

Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON

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The Printer's Doom.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

A printer weary and wan,
His face all mortally pale,
He wearily plodded his homeward way
Before the break of early day,
Broke out in a bitter wail.

His voice was husky and low,
As though his lungs were gone;
He cough'd and gasp'd and cough'd again,
And he press'd his hand on his heart in pain,
While thus his plaint ran on:

"A world of toil is this!
It hath no joy for me!
By labor by day, and labor by night,
By the light of the sun, and by candle light—
Labor continually.

"Some men a day of rest,
But Sabbath for me is not,
I toil all the week, and toil on the day
That God has given to rest and to pray—
Lo! this is the printer's lot!

"When I was a boy," he said,
"I played on the hills of green;
I swam in the stream—I fish'd in the brook—
And blessed was I to set and look,
Unfetter'd on nature's scene.

"For twenty sad years or more,
My life has worn away
In murky rooms of poisonous air,
When I've yearn'd for a sight of the valleys
And the light of open day."

"An innocent prisoner doom'd,
My heart is heavy within;
Oh why should a man untaught by guilt,
Who the blood of a creature never hath spilt,
Be pent, like a felon for sin?"

The printer then cough'd and sigh'd
The stars were growing dim,
And he upwards glanced at the morning sky,
And he only thought it were good to die,
And death would be rest to him.

His heart was tired of beating;
He pray'd the Lord above
To give a man whose heart had been given
By toil, for other men's interest given—
And he wept for his money and love.

He went to his humble home;
His infant awakes to cry,
"Oh father! oh mother! I'm hungry for bread!"
And the printer bow'd down with an aching
On his Mary's lap to die.

Oh ye who have known,
The richness that's in a crust
When nothing is found in the desolate shelf,
And the sufferer's pocket is empty of self,
Receive my story in trust.

Say not in your careless scorn,
What boots the tale to you?
The rhymers who trace these roughly-writ
Rhymes,
Hath known: of such sufferers in other day
And the main of his rhymes. [times,

Remember this holy truth
The man who sloth hath stood
When a heart-broken brother for succor did
Crave,
Hath stretched not a finger to bless and to
Is verily guilty of blood!

Loving and Forgiving.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh, loving and forgiving—
Ye angel-words of earth,
Years were not worth the living
If ye too had not birth!

Oh, loving and forgiving—
How sweet your mission here;
The grief that ye are sharing
Hath blessings in its tear.

Oh, stern and unforgiving—
Ye evil words of life,
That mock the means of living
With never-ending strife.

Oh, harsh and unrepenting—
How would ye meet the grave,
If Heaven, as unrelenting,
Forbore not nor forgive?

Oh, loving and forgiving—
Sweet sisters of the soul,
In whose celestial living
The passions find control!
Still breathe your influence o'er us
When'er by passion cross'd,
And, angel-like, restore us
The paradise we lost.

How to Live.

So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies a natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power.
That every thought and every deed
May bold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.

Washington's Farewell to his Army, Decem-
ber 4, 1783.

The Revolution was over. The eight years' conflict had ceased, and warriors were now to separate forever, turning their weapons into ploughshares and their camps into workshops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings—for alas! the remains of that gallant army of patriot soldiers, now about to disband without pay, without support, stalked poverty, want, and disease—the country had not the means to be grateful.

The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers at that period, according to history and the oral tradition, were melancholy in the extreme. Possessing no means of patrimonial inheritance to fall back upon—thrown out of even the perilous support of the soldier at the commencement of winter, and hardly fit for any other duty than that of the camp—their situation can be as well imagined as described.

A single instance, as a sample of the situation of many of the officers, as related of the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss. When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburg, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting farewell to each other, Lieutenant Colonel Cochran, an aged soldier of the New Hampshire line, remarked, with tears in his eyes, as he shook hands with the Baron,

"For myself, I could stand it; but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them."
"Come, come," said the Baron, "don't give way thus. I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and her daughters."

When the good old soldier left them, their countenances were warm with gratitude; for he left them all he had. In one of the Rhode Island regiments were several companies of black troops, who had served throughout the whole war, and their bravery and discipline were unsurpassed. The Baron observed one of these wounded negroes on the wharf, at Newburg, apparently in great distress.

"What's the matter, brother soldier?"
"Why Master Baron, I want a dollar to get home with, now the Congress has no further use for me."
The Baron was absent a few moments, and returned with a silver dollar, which he had borrowed.

