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## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1847.

### The Death of the Old Year.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;  
Till ye the church bell and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.  
Old year, you must not die;  
You came to us so readily;  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.

He lies still; he doth not move;  
He will not see the dawn of day,  
He hath no other life above,  
He gave me friends, and a true, true love,  
And the New-year will take 'em away.  
Old year, you must not go;  
So long as you have been with us,  
So long as you have seen with us,  
Old year, you shall not go.

He holds his lamp to the brim;  
A year or year shall now see;  
A year or year shall now see;  
A year or year shall now see;  
A year or year shall now see;  
A year or year shall now see;  
A year or year shall now see;  
A year or year shall now see;

He was full of life and joy,  
But all his merry quips are o'er,  
And his heart, across the waste,  
Is laid to rest in the cold, cold earth,  
And he is dead before.  
Last year you were so gay;  
The night to starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

And he had breath over the snow;  
And he had the crowing cock,  
And he had the light blue bow;  
And he had the light blue bow;  
And he had the light blue bow;  
And he had the light blue bow;  
And he had the light blue bow;  
And he had the light blue bow;

And he was glowing sharp and thin,  
And his friend is gone,  
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## referred the learned Inex to the Law of Nations.

"Thus defeated and exasperated, I was not allowed to stand an open note to my husband, then of the bar. 'Bar, thank God, who tempest the wind to the storm land.' He directed me; and I concerted a plan which again defeated their hostile purpose; and sent by stratagem nine letters in eight weeks, and through the same means received replies. But these things were daily making inroads upon my health and my spirits, which I most carefully concealed from my good husband, knowing the intensity of his feelings for his government, and particularly for my welfare.

"In the meantime I drew a plan of the city and river, and had it sent to Com. Conner and Capt. McClary, of the John Adams, with a correct description of all the forts, the number of guns, a list of the troops and how they were posted, and every political movement, so that through Mr. Chase and his agent, they knew every important movement in this section of the country.

"They abused and insulted the American name and nation to such an extent that it often caused me to retire and pray God for the day of retribution. With the exception of my faithful Amelia, I had but little human sympathy, as all the English influence was against our national cause.

"I am, perhaps, a little prosy, but I well know the sensitive heart to whom these lines are addressed, and so continue. I daily watched, not very christian-like, for the moment of retaliation, hoping to be able, although alone in the combat, to 'square accounts' with my fierce debtors, and, if possible, place myself and party on the credit side of his entangled account.

"San Anna recommended to the Government of Mexico the confiscation of all American property in order to carry on the war, and that all Americans residing in this country should be made prisoners of war, as a fatal stroke to those usurping pirates; the gentle name generally applied to them; and that this garrison should be reinforced with some 3,000 more troops. When I read this article in one of the flaming periodicals, it was rather grating to me in my isolated condition. I determined, however, upon the old Roman motto—

"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow,"

or, in other words, my case was at best helpless and now even desperate, and required a desperate remedy.

"Two spies came daily to my house, always under the guise of friendship; and on one occasion, one of the wretches believing that I was possessed of letters concerning American movements, I represented to him that 30,000 troops were to join Gen. Taylor at Matamoros, 30,000 more had been dispatched to capture San Juan, etc., and closed with remarking that I would be compelled to close my house within a day or two, as a force of 25,000 to 30,000 troops was coming against this place—which bit of romance so frightened my poor Amelia that she thought the General here would call me to account for it.

"Next day I had a call from the captain of the port, who wished to know the truth, and inquired if Mr. Chase had written to me to that effect; and soon after some other of the high functionaries discovered me to be an important character, in their daily rounds. In a conversation with the father-in-law of the General, I recommended to him an early retreat as the wisest course to be taken; and that same night a private post was dispatched to San Luis Potosi, upon the strength of the information so received through me; the town of Tampico was ordered to be vacated on the appearance of this large force of the bar; scouts were sent in every direction, to procure mules, etc., for the conveyance of property to the interior; and two schooner-loads were shipped to the city of Panuco; six hundred stand of arms were sunk, the cannon were removed from the Fort, and the troops evacuated the place. I then dispatched to Com. Conner an account of the state of things, and in triplicate to Havana, under different covers to my husband, urging his return forthwith. These were sent by an agent, who supposed them were letters conveying a wish to my husband to meet me at Vera Cruz, to accompany me to Mexico.

