

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Reporter is published every Thursday Morning, by E. O. Goodrich, at \$2 per Annum, in Advance.

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Selected Poetry.

WINTER WILL NOT LAST FOREVER.

Winter will not last forever; Spring will soon come forth again. And, with flowers of every color, Deck the hillside and the plain. Lambs will soon in fields be sporting, Birds re-echo from each tree "Winter's gone! its days are ended! We are happy—we are free!" Hedge and tree will soon be budding, Soon with leaves be covered o'er; Winter cannot last forever; Brighter days are yet in store.

Sorrow will not last forever; Brighter times will come again, Joy our every grief succeeding, As the sunshine after rain. As the snow and ice of winter, Melt at the approach of Spring, So will all our cares and trials, Joy, and peace, and comfort bring. When the heart is sad and drooping, Think, though you be vexed sore, Sorrow cannot last forever; Brighter days are yet in store.

ON GATHERING WILD ROSES.

The flowers that in our pathway spring, These are rejected— The blessings every hour may bring These are neglected: But blossoms blooming up on high, Beyond our reach, against the sky, For these we pine, for these we sigh. To seize some tempting distant spray, Waving above us, far away, We crush what in our footpath lay.

Those common things, we heed them not, To be despised is sure their lot, Trifles but made to be forgot! But oh! those lovely far-off things— To those, to those, my spirit clings— Oh, had I but an angel's wings, To soar away beyond the earth, Beyond its woe, beyond its birth, And triumph in a heavenly birth!

Select Tale.

THE WINDOW ON THE PORCH.

How came the window open on that stormy morning? It was the old, old story, the story of young hearts and old heads— Two young people falling in love with each other; a person in the shape of a father disapproving; the lover poor, the father rich; the girl divided between duty and affection for her parent and passionate tenderness for her lover; and Love triumphing in the long-run as he generally does. This was why the parlor window stood wide open that stormy morning; for at twelve the night before she had come down to him, wrapped in white furs and a crimson hood, and had sobbed, "Oh, Charles, I am very, very wicked, and unless Pa forgives me God never will!" which theological statement Charles combated bravely, and proved beyond a doubt (to his own mind, at least) that there was no harm in marrying whom one loved.

Trembling and sobbing softly, though there was no danger of being heard amidst the gusts of wind and the creaking of the bare elm branches, she let him lead her on tenderly over the soft snow until a dark object under the trees slowly developed itself to their eyes as a sleigh and two horses, and an old driver, who had been beating his arms against his breast to keep himself warm, helped the lady in, with a gruff sort of sympathy. And away they glided, the black horses before them, and the white snow about them, falling softly, softly over them, and Janet's head lying on Charles's breast, and her little fur-lined form nestled close to his. They were foolish little people, but not wicked, whom those black horses whirled over the white snow to Hy-men's altar that bitter winter's night so long ago.

When they found that balcony window open in the gray morning's dawn, and found also a penitential letter blotted with tears, and an empty bed, the pillows of which had not been rumpled, pursuit was useless; for Janet Grey had promised to love, honor, and obey Charles Oliver, and he had vowed to love and cherish her until death did them part.

"Forgive them—never!" So passionate old Robin Grey vowed, with many an expletive not to be written here. Forgive her! The serpent warmed in his bosom to sting him at last. From his heart and his home she had gone forth of her own free will, and an exile from both she must remain forever.

Poor Janet, who had loved her father dearly, for she had never, he had no one on earth but that pretty, pretty daughter, who had about as much idea of the life before her as a baby might have had. She had married a sailor, second mate of the *Bonnie Lassie*, who made voyages to the East Indies and brought home cargoes of spices and sweet-scented woods and fruit and rare confections, but who did not always bring home those who went with her; for in those warm latitudes fevers are rife, and many a sailor in his hammock spread has floated from his moorings to the Spice Islands, while at home many a young wife has watched for the good ship which should return her husband to her never more.

Three months of innocent delirium, the world seeming made for them, and only orders worthy to breathe its air, then came

The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 26, 1865. NUMBER 35. \$2 per Annum, in Advance.

ORIGIN OF THE CHIVALRY.

