

The Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY,

Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. PORTER.

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

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TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 20, 1848.

NO. 28.

[For the Bradford Reporter.] The Storm.

BY E. W. MARSH.

As we view the coming storm,
The billows roll with feelings most intense;
The clouds that heaven's black expanse
Fill with more near the shadowy squadrons
Of angels,
The clouds by adverse tempests driven;
The lightning flashes in advance,
The gale by whirlwind force is riven;
The joyful peevades as bursts the bolts of
Heaven.

The wild commotion! the rent mass
Of elements; as if to war
The spirits of the storm did pass,
The loud thunders voice, and lightning's
Power.
How my heart hath leaped at such an hour,
The destruction swept across the plain;
The shock-propelling tree and bower—
That will joy obliterated every pain,
The dreamt again my lips, should sorrow's
Chalice drain.

[For the Bradford Reporter.] The Death of Mrs. Anna Coolbaugh.

It is finished! the poor sufferer
Hath breathed her last deep groan;
It is finished! and the spirit bright
To heaven's climes hath flown.
O then the sacred rosy wreath,
By sister spirits twined,
Was ready on its first approach
Her radiant brow to bind.
Surprised as thousand objects burst
Upon her ravished sight,
But 'twas the Lamb her spirit filled
With infinite delight.

Behold! 'thou wilt ever sit
Beneath life's fadeless tree;
There, amid the amaranthine blooms,
Reserve a seat for me.
Where may I tell how Providence
Mysterious, not unkind,
By various trials sharp and long,
Our sinful souls refined.
Behold I leave thee, and descend
To solace weeping love;
Thy mother's sorrow in thy tones
Is like the widowed dove.

Empathy there is a balm
To heal the wounded heart;
Oh, remember! Jesus bears,
All your griefs, a part.
Thy light enthroned in glory, He
Marks the contrite one;
Thy brother! meekly kiss the rod,
And say—His will be done.
MAY 1848.

[For the Bradford Reporter.] Woman's Power.

Do not let a woman's power,
Seen them in the adverse hour;
The ray of hope has shed,
The affection lowered o'er the head.
Be kind and gentle voice
To make the weary heart rejoice;
The mourner dry his tears,
The trembling calm his fears.
On life's troubled billows tost
The power of life was lost;
The power revived each ray,
The sad cares and thoughts away.

Through all the varied scenes of life,
The sorrows, joy and strife,
The cares could we withstand
By her kind and helping hand.
TOWANDA, PA.

Take time, and think about it.

When you are in beauty's bloom,
And life and debonair,
Do not too boldly presume,
To warn thus the fair.
When beauty rises to the view,
The sun will buzz—ne'er doubt it—
The human mind—when they pause—
Take time to think about it.
When every flaring art they try,
To raise your shape and air—
The blooming cheeks and sparkling eye—
The dear girls, beware.
The honey of your rosy lip
They strive to gain, ne'er doubt it;
When you let them have a sip,
Take time and think about it.
When the constant lover woos,
And with many sense,
To his tender vows,
The trifling forms dispense.
When you to flatter or deceive,
Ne'er doubt it;
When you had such then freely give,
Do not think too long about it.

The Shoemaker & his two Wives.

Every body was pitying Mr. Sampson, the shoemaker of the village of B. Now, gentle reader, you need not guess Brunswick, nor Bethel, or Bloomfield, nor any other village beginning with a B., for I will assure you beforehand you won't guess right; nobody knows the identical place beginning with a B., except the writer. Well, everybody was pitying the shoemaker, and as he passed daily by my window on his way to his little workshop, I involuntarily drew down my face in token of commiseration, though why I should do it, I could not for my life have explained. But everybody said he was an unhappy man; that his wife almost scolded his life out of him; that she was the biggest scold in the country, beat Xantippe of classical memory all hollow; that in her fits of passion she whisked the poor shoemaker about very much like a West India bamboo, in a tropical hurricane. Never was such a scold; her tongue might be heard the first thing in the morning and the last at night. She was so constantly scolding, she would never take time to die, so the poor shoemaker's misery seemed interminable. All the men were telling how they would manage her if they had her for a wife; and when a half dozen of them collected at a farmer's house, the shoemaker's wife was often the theme, "Very many were the modes of punishment devised by those who had not the shrew to deal with. It might generally be observed on such occasions that those who were suspected of being henpecked, now fortified by the numbers present, generally talked most valiantly how they would manage the shoemaker's wife if she belonged to them, now and then casting furtive glances at their bustling good wives present. But it was plain to be seen the women did not relish this theme when discussed by their men. They would talk pathetically of the shoemaker's grievances among themselves, talk eloquently of the misery a man must suffer in being tied to such a termagant; but no sooner did an unlucky husband attempt to hump upon the same string, than touch a hornet's nest, all the women were out with palliatives, and warm in the defence of the shoemaker's wife.

