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## TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, June 20, 1849.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)  
Shadowings of Memory's Daguerreotypes.  
By A.

A year since, and I was rambling among old, and beauteous haunts, that were teeming with nature's sweetest, loveliest, and wildest beauties.—For in all New England, naught can surpass, or scarcely equal the variety of natural scenery, seen in and around Northampton, Mass. Whether you wander through the luxuriant meadows of the no lie old Connecticut; climb the precipitous sides of "Tom," and "Holyoke;" or view the enchanting, and soul-stirring loveliness, far beneath their summits, crowning the blue-hills and mountains, far, far away, it remains the same: beauty sits, and reigns as queen, on every mountain, hill, and flower; in every vale, on every river, and all are loyal subjects, submitting to her power, as nature's rightful sovereign. Four of my happiest years I had passed in N.—and most brightly were they interwoven in the fabric of my existence, and I had now returned, that memory might impart a new lustre, and make the impressions deeper, by removed activity of thoughts of the past.

Wandering one bright evening by the "Licking water's" side, revisiting the mossy banks, and antique trees, each clustering with associations of pure happiness, of "by-gone days;" I came to a little knoll covered with forest trees, the evergreens, oaks and maples, with pine and then a laurel; and underneath their branches, grew sweet wild flowers. And there too was "the grave of Hamet," beneath the boughs of the strong mountain oak, there upon that mound we had made a resting place, to receive her whom death had slain—Her spirit had loved the place, and kindred ones brought the broken casket, from which the spirit had been transferred, and laid it in earth's bosom. Her mind was ever animated and chastened by a strong, ardent love of the beautiful in nature. And in sweet flowing verse would she express the ecstatic pleasure she received in contemplating its grandeur, sublimity and greatness. And to philosophy's deep subtle power, was a strong pillar of her mind, influencing her poetic spirit, disciplining the fancy wild, subjecting it to reason's rule, thus her life refining, purifying and exalting.

What more appropriate place then, than this, for her burial-place. Where the woodland birds love to utter their wild and joyous notes, where the morning dew, sparkling in the sun-light, drops like tears from the green leaves upon her grave, where the "music of the running water," in soothening strains is heard to cheer the lonely world-tired heart, and carry life's corroding cares, and all the unfriendly influences of life's sojourn into a short repose of gladsome forgetfulness.

Beautiful was the night, on which we buried her. The stars were glistening brightly, and night had but a thin veil to throw o'er earth, to make all things seem mournful. But our mourning was a calm one, for her life had left its impress on us all, and we felt as though the spirit were not fled; but only hidden from our vision. Evergreens and wild flowers were strewn upon the green sod with which we covered her, and the farewell song, was heard echoing in low sweet sounds of sorrowing sadness, then "all were hushed," and warm heart-felt tears came rushing as tributes to her memory. Again we returned through the dearly loved woods but not as once, for one of our number was left in her grave under the "old oak," and our hearts were desolate and sad.

A happy land, were we before; but death with his all usurping power, comes with his might, and prostrates whom he will; and when he will, making the heart lonely, and embittering our joyousness for a time, even till again we are wounded. Thus he came and took one from us, whose soul was the recipient of truth, expanded by its teachings and beautified into the innocence and simplicity of childhood, unphilosophic joined with the practical wisdom of maturity. Long I leaned upon the simple fence that protects her grave from sacrilege, and thought of life, of our relations to it; our various duties, and the foolish vain bubbles by which men are governed, of the refining influences of our moral and intellectual nature, of their power when developed in forming characters that will enoble man, and free him from the many corruptions that now act on his mind as an impetus to moral degradation. Such contemplations leave the mind better and holier than before, leaving an impression not soon erased, and of purest influence.

Arousing from my reverie I wandered homewards, still thinking on life's strangeness. The twilight had changed to night's darker reign, and the dim uncertain distance, could faintly be discerned, Holy oke's summit, with its range of brooks and hills gradually hidden till all was darkness, "far away," of life, but two true emblem.

TOWANDA, PA.

**AN ELOQUENT FIGURE.**—The Mecklenburg Jeffersonian says—"Like one of those wondrous rocking stoves reared by the Druids, which the faint of a child might vibrate to its centre, yet the might of an army could not move from its place, its constitutions are so nicely poised and balanced, it seems to sway with every breath of opinion, and so firmly rooted in the heart and affections of a people, that the wildest storms of treason and disunion break over it in vain."

**INSOLENCE.**—Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life, and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour, when too much leisure exposed him to their suggestions: for he has lived with little observation, either on himself or others, who does not know it to be vice to be vicious.