Extracts from an Address Delivered by Hon. Charles Sumner, in New York, November 5, 1864. TWO ELEMENTAL FORCES, SLAVERY AND LIBERTY FACE TO FACE.

A glance only at the immediate origin of this war is enough for the present occasion. But, in order to dispel all darkness and to determine our duty, let me take you for a few moments back to the distant origin of the elemental forces which are now in deadly conflict. Looking at the question abstractedly, these two elemental forces are nothing but slavery and liberty. It is almost superfluous to add that these are natural enemies, and cannot exist together. Where slavery is there liberty cannot be, and where liberty is there slavery cannot be. To uphold slavery there must be an uncompromising denial of liberty; to uphold liberty there must be an uncompromising denial of slavery. Each in self defence must stifle the other. Therefore between the two there is a constant hostility and undying hate. This eternal warfare is not peculiar to our country. It belongs to the nature of the slave system, and it fails to show itself anywhere else. It is a fact that slavery has won its most detestable triumph, and blotted out the heaven-born sentiment of freedom. Circumstances among us, going back to our earliest history, have given unprecedented activity to these two incompatible principles, and have at last brought them into bloody battle face to face. But it is only a part of the universal conflict which must endure so long as a single slave shall wear a chain. Slavery itself is a state of war, ready to burst forth in blood whenever the slave reclaims that liberty which is his right, or whenever mankind refuses to sanction its inhuman pretensions.

THE SLAVE-SHIP, AND THE MAYFLOWER IN 1620. Go back to the earliest days of colonial history, and you will find the conflict already preparing. It was in 1620 that nineteen slaves were landed in Jamestown, in Virginia—the first that ever pressed the soil of our country. In that same year the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Those two cargoes contained the hostile germs which have ripened to our times. They fitly symbolize our gigantic strife. On the one side the King, the nobles, and on the other the Mayflower. Early events drew into prominence. We begin to recognize their undoubted consequences, and these two ships may be regarded hereafter with additional interest, when it is seen that in them were the beginnings of the present war.

Perhaps in all the romantic legends of the sea there is nothing more striking than the contrast presented by those two vessels. Each had ventured forth upon an untried and perilous ocean to find an unknown and distant coast. In this they were alike; but in the other they were unlike. One was freighted with human beings, forced from their own country, and hurried away in chains to be sold as slaves. The other was filled with good men, who had voluntarily turned their backs upon their own country to seek other homes, where at least they might be free. One was heavy with curses and sorrow. The other was lifted with anthem and with prayer. And thus, at the same time, beneath the same sun, over the same waves, they found their way. It requires no effort of imagination to see on board one of those ships Slavery, and in all the other Liberty, traversing the ocean to continue being in this broad continent their unmitigable war.

There is no record of what passed in the cabin of the slave-ship before the landing of the slaves. The wail of slavery, the clank of chains, and the voice of the master counting the price of his cargo, there might have been. But the cabin of the Mayflower another scene, of which there is an authentic record, as the whole company, by solemn compact, deliberately constituted themselves a body politic, and set the grand example to a thrice-anointed commonwealth. Thus indicating the character which had been claimed for them, as "knit together in a strict and sacred bond, by virtue of which they held themselves bound to take care of the good of each other and of the whole." And so these two voyages closed.

INFLUENCE OF THE TWO SHIPS. Look at the early social life of the two warring sections, and you will see the influence of the two ships. Virginia continued to be supplied with slaves, so that slavery became a part of herself. On the other hand, New England always set her face against slavery. To her great honor, in an age when slavery was less condemned than now, the legislature of Massachusetts censured a ship-master who had "frankly and injuriously brought a negro from Guinea," and, by solemn vote, resolved that the negro should be "sent back without delay," and not long after enacted the law of Exodos, "If any man steal a man, he shall surely be put to death." Thus at that early day stood Virginia and New England; for such at that time was the designation of the two provinces which divided British America by a line of demarcation very nearly coincident with the recent slave line of our Republic.