"Every woman had her peculiar trials. Mrs. Sampson no doubt, had hers as well as others. She had no flesh on her bones, and was as yellow as saffron, it was plain that she was a sick woman. Mr. Sampson appeared pleasant enough out doors, but for all that, he might be a tyrant at home." Thus was poor Mrs. Sampson defended in spite of her tongue. But whatever they felt called upon to say in behalf of Mrs. Sampson, in the presence of their husbands, their sympathies were actually altogether on the side of Mr. Sampson. Every good wife wreathed her face into the most becoming smile, when she accosted Mr. Sampson, merely out of good nature; far be it from me to insinuate, that it was to contrast with the thin lips and sour visage of his own good wife. Seeing this state of things, I began naturally to study the countenance of the poor man as he passed my window, in order to read the lines of care, the furrows of misery, and cringing air of a henpecked man. But, truth to say, no such things were to be seen. He generally passed with a careless sturdy tread, humming a tune, or picking his teeth. As for wrinkles, his hale, good natured, handsome face looked as if it might bid defiance to them for many a year to come. His bright open eye looked as if it had never twinkled with anything but good humor; and instead of being the most miserable, fat once sat him down for the happiest man in the village of B.—No one bought oftener gingerbread and candy for his children, or new gowns for his wife. When, arm in arm, they trudged along to meeting on a Sunday, no man seemed more busily to chat with his wife, and no woman looked prouder of her husband. The secret seemed to be in his having good naturedly accommodated himself to the disposition of his wife, without compromising his own independence. After all, it depends less upon external circumstances, than on our own disposition, whether we are happy or miserable in this life. In process of time the shoemaker's wife died leaving her husband to follow her to the grave with as many children as followed Mr. Rodgers to the stake, and whether that were nine or ten the reader must determine. Contrary to the expectations of every one, Mr. Sampson mourned long and truly for his wife. She had been a thrifty housewife, and a neat, careful

mother, and so used were husband and children to her severe discipline, that it was doubtful whether they would know how to act without it. But sorrow like all other things in this sublunary world must have an end. The children were growing disorderly, and were losing the tidy appearance, that had always characterized them. Nothing in the shoemaker's snug domicile went right. The good house-wives in the village of B. were busy in making a second match for poor Sampson; and like prudent women, they all pitched upon one the very antipodes of poor Mrs. Sampson, who was dead and gone. Susan Gowen was mild, good natured and smart, and all eyes were turned upon her as the future Mrs. Sampson. She was just the right age, had a little property, and all declared he could never do better; and Mr. Sampson, like a reasonable man, believed what everybody said, and married her. This time, at least, the neighbors had no reason to complain. The second Mrs. Sampson was a mirror of patience; the neighbors who happened in, about real time, could find no fault with the bread and butter, the last article being thick enough to satisfy the most captious; and as for pie, or cake, all declared her's were no "mother-in-law pieces." The shoemaker must and would be happy. Months passed away, and if the predictions of the neighbors were to be verified, Mr. Sampson's appearance was somewhat equivocal for a happy man. It was certain that he grew thin, did not whistle, or laugh, or hum half so often as he used to do. His step was listless, and he seemed to have lost much of that sturdy activity which had formerly distinguished him. The neighbors were completely at a stand. Mrs. Sampson was strictly scrutinized, but nothing could be detected. She was patience personified. Meanwhile the children accustomed to the severe discipline of their mother, no sooner found themselves subjected to the milder sway of a step-mother, whose right to control them was, to say the least, doubtful, since public opinion has made it such, now burst free from all restraint, and revelled in the glorious privilege of doing whatever they had a mind to do.