"There, it is all I could get—take it."
The negro received it with joy, hailed a sloop which was passing down the river to New York, and, as he reached the deck, took off his hat, and said—
"God bless Master Baron."

These are only single illustrations of the condition of the army, at the close of the war. Indeed, Washington had this in view, at the close of his farewell address to the Army at Rock Hill, in November, 1783.

And being now to conclude these, his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he had so long had the honor to command he can only again offer, in their behalf, his commendations to their country, and his prayer to the God of armies.

"May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others."

"With these wishes, and this benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed forever!"

The closing of this "military scene," I am about to relate.

New York had been occupied by Washington on the 25th of November. A few days after he notified the president of Congress, which body was then in session, at Annapolis, in Maryland, that as the war was now closed, he should consider it his duty, to proceed thence, and surrender to that body the commission which he had received from them more than seven years before.

The morning of the 4th of December, 1783, was a sad and heavy one to the remnant of the American army in the city of New York. The noon of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington—he was to bid adieu to his military comrades forever. The officers who had been with him in the solemn council, the privates who had

fought and charged in the "heavy fight" under his orders, were to hear his commands no longer—the manly form and dignified countenance of the "great captain," was henceforth to live only in their memories.

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion and marched down Broad street to Francis' tavern, his head quarters. His favorite light infantry were drawn up in line facing inwards, through Pearl street, to the foot of White Hall, where a barge was in readiness to convey him to Powles' Hook.

Within the dining room of the tavern were assembled the general and field officers to take their farewell.

Assembled there were Knox, Greene, Steuben, Gates, Clinton, and others, who had served with him faithfully and truly in the "field;" but alas! where were others who had entered the war with him seven years before. Their bones crumbled in the soil from Canada to Georgia. Montgomery had yielded up his life at Quebec, Wooster at Danbury, Woodhull was barbarously murdered whilst a prisoner at the battle of Long Island, Mercer fell mortally wounded at Princeton, the brave and chivalric Laurens, after displaying the most heroic courage in the trenches at Yorktown, died in a trifling skirmish in South Carolina, the brave but eccentric Lee was no longer living, and Putnam, like a helpless child, was stretched upon the bed of sickness. Indeed, the battle-field and time had thinned the ranks which had entered, with him in the conflict.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eye, and glanced on the faces of those assembled, a tear coursed down his cheek, and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Nor was he alone—
"Albeit unused to the melting mood," stood around him whose uplifted hands to cover their brows, told that the tear, which they in vain attempted to conceal, bespoke the anguish they could not hide.

After a moment's conversation, Washington called for a glass of wine. It was brought him—turning to his officers, he thus addressed them: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my final leave of you. I most devoutly wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." He then raised the glass to his lips, drank, and added: "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will take me by the hand."

General Knox, who stood nearest, burst into tears, and advanced—incapable of utterance. Washington grasped him by the hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively and took an affectionate leave. No words were spoken, but all was the "silent eloquence of tears." What were mere words at such a scene? Nothing. It was the feeling of the heart—thrilling though unspoken.

When the last of the officers had embraced him, Washington left the room followed by his comrades, and passed through the lines of light infantry. His step was slow and measured—his head uncovered, and the tears flowed thick and fast as he looked from side to side at the veterans to whom he now bade adieu forever. Shortly after an even occurred more touching than all the rest. A gigantic soldier, who stood by his side at Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks, and extended his hand: "Farewell, my beloved General, farewell!"

Washington grasped his hand in convulsive emotion, in both of his. All discipline was now at an end, the officers could not restrain the men, as they rushed forward to take Washington by the hand, and the sobs and tears of the soldiers told how deeply engraven upon their affections was the love of their commander.

At length, Washington reached the barge at White Hall, and entered it.—At the first stroke of the oar, he rose and turning to the companions of his glory, by waving his hat bade them a silent adieu; their answer was only in tears; officers and men, with glistening eyes watched the receding boat until the form of their noble commander was lost in the distance.

