

Bradford Reporter.

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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The Wife's Appeal.

You took me, William, when a girl,
Unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after life,
A fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried
That duty to forego,
Or grieved because I had no joy
When you were sunk in woe?
—I would rather share your tears
Than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world,
You're all the world to me.—
You make a palace of my shed,
This tough-hewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smiles,
And music in your tone.
Look upon you when you sleep,
My eyes with tears grow dim;
I cry, "O parent of the poor,
Look down from Heaven on him,
Behold him toil from day to day,
Exhausting strength and soul;
Oh! look in mercy on him, Lord,
For thou canst make him whole."
And when at last relieving sleep
Has on my eyelids smil'd,
How oft have they forbid to close
In slumber by our child!
I take the little murmur,
That spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee,
I lulled it to my breast.
There's only one return I crave,
I may not need it long;
And it may soothe thee when I'm wrong
The wretched feel no wrong;
Ask not for a kinder tone,
For thou wert ever kind;
Ask not for less frugal fare,
My fare I do not mind.
Ask not for attire more gay,
If such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee.
For more I murmur not:
But I would ask some of the hours
That thou on "clubs" bestow,
Of knowledge which you prize so much,
May I not something know?
Subtract from among them,
Each eve an hour for me;
Make me companion of your soul,
As I may safely be:
If you will read, I'll sit and work,
Then think when you're away;
Less tedious I shall find the time,
Dear William, if you stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be
For your most studious hours;
And teacher of those little ones
You call your cottage flowers!
And if we be not rich and great,
We may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart,
So may your mind my mind.
The Printer.
Know ye the printers, hour of peace!
Know ye an hour more fraught with joy
Than ever felt the maid of Greece
When kissed by Venus' am'rous boy?
'Tis not when news of dreadful note
His columns all with minion fill,
'Tis not when brother printers quote
The effusion of his stump-worn quill,
'Tis not when in Miss Fancy's glass,
Long advertisements meet his eye,
And seem to whisper as they pass,
We'll grace your columns by-and-by.
Nor is it when with numerous names
His lengthened roll of vellum swells,
As if 'twas touched by conjurer's wand,
Or grew by fairy's magic spells.
No, reader, no, the printer's hour—
His hour of real sweet repose,
Is not when, by some magic power,
His list of patrons daily grows.
But, oh! 'tis when stern winter dead
Comes robed in snow and rain and vapor,
He hears, in whispers soft and clear,
"We've come to pay you for the paper!"
Twilight Dews.
When twilight dews are falling fast
Upon the rosy sea,
I watch the star whose beam so soft
Has lighted me to thee:
And thou too, on that orb so dear,
Ah! dost thou gaze at even,
And think though lost forever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in Heaven.
There's not a garden walk I tread
There's not a flower I see;
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee:
And still I wish that hour was near,
When friends and foes forgiven;
The pains the ills we've wept thro' here
May turn to smiles in Heaven.

A Short Sketch of John Sobieski.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Review.]
The life of John Sobieski, the intrepid Polish patriot, is one of the most interesting which can be offered within the scope of royal biography, and cannot fail to be of universal acceptance. Joining all the spirit of ancient chivalry to Christian piety, and an extraordinary desire to secure the independence of his country, he finds few parallels in history, and can, perhaps, be compared only to our own Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, though far surpassing him in the magnitude of his warlike operations, and their effects on the condition of Europe. While exciting our admiration of his conduct, he is equally entitled to our grateful reverence, for he was the savior of Christendom; and but for his exertions, that might not have been a vain threat which destined the altar of St. Peter's to become the manger of the Moslem's Horse.
John Sobieski was descended from an illustrious Polish family, and was born in the summer of 1629. The education of the future hero, like that of his elder brother Mark, corresponded to his high fortunes. In his father's princely inheritance of Zelkiew, he was taught not only the theory of war, but languages, history, politics, philosophy—every thing in fact, likely to be useful to one of his birth and connections destined to the first office in the state. His ready genius required little aid from instructors, and his active frame was rendered hardy by martial exercises. Whether listening to the counsels of a father, whom a cultivated understanding and great experience in the world rendered the best of teachers, or hearding the wild hour in the recesses of his paternal forests, he afforded sure presages of his future eminence.—But the more agreeable of his occupations was in anticipating the vengeance which he vowed one day to take on the Osmanlis, or Turks, the continued enemies of his country, his religion and his race.
