

Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 11, 1844. NO. 20.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]

Moonlight.

There is a picture in the quiet sky,
Whose heart may linger. 'Tis a scene,
For the spirit's worship, in the morn'
The high purity, when, fresh from Heaven,
The tint of blue—the, into various shades,
We do so artfully, we mark no change,
When they become, is over all—
The embodied islands near the moon,
Theeey clouds are gathering to partake,
The sweetness and the freshness of the night,
A time for worship—to bow down,
Prants may sympathize with loveliness,
Things so far beyond there, and—to love!

How bright, how calm, how beautiful is night!
How calm, how conscious of supremacy,
How lowly'd and serene. It is the time
The griev'd spirit to awake to life
And feel itself in being—to ascend,
And by fancy from dull thought's embrace,
Higher worlds, and make them all its own.
The world, which it was destined for, to win,
It has pass'd the ordeal term of death,
And mingle with the spirits of the past—
The mighty spirits, which have bow'd the
world,
And made and unmade monarchs, and which
worlds,
All look to, with a holy reverence,
Setting the high worship of the Gods!

Look!—not with thine eyes, which are but dull
And credulous organs, that deceive thee still,
But with the darting spirit, look abroad
On the silent majesty of night.

How sweet, how mellow—yet, how softly cold
Sits the young moon upon the antic waves,
That curl and foam, beneath her yellow glance,
As they turn their mounting billows forth,
So do they roll in silver—while the stars,
Scarcely noted, on the fair horizon's verge,
Gaze on monarch splendors. Glorious night;
In creation's diadem, sits enthroned,
The richest jewel, ebon-cas'd, deep gem;
How deeply bright, how darkly clear art thou!

TOWANDA, PA. P.

To My Wife.

Follow thy head upon this heart,
My own, my cherished wife,
And let us for one hour forget
Our dreary path of life.
Then let me kiss thy tears away,
And bid remembrance flee
Back to the days of halcyon youth
When all was hope and glee.

Fair was the early promise, love,
Of joy-freighted barque;
Snaits and lustrous, too, the skies
Now all so dim and dark;
O'er a stormy sea, dear wife,
We drove with shattered sail,
But love sits smiling at the helm,
And mocks the threaten'g gale.

Come, let me part those clustering curls,
And gaze upon thy brow—
In many, many memories,
Sweep o'er my spirits now!
How much of happiness and grief
How much of hope and fear—
Breathe from each dear-loved lineament,
Most eloquently here?

How gentle, one few joys remain
To cheer our lonely lot;
The storm has left our paradise
With but one sunny spot—
Followed forever will that place
Of hearts like thine and mine—
Is where our childish hands appeared
Affection's earliest shrine.

Then nestle closer to this breast,
My fond and faithful dove!
There, if not here, should be the ark
Of refuge for thy love!
The poor man's blessing and his curse
Pertain alike to me;
Oh, scorn of worldly wealth, dear wife,
Am I not rich to thee?

The Heart and Rose.

With all thine odors fled,
Brightness lost and beauty departed,
How low thy fearful head,
Like the forlorn and broken-hearted
Through the world refused to see
What alas, there's no concealing,
But there's one can mourn for thee—
All are not alike unfeeling.

May a heart as full of tears
Bending lonely, none to guide it,
Be as one kind head appears
Brighter hopes spring warm beside it;
Not much the rose requires,
With a word the Heart is healing—
Oh, the joy such act inspires!
What is life devoid of feeling!

The Defeated One.