OPPOSITE CHARACTER OF THE SETTLERS OF VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND. But the contrast between the two colonies, as illustrated by those two voyages, appears equally in the opposite character of their respective settlers. Like seeks like, and the Pilgrims of the Mayflower were followed by others of similar virtues—whose first labors on landing were to build churches and schools. Many of them had the best education in England; some were men of substance, and there was no poverty among them that could cause a blush, while all were most exact and exemplary in conduct. They were a branch of that grand Puritan stock, to which, according to the reluctant confession of Hume, "the English were indebted for the whole freedom of their Constitution." We are told by Burke that there is a sacred veil to be drawn over the beginnings of all governments, and that where this is not happily supplied by time, it must be found in a discreet silence. But no veil is needed for the Puritan settlers of New England. It is very different with the early settlers of Virginia, recruited from the castaways and shirkers of Old England, and mostly needy men, of desperate fortunes and dissolute lives, who cared nothing for churches or schools. Such people naturally became slave-masters. I should not lift the veil which charity would kindly draw over those early settlers, if a just knowledge of their

CHARACTER OF THE SETTLERS OF VIRGINIA.

I begin with the early patron of Virginia, Lord Delaware, who after visiting the colony described the people there in a letter dated at Jamestown, July 7, 1610, as "men of distempered bodies and infected minds, whom no examples daily before their eyes, either of goodness or punishment, can deter from their habitual impieties or terrify from a shameful death." (Strachey's History, preface, p. 32.) Language cannot be stronger.

But the colony, which began with bad men, was increased by worse. In 1619 King James wrote to the Virginia company commanding them "to send a hundred disolute persons to Virginia, whom the Knight Marshal shall deliver." (Strachey's History of Virginia, vol. 1, p. 168.) Thus by royal command was this colony made a Botany Bay. The company, not content with the "hundred disolute persons" supplied by the King, entered into the scheme of such a Captain John Smith, the hero of Virginia, was moved to express his disgust. He testified to the evil when he wrote in 1622: "Since I came from thence, the honorable company have been humble suitors to his Majesty to get vagabond and condemned men to go thither; nay, so much scorned was the name of Virginia, some did choose to be hanged ere they would go thither, and were." (Smith's New England Trials, 1622.) This was bad enough.

But the Virginia company seem to have been insensible to the shame of such a settlement. Its agents and orators vindicated the utility of the colony on this account. In a work entitled "Nova Britannia," offering most excellent fruits by planting in Virginia," published in London in 1609, and dedicated to "one of his majesty's council for Virginia," it was openly argued, that unless "swarms of idle persons in lewd and naughty practices" were sent abroad "we must provide shortly more prisoners and corrections for their bad conditions;" and that it was "most profitable for our state to rid our multitudes of such as lie at home pestering the land with pestilence and misery, and infecting one another with vice and villainy, worse than the plague itself." Dr. Donne, dean of St. Paul's, poet also, in a sermon "preached to the honorable company of the Virginia plantation, 13th November, 1622," thus sets forth the merits of the colony: "The plantation shall redde many a wretch from the laws of death; from the hands of the executioner. It shall sweep your streets and wash your doors from idle persons, and the children of idle persons, and employ them." Such were the puns by which recruits were gained for Virginia.

History records the unquestionable result, and here the authorities multiply. Sir Jonathan Child, in his "Discourse of the Trade of the Plantations," published in 1698, says: "Virginia and Barbadoes were first peopled by a sort of loose vagrant people. Had it not have been for our plantations, they must have come to be hanged or starved or sold for soldiers." Dr. Douglass, in his Colonial History, printed in 1649, gives the following testimony: "Our plantations in America, New England excepted, have been generally settled: 1. By malcontents from the administrations from time to time. 2. By fraudulent debtors as a refuge from creditors; and 3. by convicts or criminals who chose transportation rather than death." (Douglass's History, Vol. 2, p. 428.) Graham, the Scotch historian, who has written so conscientiously of our country, speaking of the first settlers, says of Virginia: "A great proportion of these new emigrants consisted of profligate and licentious youths, sent from England by their friends, with the hope of changing their destinies, or for the purpose of screening them from the justice or contempt of their country; * * * with others like these, more likely to corrupt or prey upon an infant commonwealth than to foster it." (Graham's United States, Vol. 1, p. 54.) The historian of Virginia, William Smith, whose work was published at Williamsburg in the last century, is not less explicit: "I cannot but remark," he says, "how early that custom arose of transporting loose and dissolute persons to Virginia, as a place of punishment and disgrace, which although originally designed for the advancement and increase of the colony, yet has certainly proved a great prejudice and hindrance to its growth; for it hath laid one of the

