

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1846.

Extract from a letter dated Pottsville Sept. 18, 1846.
"The coal panic, too, is blowing over.—Stop my coal!" has changed into "why don't you push forward your coal?" Meaning the agricultural interest is improving. Flour, grain, meat, all are getting up. Money, under the new prospects, has become plenty—and the banks find themselves in a condition of perfect accuracy.

So much for Whig clamor about ruin.
In addition to this, we have intelligence by the latest arrival, that Flour still continues to advance.—The Liverpool grain market had an animated appearance, and prices had advanced considerably.
So much for want of a market, for the produce of the year.

But the Whig presses still continue the cry of ruin, and advise the farmers not to be deceived by false appearances. We think it will appear well enough to the farmer when he finds ready sale and ready pay for his produce, and prices continually advancing.

For the Bradford Reporter.]

Be Not Deceived.

In looking over an Organ of the Whig party, published at Elmira, N. Y., a few days since, our attention was attracted by an article in reference to an alleged division of the Democratic party in Wyoming county, and upon the nomination of opposing candidates by Democrats of that district, under the denomination of the New School Democracy.

Warmly advert to the article in question, to warn the friends against the artful sophistry of our opponents, and on the outset, deny that democracy is, or can be divided against itself.

What then is democracy? Our invaluable Bill of Rights to us a true exposition, and upon which is based the Republic. "All men are created free, equal, and endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, &c." With a guarantee to protect themselves.

Whomsoever, or men, therefore, not conforming to these principles, have no affinity to Democracy—the Hartford Convention had to patriotize.

Object in this communication is to protest against the kind of what-over kind. Ours is the democracy of the people, and his immortal conjures; and we admit no other. Those who are not with us are against us. We can respect the honest opinions of those who differ with us, and who openly avow them; but we do not profess our name, stand ready to support any popular measures that will minister to their passions. There are those among us of this class, who are not their object to disclaim any connection with them. But the Whig party have no alternative in this respect, to cease any exultation, and their history will sufficiently prove.

They have stood the test of time, and what we considered an experiment at the commencement of the century, has now grown into an established government; and that the mass of the people are fully capable of self-government; and that republicanism is the only foundation for the prosperity and happiness of a people.

Let government be just. Let its protection, like the dews of heaven, fall equally upon all—equally guard all the interests of the country. He who follows the plough, swings the axe, pushes the plane, wields the sledge or digs the earth, contributes more to the wealth of the nation than the lordliest aristocrats who count millions of dollars; and where, I ask, is the Democracy in granting government protection to the latter, and withholding it from the former? The Manufacturer says he must be protected, or else he cannot go on with his business, and yet he fails to furnish any evidence of it. But take the case of the Farmer: You know, and everybody knows, that he can out-raise wheat for less than one dollar a bushel; now he generally gets from seventy-five to sixty-two and a half cents upon every bushel! Why not give him thirty per cent? I call upon my brother farmers to look at this outrage, and treat with proper contempt the insult offered to their rights and to their judgment, by those who seek to deceive them, and delude them into a false position.

Hope for Anthracite Coal

A gentleman who read in our paper the article from the Newburyport Herald respecting Nova Scotia coal, has kindly handed us the annexed memorandum of an experiment which throws much light on the subject, and proves that the anthracites of Pennsylvania are not likely to be so promptly superseded by the bitumens of Nova Scotia, as some people have imagined.

The experiment was made in 1843 by the great sugar refining company of Boston, for the purpose of directing their own interests. It was made under the superintendence of the president of the company, and the burning of each kind of coal was continued for about a week. The following was the result. The left hand column indicates the quantity of coal used, and the right hand column the quantity of water evaporated—both in pounds.

Lbs. of coal.	Lbs. of water evaporated.
19,022 Lehigh.	181,177
17,610 Beaver Meadow.	159,938
18,845 Lackawanna.	167,453
21,902 Sydney and Pictou.	102,459

From which it appears that—
1 lb. Lehigh evaporated.....9.52-100 lbs. water.
1 lb. Beaver Meadow.....9.08 do.
1 lb. Lackawanna.....8.98 do.
1 lb. Sydney and Pictou.....8.47 do.

