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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, May 1, 1852.

Selected Poetry.

THE VOICE OF CHEER.

From Heaven there comes a voice of cheer,
To sunshine and in shade,
When most we need their aid,
And gather strength in woe or weal,
To tread the path of right.

It whispers o'er the cradled child,
Fast locked in peaceful sleep,
Ere its pure soul is sin-beguiled,
Ere sorrow buds its weep.
It soothes the mother's ear with hope,
Like sweet bells' soft chiming,
And bodes forth the unknown scope
Of dark mysterious Time.

'Tis heard in manhood's risen day,
And greets the soul to night,
When life's dawn forth with fullest ray,
Peers through the veil of night,
It speaks of noble ends to gain,
A world to mend by love,
That tempers strength of hand and brain,
With softness of the dove.

It falls upon the aged ear,
Though deaf to human voice;
And when man's evening closes drear,
It bids him still rejoice.
It tells of bliss beyond the grave,
The parted soul to thrill,
The guardians of the truly brave,
Who fought the power of ill.

From SERRAVALLO'S MIRROR.

EASY WARREN.

BY WILLIAM T. COGSHALL.

Raymond Warren is a "nice" man—everybody's clever fellow, as I heard a public man once remark; "a very extensive office," with numerous duties never discharged. Raymond used to sit in the chimney corner late, very late on a winter's night, because he was too shiftless to get ready for bed. But after a while the fire burned, low—the glow on the embers faded, and it grew cold in the chimney corner; then Raymond became chilly, and he would sneak to rest, where his wife perhaps had been for several hours, endeavoring to recover from the severe fatigue of a day's work, into which had been crowded the greater portion of her husband's legitimate duties. Raymond owned a large farm, left him by his father. It was good land, but the fences were not in repair, and everybody's cattle roamed through the fields, and Raymond's crops were not sufficient to yield the family a decent support. The farm had once been well stocked, but for want of proper attention the cattle became poor—the sheep were never shorn, even the most rigorous weather, and many of them died. The wool was never properly sheared and washed, and when taken to market it would not bring the market price. Had it not been for Raymond's wife, who was a business woman, the family must often have suffered for the common necessities of life.

Raymond's chores were rarely attended to by himself, but was a neighborly, sick, no man was more willing to work in his place. He was relied on as a man who would always neglect his own interests, to look after those of somebody else. He could never sell himself at his own farm work, but he was considered an excellent hand, when, to oblige a neighbor he took a job in his field.

"It was a bleak morning in mid winter. Raymond Warren's wife was in the barn-yard tending the cattle—Raymond was in bed. This light of a busk fire which his wife had built, shone directly in his face. It awakened him—the room was warm, and Raymond was persuaded by its inviting appearance to arise. He sat down by the fire place in his slippers, and waited for his wife to come and get him some breakfast. As he warmed his feet he felt that he had reason to congratulate himself on his happy situation, and he said to himself:

"That's every man's got such a wife as I have. Here she's made a good fire, and I'll bet the chores are all done."

The chores were done, and Raymond had scarcely finished his soliloquy, when the useful wife walked to the fire place to warm her hands, which had been thoroughly chilled by the cold handle of the pitchfork, with which she had been throwing bar and straw to the cattle.

neighbor came, who wanted Raymond to accompany him to a saw mill, about two miles distant, and assist him in loading some boards. Of course Raymond went, and his wife was compelled to cut wood enough to keep the house warm until the following day.

Mrs. Warren was in appearance a feeble woman, but she had endured hardships which would have destroyed the constitution of one more robust. Day after day her strength failed her, yet she made no complaint. Raymond saw that she grew pale, and he was too easy to mention the subject, and the useful wife became more and more feeble, until she was seized with a violent cough. Raymond was one day thoughtful enough to speak to the village doctor as he passed their house with his ponderous medicine portmanteau on his arm, and the benevolent gentleman, who had some knowledge of Raymond's peculiar feelings, left the woman an innocuous tincture, and forbade exposure to the cold atmosphere under any circumstances, and also declared it at her complaint was of a character very much aggravated by severe exercise.

For a few days Raymond remembered the doctor's counsel, and as he had respect for the physician, he obeyed him as nearly as his constitutional failings permitted, but soon the wife was again obliged to chop wood and feed cattle, and taking a severe cold, she faded as would fade the summer rose in a frigid climate.