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most countries of British America under the unjust scandal of being a mere hell upon earth, another Siberia, and only fit for the reception of malefactors and the vilest of the people; so that few, at least few large bodies of people, have been induced willingly to transport themselves to such a place, and your younger sisters, the northern colonies, have profited thereby." (Stith's History of Virginia, Vol. 1, p. 168.) But this is not all. Another historian of Virginia of our day, whose work was published at Richmond, in 1846, while showing that pride in his State which would change every settler into a "cavalier," has been compelled to make the following most rueful confession: "Gentlemen reduced to poverty by gaming and extravagance, too proud to beg, too lazy to dig—broken tradesmen, with some stigma or fraud yet clinging to their names—footmen, who had expended in the mother country the last shred of honest reputation that was ever left—rakes consumed with disease and shattered in the services of the Royal Crusade, whose space of sin was yet un-run—and unruly sparks packed off by their friends to escape worse destinies at home—these were the men who came to aid in founding a nation, and to transmit to posterity their own immaculate impress." (Howison, History of Virginia, Vol. 1, p. 169.) And this same historian confesses that social life in Virginia, beginning in such baseness, after more than a century, had developed "an aristocracy neither of talent, nor learning, nor moral worth, but of land and slave interest." (Ibid., p. 201.) So much for the testimony of history, even when written and printed in Virginia.

I know not the number of desperate persons shipped to Virginia; but there was enough to leave an indelible impression on the colony, and to give it a name in the literature of the time. It was this colony which suggested to Bacon the most pregnant words of one of his essays, which furnished to De Foe several striking passages in one of his romances, and which provoked Massinger to a dialogue in one of his dramas, let me glance for one moment at these illustrations. It is difficult to choose.

It is in the essay on "Plantations," that Bacon thus brands the early settlement of Virginia: "It is a shameful and unblest thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom you plant; and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation for they will ever live like rogues." (Bacon's Essays, 33.) Surely there is nothing here out of which to construct a "cavalier."

In the narrative of Moll Flanders, the now hiding under the bank, now fall of shadder, till bimely the bank, and then they go slow. I am in favor of long courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each other's trump cards, it is real good exercise, and is just as insert as two merino lambs. Courting is like strawberries and cream—wants to be did slow to git the flavor. I have saw folks git acquainted, fall in luv, git married, settle down, git tew work, in 3 weeks from date. This iz just the wa sam folks larn a trade—akounts for the grate number of admitter meckaniks we hav and the poor jabs that turn out. Perhaps it iz best iz shud give som good advice vew young men who ar about 2 court with final view 2 matrimony, as it was.

In the first place, young man, yu want tew git yur system avl rite, and then find a young woman who iz willing 2 be courted on the square. The next thing is to find out how old she iz, which you can dew by asking her and she will sa that she iz 19 years old, and this you will find won't be far from out of the wa. The next best thing iz to begin moderate; say once every nite in the week for the first six months, increasing the dose as the patient seems to require it. It is a fast rate wa 2 court the girl's mother a leetle on the start, for there iz one thing a woman never despises, and that iz, a leetle good courting, if it iz done strictly on the square. After the first year yu will begin 2 be well acquainted and will begin 2 like the bizness.