OR, ITS NOTHING WHEN YOU'RE USED TO IT.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

It certainly makes a great difference, when you are used to it. Every body knows—for the phrase has become proverbial—that it is "nothing when you are used to it" whatever it may be. By the process of habitude, the disagreeable loses its poignancy, and pleasure fails in its delight. Familiarity so domesticates the occurrence, that at length as a matter of course, it passes without note. A child is happy with its new shoes, in the morning; but before the afternoon arrives the poetry of leather has evaporated. Military, when worn for the first time, has its blisses; and there is ecstasy in furniture, when it has just come home. But the tendency is always to a level.—Gratification has no endurance in it; and the same is true of our sorrows.—It is said, indeed, that Mitridates had so accustomed himself to the swallowing of poison, that "malice domestic" could not dispose of him by a resort to drugs and chemicals. A prescription, no matter how "carefully compounded," disturbed not the physical organization of this cunning one of Pontus.—He was doctor-proof—impregnable to apothecaries, and triumphing over pharmacy, by dint of being "used to it." And then, again, when people are used to us, how depreciating is the effect. The most impressive and majestic presence is soon unnoticed. Instead of inspiring awe and reverence at home, people about the house do not hesitate to tell sublimity himself, that they did not know he was there—that they thought he had gone out, or that they were not aware that he had come in.—It was not so at first; but one may get used even to the terrific.

Observe, moreover, when you have cause for being coy to invitation—when you are not in costume, or look haggard for need of the razor—yet are pressed to "come in," under assurance that "nobody is there." How often does it happen, by the agency of use, that this same "nobody" is a comprehensive term. "Nobody," in such cases is the husband or the wife—"nobody," perhaps, to each other, but still a considerable somebody. The unshaven gentleman, to his much annoyance and exceeding embarrassment, is entrapped into rooms quite full of "nobody," and like the incautious Braddock, falls by ambush. Always ask who "nobody" is, when told that "nobody's there;" and inquire how many people constitute "nobody," in that family. Dozens become "nobody" by being used to them.

The world is right, then; there is nothing like being used to it. The Asiatic devotee slept soundly on the jagged surface or an iron bed, until ten-penny nails were more soothing and delightful to him than the softest feathers. With a choice of pillows, he would have selected a stovepipe to repose his cheek. And Othello's "flinty and steel couch of war" was to him a "thrill driven bed of down."

It may be, however, that people in general regard political defeat, especially if the individual himself chances to be on the "returns," among the killed and wounded, as not exactly coming under the head of the entertaining; but other people know—we know—that even this is nothing when you are used to it. Here, as elsewhere, "the hand of least employment hath the daintier sense." And then, the freedom from every trammel which it involves. Bless thee, friend, one walks home after such a disaster, with not the shadow of a real care upon his mind. Whatever of sorrow he may suppose himself to have, it is but a grief from the store-house of imagination. He is exempt from all solicitude. He can betake himself with confidence to bed. A minority slumber is but rarely disturbed by the roaring shouts of a torch light procession.

It is not expected that he should shiveringly arise at two o'clock in the morning, to make thankful speeches for the honor which has been done to him, or to invite Tom, Dick, and Harry, to come in and soil his carpets and drink his wine. He can take his meals, and read the "returns" in quiet, unannoyed by either bell or knocker. He is not required to give "cold cut," previously given to him at the polls. When he walks forth, his way through the streets is clear and unembarrassed. Nobody squeezes his hand, and asks for his influence. He is not obliged to perplex his brain for the coinage of piquant replies, in answer to flat, and

wearisome compliment. Success must smile; but defeat may indulge in his humor.

And then, what cares he for securities? He is safe enough in himself.—His affairs, too may stand as they are—no winding up and packing up; no changes to disturb his household goods, or distress his adhesiveness. No winter in Washington or sojourn at Harrisburg, to be provided for, no perplexities about other people's business; no cogitations about how to remain popular, and how to satisfy all the world and the world's wife. He who is defeated, may think as he pleases, say what he pleases, go where he pleases, and wear what he pleases. He is neither compelled to have opinions nor to "define positions." He has no dignity to support, pinching him under the arms, and rendering him as uncomfortable as an unaccustomed coat; and whether he is aristocratic in his deportment; or otherwise, nobody knows and nobody cares.