Contrast the farewell of Washington to his army at White Hall, 1783, and the adieu of Napoleon to his army at Fontenbleau, in 1814! The one had accomplished every wish of his noble exertions, had achieved the independence of his country, and he longed to retire to the bosom of his home—his ambi-

tion was satisfied. He fought for no crown sceptre, but for equality and the mutual happiness of his fellow beings. No taint of tyranny, no breath of slander, no whisper of duplicity, marred the fair proportions of his public or private life—but

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

The other great soldier was the disciple of selfish ambition. He raised the iron weapon of war to crush only that he might rule. What to him were the cries of the widows and orphans? He passed to a throne by making the dead bodies of their protectors his stepping stones. Ambition and self were the gods of his idolatry, and to them he sacrificed the tombs of his fellow men for the aggrandizement of personal glory. Enthusiasm points with fearful wonder to the name of Napoleon, whilst justice, benevolence, freedom, and all the concomitants, which constitute the true happiness of man, shed almost a divine halo around the name and character of Washington.

The Oak—Curious Experiment.

Take an acorn in the fall of the year, tie a string round it in such a way that when suspended, the blunt end of the acorn where the cup was, is upward.—Hang it thus prepared in the inside of a bottle, or haycath glass, containing a little water, taking care that the acorn does not reach the water, within an inch; wrap the bottle all over in flannel, so as to keep it dark and warm, and put it in a warm place. In three or four weeks the acorn will have swollen, its coat will have burst, and a little white point will make its appearance at the end opposite the water. This point is the root; the acorn is now changing its nature and becoming an oak; still, however, it must be stationed in the dark, still it must be kept clear of the water, and so it must continue till the young root is at least half an inch long.

Then the water may be allowed to rise higher; but it is only when from the neck on the root, a point begins to turn upward, that it is safe to allow the water to touch it. At this time, the acorn has ceased to be an acorn, and has really become a young oak; for the little point directing itself upward, is the beginning of that great trunk which a century later may form the timber of a frigate. As soon as the young stem begins to shoot, the oak will require a dose of light; a little every day; and it also years for more food, so that its root, which in reality is its mouth, be allowed to touch the water and drink it.

After these events have come to pass, our little nursing breathes, and must have air; digests and must have light; sucks greedily, and must have fresh water given to its root, which, however, should never be permitted to be wholly covered; just that point where the stem begins, should be kept out of the water. The pet having been brought to this, its first state of existence, must be kept in the window.—At first it will be stout thread, whitish, and covered with tiny scales, then the scales will expand a little, and the end will become greener.

Next will appear some little leaves; hair will begin to grow, veins will branch; the old scales will fall off, and by slow degree the leaves will arrange themselves upon the stem, each unfolding from the bosom of the other. And thus, out of a little starch and gum, for the acorn was not much more, manifold parts will be curiously produced by the wondrous creative powers of nature.—Gardner's Chronicle.

RULES OF LIFE.—The following rules of practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.
2. Never spend your money before you have it.
3. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
4. Pride costs as much as hunger, thirst and cold.
5. We never repent of eating too little.
6. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
7. How much pain those evils cost us which never happen!
8. Take things by their smooth handle.
9. When angry, always count ten before you speak.
10. Bless me," said an old lady, lately as she read, "all hail, Missouri!" at the head of an article in one of the political papers—"bless me! hain't they a very late spring there, if it hain't you!"

For What is a Mother Responsible.

A mother is usually also a wife, and has the management of a family and a direct influence over those within her appropriate sphere. She, in subordination of course to her head, has the seat of authority and wields the sceptre of government. From a position of entire dependence she has risen to power and rank; and though her throne may be in a cottage, and her dominion the little world of household affairs, yet is she not the less really responsible, than is that youthful queen who now sways a sceptre over the four quarters of the earth. But for what is she responsible?

She is responsible for the nursing and rearing of her progeny; their exercise and proper sustenance in early life. A child left to grow up deformed, bloated or meagre, is an object of maternal negligence.

She is responsible for a child's habits; including cleanliness, order, conversation, eating sleeping, manners, and general propriety of behavior. A child deficient or untaught in these particulars, will prove a living monument of parental disregard; because, generally speaking, a mother can, if she will, greatly control children in these matters.

She is responsible for their deportment. She can make them fearful and cowering, she can make them modest or impertinent; ingenious or deceitful; mean or manly; clownish or polite.—The germ of all these things is in childhood, and a mother can repress or bring them forth.

She is responsible for the principles which her children entertain in early life. For her it is to say whether those who go forth from her fireside shall be imbued with sentiments of virtue, truth, honor, honesty, temperance, industry, benevolence and morality, or those of a contrary character—vice, fraud, drunkenness, idleness, covetousness. These last will be found to be of the most natural growth; but on her is devolved the daily, hourly task of weeding her little garden—of eradicating these odious productions, and planting the human with the lily, the rose and the amaranth, that fadeless flower, emblem of truth.