Our young hero had scarcely attained his sixteenth year, when he and Mark were sent on their travels. In France he became the friend no less than the pupil of the great Condé: in Italy he applied himself to the fine arts, to public law, and to the policy of princes; at Constantinople he leisurely surveyed the proportions of the formidable antagonist against which, both as a Christian and a noble Pole, he had been taught to nourish unextinguishable hatred. He was preparing to pass among the Tartars, when an alarming insurrection of the serfs, and an invasion of Tartars, summoned him to the defence of his country. In no country in Europe was the slavery of the lower classes so bitterly galling and abject as in Poland. But human endurance has its limits. The dreadful tyranny to which the serfs were subjected led them at length to break out into the present rebellion. An aged Cossack chief had his property seized by a Polish intendant; he was himself bound in fetters, and his wife and family murdered. His soul being on fire with these injuries, on his release he loudly proclaimed his wrongs; 300,000 of his countrymen and of the Tartars whose Khan had espoused his cause, rose to avenge them. At the head of this imposing force he cut in pieces the armies sent against him by the diet. As he advanced into Polish Russia, he was joined by the serfs, who had previously massacred their lord, and by some thousands of Arian and Calvinistic nobles whom the intolerance of the diet or state council had doomed to death. In this manner rolled on the frightful inundation when the two intrepid Sobieskis hastened from the Ottoman captiol to oppose the confederated forces. Having supported the election of John Cassimir to the throne of the republic, John Sobieski eagerly commenced his military career. In the outset he had a subordinate rank, but his valor soon raised him to distinction. In the first campaign his brother Mark was slain. The insurrection was finally quelled; but new foes arose—on the one side the Swedish Charles Gustavus, on the other the Muscovite Czar Alexis ravaged the country with impunity.—The Polish armies were annihilated.—John Cassimir was driven from his throne—and for a time the nation ceased to exist. But some true hearts there were, and among those none was truer or braver than Sobieski's who never despaired of the country. Noble and peasant at length combined, and Cassimir was restored. During these contentions which continued for many years, Sobieski was gradually rising to

higher commands. His success over the Muscovite general, Sheremstov, and above all, the brilliant victory he gained over the same enemy at Slobadysa, where 70,000 of the Czar's forces were killed or taken, drew on him the attention of Europe, and elevated him to a rank with the greatest captains of the age. His exploits during the six following years against the Muscovites and Tartars procured him from his grateful sovereign, first the elevated post of Grand Marshal, next that of Grand Hetman of the Crown. In the former capacity, he presided over the administration, and was the only man in the realm, who, by virtue of his office could inflict the punishment of death without appeal. In the latter capacity he was invested with the supreme disposal of the military force.
The joy of the Poles was great to see their favorite captain thus placed at the head of all the civil and military dignities of Poland. The confidence they expected in his abilities was soon put to a severe trial. In 1667, 100,000 Cossacks and Tartars invaded the kingdom, and to meet these formidable numbers, there were only 10,000 ill-equipped soldiers; "but," said an officer of state, "if we have no troops, we have Sobieski, who is an army himself; if the public treasury be empty, his revenues will supply what is wanting; he burdens his patrimony with debts that he may support the men he has raised." This was literally true. At his own expense the patriotic Hetman raised the army of 20,000, and fearlessly marched to meet the enemy. Having intrenched himself at Podhaic, he sustained, during sixteen successive days, with unshaken intrepidity, the impetuous onset of the assailant, on whom he inflicted a heavy loss. He did more: on the morning of the 17th, with his greatly diminished band, he issued from his fortifications, audaciously assumed the offensive, and in a few hours utterly routed Cossack and Tartar, with the Sultan Galga at their head, and compelled them to sue for peace.—Success so splendid had been expected by no man, and all Poland flocked to the churches to thank God for having given her such a hero in the time of her need.