When Raymond Warren's house was desolate and his fireside cheerless, he saw what had been his great error during the two years of his married life, and he mourned his wife deeply, it must be said in his favor, both as a helpmate and a companion. He rented his farm and managed to exist "easily" for one year, but he was a domestic man—he was not satisfied with a childless widow's solitary lot, and he began to look about him for a second helpmate and companion. In a few months he took to his home a woman whom he confidently felt would fill the place left vacant by his first wife. Sadly was Raymond disappointed.

A few weeks elapsed and he fell into his old habit, with complete abandon. Leaving his own work in a neglected state, he worked diligently one day to assist a neighbor in getting wood to his house, and he returned to his home, late at night, hungry, and fatigued, expecting that his wife would have ready for his refreshment an inviting supper. In this hope, he had refused to take supper with the neighbor whom he had assisted. Poor fellow! the kitchen, where was to have been his excellent supper, attended by a smiling wife, was cold and unoccupied. No frugal board was there, and Mrs. Warren was in bed. Raymond was much astonished, but was too good natured a companion, and silently he ventured to explore the cupboards for a crust on which to satisfy the cravings of the appetite. Not a crust was there. It was evident his wife had designed that he should go to bed supperless, and suppers to bed he did go, grieving seriously over his hard lot. He had never before been so badly treated, and he thought it indeed distressing, but yet his disappointment was not so distressing to revolutionize his constitutional good nature, and without a murmur he fell sound asleep.

Raymond Warren did not hear chattering salubrity the morning, as it dawned after the night of his grievous disappointment. It was spring time, and the birds sang under his window, but he heard them not; yet he heard his wife, who had risen before he did, calling him.

"Mr. Warren here I've been an hour in the cold. The wood's all burned; it's time I had some out. If you want any breakfast you'd better get up."

Was Raymond dreaming? Was this a voice of reproach that came to him in his sleep, with recollections of the wife that had gone before him to the Spirit Land? Not so—it was a voice from the wife that dwell with him in this sphere of existence, that came to remind him of duties not discharged, upon the performance of which depended the satisfaction of those desires which had intruded visions of feasts upon his hours of rest. All this he felt; still he did not offer to leave his couch.

"Raymond Warren," again said the voice, "you left me yesterday without wood, to help a neighbor get wood for his wife, and you went to bed last night without your supper. You'll not get a bite to eat in this house till you bring me wood to cook it with."

"There's plenty of chips," said Raymond, in palliation, trying on his elbow as he spoke.

"Get up, then, and bring them into the house," said the resolute wife. "I didn't know you when we were married, but I know you now. I know what killed your first wife. You want to make a slave of me. I'll attend to my duties; but if you don't do your chores, the cattle may starve, and you'll never get a bite in this house unless you take it uncooked, if you don't cut wood yourself or get somebody to do it for you."

When the invitation came, he hastened to his accustomed seat, lifted the cover from a dish that he supposed contained meat; and, truly, there was meat, but just as it came from the butcher. Raymond was not a cannibal; he looked at his wife inquiringly; she appeared to be waiting patiently to be served. He lifted the cover of another dish; there were potatoes just as they had been dug from the earth. All the dishes that usually contained victuals were covered. Raymond grew suspicious, and he lifted the covers hastily. There was bread, as it had come from the tray: there were turnips that had never been under the influence of fire; there were apples hand-somely sliced for sauce, and there were numerous other edibles, but none of them could Raymond eat. He turned for consolation to a cup of tea his wife had deposited near his plate. There were tea leaves floating in the cup, but the tea looked remarkably pale; nevertheless, Raymond, by force of habit, blew it vigorously to prepare it for his palate. But when he put it to his lips, he found that he had wasted his breath; for the water was as cold as when it came from the spring.

Raymond was not a hasty man. He pushed back his chair deliberately, and thought aloud: "In the name of Heaven! what does this mean?" Mrs. Warren, whose countenance during this scene had worn a sober aspect, now smiled and answered:

"The victuals were all on the stove the usual time."

"It's strange they are not cooked," said Raymond.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Warren; "there was no wood to cook them with."

In an instant Easy Warren then saw what a "moral" there was in his novel dinner, and with a keen appetite, he went to work on the wood pile. He took his dinner and supper together on that day, and remembered what Mrs. Warren said:

"Now, Raymond, whenever you leave me without wood you must eat victuals that have been cooked on a cold stove."

Many women would have stormed and scolded, but Mrs. Warren knew there was a better way to correct her easy husband's carelessness, or shiftlessness, as the reader please.