"On the night of the 27th, and in triplicate to Havana, under different covers to my husband, urging his return forthwith. These were sent by an agent, who supposed them were letters conveying a wish to my husband to meet me at Vera Cruz, to accompany me to Mexico.

"Provisions were brought from Point Isabel and distributed amongst the squadron, and on the 12th of November they left Isla Verde, and on the morning of the 14th were in sight, twelve sail off the bay of Tampico. I was so confident of the coming of the squadron, that in anticipation of their coming, I had a flag-staff made one week previous, and had it erected upon the house-top, in order to raise the first American flag hoisted as a right over Tampico. On my first sight of the fleet my pent-up feelings gave way, and I wept as a child for joy, seeing that God had brought deliverance to the oppressed, and in triumph of our own seeing the object of my affection, and also in gratitude to Him who is mighty to save, and to my feeble efforts had wrought so miraculously in our national welfare. Here I must pause, and say I cannot pretend to describe my feelings at that time. Fortune seemed to give way; and in the midst of this emotion, I again saw the squadron nearing the bar, the boats manned and the line passing; (they standing their own pilots over that intricate passage) and the broad pennant flying at two masts—the blue and red. My faithful Amelia and myself ran to Mr. Chase's office and in solitude offered a prayer, then pulled the flag down and alone rushed to the house-top. I carried it up and tied it on the line with my own hands, and we—Amelia, myself and Mr. Uder—hoisted it, myself giving the first pull. Thus we defied the whole town of Tampico. I sent for some of the Americans, but not one possessed courage or national spirit enough to lend a hand.

"In thirty minutes the Ayuntamientos called upon me and ordered me to haul it down. I

replied it was raised as a right of protection. They said I had no such right. I rejoined that it was a matter of opinion in which we could not agree. They said it was a burlesque upon their nation—a lady taking the city—and what would the Supreme Government of Mexico say? I replied very laconically, 'Quin cabe?' and offered them wine under the new banner. They threatened the house. I ran to its top, and asked Mr. Uder if he would stand by me. He replied, 'Yes.' 'Then,' said I, 'the flag must remain, or all of us be sent over the house-top, as I shall never pull it down or suffer any Mexican to sully it by his touch.' I had been robbed, my store entered and pillored of more than two thousand dollars in the dead of the night; and when the regiment from Puebla entered this city, they entered my store and carried off goods, and I had no redress and still less sympathy; and though alone, the God of the Just was my captain general, and I had nothing to fear from all Mexico. And now the hour of my redemption was at hand; I expected they would either fire upon or storm the house.

"I rested with my right arm round the flag-staff, the banner waving in majestic beauty, and the squadron nearing the city, where they saw the flag. It was like lightning to pilgrims to know from whence it came, but soon the officers saw two female forms standing by it, and gave three cheers in front of the city, and then came to my house, which had been now nearly six months as if proscribed by some crime or plague, and my fault was that of being the wife of an American. Commodore Perry and the municipal authorities came to my house on arrival, also Commodore Conner. My dispatches have been sent to the State Department, and I have letters of thanks from the office commanding, who have changed the name of Fort Libertad to Fort Ann, in compliment to me. They arrived on the 16th. Forty-eight hours after, came Mr. Chase, crowning all my happiness.

## Courtship.

BY JOHN NEAL.

"After my sleigh ride, last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of, banking after the woman again in a hurry. To hear me curse and swear, and rant against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one again, to all eternity—O, but I was wicked.

"Darn and blast their eyes—says I. Blame their skins—torment their hearts and damn them to damnation. Finally I took an oath and swore that if I ever meddled or had any dealings with them again, (in the speaking line I mean) I wish I might be hung—and choked.

"But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting house chuck full of galls, all shining and glittering in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog shop. It's all smoke.

"I held out and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays. Forsooth, a'noons and intermissions complete. On the fourth there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A clap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting house, with a new patent hat on his head, hung by the ears upon a shirt collar; his cravat had a puddle in it, and branched out in front into a double-bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to, when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit, he sprung his body forward, like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the rollers.

"Squire Jones' pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers and take my coat and under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look straight at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much to beget between them. Any how, they are so high matched that they hated and despised each other, like rank poison, ever since they were school-boys.