## Newspaper Subscribers.

### THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

The following classification of newspaper subscribers we take from the Prairie Farmer, and from our own experience we can safely say that the picture is drawn as natural as life itself. First comes the

**TRADESMEN.**—These are men who take newspapers, pay for them and read them. Observe the order in which these things are done: The pay comes first—the reading next. These men consider they get the worth of their money in the bargain. It seems as fair and just to them that the newspaper should be paid, as a barrel of sugar or a new coat. They never entertain any other opinion. When the year runs out, or a little before, they are on hand with the pay. There is no more difficulty with them in remembering this period, than Sunday or the first of January. If one of them wishes to stop his paper, he either calls or writes a letter by his postmaster, the other calls or writes a letter to his publisher.

**DO WELLS.**—This class is nearly related to the other—near, that it is hard to tell where one begins and the other ends. These men always pay in advance in the beginning and intend to do so continually. But men rarely fail a little, or some misfortune intervenes and the time runs by—sometimes a little—sometimes quite a period. But their recollection though nodding occasionally, never gets sound asleep. It pronounces the word in due time, "The printer is not paid," and forthwith their will to do well kicks into activity. Now comes the paying up—"Means to do so before. Don't mean to let such things pass by." A publisher can live with such men. They have a warm place in his memory—only a little back of the Uplights. In such a man dies in arrears his wife or son remembers that part of the benefit was theirs and estate or no estate, see that the printer's bills are not among their father's unsettled accounts. Next comes the

**EAST DODS.**—These men believe in newspapers. They have settled it in their own minds that a newspaper is a good thing. They take them too. Sometimes at the first they pay up for the first year—at any rate they mean to, pretty soon. If they have done so, they sit down with the comforting conviction that their newspaper is now settled for; and this idea having once got in their heads refuses obstinately to be dislodged but keeps its hold from year to year—a truth once—no an illusion, gray and rheumatic with years.

The editor making the elongated and elongating speech in the account current of their dollars, begin to ask if they are dead, or gone to California. Now he begins to poke bills at them. They suddenly start up to the reality that they are in arrears; and like men as they are: at the bottom they pay up. They never dispute his bills—they know books tell better stories than moss covered memories. If the publisher has faith enough or a long purse, and can live a hibernating year, he may survive men. But if he is mortal, only, woe be to him. The next class is that of the

**DOWS HILLERS.**—Here we begin to slide over to the other side. The picture suddenly gets sombre. We shall despatch the down-tillers suddenly. One of these may take a paper because his wife wants one or the children are zealous to read it—or a neighbor persuades him. When it begins to come he dismisses all thoughts about it further. If the editor sends a man directly to him at the end of two or three years, he may get some pay for his paper, but with growls and surly looks. He never pays any debt, if he can get rid of it, and a news paper least of all. Still he hates law suits and constables and all that. A dun has the same effect on him that a bullet does on a hippopotamus—glancing from his hide, or sinking into the blubber harmless. He is always sliding down till soon merges into another class of that.

**THE NIX CEM RORSE.**—No matter how the man began his subscription, he never pays for it—not he! He don't like that sort of a paper. He don't give no news. He never did like it. He didn't want it in the first place, and told the postmaster so. He sent back one more than a year ago—besides he never began to take it till a long time after it came, and he hadn't had only two or three of them at any rate, and those he hadn't read!"—Wipe him off. Here comes the

**SCAPE GRACE.**—It is enough to say of him that he never fails to have a newspaper—two or three of them. When he thinks they have come about long enough for the publisher to want pay, he sends back with "stop it." Or he takes up his quarters and leaves for parts unknown. He does not want to pay, and he don't mean to. Get it if you can. Enough for him.

(Reader! to which class do you belong?

**CORN FOR FODDER.**—A correspondent of the Prairie-Farmer writes; "I drilled some corn this season to make winter feed for cattle; but it was very thick, and there came a storm of wind and blew it down, and I did not cut it up. It seems to me a good way to winter cattle when shocked up in good order, and I will here state the way I have been in the habit of putting up fodder. I set up six rows together, and bind them as I go; then I let it cure a day or two; and then I add on six more rows and tie round again; and my corn generally stands up well. I fattened my pork last season on a plank floor, and I like the plan very well as there seems to be a saving of corn. There has been a general complaint in this section of the country of pork not fattening well this season; and there have been a great many hogs packed at Peckin at low rates—\$2.25 up to \$2.50."

A wag of our acquaintance sawing with a saw that was not the sharpest saw in the world, after vainly trying to saw with it, broke out at last as follows:—"Of all the saws that ever I saw, I never saw a saw like that saw saws."