This experiment proves that the anthracites are worth more than double the same weight of Nova Scotia coal for generating steam, and therefore that the difference in price, if any, is no compensation for the difference in value. The great superiority of the anthracites results not entirely, if chiefly, from the superior quantity of heat which they produce; but in part at least, from the superior facility with which the heat of the anthracites is brought into action. The vast quantity of smoke and gas which are emitted from bituminous coal and go off with them a great quantity of heat, and require the fire to be placed at a greater distance from the boiler, by which a larger volume of air is brought between the fire and the boiler; and as air is a non-conductor, this circumstance embarrasses the heat which remains.

These facts are full of importance. They account in some measure for the superior speed of American steamers over those of other nations. We are told that this thing has had one most remarkable test. A steamer was built in Canada, after the model of our South American. The builders were disappointed to find, after all, that she would run but two-thirds as fast as the South American. Nothing would cure the disparity, until Lackawanna coal was taken to her help, and this brought up her speed to the desired point of equality with the pattern boat. If the same change could be effected by the introduction of the same fuel to Atlantic navigation, another new era would astonish the world.

Wool.
The New Haven Register says the tariff of 1842 put only a duty of five cents on the coarse article, and a duty of three cents per lb, and 20 per cent, ad valorem on the finer qualities—of which there were only 386,148 lbs. imported last year—while of the cheap kind, at only 5 per cent, there was imported more than twenty-three million pounds!—the only article of the farmer which required any protection!

But the whigs will say that all this wool coming under seven cents abroad, is coarse stuff, such as we do not produce, and that it does not, therefore, come in competition with wool of domestic growth. Those who make the assertion know, or ought to know, better. Much, indeed, the greater part of this cheap foreign wool is of fair quality, makes good cloths, and enters into general use. The largest portion of it is suitable for all purposes that the wool raised in this country is fit for. It is worked into satinetts, cassimeres, Kentucky jeans, as well as carpets, blankets, and other coarser uses. The whole amount of wool raised in the United States in 1841, as estimated by the Commissioner of Patents, was about 35,000,000, the importation of foreign wool would be equal to one-half the domestic product, or the foreign article would amount to one-third our whole consumption.

What wonder, then, that wool here is low, when it can be purchased for seven cents or when it can be brought here, paying a duty of one-third of a cent per pound? Wheat and pork are low, because we have a large surplus, and no foreign country is in a greater want of them. Wool is low, not because we have a large surplus to spare, but because a flood of foreign wool is let in upon us at a nominal duty. Biting our land to the extent of one-third of our consumption, and taking the place of American wool from five to twenty per cent. Which party protects the farmer?—*Hartford Times.*

REIN.—We take the following brief statement from the Brooklyn Eagle. It serves to show the nature of the sacrifice to which American industry will be doomed by the policy which does away with the heavy restrictions imposed upon our commercial intercourse with England by the tariff of 1842:

"ENGLAND AS A CUSTOMER.—The amount of the following articles exported to England from New York, in one week, shows the extent of the trade to that country: 17,424 barrels of flour; 22,377 bushels of wheat; 300 barrels of corn meal; 31,360 pounds of tobacco; 172,492 pounds of cheese; 12,153 pounds of hams; 108,682 pounds of butter; and over 2000 bales of cotton.

THE CHILD OF HIS HOPE.—Here are beautiful sentences from the pen of Coleridge:—Nothing can be more eloquent—nothing more true:—Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers, as to pain inflicted or pleasures denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast the darkest mantle over him, his voice may be unheard by those with whom he dwells, and his face may be unknown to his neighbors; and even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying competition, for fame filling a world's ear, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal's eye.

INDUSTRY AND INTEGRITY.—There is nothing possible to man which industry and integrity will not accomplish. The poor boy of yesterday, so poor that a dollar was a miracle in his vision, houseless, shoeless and breadless, compelled to wander on foot from village to village, with his bundle on his back, in order to procure labor, and the means of subsistence, has become the talented and honorable young man of to-day, by the power of his good right arm, and the potent influence of his pure principles, firmly held and perpetually maintained. When poverty and what the world calls disgrace, stared him in the face, he shuddered not, but pressed onward and exulted most in high and great exertion, in the midst of accumulating disaster and calamities. Let this young man be cherished, for he honors his country and dignifies his race.