One day there was no floor in the house, and Raymond was about to go to some neighbors to a town meeting, when his wife had his best coat, and reminded him of the empty floor. Another day his corn was to be gathered, when a neighbor desired him to assist him with his horses and wagon. It was a neighbor who often received favors, but seldom rendered them. But when he went to hitch his horses before his wagon, he found that one of the wheels was missing. Of course the neighbor was disappointed. In the afternoon, when Raymond expressed a wish to draw his corn, the wife told him where he could find his wagon wheel.

This was Easy Warren's household managed, until he began to realize practically what the error of his life had been. People said: "Warren's farm looks much better than it did some years ago." Mrs. Warren never interfered with Raymond's business except when he neglected it, and then she never found fault or scolded, but took occasion to show his neglect to him in a manner which impressed him with his injustice to his own interest.

Raymond's cattle were well cared for, and were in good order. When his fences were down if he did not repair them, his wife employed a neighbor to make the necessary repairs. His wife took the papers and read; she knew the state of the market, and to oblige her, Raymond had his grain in market when the price was highest. Some people said:

"Easy Warren is a henpecked husband."

But he knew better; and often boasted that his wife was more of a "business man," than he was. They had lived together peaceably some years, when one day, Raymond was in a good humor thinking over his prosperous condition, and he told his wife:

"I'm a woman's rights man of the true grit. I may say you wear the breeches, if they please I'm satisfied to have you do the thinking for our firm. And now I see what a fool I have been, I must make up for my early shiftlessness; and, in order to judge you of my training, he became inquisitive instead of Easy Warren."

Adam's Fall.

Mr. White, the temperance lecturer, during his visit to Mobile, last spring, told the following anecdotes in one of his addresses, to illustrate the influence of a bad example in the formation of habits, ruinous in their effect:

Adam and Mary his wife, who lived in one of the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks any way, and Mary thought a great deal of her minister, and the minister thought a good deal of a glass of toddy.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have him a glass of toddy made, and the minister never refused the toddy. After a while Adam got following the example of the minister to such an extent that he became a drunkard—drank up everything he had, every thing could get. Mary and he become very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely, but the good minister continued his visits, and poor Mary continued still to give the glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary that he was going away for a week—should return on Friday—and handed her a book containing the catechism, and told her when he returned he should expect she would be able to answer some of the questions. Mary said yes, and laid the book away very carefully. But Mary, like a good many other church members, thought no more of her book until the very Friday that the good minister was to return.

"What shall I do," says she, "the minister is to be here to-day, and I have not looked into the book he gave me. How can I answer the questions?"

"I can tell you," said Adam, "give me a quarter and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer his questions with toddy."

Mary took the advice—gave Adam the quarter and a jug, and off he started. After getting his jug filled and on his way home, Adam concluded to taste the rum. One taste brought on another, until he stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the jug, and lost the rum. But Adam managed to stagger home.

As soon as he got home, Mary inquired anxiously for the bottle of rum. "Where is the bottle of rum Adam?" Poor Adam managed to stammer out "that he had stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the bottle and lost the rum." Mary was in a fix—Adam drunk—the minister coming—the rum gone—and the questions unlearned. "But here comes the minister! It wouldn't do for a man of God to see Adam drunk, so she went of a better place to hide him, sent him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the minister. After sitting a few moments, he asked Mary if she thought she could answer the questions:

"How did Adam fall?"

Mary turned her head, first one way, and then another, finally stammered out:

"He fell over a pile of rocks."

It was now the minister's turn to look blank, but he ventured another question:

"Where did he hide himself after his fall?"

"Under the bed, sir!"

"There Adam, you may come out he knows all about it."

The good minister retired—not even waiting for a glass of toddy.

A good anecdote is narrated by Mr. Eaton in his Annals of Warren, of one Boggs, who introduced the first flock of sheep into that place. He brought them from Pamquitt, by water, and while sitting on the windlass one day got sleepy and began to nod. The patriarch of the flock, taking it for a challenge drew back and knocked him sprawling upon the deck. Whereupon Boggs, more pugnacious than wise, seized the old fellow by the wool and chucked him overboard. But he got more than he bargained for by this counter movement, for the whole flock feeling bound in all cases to follow their leader, popped over after him; and Boggs, being several miles from land, was obliged to heave to, and with much difficulty recovered them again. He concluded that he had the worst of that battle, at both ends—his Journal.

An Immense Time in the Sanctum.