"Squire Jones has got his evening fire on, and I set myself down to reading the great bible, when he heard a rap at his door. 'Walk in,' 'Well, John, how do you do?' 'Get out, Pompey.' 'Pray tell me, Squire, how do you do?' 'Why, so far as crawling—ye ought to be a bear, with ye hold your yop—haul up a chair and set down, John.'

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones? 'O, middling, how's yer arm?' 'Don't forget the mat, there, Mr. Beedle.' 'This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times, in the long, muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

"It was now old Captain Jones' turn, the grand-father. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle and racket, he opened his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to follow so loud that you might hear a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say, who in the world is it? Mrs. Jones going close to the car, screamed out, 'It's Johnny Beedle.' 'Ho—Johnny Beedle. I remember he was one summer at the siege of Boston.' 'No, no, father, that's your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone these twenty years.' 'Ho—but where does he come from?' 'Down town.' 'Ho—and what does he follow for a livin'?' 'He did not stop asking questions after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones' last screech. He then sunk back into a doze again.

"The dog stretched himself before one and iron; the cat sat down before the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a 'cricket under the hearth, keeping time with a sappy yellow-birch forestick. Sally sat up prime as if she were pinned to the chair back, her hands crossed gently under her chin. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across her lap. But they would not lay still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she could to keep them quiet, they would bounce up, now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over my left and said 'hem.' Then I changed, and put the left over the right. It was no use; and I silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. 'The drops of sweat began to crawl over me. I got my eye on my hat hanging on a peg on the road to the door. At this moment the old Captain, all at once, sung out, 'Johnny Beedle! It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up on end. 'Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle such a demure as your father did, if you live to the age of Methuselah. He would take up his drumstick, and while it was whirling in the air, take off a gill of rum, and then catch it as it came down, without busting a stroke in the time. 'What d'ye think of that, ha? But pull your chair round, close along side yer one so yer can hear. Now, what have you come after? '—After? 'O, I've taken a walk. Pleasant walk, I guess. I mean just to see how ye all do.' 'Ho—that's another! You've come courin', Johnny Beedle, ye're after yer Sal. 'Sav, now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?'

"This was what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping cough, was put to bed.

"Then came apples and cider; and the ice being broke, plenty of chatyuth mammy Jones about the minister's sermon. I agreed with her to a nicely upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text and all the heads of the discourse, but six. Then she teased and

## The Two Birds.

BY LOVER.

A bright bird it'd in a golden cage,  
So gently tended by groom and page,  
And a wild bird came her pomp to see,  
And said 'I wish I could live with the;

For thou canst sing  
And plume thy wing  
While dainty fare  
Thy slaves prepare."

The wild bird came her pomp to see,  
And said, 'I wish I could live like thee!'

Then from the cage came a plaintive voice,  
Which made the wild to rejoice,  
'For I'd give my golden cage,' said she,  
For thy humble perch on the wild-wood tree;

For thou canst sing  
On Freedom's wing—  
These bars of gold  
A slave can find;

'I'd give my golden cage,' said she,  
For thy humble perch on the wild-wood tree."

Then, when the bird of the wild-wood knew  
The bright one weary of bondage grew,  
He set the plaintive captive free,  
And away they flew, singing 'Liberty!'

In joy they roam  
Their leafy home  
And till the day—  
The love of love, from hearts set free,  
For love was blest with Liberty.

Take a Newspaper.

Winter is come with its long evenings, and cheerful firesides. The howling blasts, drifting snows, and other concomitants in the reign of the ice King, will soon shut up the attraction of the uter world, and retire the endearments of the domestic hearth. The family circle, that has been broken by the deranging influence of the business season, when toil and fatigue have coursed on early repose, will again be reunited, and a season of recreation for the intellectual and social powers ensue. The mind must have food with its amusements, or else it becomes morbid and senescent—and what a never failing fountain for its improvement is provided in the newspaper.

Among our earliest recollections of delight is mingled the arrival of the post-rider with his weekly treasure. How our hearts beat with joy as we heard his horse coud in the distance, heralding his approach—and when the prize was drawn from his well stored saddle-bags, and thrown into the door-way of our youthful home, what a scramble ensued among the juvenile portion of the household for the news.