MORE "REIN."—Sixty three bounding, rosy-cheeked country girls, recently engaged at the North by an agent of the Cabbotville Mills, Mass., passed through our city to-day on their way to their new homes. This certainly does not look much like the realization of the predicted "ruin" to our manufactories!—*Troy paper.*

A VERY LARGE ANGEL.—The Koran says: Mahomet, in one of his visions, saw an angel in the third heaven, so large that his eyes were seventy thousand days journey apart.

Men are like bugs, the more brass they contain, the further you can hear them. Ladies are like tulips, the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

Place not thy happiness in stores of gold and silver; but in all thy dealings preserve thy conscience undefiled.

Discrimination.

The federalists say "the new tariff discriminates against the country." This is not the trouble. They think it discriminates against the manufactures—that is the trouble.

Do you happen to know, my dear sir, how much of this good country of ours is composed of these manufacturers, who make so much fuss? We will tell you.

Number of persons engaged in agricultural, mercantile, and manufacturing pursuits in the United States, according to the most recent returns, given.

By the census of 1840, there were engaged in Agriculture.....	3,717,756
Do. commerce.....	117,675
Do. navigating ocean.....	56,025
Do. do. rivers.....	33,067
Do. mining.....	16,203
Learned professions.....	74,236
Pensioners.....	20,797
Engaged in manufactures.....	4,025,659
	791,545
	3,234,114

You see, by this, that of the 3,234,114 persons engaged in agricultural, mercantile, and manufacturing. You can also see how many must submit to be taxed in order to enhance the profits of one of those men. To say nothing of some three million of agriculturists who must bow to the deck of the seven hundred thousand, there are some twelve millions of what they call "poor people," who produce nothing, but buy everything; who annually pay an enormous tax from their hard earnings on what they eat, drink, and wear, for the sole purpose of protecting the few thousands engaged in manufactures, and to swell their profits to swell their profits to 20, 40, and 50 dollars on every one hundred they invest in their business.

Now the real trouble with the new tariff is, that it cuts down the unheard-of profits of the manufacturers, and lowers the tax on all that the "poor men" are compelled to buy. Their salt, their spices, cottons and woolsens, &c., are all taxed less by the new tariff and the few thousand manufacturers, and such of their papers as are under their thumb—the Vermont Watchman, &c.—are terribly mad about it.

Beautiful and consistent friends of the poor men these federalists are: satisfied enough when a tariff discriminates in favor of their prosperous masters, but the moment discrimination is made for the poor people the world is on fire, and ruin at hand.—*Vermont Patriot.*

Freckles.
If freckles be deemed an embellishment to tulips, rose-wreaths, and the fair flowers which may be termed God's earth-written poetry, how can they be a disfigurement to a pretty girl, the fairest flower of humanity, and God's living image?

"Those be rubies—fairly favored;
In their freckles live their savors."

So was it thought in Shakespeare's time; and if we can no longer assign these natural beauty-spots to the exploded theories, we may still maintain them to be love tokens left by the kisses of the enamoured sun, the only kisses ever received, perchance, by their modest exhibitors! This photogenic blazonry, this galaxy that decorates the roses of the cheek and the plies of the forehead, what are its enameled stars but relics of sunshine, soul-enlivening memorials of bright days, and of pleasant excursions with smiling companions beneath a smiling sky. To prevent the printing of these celestial mementos, by veils and parasols, is to suppress a delightful register of past enjoyments, as well as to lose a moralizing stimulant to gratitude; for what dangles the soul to think of heaven when she traces its hand writing upon her face? Strange! that spots of court plaster should once have been thought an ornament, and the tiny erelets, stamped by the great circle of the sun, should ever have been considered unbecoming. When pagans affirmed that Daphne and other beautiful damsels were beloved by Apollo, they merely meant to say that they were freckled.

TEMPERANCE FABLE.—The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a small steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaw. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said:—

"It is my opinion that, if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats present loudly squeaked assent, and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes; but the devastations of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another "convention." The elders had just assembled, and had commenced the deliberation when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak. All were instantly silent, when stretching out the bleeding remains of his leg, he said, my friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap—*Do not touch it!*"

MORE REIN.—The editor of that sprightly little sheet, the Providence Sentinel, gives us another evidence of the deplorable "effects" of the new Tariff act. Hear him:—"The new Tariff is death on the buckleberry trade. An old lady with a wagon load of the article, as far as Olneyville towards our city on Thursday morning, when she happened to see three or four men with their heads together talking about something. She rode up to them, and enquired what was the news. "The Tariff bill has passed," said one of them.