A day or two since, while seated in the editorial department of our establishment, posting books, pondering over debts due us by delinquents, and showering left-handed blessings on the credit system; our tranquility was suddenly broken in upon by the entrance of a subscriber who has taken the Standard for seven years, during which time he had paid on account 10 dollars, ditto cents! "Halloo!" thought we, "here's a promise to pay one of those days." A mistake as the conversation here proves:

Subscriber—Mr. Printer, I believe I have taken your paper about—let me see—ah, yes about seven years; and about all that time, too, I have lived off Portage Railroad; how you have lived, I do not know, but precious little of my money have you fingered. However, make me out a receipt now, here's your money.

[Subscriber deposits \$14 on the table, which the Editor grasps nervously for fear the subscriber's mind will change, and fills out a receipt. Exit Subscriber.]

As might naturally be supposed, the thermometer of the editor's feelings went up into sunshine 14 per cent. Another rap at the door—

"Come in!"

[Tall countryman enters.]

Countryman—Well, Mr. Newspaperman, how d'ye do? Been taken your paper a dination of a while, and it is a long time since I paid anything. Would'n't be with out it no how—as your list of market prices saves me fifty dollars a year. How much is it?

Editor—(running his eye over the Ledger)—Oh, here it is—two and one's three, and two are five—ten dollars.

[Countryman deposits half a saw-horse, takes his receipt, bids adieu good bye, and vanishes.]

Another rap! What, not another customer? As I live it is!

(Enter Irish subscriber from the Mountain.)

Irishman—How are yeas? Bad luck to me, sell, but its owing this paper for a long time I am, and sure a good wan it is—sorra a bether, barrin' them from the ould country. For what am I lendin' yeas?

(Editor refers to the book.)

Editor—Two years and six—months—five dollars.

[Irishman deposits a yellow coin bearing the impression of the American "eagle," pockets the receipt, he calls for it and is off.]

Sanctum becomes pleasant, everything in it has a brilliant hue—even the rattling of the sleet against the window panes has a charming sound. By Jove another knock! "Walk in!" May I be shot if it isn't G., another fourteen dollar cent. Oh, it cannot be possible that he is a going to pay! Yes he is—by the beard of the prophet, he jerketh his cal-kin!

G.—Well, old fellow, you have done me pretty often, but of course I couldn't begin to blame you for it. I determined to put it out of your power to dun me again for a while, when Capt. West made this payment. Let me see, fourteen dollars I believe you said it was, eh?

Editor (rubbing his hands with glee)—Exactly which pays up to the 15th of next April.

G.—Here's fifteen dollars—just credit me a dollar in advance. Exit subscriber.)

Editor (sings)—A weight transferred from your conscience to our pocket.

[Editor proceeds to enter a credit and sings—"On this may it ever be"—when the song is cut short by the entrance of a German patron.]

German subscriber—Yell, we gates, Mr. Brinter, heh? Owe you ten for ten bapers, heh, how much? Gän' treat mech, mine self but mine chilton say ter must hav ten baper, and I guess if I say must hat him, ter old man must bay heh? (German subscriber who is something of a wag, chuckles and gives the editor a dig in the ribs.)

Editor—Squire your bill is only five dollars.

German subscriber—Five tollar; tat ish-voer makes den, and five I bays you ahead—which makes den.

(German subscriber pulls out an old stocking, and counts down out of it twenty bright half-dollars. Editor's eyes dilate, he becomes exceedingly nervous and shows symptoms of flying off the handle! Exit patron.)

The sky is clouded, but it never looked better—the light was never stronger, and sunshines reigns in the heart. Even the accordion in the book-store underneath, which a few moments ago made an execrable noise, is now making passable music. In the exuberance of his spirits he could have shaken hand with his bitterest enemy. (A heavy step is heard on the stairs! What! eat it possible? The streak has been so good that it must be a call on the other side.)

(Door opens enters J.)

Jerusalem! If he pays the millennium is at hand and the next sound will be a blast from the final trumpet.

J.—Well my hearty, I have just succeeded in collecting some old accounts and as I owe you a considerable of a bill, I thought I could do no better than let you have a little on account.

Editor (strongly impressed with the same opinion)—Under such circumstances, in the language of Dummy Allen:

"Happy to meet—happy to part—and always happy to meet again."

[J. deposits two X's on the table, sees the entry made, and leaves.]

Editor—Good Year till n \$9 00.

[Whig pays, hands over a new advertisement and leaves.]

"Another knock! "Walk in!"