In the succeeding reign of Michael, the services of Sobieski were fully as important. In 1671 he opened a campaign with a handful of followers, and triumphed over Cossack, Tartar and Turk. But he derived little satisfaction from his splendid successes. The King, terrified even in victory, consented not only to the dismemberment of the kingdom, but to the humiliation of an annual tribute as the price of peace. At the conclusion of this ignominious peace, the nation was torn by factions, and the Hetman retired to his estates in disgust. He was again called forth in order to defend his character from the vilest aspersions, which he did most effectually, and accomplished at the same time the rupture of the disgraceful treaty. This event once more brought Sobieski into the field. His exploits were now fully more astonishing than they were before. He captured the strongest holds of the Turks, and drove them beyond the Danube; and Europe thanked God for "the most signal successes which, for three centuries, Christendom had gained over the Infidel."
At the close of the campaign, Michael who was an imbecile monarch, fortunately died. This latter immediately induced a meeting of the Polish diet, in which every landholder in the country considered himself entitled to assist. On the 20th of April, 1674, the diet opened, all the chivalry of Poland being arranged under their respective palatinates. Various foreign candidates were on this occasion proposed, and each, in turn, rejected. At length the President of the Assembly spoke:—"Let a Pole reign over Poland;" a sentiment which was hailed with approbation by the crowd. "We have," he continued, "a man among us who has ten times saved the republic by his head and his arm; who is hailed, both by the whole world and by ourselves, as the first and greatest of the Poles.—By placing him at our head, we shall best consecrate his own glory; happy shall we be in being able to honor, by an additional title, the remaining days of one who has devoted every day to the interests of the republic; happier still in securing our own safety, by rescuing genius and patriotism from the shackles cast over them, and investing both with new energy and power.—We know that such a King will maintain our nation in the rank it occupies, because he has hitherto maintained it in its present elevation—an elevation

to which he himself has raised it.—"Poles!" exclaimed the animated speaker, "if we here deliberate in peace on the election of a king; if the most illustrious potentates solicit our suffrages; if our power be increased, and our liberties left to us; whose is the glory? Call to mind the wonders of Slobadysa, Podhaic, Kaluz, Kotziz; imperishable names! and choose for your monarch JOHN SOBIESKI!" The effect was electrical; all the Polish and Lithuanian palatinates shouted "long live King John III." The soldiers drew their swords, swearing to exterminate all who did not join in the cry. Sobieski was hence proclaimed, and entered on his new and royal functions with the approbation of all.
John Sobieski was thus raised for his talents and services to the highest office at which any human creature can arrive. He was now the King of Poland; but we shall immediately see whether his apparently enviable honors brought with them peace and satisfaction. The New King was immediately called on to justify the confidence placed in him by a gallant nation.—While obtaining his accustomed successes over the Tartars, he was suddenly assailed by Mahomet at the head of an amazing and disciplined force. He had but 8000 men left, and the arrival of supplies was of all things the most contingent. He threw himself into Lemberg, where he was speedily invested. All Poland believed him lost; yet he sent for his Queen and children, resolved, that if conquered, their lives and his should find a tomb. Taking advantage of a heavy fall of snow, which a high wind blew in the face of the foe, he one day issued from the fortress, led on his heroic band shouting his favorite and pious cry of Christ for ever! and after a sharp conflict, again routed the Infidels, who fled with precipitation before this second Cæsar de Leon. Well might all Christians cry a miracle! for such wonders had never been wrought since the heroic days of Creecy and Poitiers. It was hoped that such disastrous defeats would deter the Moslems from opposing a captain who appeared as if raised up by Providence to their scourge, if not their destruction; but this time their pride was exasperated; they levied another and more formidable army (three hundred thousand strong), which they confided to the Pacha of Damascus, the most resolute and ferocious of their generals. The Polish king's forces might reach ten thousand, yet, fearful as were the odds, he scorned to retreat. Having entrenched himself between two small villages on the banks of the Dniester, he supported during 20 successive days, the most desperate efforts of the enemy, whose formidable artillery showered continued destruction into his camp. Never before had his situation been so critical. The bombardment was terrific, and was not remitted day or night; the ranks of the Poles were thinned by it, no less than by the frequent sallies which the king led to the very centre of the dense ranks of the Moslem. The Pacha was utterly confounded at such supernatural resistance; it gave way to admiration of the great hero; he proposed terms of peace but they were rejected with scorn. After a pause the bombardment recommenced; and as the balls and shells fell thick among his heroic band, Sobieski ordered them to be returned by his own guns and mortars. The alacrity of the soldiers in gathering up every ball and shell as they fell, in thrusting them into the ever-active engines, and dashing them into the faces of those who had sent them, would have roused the patriotism of the most insensible, and inspired even cowards with bravery. The Turks were thunderstruck at seeing so brisk a fire all at once resumed; they doubted not that the Tartars, their allies, who occupied the left bank of the Dniester had suffered supplies to be poured into the camp. Forty-eight hours of inaction followed. On the morning of October 14th, 1676, the astonishment of the Moslems knew no bounds when they saw the Pole calmly issue from his intrenchment, with his few followers drawn up for battle, apparently as confident of the result as if legions had compassed him. They could not believe a mere man would attempt such a thing; from that moment their superstition invested him with supernatural powers. The Tartars exclaimed that there was no use contending with "the wizard king."—The Pacha would not engage and offered an honorable peace, which was immediately accepted.