"The tariff passed? Lord o'massy! said the old lady; then I might as well go home with my buckleberries! And turning her horse homeward, she rode sorrowfully off, muttering occasional curses against the Tariff and the Locofocos, and wondering what in the world would become of her buckleberries.

Tariff Fallacies.

Under this title, we find in the New York Evening Post the first of a series of short papers, which, judge by this first specimen, promise to be well worth an attentive perusal:

TARIFF FALLACIES, No. 1.—Coal is an article alleged to be very much affected by the new tariff. We have had more moaning from those who hate Pennsylvania and her politics than that which spread through Egypt at the death of the first born. But it never seemed to enter the brains of the friends or foes of protection, that it was utterly impossible that coal, to any great extent, could be introduced into the United States from foreign nations. A few facts will settle this question. The whole amount of foreign tonnage entered, exclusive of steamboats and vessels on the lakes, is about two millions of tons. The amount of coal raised in Pennsylvania will this year equal probably two millions and a half of tons. If, therefore, all the vessels of the United States and foreign nations were to set themselves at work, they could not bring as much coal into the country as is mined in one State. The Reading railroad brings weekly to market nearly half as much as is brought from the British North American colonies in a whole year, and more than was last year imported from England. Pictou coal, under the new duty, cannot be imported as low as anthracite is now quoted by the ton. Yet Congress has this year rung with the ridiculous cry of danger to the coal trade. Coal cannot profitably be imported as freight from England. It only comes as ballast to any extent. The moment the importation of it should drive other goods the freight would be so high as to subject the importer to a great loss.

How much would it cost to change all the coal grades in the city of New York now adapted to burning bituminous coal, so as to fit them for burning anthracite? So much certainly as to forever prevent the use of the latter.—The stores in which bituminous coal is not used, consume more than five times all the importation of the article.

Pictou coal is now selling, according to all the "pious current," at \$6 to \$6 50 per chaldron; while anthracite, on the same authority, is worth at least \$8 to \$8 50 per ton. This difference in duty under the new act will be about a dollar. So that according to all authorities there can be no competition, as the anthracite, for almost all purposes, is worth about one-sixth more on an average than the bituminous coal, in the amount of least it gives out, and for the ordinary purposes of consumption.

What, then, becomes of the harangue of Mr. Webster in the Senate, and the thousands of petitions from Pennsylvania with which Congress was flooded on this subject—having their origin in the main in ignorance—utter ignorance of the matter? Or at least is it not charitable to believe that ignorance was the basis of these idle clamors.

HOPE, AN ETERNAL PRINCIPLE.—Hope is the connecting link between the past and the future. It is a constant prophet, save that it always dresses out events to come in a gaudy hue, which fades and blackens when the wheels of time bring us to the consummation. Were it not for this earnest of the future, this principle implanted in the breast of man, he would have nothing for which to live, nothing to induce him to drag out a miserable existence. Never is hope so wild and imaginative, and we may say, so deceitful as in youth; never so sober, so true, so stable, as in age. Although hope is often delusive, yet in the greatest misery, the least flickering ray of sunshine peering into the caverns of the heart, revives the drooping soul, and excites action, as when some precious gem, under the sun's beam, flashes its radiance round the darkened cell, and springs into multiplied existence. Hope is an eternal principle. 'Tis in the last strait, man never ceases to hope; when the spark of life departs, it flies heavenward, and is rekindled upon the altar of eternity!

WORDS vs. IDEAS.—Dean Swift says the common fluency of speech, in most men and most women is owing to a scarcity of words; "for whoever is master of language and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas, common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come, faster out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door."

MODESTY.—An ancient poet relates that the flowers once had a grand muster and inspection before Juno, who was to decide which was most beautiful. The violet hid herself among the green grass, and did not offer to contend, when the grand procession of beauties were filing along before the goddess, the violet peeped out furtively furtively, saying to herself, "I'll just look at them pass." She was seen by the Celestial Queen, and crowned the fairest of the fair. Such is the force of modesty.

A young man having attended a silent Quaker meeting, was asked by one of the Friends: "How didst thou like the meeting?" To which he pettishly replied: "Like it? why I can see no sense in it, to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word. It is enough to kill the devil."

"Yes, my friend," rejoined the Quaker, "that's just what we want."