There is one thing I alwas advise, and that is not to swap fotografs; oftener than once in too days, less yu forgit how the folks look. Occasionally yu want 2 look sorry and draw in yur wand as the pu hav pain; this will set the gal to teasing yu 2 find out what ails yu. As a general thing I wouldn't brag on other gals much when I was courtin'. It mite look as if yu km 2 much. If yu will court 3 years in this wa, avl the time on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a leetle the slickest time in yur life, you can get measured for a hat at mi expense, and pa for it. Don't court for many not buty, nor relations; these things are just about as the kerosene in the refining house, to get out of wopair and bust at only mite. Get a gal for fun, for the luv you bear her, for the vartue and bizness there iz in her; court her for a wife and for a mother; court her as yu would court a farm for the strength of the site and the perfectness of the title; court her as she want a fule and yu a nuther; court her in the kitchen, in the parlor, over the wash tub, and at the pianer; court this wa, young man, and if yu don't git a real good wife, the fault won't be in the courting. Young man, yu can rely upon Josh Billings, and if yu can't make these ruls work, just send for him, and he will show yu how the thing iz did—it shant cost yu a sent.—Josh Billings.

THE IRON PYRITES.—A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist of Boston, with a box of specimens. "Can you tell me what this is, sir?" "Certainly I can, sir. That is iron pyrites." "What sir?" "It is a voice of thunder." "Iron pyrites." "Iron pyrites." "And what's that?" "That's what it is," said the chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared. "Dross." "And what is iron pyrites worth?" "Nothing." "What yur pyrites a woman in our town owns a whole hill of that—and I've never heard her?"

We consider the old man's reply to his son as to the meaning of the word "cavalier" scarier content than Webster's. "Cavalier, my son, is when your mother says she loves me, and don't see the buttons on my shirt." The young lady who was struck with an idea, has since recovered.

CONFLICT BETWEEN SLAVERY AND LIBERTY. I come back to the postulate with which I began, that the present war is simply a conflict between slavery and liberty. This is a plain statement, which will defy contradiction. To my mind it is more satisfactory than that other statement, which is often made, that it is a conflict between aristocracy and democracy. This in a certain sense is true; but from its generality it is less effective than a more precise and restricted statement. It does not disclose the whole truth; for it does not exhibit the unique and exceptional character of the pretension which we combat. For centuries there has been a conflict between aristocracy and democracy, or, in other words, the few on one side have been perpetually striving to rule and oppose the many. But now, for the first time in the world's annals a people professing civilization has commenced war to uphold the intolerable pretension to compel labor without wages, and that most disgusting incident, the whipping of women and the selling of children.

Call these aristocrats or oligarchs if you will; but do not forget that their aristocracy or oligarchy is the least respectable of any ever attempted, and is so entirely modern that it is antedated by the Durian ball Hlubuck, the short horn progenitor of the oligarchy of cattle, and by the stallion Grodolphin, the Arabian progenitor of the oligarchy of horses, both of which may be traced to the middle of the last century. And do not forget that, if you would find a prototype in brutality, you must turn your back upon civilized history, and repair to those distant islands which witnessed an oligarchy of cannibals, or go to barbarous Africa, which has been kept in barbarism by an oligarchy of men-stealers.

LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Thus it stands. The conflict is directly between slavery and liberty. But because slavery is a crime at the life of the republic, the conflict involves our national existence; and because our national death would be the despair of liberty everywhere, it involves this great cause throughout the world. And yet I would not for one moment lose sight of the special enemy; for our energies can be properly directed only when we are able to confront them. "Give me to see," said the old Greek; and this must be our explanation now.

COURTING.

Courting is a luxury it iz saliad, it iz iser water, it iz the pla spell of the soul. The man who has never courted has lived in vain; he has been a blind man among landscapes and water skapes; he has been a deff man in the land ov hand organs, and by the side ov murraining canvass. Courting iz like 2 little springs ov soft water that steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain, and run down the hill, side by side, singing and dancing and spattering each other, edying, fothing and kaskading, now hiding under the bank, now fall ov shadder, till bimely the bank, and then they go slow. I am in favor of long courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each other's trump cards, it is real good exercise, and is just as insert as two merino lambs. Courting is like strawberries and cream—wants to be did slow to git the flavor. I have saw folks git acquainted, fall in luv, git married, settle down, git tew work, in 3 weeks from date. This iz just the wa sam folks larn a trade—akounts for the grate number of admitter meckaniks we hav and the poor jabs that turn out. Perhaps it iz best iz shud give som good advice vew young men who ar about 2 court with final view 2 matrimony, as it was.