Bradford Reporter.

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

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[From the Hartford Times.]

The Last Procession.

Ichought at evening I paused,
One cold November day,
Where dry and grim an ash pole stood,
Like ghost beside the way;
When on mine ear a wail arose,
And slowly 'fore mine eye—
With solemn tread a lengthened train,
In funeral guise moved by.

First with a face whose depth of gloom
Ambition's blight had cast,
The 'Mill-boy of the slashes' moved
The chiefest mourner past;
And then to soothe his rising grief,
With sympathetic tear,
With solemn air, so meek and good,
Walked Frelinghuysen near.

With 'branding-iron' in each hand,
From his far travels come,
Isolaced in his deep despair,
Stalked 'Roorback,' dark and glum;
And sadly leaning on his arm,
His old and tender flame,
In all her weeds of woe arrayed,
The 'Widow Bringhurst' came.

Then 'General Edwards and his son,'
That 'estimable' pair,
Marched 'midst a troup of 'juveniles,'
And dandies with long hair;
While dolorous upon the breeze,
All wheezing far and wide,
Like his own windy bellows, the
'Poughkeepsie blacksmith' sighed.

And then that 'coach expressly built,'
And decked with silk and gold,
The great 'embodiment' to bear,
With sullen motion rolled;
And as along the dusky way
Its darkening course it kept,
Beside it with his Clay 'Tribune,'
Poor Greely walked and wept.

Then thronged a long and dismal host,
A thousand men or more,
And each upon a frowzy rag
A scurvy motto bore;
And 'colporteurs' with 'Junius tracts'
'A crushing, weary load,
Bent down with weariness and wo,
In sad procession trod.

And sorely on his wounded calf,
With tear drops in his eye,
The great god-father of the whigs,
Th' immortal Webb limped by,
A doleful dirge Joe Hoxie sang
Amidst that sorrowing train,
And glee clubs and Clay minstrels joined
The melancholy strain.

And thus they passed in long array,
At evening's sombre hour;
And grief was heavy on each heart,
With its o'ermastering power.
For broken, 'busted,' 'gone to pot,'
Exploded, vanished, fled,
The great Whig party was no more—
'That same old coon' *was* DEAD!

The Lady's Yes.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"Yes!" I answered you last night—
"No!" this morning, sir, I say;
Colors seen by candle-light
Cannot look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
And the dancers were not slow,
"Love me" sounded like a jest,
Fit for "yes" or fit for "no."

Thus, the sin is on us both;
Was to dance a time to woo?
Wooers light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of ME recoils on YOU.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high—
Bravely, as in fronting death—
With becoming gravity.

Lead her from the painted boards—
Point her to the starry skies—
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true as wives of yore,
And her "yes," once said to you,
Shall be yes for evermore.

[From Noah's Messenger.]

When lovely woman tilts her saucer,
And finds too late that tea will stain,
What art will heal the sad disaster!
What wash will make it white again!

The only way that stain to cover,
To hide the spot from every eye,
To cheat her father, mother, lover,
And blind their vision, is to *dye*.

Taking Tea.

A witty fellow once was asked—
"Pray where do y'e take your tea?"
"My friend, where else do you suppose,
But to my mouth" said he.

The Old Sugar House Prison.

The following interesting sketches and reminiscences of the Old Sugar House in Liberty street, used by the British in the Revolution as a prison for confining American prisoners, and in which the most painful and appalling sufferings were endured, have been published in a communication in the New World, from Grant Thorburn, otherwise known as Laurie Todd.

When ages shall have mingled with those who have gone before the flood, the spot on which stood this prison will be sought for with more than antiquarian interest. It was founded in 1769, and occupied as a sugar refining manufactory till 1776, when Lord Howe converted it into a place of confinement for the American prisoners.—At the conclusion of the war for independence, the business of sugar refining was resumed, and continued until 1839 or '40, when it was levelled to the ground to make way for a block of buildings wherein to store Yankee rum and New Orleans molasses. Pity it ever was demolished. With reasonable care it might have stood a thousand years, a monument to all generations, of the pains, penalties, sufferings and deaths their fathers met in procuring the blessings they now inherit. It stood on the south east corner and adjoining the grave yard around the Middle Dutch Church, said church being now bounded by Liberty, Nassau and Cedar streets. But, as it is said, this church is soon to become a post office. The levelling spirit of the day is rooting up and destroying every landmark and vestige of antiquity about the city, and it is probable that in the year 2021, there will not be found a man in New York who can point out the site whereon stood a prison, whose history is so feelingly connected with our Revolutionary traditions.