She is to a very considerable extent responsible for the temper and disposition of her children. Constitutionally they may be violent, irritable, or revengeful; but for the regulation or correction of these passions a mother is responsible.

She is responsible for the intellectual acquirements of her children, that is, she is bound to do what she can for this object. Schools, academies, and colleges open their portals throughout our land; and every mother is under heavy responsibilities to see that her sons and daughters have all the benefits which these afford, and which their circumstances will permit them to enjoy.

She is responsible for their religious education. The beginning of all wisdom is the fear of God; and this every mother must teach. Reverence for God, acquaintance with His word, respect for the duties and ordinances of religion, are within the ability of every parent to impart; and if children grow up ignorant or regardless of the Bible and the Saviour, what mother, when she considers the wickedness of the human heart, can expect them to rise up and call her blessed?—Mother's Journal.

A Mrs. Beak wanted to insult a Mr. Snaud, and thus she did it. "Mr. S." said she, "you say that you're a temperance man, yet you chew tobacco." "Hem—eyes mum!" he replied, feeling as if he had a pint of vinegar between his teeth, "but mum—I does't squeeze my gizzard with stays, nor stick my back up with bags of meal and cotton batting—I does'nt, hoss."

A Printer out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree advertises for an apprentice.—He says a boy from the country would be preferred.

It is soiling one's hand to cast mud on a person whom we effect to despise—when contempt would teach a real gentleman to pass by on the other side. It is quite as disgraceful to quarrel with, as to dine with, a vagabond.

"I am a broken man," said a poet one day. "So I should think," was the reply "for I have seen your pieces."

Small things often decide a man's destiny, as the rudder of a ship directs her course.

LEGAL TECHNICALITIES.—Major

Noah thus holds up the absurdity of the legal technicalities in use in most of the Northern States. It may not be universally known that in England they have been abolished to a much greater extent than in some of our own States. The worthy Major thus sensibly reasons:

Why cannot we simplify the language of the land—why not banish its old black-letter Vandalism? "Sir, I give you this orange," and I do give it—should not that declaration and transfer be deemed an absolute conveyance.—Yet, to make it perfectly legal, it must run thus:

"I give you all and singularly my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with the rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantage therein with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, or eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of whatever nature or kind soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding—with much more of the same effect."

Is not this gravity supremely ludicrous?

Who and What I have seen.

I have seen "Inco," a "Live Hoosier," and —
I have seen a farmer's wife take the last twenty bushels of wheat from the granary to purchase a new dress, when her husband, at the same time, had an execution, standing against him.

I have seen farmers that could go twenty miles to a political meeting, but would not go five miles to an agricultural one.

I have seen farmers that had but little except "dog fence," but I could not see that that they had better crops than those that had good rail or board fence.

I have seen farmers that burned their straw when threshing their grain in the fall, and go begging the same article before spring to keep their stock alive.

I have seen a farmer that travelled one hundred and four miles in the course of a year, to use his neighbor's grindstone, when two days' labor would purchase one that would last ten years.

I have seen a farmer's wife that would prefer sour cream and a "visit," to sweet cream and home.

I have seen young men that pay ten dollars for a "sprue," that would not pay one dollar for the "Newspaper."

I have seen a mother that called her child a "brat" in the cradle, and in two years the child called her a harder name.

The Happy Farmer.

There is something certainly very captivating in the quiet, peaceful and healthy life of a Farmer. We always thought so and think so none the less now from the praises of a cotemporary who sings in the following lively tune:

It does one's heart good to see a merry, round-faced farmer. So independent, and yet so free from vanities and pride—so rich, and yet so industrious—so patient and persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, sociable and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about his character. He is generally hospitable—eat and drink with him, and he won't set a mark on you and sweat it out of you with double compound interest, as some I know do—you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with everybody. He is generally more honest and sincere—less disposed to deal in low and underhand cunning, than many I could name. He gives society its best support—is the firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government—he is the lord of nature.—Look at him in his homespun and gray gaiters—laugh at him if you will—but believe me, he can laugh back if he pleases.

A MAN OF ALL WORK.—A Yankee in the West, says the Sawville Gazette, advertises that he will mend clocks, lecture on phrenology, preach at camp meetings, milk cows at the halves, keep bar, lecture on temperance, and go clamming at low tide. He says during his leisure, he will have no objection to weave, rock babies to sleep, or edit a newspaper.

A Philosopher has said, though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is poorer.