In these extraordinary efforts Sobieski received no support from the European powers, although he promised, if

encouraged, to drive the Musselmans of Turkey back to those solitudes which had vomited them forth. During the short peace which followed this last campaign, his life was embittered by the political intrigues of his wife, a Frenchwoman. This inquietude was, however, soon exhilarated by a new and still more tremendous war with the Turks, who now broke in upon Hungary in irresistible force, threatening the subjugation of Austria, and terrifying the adjacent principalities. All eyes were again directed to Sobieski.—Rome trembled, and the Pope continually dispatched couriers to implore his interference in saving the church from the Moslem yoke. With the subsidies which he received from Rome, our hero was enabled to raise an army of 15,000 men. Soon he was joined by the Austrian forces, and his exultation was extreme to find himself at the head of 70,000 troops, having never before commanded half so many; with these he thought himself a match not only for 300,000 Turks and Tartars; but for the Infidel world. The celebrated campaign of Vienna was now opened, but need not be related here. On the morning of September 11, 1683, the allied army reached the summit of a chain of mountains, from which the Austrian capital and the wide-spread guided tents of the Moslems formed a magnificent prospect. Great was the astonishment of Kara Mustapha, the Turkish commander, to behold heights which he had confidently deemed inaccessible glittering with Polish lances. He did not then know that "the wizard king" was there, but the unwelcome intelligence was soon conveyed to him.
Next day having heard mass and communicated—a pious practice which he never neglected when any great struggle was impending; the King descended the mountain to encounter the dense hosts of the Moslems in the plains below. The shouts of the Christian army bore the infidels the dreaded name of Sobieski! The latter were driven from their entrenchment after some time. On contemplating these works, he deemed them too formidably defended to be forced. Five o'clock P. M. had sounded, and he had given up for the day all hope of the grand struggle, when the provoking composure of Mustapha, whom he espied in a splendid tent tranquilly taking coffee with his two sons, roused him to such a pitch, that he instantly gave orders for a general assault. It was made simultaneously on the wings and centre. He himself made towards the Pacha's tent, bearing down all opposition, and repeating with a loud voice, Non nobis, non nobis, Domine exercituum, sed nomini tuo, ad gloriam! (Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, Lord of Hosts, be ascribed the glory.) He was soon recognized by Tartar and Cossack, who had so often beheld him blazing in the van of the Polish chivalry; they drew back, while his name rapidly passed from one extremity to the other of the Ottoman lines, to the dismay of those who had refused to believe him present. At the moment the hussars, raising their national cry, "God for Poland!" cleared a ditch which would long have arrested the infantry, and dashed into the deep ranks of the enemy. They were a gallant band; their appearance almost justified the saying of one of their kings—"That if the sky itself were to fall, they would bear it up on the points of their lances!" The shock was rude, and some minutes dreadful; but the valor of the Poles, still more the reputation of the leader, and more than all, the finger of God, routed these immense hosts; they gave way on every side; the Khan of the Tartars was borne along with the stream to the tent of the now despairing Visier. "Canst not thou help me?" said Mustapha to the brave Tartar; "then I am lost indeed!" "The Polish king is here!" replied the other. "I know 'him well! Did I not tell thee that all we had to do was to get away as quick as possible?" Still the Visier attempted to make a stand; in vain—as well might he have essayed to stem the ocean tide. With tears in his eyes he embraced his sons and followed the universal example. It would be impossible to describe the transports of the Christian world when the result of the campaign was known. Protestants as well as Roman Catholics caught the enthusiasm; every pulpit in Italy, Spain, and England, resounded with the praises of the illustrious victor.—The Pope was overwhelmed with joy, and bathed in tears of gratitude, remained for hours before a crucifix.—Reader, this successful battle of Sobieski saved a large portion of Europe from

the bloody and iron yoke of the Mahomedans. This was their last attempt on Europe, and from thenceforward they acted only on the defensive.