Times have changed since those days, and lightning, railroads, steamers, stages, &c., distribute the news throughout the length and breadth of the country. Instead of paying \$2 per year for a small sheet a large one is offered to the public for half the sum. The world is rife with news—and there is no excuse now for a want of intelligence any where in our country.

Take a newspaper, and you do more to secure the morals of your children and prepare them for future usefulness, with a single dollar, than by five times that amount bestowed upon them in any other way. It is a duty which every father owes to his family and his country, to take a newspaper. It cultivates a taste for reading, and spreads before the minds of the rising generation a chart of the passing events of the age, which they will consult, and will be so doing, add daily or weekly to their stock of knowledge. No person, who reads a newspaper regularly and carefully, goes into the world without a knowledge of its doings that secure for him intelligence and respect. We say to every man, and every man should say to his neighbor, 'take a newspaper.'

Men of Genius.

Men of Genius. Nature, as she has gifted them with greater powers than their fellows, seems also to have mingled with their cup of life more bitterness. There is a melancholy, which is apt to come like a cloud over the imaginations of such characters. Their minds possess a susceptibility and delicacy of structure, which unfit them for the gross atmosphere of human nature; wherefore, few talents have ever been distinguished for sadness and gloom. Genius lives in a world of its own; it is the essence of a superior nature; the lofty imaginations of the mind, clothed with a more spiritual and refined verdure. Few men endowed with such faculties, enjoy the ordinary happiness of humanity. The stream of their lives runs harsh and broken. Melancholy thoughts ever perpetually across their souls; and if those be heightened by misfortune, they are plunged into the deepest misery.

To relieve these feelings many plans have been adopted. Dr. Johnson fled for years to wine, under his habitual gloom. He found that the pang was removed while it found immediate influence. Instead, but he also found that they returned with double force when that influence passed away. He saw the dangerous precipice on which he stood, and by a unusual effort of volition, gave it over. In its stead he substituted text add to this milder stimulus had recourse to his melancholy. Voltaire and Fontenelle for the same purpose used coffee. The excitements of Newton and Hobbes, were the fumes of tobacco—while Demosthenes and Haller were sufficiently stimulated by drinking freely of cold water. Such are the differences of constitution.

Confidence.—There is something very winning and endearing in confidence. Who could take away the life of a bird that fed its bosom from the power of the hawk? Or, who would take advantage of having him in his hand, to deprive the little trembler even of his liberty? Nothing is so lost by trusting in the ingenious and noble-minded; they are forced to respond to the confidence placed in them. What, then, may we not expect from the Gull of all comfort?

## Blazing the Way.

Every one accustomed to live in a new country, is aware that the first settlers are in the habit of blazing the way, all along the new roads that they may lay out, a process which is nothing more nor less than cutting a small piece of bark from each tree, so that, rain or shine, a friend, says the New Orleans Picayune, tells a good story of a backwoodsman he met a day or two since in one of our principal streets. The chap had a large piece of bark in his hand, with which he marked all the most prominent buildings he met with. Anxious to ascertain his object, our friend inquired his reason for thus chalking the friends and doors as he passed. 'Why, the fact is,' replied the backwoodsman, 'I got considerably snarled up here yesterday—was lost for two hours, and like never to have found my flatboat again for the turnings and windings. When I came out to-day, I thought I would just blaze my way as I went along, so that I could find my way back. You don't catch this particular individual being lost again in your doubling and twisting streets, any way you can fix it.'

A BUTTERFLY'S MORAL.—A boy, on perceiving a beautiful butterfly, was so smitten with its gaudy colors, that he pursued it from flower to flower with undiminished zeal; at first he attempted to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then he endeavored to cover it with his hat as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sore of his prize on perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets; but the dainty fly still eluded his attempts. At last, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and, snatched at the object of his pursuit with violence, it was crushed to pieces. The dying insect, perceiving the boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him, with the utmost calmness, in the following words:—'Behold, now, the end of thy unprofitable solitude; and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that pleasure, like a painted butterfly, may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit; but if embraced with too much ardor, will perish in thy grasp.'

THE FARMER.—With no inheritance but health, with no richness but industry, and no ambition but virtue, he is the only king among men, the only man among kings.