Who, then, let us ask, who would not be a defeated candidate? Who would not be, like Jaffier, "in love and pleased with ruin?" It is for the "constituency" to repent of blunders; not for him the free, the untrammelled, the independent, the un-voted-for. If the affairs of the republic go wrong, let others weep—"thou canst not say I did it."

But the gentleman, whose portrait is given above [the Gazette has an apt and happy wood cut of the "Defeated One," in an attitude before his glass,] shows by the fierceness of his expression, that he, at least, has not yet learned the philosophy of politics. Halting before the mirror, from his hasty traverses about the apartment, he exchanges scowl for scowl with his image, as if disposed to divide himself and go to buffets. He would also see whether he is mistaken in the merits of the man, who had been presented for suffrage, and had been denied. But he can discover no change—no falling off, and his wrath increases. It is plain, alas that Stentor Stubbs is not used to it; and that he is as yet unable to take that philanthropic view of the case, which would tell that if he had been successful, the other side must perforce have been sad. A certain amount of sadness is inevitable. If you listen carefully each hurrah has its countervailing groan; and the benevolent man whose luck it is—whether good or bad, we shall not now undertake to decide—not to be elevated, might do much towards consoling himself, by reflecting upon the happiness derived by others from his mischance. Ought we not, let the query be pondered—ought we not, in the transcendentalism of our humanity, to desire defeat for this very purpose? What a triumph over selfishness, to be able to say "Twas I that made 'em crow—but for my imperfect running, they would now have been in tears."

Stentor Stubbs, however, in the first flushes of his disappointment, carried on the war differently, from not generalizing enough. When the result was ascertained, Stentor Stubbs hammered his hat upon his brow, as if, unlike Patrick Henry, he was determined never again to "bow to the majesty of the people." It seemed as if it were proposed that his hat should be from this time forth, installed as a fixture.—Stubbs buttoned his coat clear up to his chin, with an air that told plain than words could speak, that his charities were hereafter to remain at home, and that all popular avenues to his heart were closed, now and forever, with "No Admittance," chalked over the door.—"No Admittance, except on business," to the bosom of Stentor Stubbs. He took his defeat, as the experienced are apt to take such things—as a personal matter. Not being used to it, he felt affronted. He thought that he had been "made game" of. To be "game" of your own accord, is an honor; but to imagine that other folks are "making game" of you, is productive of an unpleasant sensation, when you are not exactly used to it.

"Don't go, Stubbs," said a brother politician, as he puffed his cigar; "wait for the full returns. I want to know how much you're defeated; pause I made a bet that you could not come it. Then, there's the rest of the ticket." The furies take the rest of the ticket, ejaculated Stubbs, as he pushed through the crowd and strode indignantly along. "I'll go straight home and break something. I'll smash a chair over the table—I'll jam my sick right through the window—I'll dance on the

top of the tea-things. Not elected.—Don't let any body ever try to speak to me again, if they don't want to catch it. But if they have any thing to say, now's the time. There's the watchman—what does he mean by bawling so, as if the whole town didn't know what o'clock it is? I've a great mind to—yes; if he wasn't so big, I would—and if I do come across a little one, I'll shake Charley all to pieces, this very night. I'll commit justifiable homicide."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Stubbs hysterically, "if Mrs. Stubbs is up yet, she's got to hear of it. I'll give her a bit of my mind. Why did she let me take a nomination? She told me not, I know; but I do believe she told me so only to make me take it—to aggravate me into taking it. If she had advised to take it, she knows I wouldn't; nothing but contrariness in these women. It's all her fault—it's always her fault—somebody else is continually getting me into scrapes."

"And then," added Stubbs, savagely, "when I've done correcting the old woman, there's got to be a spanking. I'll rouse out every one of the children. I'll spank 'em till I'm tired, and do a father's duty by them. They've been neglected the whole of this campaign, and I'll begin to be paternal, right off the reel."