On the 18th of June, 1794, I came to reside in Liberty street, between Nassau street and Broadway, where I dwelt forty years. As the events recorded in this history had but recently transpired, I had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with the men who had been actors in the scenes.—Some of the anecdotes I heard from the lips of General Alexander Hamilton, General Morgan Lewis, Colonel Richard Varick, the venerable John Pintard, and other Revolutionary worthies, then in the prime of life, but now all numbered with the dead.

Till within a few years there stood in Liberty street, a dark stone building, grown gray and rusty with age, with small, deep windows, exhibiting a dungeon-like aspect, and transporting the memory to scenes of former days, when the Revolution poured its desolating waves over the fairest portion of our country. It was five stories high; and each story was divided into two dreary apartments, with ceilings so low, and the light from the windows so dim, that a stranger would readily take the place for a jail. On the stones in the walls, and on many of the bricks under the office windows, are still to be seen initials and ancient dates, as if done with a penknife or nail; this was the work of many of the American prisoners, who adopted this, among other means to while away their weeks and years of long monotonous confinement. There is a strong jail-like door opening on Liberty street, and another on the south-east; descending into a dismal cellar, scarcely allowing the mid-day sun to peep through its window gratings. When I first saw this building—some fifty years ago—there was a walk, nearly broad enough for a cart to travel, round it; but, of late years, a wing has been added to the north-west end, which shut up this walk, where, for many long days and nights, two British or Hessian soldiers walked their weary rounds, guarding the American prisoners. For thirty years after I settled in Liberty street, this house was often visited by one and another of those war-worn veterans—men of whom the present political worldlings are not worthy. I often heard them repeat the story of their sufferings and sorrows, but always with grateful acknowledgements to him who guides the destinies of men as well as of nations.

One morning, when retiring from the old Fly Market, at the foot of Maiden Lane, I noticed two of those old soldiers in the sugar house yard; they had only three legs between them—one having a wooden leg. I stopped a moment to listen to their conversation, and as they were slowly moving from the yard, said I to them.

"Gentlemen, do either of you remember this building?"

"Aye, indeed; I shall never forget it," replied he of one leg. "For twelve months, that dark hole," pointing to the cellar, "was my only home. And at that door I saw the corpse of my brother thrown into the deep cart, among a heap of others, who died in the night previous of jail fever. While the fever was raging, we were let out in companies of twenty, for half an hour at a time, to breathe the fresh air; and inside we were so crowded that we divided our number into squads of six each. No. one, stood ten minutes as close to the window as they could crowd, to catch the cool air, and then stepped back, when No. two took their places; and so on. Seat we had none; and our beds were but straw on the floor, with vermin intermixed.—And there," continued he, pointing with his cane to a brick in the wall. "is my kill-time work—A. V. S., 1777. viz: Apraham Van Sickler—which I scratched with an old nail.—When peace came, some learned the fate of their fathers and brothers from such initials."

My house being near by, I asked them to step in and take a bite. In answer to my inquiry as to how he lost his leg, he related the following circumstance:

"In 1777," said he, "I was quartered at Bellville, N. J., with a part of the army, under Col. Cortlandt. Gen. Howe had possession of New York, at the same time, and we every moment expected an attack from Henry Clinton. Delay made us less vigilant, and we were surprised defeated, and many slain and made prisoners. We marched from Newark, crossing the Passaic and Hackensack rivers in boats. The road through the swamp was a "corduroy," that is, pine trees laid side by side."

In September, 1795; I traveled this road, and found it in the same condition.