### Chinese Jugglers.

Some of the performances of the Eastern jugglers seem so incredible, even to those who have had the benefit of ocular demonstration, that they may appear to those who have not had that opportunity afforded them as the tales, or long-bows, of travellers. For our own part, we must confess that we should have ranged ourselves among the ranks of unbelievers and skeptics, had we not had opportunity of judging, as eye-witnesses, of the truth of the facts which we are about to describe.

Having received marks of attention and hospitality from various friends, it was incumbent to return such civilities, and it became a subject of no little solicitude how we best might enter for their amusements. This latter, it must be confessed at the period was a matter of no small difficulty in a new colony like Hong Kong, composed of raw materials, and unshaped into shape. At length after frequent consultations with our comrade (who is a head servant or butler) as to the practicability of inducing a celebrated juggler of Canton, to transport himself to Hong Kong, and exhibit his various acquirements to us "red-bristled barbarians," the aforesaid comrade announced to us, with much official importance, that the celebrated individual was in the island. Invitations, in due course, were issued, and accepted with alacrity—recreation of any kind being, at that period in that lugubrious colony, rare—and a large assemblage, consisting of most parts of lords of creation, arrived on the evening in question.

The room in which the performance took place was denuded of every article of furniture, with the exception of chairs, which were arranged close to the walls, for the convenience of the spectators thus leaving the floor unmarked, and clear and wide arena for the performer. At the hour named the great attraction of the evening was introduced by the comrade. He was attired in the ordinary dress of the middle ranks of Chinese, which consisted of loose jacket and trousers, with white calico stockings and black silk stockings, embroidered with blue, and white felt soles two inches thick; he had no covering on his head, and was followed by his co-coe, or servant, bearing an unpainted teak wood box of about three feet by two in size, which placed it in the room and retired. The juggler commenced operations by placing his box in the centre of the room; he then struck off his jacket thus appearing in a state of nudity from the waist upwards, and a white cloth twisted around his loins.

He next opened his box, and took therefrom an ordinary basin or bowl, about eighteen inches in diameter and closed the lid of the box leaving it exposed completely to our view; he then walked round the room allowing each individual separately to inspect the basin and handle it—the whole of the time talking in the native language, which we afterwards learned was a species of incantation. We were all sufficiently satisfied that the basin was an ordinary one and perfectly empty. He then placed it on the floor, about five feet from the box, untwisted the cloth from round his waist, which was in size about a yard and a half long by one yard wide, and which he threw over the basin, spreading it out, containing during all the time his mummery. In about half a minute he raised the cloth from the basin exposing it to view, when, to our astonishment, it was filled with limpid water, and a fish of four or five inches long was swimming about in it! He took up the bowl, and handed it to each spectator, as he had previously done, and we satisfied ourselves that there was no ocular deception, but that the water was indeed veritable, and a white fish living one.

After some time, we observed the cloth gradually rising again in the centre, until it assumed a form somewhat conical, the apex of which was removed about two feet or upwards from the floor; during the whole of this rising or ascending progress, the manipulator remained without removing from the spot where he had originally squatted, but he now assumed the erect posture and again for the last time, he raised the cloth when wonder upon wonders! there were the six dishes, which we had seen arranged flat and symmetrical on the floor now piled one upon another, in regular order, commencing with the largest at the bottom, each dish, in ascending order, being of diminished size, until the smallest crowned the top, the remaining in the dishes, thus forming a pyramid of alternate layers of earthen ware and viands.

The emperor of the conjurers now took his leave with a "chin-chin" meaning, in good honest English, farewell, his co-coe removing the tea-wood box, and some of our own domestics carrying on the flowering shrub, in all its pristine beauty, and the pyramid of viands, of the latter of which we have no doubt they partook in company with our friend the emperor, and washed them down with sundry cups of their favorite "ram-soo."

**ROORS FOR SROCK.**—Not only the farmer, who unites with his other vocations that of stock raising, but the mechanic who keeps but a single cow, should endeavor to supply himself with a sufficient quantity of roots cultivated for this purpose—all of which are, no doubt, possessed of considerable value; yet some are superior to others on account of their greater hardness, greater yield, or superior richness in the elements of animal food. The carrot, the beet, the parsnip and several species of turnips, are cultivated for this purpose, and generally with good success. Indeed, it matters but little whether we raise one or other, provided we only succeed in raising enough; this is the main object to be attended to. If we are so circumstanced as to render a crop of English turnips more easy to accomplish than either of the aforementioned ones, and can secure a liberal and constant supply of the roots to our animals during the winter, we ought to be content and thankful; for notwithstanding the amount of richness in this root is small, compared with that contained in the rutabaga, yet this deficiency may be easily counterbalanced by giving an increased quantity. In this way the English turnip is made to equal in value other roots, while it is produced at far less expense. When we have the requisite means, we should plant beets, carrots, potatoes, &c., all of which will afford an agreeable, salutary, and palatable diet for neat stock, and are much cheaper than hay or grain in carrying them through the winter.

