of a nocturnal engagement in such a night as that was. The firing ceased, and the enemy withdrew; and all was again quiet but the elements. The attack was renewed an hour or so after, and continued about three-fourths of an hour—but with no better success than before—and again the foe withdrew. It was now past midnight, and Col. Pike, after waiting some time for another demonstration for him, ordered the necessary sentinels to be posted, and the residue of his command to seek what repose they could obtain upon their arms, until morning. Even the fitful slumbers of such a situation, were grateful and refreshing to the wearied and exhausted soldier. Col. Pike made no attempt to sleep that night. After the hum and casual talk of the little encampment had died away into silence, Pike with one or two favorite subordinates, drew up to a half-smothered fire, the smoke of which, eddying about in circles for a few minutes, rose gradually in spiral columns from the hollow, until stricken forcibly and borne off by the upper current, which had been blowing a gale, but was now lulling to a gentle breeze. The storm had abated its fury; and the murky clouds were beginning to sunder and course in broken fragments through the heavens; and the stars, those celestial sentinels, supposed by some to guide and govern the destiny of man, and the irresistible charmers of the philosophic mind, were occasionally seen in all their sparkling beauty, and appeared to derive additional brilliancy from the surrounding darkness. The scene was well suited to the contemplative and sublimated soul of Pike. It was a moment for calm and solemn reflection and musing; and he seemed to realize all its peculiar and inspiring influences. He would speak for some time in a glowing and elevated strain of moralizing—then pause awhile, and appear to be wrapped in profound thought—and then pour forth another continuous strain of just sentiment and sublime eloquence, seldom equalled.—The occasional interruptions from the wind, which, at brief intervals, rose and fell, and sent its moaning voice through the bending tree-tops, was a circumstance rather in correspondence and harmony with the others; and, instead of diminishing, seemed to lend additional interest and solemnity to the scene. He dwelt on the relative duties of man, as a member of society, in different situations, at considerable length; and all his remarks were pertinent and well applied and many of them forcible and thrilling. Abstraction from self, or disinterestedness, public spirit, and chivalrous patriotism, were his favorite themes; and he spoke with peculiar force and feeling of the duty of dying for one's country, in defence of a just and righteous cause—and of the rewards that must be in reserve for all such, beyond the grave.—

He referred with enthusiasm, to the glorious examples of the Royal Gustavus Adolphus, and of Generals Wolfe and Desaix, who had fallen on the field of battle, in the embrace of victory—regarding their's as an enviable fate; and expressing a fervent hope that such might be his. He repeated some poetical effusions, tasteful and appropriate to the occasion—imbued with patriotic sentiment, and rich in sublime and original thought. And thus were spent four or five of the last hours of that eventful night. When day-light appeared, no enemy was to be seen. A reconnoitering party was sent out, but soon returned, without bringing any intelligence of him. The line of march was formed in a short time after, and we moved in a circuitous route on our return, with a view to ascertain the position the enemy then held, but the main army was not to be discovered by our scouts. A body of troops, sent out to intercept us, was met about mid-day, and a sharp conflict ensued, but did not continue long; The British being forced to yield the ground, with the loss of several men in killed, wounded and prisoners. We learned, afterward, that a much greater destruction of life, on the part of the enemy, had occurred in the night battle, than was apprehended by us at the time; and further, that a serious difficulty had arisen between the officers of the newly arrived troops, and those who had been on the station some time, about seniority and the right to command. They had separated in consequence, and refused to cooperate. The Indians, too, had become dissatisfied. And these were some of the reasons why we did not find, in the morning, a formidable army around us, ready and eager for the combat."