"We were confined," he continued, "in this sugar house, with hundreds who had entered before us. At that time, the brick meeting house, the north Dutch church, the protestant church in Pine street, [where now stands the custom house,] were used as jails for the prisoners; while the Scotch presbyterian church in Cedar street, [now a house of merchandize] was occupied as an hospital for the Hessian soldiers, and the Middle Dutch for a riding school for their cavalry. I well remember it was on a Sabbath morning—as if in contempt of Him whose houses they were desecrating—that they first commenced their riding operations in said church. On that same day a vessel from England arrived, laden with powder, ball, and other munitions of war. She dropped anchor in the East river, opposite the foot of Maiden Lane. The weather was warm, and a thunder storm came on in the afternoon. The ship was struck by a thunderbolt from Heaven. Not a vestige of the crew, stores, or equipment was ever seen after that. The good Whigs and Americans, all over the country, said that the God of Battle had pointed that thunderbolt.

"We were crowded to excess," continued the old veteran; "our provisions bad, scanty and unwholsome and the fever raged like a pestilence.—For many weeks, the dead cart visited us every morning, into which from eight to twelve corpses were thrown, piled up like sticks of wood, with the same clothes they had worn for months, and in which they had died, and often before the body was cold. Thus, every day expecting death, I made up my mind to escape, or die in the attempt. The yard was surrounded by a close board fence nine feet high. I informed my friend here of my intention, and he readily agreed to follow my plan. The day previous we placed an old barrel, which stood in the yard, against the fence, as if by accident. Seeing the barrel was not removed the next day, we resolved to make the attempt that afternoon. The fence we intended to scale was on the side of the yard nearest to the East River, and our intentions were, if we succeeded in getting over, to make for the river, seize the first boat we could find, and push for Long Island.

"Two sentries walked around the building day and night, always meeting and passing each other at the ends of the prison. They were only about one minute out of sight, and during this minute we mounted the barrel and cleared the fence. I dropped upon a stone, and broke my leg, so that I lay still at the bottom of the fence outside. We were missed immediately, and pursued. They stopped a moment to examine my leg, and this saved my friend, for by the time they reached the water's edge, at the foot of Maiden Lane, he was stepping on shore at Brooklyn, and thus got clear. I was carried to my old quarters, and rather thrown than laid on the floor, under a shower of curses.

"Twenty-four hours elapsed ere I saw the Doctor. My leg, by this time, had become so much swollen that it could not be set. Mortification immediately commenced, and amputation soon followed. Thus being disabled from serving either friend or foe, I was liberated, through the influence of a distant relative, a Royalist. And now I live as I can, on my pension and with the help of my friends."

In 1812, Judge Schuyler, of Bellville showed me a musket ball which then lay imbedded in one of his inside window-shutters, which was lodged there on that fatal night thirty-five years previous.

Among the many who visited this prison forty years ago, I one day observed a tall thin, but respectable looking gentleman, on whose head was a cocked hat—an article not entirely discarded in those days—and a few dozen snow-white hairs gathered behind and tied with a black ribbon. On his arm hung—not a badge, or a cane or a dagger, but a handsome young lady, who I learned from him was his daughter whom he had brought two hundred miles to view the place of her fathers sufferings. He walked erect, and had about him something of a military air. Being strangers, I asked them in; and before we parted. I heard

THE HISTORY OF THE PRISONER.

"When the Americans," he began, "had possession of Fort Washington, on the North river—it being the only post they held at that time on York Island—I belonged to a company of Light Infantry, stationed there on duty. The American army having retreated from New York, Sir William Howe determined to reduce that garrison to the subjection of the British if possible. Our detachment at that time was short of provisions, and as Gen. Washington was at Fort Lee, it was a difficult matter to supply ourselves from the distance without the hazard of interception from the enemy. There lived on the turnpike within a mile of our post, a Mr. J. B. This man kept a store well supplied with provisions and groceries, and contrived to keep himself neutral, selling to both parties—but he was strongly suspected of favoring the British by giving them information, &c.—Some of our officers resolved to satisfy themselves—and if they found their suspicions just, they thought it would be no harm to make a prize of his stores, especially as the troops were much in need of them. From prisoners, and clothes stripped from the slain we had always a supply of British uniforms for officers and privates. Accordingly three of our officers put on the red coats, and walked to friend B's., where they soon found the color of their uniforms was a passport to his best affections, and to his best wines. As the glass went round his loyal ideas began to shoot forth in royal blasts and sentiments. Our officers being now sure of their man, I was one of a party who went with wagons and every thing necessary to ease him of his stores.