NEWS.—A Western paper, hard run for an item, gives the following double acoustic: "Nothing new from the North. Everything tranquil in the East. Women are scarce in the west. Something may be expected from the South."

A lawyer once said to a bore who had sat about two hours in his office: "I wish you would do as my fire is doing."

"How is that?" said the other.

"Why, sir, it is going out!" replied the lawyer.

"Good Bye."

Farewell! farewell! is often heard From the lips of those who part; 'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word, But it springs not from the heart. It may serve for the lover's closing lay, To be sung 'neath a summer's sky: But give me the quivering lips that say The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear, In the guise of courtly speech; But when we leave the kind and dear, 'Tis not what the soul would teach. Whenever we grasp the hand of those Who would have forever night, The flame of friendship burns, and glows, In the warm, frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother sending forth her child To meet with cares and strife, Breathes through her tears, her doubts and fears For the loved one's future life. No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives Within her closing sigh: But the deepest sob of anguish gives—"God bless thee, boy! Good bye!"

Go: watch the pale and dying one, When the glance has lost its beam— When the brow is cold as the marble stone, And the world's passing dream; And the latest pressure of the hand, The look of the closing eye, Yield what the heart most understand, A long—a last—"Good bye!"

A Federal Tiddler.
The Union is amusing its readers by giving a choice selection of federalistic items, which present such a conglomerate of things awful and dire, as completely casts in the shade the Gorgons and the terrible head of Medusa, of mythological memory. It really makes us shake in our shoes to glance over this list, in which are pictured forth in glowing colours, and prophetic warnings, the terrible consequences that are to ensue on account of the passage of that naughty bill, which actually increases the tax on luxuries and reduces the duties on articles of general use among the commoner classes—to bad! We give below a few additional items, to complete this calendar of evils, which may serve the next generation as a story book, in place of "Tales of the Ogres."

RODS.—A new woolen factory has just gone into operation at Waterloo, New York. About 1200 lbs. of wool are used per day, and 180 men employed. The proprietors are now about greatly to enlarge their operations.

MORE OF IT.—We understand, says the *Luzerne Democrat*, that Henry B. Kenwick of New York, has recently purchased of our fellow citizen, Moses Wood, Sen., of Wilkes-Barre, a lot of land situate on the northwest side of the canal in Woodville, and immediately above the Hazleton road, and on which it is understood, he is preparing to erect a splendid Furnace. Mr. R. has already commenced operations and expects to have his works in motion within about two months.

WORKS AND WORSE.—The proprietor of the Glendon Iron Works, above South Easton, has largely increased his business since the passage of the new tariff. Why is it that the owner of these works does not complain for the want of protection? During a conversation with the chief agent the other day, we were told that they did not fear the new tariff, and would receive no injury from its effects, unless perhaps through the foolish and ridiculous panic which some few are trying to raise in our cities.

FILE OF THE AGONY.—The *Newburyport Herald* of the 5th inst., says: "The stockholders of the Globe and Ocean Mills met to-morrow, to take measures for the increase of their capital stock."

The Great Falls Manufacturing company have added 50 per cent. to their capital stock; and the new stock of the Amoskeag Manufacturing company now sells at 20 per cent. advance.

SHOCKING.—A large manufacturer in this city told us on Saturday, says the *New Haven Register*, that the prospects for a good fall business was never better than it now is; and that so far from discharging his hands, he could not get as many as he wanted.

TALE BEARING.—Never repeat a story unless you are certain it is correct, and even then, unless something is to be gained, either of interest to yourself, or for the good of the person concerned. If you have no good to say of your neighbor, never reproach her character by telling that which is false. She who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another, until the story becomes enormous.

GOOD.—When we see a man kick a horse, says the Boston Sun, we say at once, that he never need to come to court our daughter, for he should not have her if he was worth a million.

Tobacco.—is a native of Mexico and South America. One species has lately been discovered in N. Holland—tobacco was first carried to England from North Carolina by Sir Walter Raleigh.

Pine-Apple.—This grows in the West Indies, and other warm climates.

Rye.—Originated in Tartary and Siberia.

GOOD MANNERS are the blossoms of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it leads to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which invariably is the foundation of good manners.

TALK DEFINITION.—A quailist, says the Portland Advertiser, "is one who vindicates his pretensions to live like a gentleman, by dying like a fool."