(Enter a lean, long, lank, cadaverous looking, middle aged gentleman, dressed in black with white neck cloth. Editor takes him for a preacher, and bows deferentially.)

Stranger—I am the Travelling Agent of Doctor Julius O. Killmeroff's Universal Regenerating Deporative Resurrection Syrup, which I wish to advertise in your paper.

[Editor lights a cigar, cocks his legs up on the table and feels very independent.]

Editor—We don't advertise quack medicines at this establishment unless it is paid for in advance.

Agent—Excuse me, but this is no quack medicine but one highly recommended by the faculty. What are your terms for half a column a year in advance?

Editor—Twenty dollars.

[Agent doesn't appear to be a bit taken aback, as is usual on such occasions, but draws his Port-manteau.]

Agent—Here's five, and five are ten, and ten are—

[Scene suddenly changes; editorial room and tank agent fade away; Editor finds himself at home in bed; wife shaking him.]

Wife—It is six o'clock. Ais't you going to market?

Editor (slightly riled)—Everlasting perdition seize the market. Didn't I tell you last night I had no market money?

[Editor turns over and tries to continue the dream but the charm is broken, the spell is gone, and all that remains in an uneasy doze, which is interrupted by the Junior of the family berthing him for a horse, and clashing his hair for a bridle reign.]

(Scene changes to breakfast table.)

Wife—I should like to know what you were dreaming about this morning.

Editor—Why?

Wife—Because when I awoke you, you continued grumbling in unintelligible language. The only thing I could understand, was, "an infernal shame you didn't wait until it was a hundred—enough to buy paper."

[Editor gives a ghastly grin, seizes his hat rushes out of the house, goes to the office, and—works off the outside!]

THE LITTLE CHILD IS DEAD. Move softly round the house; tread reverently, when you are near the room where the beautiful form lies in its little coffin. How still! the very shroud seemed sculptured; you never knew how lovely he was until now; you never knew his gentle virtues. Over your heart the memory of his sweet smile hovers like an angel; his eye was brighter than any of you will ever see again; his voice more musical than the sweetest lute. Oh! why does the schoolboy laugh and shout beneath the window where he lies; why will the stranger pass unheeding? How can travellers rattle by so heedlessly? How can the world, the heartless world, go on with its showery fires, its pleasure-seeking, its tumults of peace and war; joy and hatred, when loving happy hearted Willy sleeps unknowing all!

Alas! the little child is dead, and faint would the stricken soul clothe all the world in mourning!

A GOOD NAME.—Always be more solicitous to preserve your innocents than concerned to prove it. It will never do to seek a good name as a primary object. Like trying to be graceful, the effort to be popular will make you contemptible. Take care of your spirit and conduct, and your reputation will take care of itself. The most that you are called to do as a guardian of your reputation, is to remove injurious aspersions. Let not your good be evil spoken of, and follow the highest examples in mild and explicit self-indications. No reputation can be permanent which does not spring from principle, and he who would maintain a good character should be mainly solicitous to maintain a good character void of offence towards God and towards man.

AFFECTED HUMILITY.—Rev. Jesse Lee, of early Methodist notoriety used to tell anecdotes at times as productive of instruction as of levity. He would sometimes refer to a certain Joe Wheaton, a preacher, who was so humble, that he would again and again call himself Joe Wheaton, the weakest of God's creatures.

A colored brother once followed Joe, in the exuberance of the meeting who in his turn with equal modesty and propriety, solicited the attention of the congregation to the testimony of the weakest of all God's creatures, except Joe Wheaton. There is a lesson as well as a laugh in this story.

A GREAT MAN is affable in his conversation, generous in his temper, and immovable in what he has maturely resolved upon. And as prosperity does not make him haughty and imperious, so neither does adversity sink him into meanness and dejection; for, if he ever shows more spirit than ordinary; it is when he is ill-used, and the world is frowning upon him. In short he is equally removed from the extremes of severity and pride; and so, as to trample on a worm or cringe to an Emperor.

Oceans of ink, and reams of paper, and disputes infinite might have been spared, if warglers had avoided lighting the torch of strife at the wrong end since a tenth part of the pains expended in attempting to prove the why, where, and the when certain events have happened, would have been more than sufficient to prove that they never happened at all.

When the regulations of West Boston Bridge were drawn up, the lamons attorneys were chosen for that purpose. One section was written, accepted and now stands thus:— The said proprietors shall meet annually the 1st Tuesday of June provided the same does not fall on Sunday.