"On the following evening, that matters might pass quietly, we put on the British uniforms.—Arriving at the house, we informed Mr. B. that the army were in want of all his stores, but we had no time to make an inventory, being afraid we might be intercepted by the Americans but he must make out his bill from memory, carry it to the Commissary at New York, and get his pay. The landlord looked rather serious at this wholesale mode of doing business, but, as the waggons were loading up, he found remonstrance would be in vain. In less than an hour his whole stock of eatables and drinkables were on the road to Fort Washington. By the direction we took he suspected the trick, and alarmed the outposts of the British army. In fifteen minutes we heard the sound of their horses hoofs thundering along behind us—but they were too late, and we got in safe. He got his revenge however, for in three days thereafter our fortress was stormed, by Gen. Knipausen on the north, Gen. Matthews and Lord Cornwallis on the east, and Lords Percy and Sterling, on the south. So fierce and successful was the attack, that twenty-seven hundred of us were taken prisoners, and numbers of them, with myself, marched to New York and lodged in the Crown street (now Liberty street) sugar-house.

"It is impossible," he continued, "to describe the horrors of that prison. It was like a healthy man being tied to a putrid carcass. I made several attempts to escape, but always failed, and at last began to yield to despair. I caught the jail fever and was nigh unto death.—At this time I became acquainted with a young man among the prisoners, the wretchedness of whose lot tended by comparison to alleviate my own. He was brave, intelligent and kind. Many a long and weary night he sat by the side of my bed of straw, consoling my sorrows, and beguiling the dreary hours with his interesting history. He was the only child of his wealthy and doting parents, and had received a liberal education; but despite of their cries and tears, he ran to the help of his country against the might. He had never heard from his parents since the day he left their roof. They lay near his heart, but there was *one* whose image was graven there as with the point of a diamond. He, too, had the fever in his turn; and I then, as much as in me lay, paid back to him my debt of gratitude. "My friend," he would say to me, "if you survive this deadly hole, promise me you will go to the town of H——. Tell my parents, and Eliza. I perished here a captive, breathing the most fervent prayers for their happiness." I tried to cheer him by hope, feeble as it was. "Tell me not," he would add, "of the hopes of reunion, there is only one world where the ties of affection will never break; and there, through the merits of Him who was taken from prison into Judgment for our sins, I hope to meet them."

"This crisis over, he began to revive, and in a few days was able to walk, by leaning on my arm. We were standing by one of the narrow windows, inhaling the fresh air, on a certain day, when we espied a young woman trying to gain admittance. After parleying for some time and placing something in the hands of the sentinel, she was permitted to enter this dreary abode. She was like an angel among the dead. After gazing eagerly around for a moment, she flew to the arms of her recognized lover, pale and altered as he was. It was Eliza. The scene was affecting in the extreme. And while they wept clasped in each others arms, the prisoners within and even the iron-hearted Hessian at the door, caught the infection. She told him she received his letter, and informed his parents of its contents; but not knowing how to return an answer with safety, she had traveled through perils by land and water to see her Henry.

"This same Hessian sentinel had served us our rations for months past, and from a long intimacy with the prisoners, was almost considered a friend. Eliza, who made her home with a relative in the city; was daily admitted; by the management of this kind-hearted man, and the small nourishing notions she brought in her pockets together with the light of her countenance, which caused his to brighten whenever she appeared, wrought a cure as if by miracle. His parents arrived, but were not admitted inside. In a few days thereafter, however, by the help of an ounce or two of gold, and the good feelings of our Hessian friend, a plan was concerted for meeting them. His turn of duty was from twelve till two o'clock that night. The signal which was to lock and unlock a certain door twice, being given, Henry and myself slipped out and crept on our hands and knees along the back wall of the Middle Dutch Church, meeting the parents and Eliza by the Scotch Church in Cedar street. As quick as thought we were on board a boat, with two men and four oars, on the North river. Henry pulled for love, I for life, and the men for a purse, so that in thirty minutes after leaving the Sugar house we stood on the Jersey shore.

"In less than a month Eliza was rewarded for all her trials with the heart and hand of Henry. They now live not far from Elizabethtown comfortable and happy, with a flock of olive plants around their table. I spent a day and night at their house last week, recounting our past sorrows and present joys."