"Well," continued Stubbs, in a softened tone; "there's always a comfort for married folks. There's somebody at home that you can blow up when you've a mind to, and they can't help themselves. Strangers won't take it when you feel easy; but it is the bounden duty of Mrs. Stubbs to listen and not to throw things at me. Every body isn't liable to stappage; but it's never lost upon the little Stubbs—if it isn't due now, they can take it on account. Ah, domestic felicity is one of the greatest things that ever was found out, especially when you're not elected. Home, sweet home—one can have a row at home, and it's nobody's business but your own."

"There's one thing certain, at any rate," said Stubbs, on the following morning, as he poked the newspapers with their election returns, into the stove; "I've done with politics. I don't like being called kangaroo, and cannibal, and all sorts of hard names.—I've been peppered quite enough for one while, in that way. And another thing—I'm tired of forking out for other people's amusement. When a man's "on the ticket," as they call it, he is *pro bono publico*—the public bone every thing he's got. Money—oh, yes—money for processions, money for flags, money for meetings, money for dokeyments—money for newspapers—money money all the time. But that's not enough, if you're "on the ticket"—you must work like a horse besides.—ran round the town, and scamper over the country—get up early, go to bed late, and never get no dinner—have to keep cold potatoes in your pocket, and eat 'em as you go. Ketch one bad cold atop of the other—bad cold, till you're as hoarse as the man with an oyster cart, of a rainy night. And then, when you fell bad yourself about it, you mustn't let on that you feel bad, but tell whoppers to keep up their spirits. And at last, when your pockets are empty; when you're as lean as a greyhound, and croak like a raven—when your business is gone to rack and ruin, why then—you're not elected, and are set down as used up. That's the finish.

"I've had a talk with Mrs. Stubbs about it—we've made up—and now I am going to elect myself to the office of minding my own affairs, and looking after my own shop. Me and Mrs. Stubbs are the United States, and I am to be President thereof. The children are to be the people,—they are the *vox populi*, and are to hurrah and vote for me at every election. Our candle-light processions shall be up and down stairs—we'll have a town meeting every day at dinner, and find our own loaves and fishes." "Pon my word, now that me and Mrs. Stubbs have concluded not to have hard words any more, if I don't begin to think that to be beaten in an election, is sometimes just about the best thing that could happen to a fellow. It sort of settles 'em down—puts notions out of his head—makes him sleep without dreaming, and sends him about his business. I feel all the better of it already. And the little Stubbses shall have a cent apiece all round, this very afternoon."

A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is generally influenced by his head.

Was it Providence?

Take, for example, a young girl, bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in her childhood—in a boarding school through her youth, never accustomed either to air or exercise, two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demand upon it. Her beauty fades early. She languishes through her hard officers of giving birth to children, suckling and watching over them, and dies early.—"What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken, in the midst of life, from her children!" Was it Providence? No! Providence has assigned her threescore years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, of "What a striking Providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and the courts, of eating luxurious dinner, and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid winter. A healthy blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaimed her friends. Was it Providence or her own folly?

A beautiful young bride goes, night after night, to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for whoever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is consequently seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the graye receives her before her bridal days are over.—"What a Providence!" exclaims the world. "Cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself?

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence.—Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future?

Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or in drinking, or in study, or in business; also being caused often by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air, by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impurity as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut life short, and of the long list of maladies that make life a forest or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die as if falling asleep.—Miss Spangwick.

Mere Wealth.

What do you mean by mere wealth? My notion of present comfort is independence of hirings, whether man or beast, and as to wealth, what is there in this world beyond it? What else controls the march of empires, the progress of civilization, the development of sciences, the cultivation of art?—What but money causes the crucible to glow, sinks the shaft, launches the balloon into the sky, or plunges the diving bell into the depths of the ocean? Of what metal is composed the key of the poet's imagination, the orator's eloquence, the physician's skill and fervor? Of gold, sir, of current gold. He who has that, commands kings on their thrones, or philosophers in their cabinet. Talk not to me of the refinements of art.