Amidst the rejoicings of Christendom, Sobieski was unhappy. He was beset by factions in the kingdom, who rendered his life miserable. True to its character, Poland continued divided against itself. There was no unanimity in its councils, and all its successes only engendered new causes of discontent. Finding himself unable to control the Polish nobles, and distracted by the intrigues of his wife, Sobieski resolved on abandoning the load of royalty with which he had been invested. On his resolution being made known, the voice of faction was hushed, and even his enemies prayed him to continue their sovereign and protector.—After a short struggle between his inclination and sober judgment, he submitted to the unanimous voice of the people. He therefore continued king, but it was only in name. Sick of the court, he fled into the forests, or wandered from one castle to another, or pitched his tent wherever a beautiful valley, picturesque landscape, the mountain torrent, or any natural object attracted his attention. Sick, too, of the world, he sought consolation in religion and philosophy. With his intimate friends, he discoursed on the nature of the soul, the justice of heaven, and wonders of another life, more mysterious than even this. At length the end of this great man approached. A dose of mercury—or, as is conjectured, poison—which he had been recommended to take, was too strong for his constitution, and speedily released him from his sufferings. John Sobieski, or John III, who thus died in the year 1696, was the last independent prince of that country; and with him ended Polish greatness.
LINKS.—Honest industry has brought that man to the scaffold, said a wag, as he observed a carpenter upon the stage.
Speaking of wags—what is more waggy than a dog's tail when he is pleased?
Speaking of tales—we always like those that end well. Hogg's for instance.
Speaking of hogs—we saw one of these animals lying in the gutter the other day and in the opposite one a well dressed man; the first had a ring in his nose, the latter had a ring on his finger. The man was drunk, the hog was sober. "A hog is known by the company he keeps," thought we—so thought Mr. Porke, and off he went.
Speaking of going off—puts us in mind of a gun we once owned. It went off one night and we haven't seen it since.
THE RELING PASSION STRONG IN WATER.—Some time since, on the arrival of the steambat at Albany, Ga., a general rush was made by the merchants for the boat, to engage freight. One, more daring than the rest, attempted to leap upon her deck before she reached wharf. In this he failed, and was soon submerged head and ears. While the astonished crowd stood breathless with apprehension for his fate, his head rose high above the water, and he cried out—"I say, Captain, save room for my three hundred bales!"
VERY GOOD.—A gallant wag was lately sitting by the side of his beloved, and being unable to think of anything to say, turned and asked her why she was like a tailor. "I don't know," said she with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I am sitting beside my goose." The fellow was immediately troubled with a stitch in the side.
AX YOU A CIRCUMSTANCE.—Pete, I want to ax you a circumstance. Make a break nigger.
Why is nigger's head like a U. States Omnibus? Dose you guvs him up?
Wouldn't do nothin' else.
Cause dey carry passengers outside.
Mr. Nigger dis will 'mortalize you.
RATHER BITING.—The French officer who gave the following toast recently at Washington, was quite savage upon "de grand leele republique," unintentionally;
"Gentilhomme! I shall give you one sentiment. It is dis;
"Amerique! de grand leele republique vat ish jist begin to devul-up-itself."
IRISH PRACTICAL WIT.—A Tipperary Rockite sends a letter of advice to a neighbor, about taking a certain piece of land, of letting it alone; and ends with this pithy question; "What's the whole world to a man if his wife is a widow?"