Thus the old man concluded; simply adding that he himself now enjoyed a full share of earthly blessings, with a grateful heart to the Giver of all good.

It is well to snatch from oblivion a spot so interesting in Revolutionary tradition as was the Sugar-house prison in Liberty street. Within fifty feet to the eastward of the Middle Dutch Church, is the spot on which stood this bastile, into which many entered, but from whence few returned. The bell which now calls you to church is the same by which those prisoners took their note of time. Many, very many, counted twelve as they lay on their bed of straw. It was the knell of their departing hour. Before the bell again tolled for one, they had gone to happier climes.

Since writing the above, the religious services in this church have come to a final close. The workmen are now engaged in fitting it up for a Post Office. The walls will probably not be altered; and from their thickness, and the durable nature of the stone with which they are built, under the fostering care of the government the building may yet stand many centuries, as a landmark wherein the English cavalry kept a riding school, and within fifty feet of which stood the Sugar-house prison, of Revolutionary memory.

Editors.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that editors work for a living, just as other people do. One would suppose, to hear the abuse lavished on newspaper writers, that they were a species of monsters, committing all sorts of mischief for mischief's sake. Editors are public property. Every loafer in every three cent groggery in town allows his tongue to run at random about men personally unknown to him, and who would not know him for half the world's treasury, as though they were intimate acquaintances. A nasty feeling of envy prompts every thick-headed upstart to venture his crude opinion upon the merits of the editors, to expatiate on their private characters, to point out their weakness, take exceptions to their dress, ridicule their manners, and lie away their reputation. All the while these unfortunates are writing away in corners of printing offices, drawing on their brains to fill their stomachs; day after day, from the year's beginning to its end, taking their seats at the old desks, toiling for bread. The mechanic has his proper time in which to do specified work, and when it is completed, the critical eyes of the employer alone can scan it. But the editor does every thing in haste, and all that he accomplishes passes under the cold, fault-seeking eyes of the public. Some men, too magnanimous to bestow censure alone, do indeed award praise; but the mass love to find fault. It does gratify them to get a chance to abuse an editor, and no poor scribbler ever escapes the venom of their tongue. Then, because he happens to be an editor, his private affairs are a legitimate subject for public comment. He happens to have some domestic troubles—forthwith they are noised around.

The old maid, dabbling her hand in the slop bowl at the tea table, tells the company all about the sorrows of poor Mrs. So-and-so, without knowing the origin or the right or the wrong of the matter. Or if the editor possesses taste enough to dress with marked plainness, in these days of empty show, when the *human calves* wear the finest coats, the inquiry is instantly started, whether Mr. —— is not dissipated. What *can* he do with his money? It never occurs to these very curious people that the victim of this malicious remark may have some claims on his heart more powerful than all the haberdashery temptations of Broadway—that young sisters or brothers, or it may be a widowed mother, look to him in honest manhood, and do not look in vain. These excellent *gabblers* do not allow themselves to suppose for a moment that their ill-natured and continued back-biting had its origin in a miserable spirit of envy. Why, an editor has a free admission to all places of public amusement—occasionally he has a seat at some public spread—oftentimes he gets a bow from a great man. What a fortunate fellow! and then, too, he appears in type, his name is at the head of the first column of a paper, or looks down in all the pomp of capitals, from the top of a magazine article. To the vulgar eyes of ignorance these are privileges and honors of great value, and yet their possessor, not valuing them a fig, would give them all, and more, for that obscurity, which shuts out from the humble hut of the peasant, the prying eyes whose revelation set in motion the detracting tongue.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

WHITE NATIVE STRAWBERRY.—A. Goodwin, Ashfield, Mass., describes a kind of strawberry which he thinks is a native of the Berkshire Hills. He says: "It is larger than the common field strawberry, very hardy, and yields and a great quantity of fruit, producing in succession three or four weeks.—When ripe it is of a yellowish white, contrasting beautifully with the red strawberry. It has a fine flavor, and when picked, cleaves from the hull."

"WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE."—A fellow named *Woodman*, lately married a young named *Tree*, and the third day after the wedding the brutal scamp whipped her.