Care of Horses in Traveling.
If you intend that your horse shall perform a long journey, you must take particular care of him at every stopping place. He must have something that he will eat; and he must have grain. It often happens that tavern-keepers look better than it really is, and it often looks too bad to be offered to a horse. If you rely on hay to sustain your horse, and that hay be poor, you can expect to make no great progress on your journey the day following. The best mode on a journey, is, to rely chiefly on grain; but your horse must be used to eating grain, before the journey is commenced. Oats are not so solid food as corn, but if you feed wholly on oats, you will need to give no other grain. Horses are seldom injured by oats when they are given at proper times; that is, they should not be given just before starting. It is safer to give the principal part of the grain that the horse is to have, at night. He will then be ready to start early in the morning; his grain will then be digested, and it will do him good. Some people fear to give grain while the horse is warm; yet they will not hesitate about giving grain just before starting. But it is hard driving after eating, not eating after hard driving, that injures a horse. It is believed that grain is no oftener injurious to a horse when he is warm, than at any other time. Let any man consult his own feelings. Does his food hurt him more when he comes in hot from work and eats it, than at any other time? Is it not violent exercise, after eating hearty, that causes severe pain? Every one who has tried it, will answer yes. Horses have often been ruined by hard driving, soon after being stuffed with grain. How often do we see people at public houses give their horses but little grain at night, for fear they would not eat a due quantity of hay, and then, just before starting, give a larger mess to travel upon! People who seldom travel, and who are not accustomed to feed their horses grain, will stuff them with this article, at the commencement of a journey. If the grain had been given the previous night, there would have been some chance of its doing good. **AGRICULTURE.**—I think agriculture the most honorable of all employments, being the most independent. The farmer has no need of popular favor of the great; the success of his crops depending only on the blessings of God and upon his industry.—*Franklin.* **CURIOS.**—Physiologists assert that a full grown person is nearly an inch taller immediately on rising than at other hours of the day. We recollect, sleeping once at a country inn and immediately on rising, we stuck our heads through the roof.

Natural Bridge.

The following graphic and thrilling sketch of an incident which occurred some years since at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, comprises a passage in a lecture on genius, delivered by the celebrated ELIhu BURRITT, the learned Blacksmith, of Rhode Island:— "The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia.— There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with an awe to that vast arch of unheavened rocks, which the Almighty bridged over these everlasting abutments 'when the morning stars sang together.' The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impulsive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock, down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in hands in an instant. 'What man has done, man can do,' is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who had been there before them. They are satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. The ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Brad-dock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name, side by side, with that of the great of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chiseled in that mighty wall.— While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into the flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts.—The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn halfway to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below.— What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that freeze their young blood. He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sister, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone. Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in the rocky channel, hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe.— The poor boy hears the hum of new

and numerous voices both above and below.

He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energies of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade!— How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each gain he cuts.— Now every motion is watched from below.— There stand his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone. The sun is now half way down the west.— The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Splendid ropes are already in the hands of those who are leaning over the edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gosh he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. "Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above!— The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boys head and shoulders. Quick as thought the poised rope is within reach of the sinking youth.— No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, God! mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the lightning rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the fearful multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity." E. B.

Roasting Potatoes.

A good and easy mode of roasting potatoes, apples or eggs, by steam.— Take your potatoes, or whatever you wish to roast, and after washing them clean, wrap them up in paper two or three over; when this is done, put them in a can of water, and squeeze them until the paper is wet to the potatoe! squeeze them well, and after making a place in the embers, lay them in, and cover them with hot ashes, with no coals; after they have lain a proper time, take them out, and the paper will be found to be perfectly dry, and not burnt; and on opening the paper, it will be found to be very hot and damp, the nearer you go to the potatoe; and the potatoe will be found to be soft and clean, and they peel much easier and cleaner than when boiled. An Irish potatoe when boiled loses half its sweetness, but when prepared in this manner it does not lose its sweetness, but is better tasted every way. Apples roasted in this way, are not at all as they are when baked, black and burnt, but have a beautiful brown cast. Eggs prepared in this way, are very toothsome, and will cook in less time than when boiling, with good embers.—*Southern Planter.*