**COAL TAR.**—Recent experiments have demonstrated the fact that Coal Tar may be used successfully as a substitute for paint. A correspondent of the Agriculturist says:

"I think it would be well to call the attention of farmers to the use of Coal Tar as paint. The tar produced in the coal gas works, is extensively used in England for painting fences, out-buildings, &c., and is being rapidly introduced into this country, also. It never alters by exposure to the weather, and one or two good coats will last many years. It is the cheapest and best black paint that can be used. Out-buildings are painted with it; our apparatus, also, and even the iron pipe we place in the ground is coated with it. I think if its advantages were fully known, it would be generally used throughout the United States. The government soak the bricks used in building the fort at Throgs Neck, in this tar, which renders them impervious to water, and posts painted with it are protected from rot when in the ground, as effectively as though they had been charred."

Again the casket of wonders, the tea-wood box, was called into requisition, and the lid having been opened, our wonder worker took therefrom a common round earthen-ware white and blue plate, about two feet in diameter, and placed thereon about a pound of unboiled rice: this he handed around in the manner previously described and we took the platter, examining it more narrowly than of the former articles, resolved that this time there

### What O'clock Is It.

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me how to tell what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate until I was perfect in my part,

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of marbles; but my father called me back again; "Stop, Humphrey," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day, I must now teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted badly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the age of man to be three score and ten, or four score years. Now life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you, when you arrive at fourteen years it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty one, it will be three o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may, perhaps, remind you of it. My grandfather, according to his calculation, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "what o'clock is it?" nor do I think that I have even looked at the face of the clock, without being reminded of the words of my father. I know not my friends, what o'clock it is with you, but I know very well what time it is with myself, and that if I intend to do anything in this world, which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial plate of a clock, which I never would perhaps have possessed in my estimation, if these had not been spoken.

Look about you, my friends, I earnestly entreat you, and now and then ask yourselves what o'clock it is with you.

**REVENGE.**—"Father, forgive them." Go, proud infidel, search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning, explore the works of Confucius, examine the precepts of Seneca and the writings of Socrates—collect all the excellencies of ancient and modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simile prayer of our Saviour.

Reviled—crowned with thorns, and led away to die! no annihilating curse breaks from his torturing heart. Sweet and placid as the aspirations of a mother for her nursing, ascends the prayer for mercy on his enemies, "Father, forgive them." Oh, it was worthy of its origin, and stamps with the brightest seal of truth that his mission was from heaven.

Acquaintances, have you quarrelled? Friends have you differed? If he who was pure and perfect forgave his bitterest enemies do you well to cherish your anger? Brothers, to you the precept is imperative! You shall forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven. Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as it is hostile to reason and religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice and studious of revenge, walk through the fields while clad in verdure and adorned with flowers; to his eyes there is no beauty, the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robbed in deepest sable. The smiles of beauty light not up his bosom with joy—but the furies of hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as could wish the object of his hate. But let him lay his hand on his heart and say, "revenge, I cast thee from me; Father, forgive me, as I forgive my enemies," and nature will assume a new and delightful character. Then, indeed are the meadows verdant and the flowers fragrant, and this is the music of the grove delightful to the ear, and the smile of virtuous beauty lovely to the soul.

**HEAD WORK.**—Head work is the hardest work in the world. The artisan feels this if at any time he has to spend a whole day in calculation. All men of learning testify to the same truth, and meagre frames and sallow complexions tell a plainer tale of their words. Sir Edward Coke, the great English lawyer, speaks thus concerning his great work: "While we were in hand with these four parts of the Institute, we often having occasion to go into the country, did in some sort envy the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For, one when he was at work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman while some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon himself to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he collects without any expression of joy or cheerfulness while he is at work. Will not these words breathe a degree of consolation to many who heedlessly consider that all toil is confined to the working classes?

**CLEANLINESS.**—There is a kind of anxious cleanliness which is always the characteristic of a slattern; it is the superfluous scrupulousness of guilt, dreading discovery and shunning suspicion. It is the violence of an effort against habit, which being impelled by external motives, cannot stop at the middle point.

**ECONOMY.**—"What are ye after Barney?" "Writing a letter sure?" "And where would ye be after sending it to?" "It's not my intention to send it all. Isn't a copper as good in pocket as in the post office?"