Forciveness.—A deaf and dumb person being asked, "What is forgiveness?" took a pencil, and wrote a reply, containing a volume of the most exquisite and deep truth, in these words: "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon."

The Good Minister, a True Story.

Some years since, there lived in the town of S., Mass., a most practical and good minister, by the name of P.—Two of his parishioners by the name of White and Hager, lived on the opposite sides of a beautiful little pond that was full of pickerel. White was a rich farmer, and lived in a two story house.—Hager was a poor day laborer, with several small children, and lived in a little log hut on the very brink of the pond.—Both were members of the church.

On a cold Sabbath morning in January, farmer White started at an early hour for church, and, it being nearer, instead of going by the road, he cut across the pond upon the ice. But how was he mortified to find his brother Hager upon it fishing. Fishing upon the holy Sabbath! He approached him at once, and with a stern voice, and a feeling of deeply offended piety, reprimanded him for his great wickedness. Hager attempted to reply, but White would not hear him. Hager said he had a good excuse, and that his brother White would not only forgive, but even justify him, if he would consent to hear. "But no, no; he would lay the matter before the church, was the only reply."

Accordingly, as soon as the meeting was over, he accompanied parson P. a short distance on the road, and related to him the great wickedness he had witnessed in Hager, in the morning. Parson P. though of a mild, amiable temper felt as though Hager ought to be brought to judgment and made an example of. Accordingly, the first time he met him, the subject was broached with all due form and gravity, as in days of yore was customary in cases of such heinous offenses.

The story of farmer White was repeated, and the parson asked if it was true. Hager replied in the affirmative, stating also the fact that brother White refused to hear an explanation, which he desired to give, and which he now proposed to state. "Well," said the parson, mildly, "what is it?" "Why," said Hager, "I worked for Mr. B. till late on Saturday night, and expected to get something to last my family over Sunday, at Mr. G's store, on my way home. But it was shut up, and I got nothing. We had nothing but a few potatoes in the house, and I told Mrs. Hager that I would go out on the pond and catch three pickerel. She made no answer. And accordingly, in the morning just as I had cut a hole in the ice, and put my hook in the water, brother W. came along and reprimanded me as he told you. I thought I was doing right. I was but a few rods from my house, and I knew not where else to go for a dinner. I was very thankful when the first fish bit. I kept my mind meditating on religious truths all the time, and just as soon as I had the three I wanted I went home. I was so thankful when we came to the table, that we had been provided with something to eat. We went to church in the afternoon, and I don't think we did wrong. What else could a poor man do who had nothing for his wife and children to eat for the day but a handful of poor potatoes?"—The parson gave him some good words of advice and comfort, and they parted.

In the course of a few days, he met farmer White, who asked him, straightway, if he had seen Hager. "Yes," was the reply. "What did he say?" The parson then related to him Hager's story, and then said—"Brother White, don't you have a warm dinner on Sundays?" "Why, yes," said the farmer somewhat surprised. "How do you get it, brother White?" continued the minister, pleasantly. "How?" "Why, Mrs. White goes to the meat barrel and takes out a piece large enough for the whole family's dinner, and boils or fries it, and—" "Hold!" said the parson.—"That pond, brother White, is Hager's meat barrel—it's all the one he has, and every body knows it. He took out just enough for dinner, and no more; and though I cautioned him not to be caught in such a difficulty again, if he could possibly avoid it, I thought that upon the whole it would not be best to trouble the church with the matter."

Farmer White was a man of sense, and he admitted that the good parson was right. The pond, he said, was Hager's meat barrel, and no mistake, and he should say no more about the matter.

The Apostles plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath, and ate, because they were "an hungred," and the Jews complained of them to their Master. What was his reply?

STEAL THIS.—It is said that the kisses of Tom Thumb sell in England for a shilling apiece.
Prince Albert sold his in a lump for half a crown.—*Reville.*