Poor Mrs. Sampson talked, and coaxed, and wept; and in one or two instances, even had the temerity to put a "motherless child" down cellar; all to no purpose. They were as unmanageable as a parcel of wild colts broken free from the pasture, and antic with the first consciousness of freedom. Mr. Sampson could not manage them, th' it was out of the question; he had never thought of doing it, while their mother was alive, and how could he now that she was dead and gone?—Among the trials awarded to the Patriarch Job, it is well perhaps that his sex precluded the possibility of his passing the ordeal of a mother-in-law's lot. So thought the second Mrs. Sampson. She had tried everything, and now her patience was completely exhausted. One day just as her husband was coming in to dinner, driven to desperation by the accumulated din of so many ungovernable children, she suddenly armed herself with a handful of hemlock tops, and laid them about her on every side, at the same time ordering every child to a seat about the quickest. At this moment her husband entered, and far from flinching, she resolutely told him what she had done and what she meant to do in future, ere she would endure such an intolerable din. Mr. Sampson was at once in fine spirits. His wife had never looked half so handsome before. The children were as whist as mice in a cheese. Mrs. Sampson absolutely kept her word, and though the neighbors pitied the children, and talked mournfully of the sorrows of poor Mr. Sampson, from that time he began to gain in flesh and spirits, and became the sturdy, good natured sort of a man I had formerly known him. The recurrence of the old stimulus in the activity of a wife's tongue, had restored the buoyancy to his spirits, and health to his bones. Such being the fact, I thought it best to write this history, in the hope that persons witnessing a similar case, would suspend their sympathies, and reflect, that after all the husband of a scolding wife may be as happy as that of a good natured one; and the sprited tones of her voice in scolding, may be quite as agreeable to such a husband's ear as the most dulcet notes of the other in trilling a fashionable air.

Is it so?—A contemporary says, "nineteen twentieths of all the drunkards in the land are married, and are heads of families." That's an argument in favor of bachelorism.

An Incident of the Yellow Fever.

The yellow fever raged fearfully in Boston the last part of the eighteenth century. The panic was so universal, that wives forsook their dying husbands in some cases, and mothers their dying children, to escape the contagious atmosphere of the town. Funeral rites were generally omitted. The "death carts" sent into every part of the town, were so arranged as to pass each street every half hour. At each house known to contain a victim of the fever, they rang a bell, and called, "bring out your dead." When the lifeless forms were brought out, they were wrapped in tarred sheets, put into the cart, and carried to the burial place, unaccompanied by relatives. In most instances, in fact, relatives had fled before the first approach of the fatal disease.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim of the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him, for he would die, if he did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the "death carts" had visited the chamber, and seen that his end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told that she never knew how to account for it, but that though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, tho' their own reason was opposed to it. The half hour again returned, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring forth your dead."

The wife again resisted their importunities, but this time the men were resolute. They said the duty assigned them was a painful one; but the health of the town required punctual obedience to the orders they had received. If they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead; and immediate fumigation of the apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead!" The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea, but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and found him cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think that a little more gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable strength of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances, she answered, "if you bury him you must bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the case, they obtained from her a promise that if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to his removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bedpost, and renewed her efforts with doubled zeal. She placed the kegs of hot water about him; forced brandy between his teeth; breathed into his nostrils; held harshorn to his nose, but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently, and the harshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened—and when the death man came, they found him sitting up in bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

I should be sorry to waken any fears or excite unpleasant impressions by the

recital of this story; but I have ever thought that funerals were too much hurried in this country—particularly in the newly settled parts of the country. It seems to me there ought to be as much delay as possible, especially in cases of sudden death. I believe no nation bury with so much haste as the Americans. The ancients took many precautions. They washed and anointed the body many successive times before it was carried to the burial. The Romans cut off a joint of the finger to make sure that life was extinct, before they lighted the funeral pile. Doubtless it is very unusual for the body to remain apparently lifeless for several hours, unless it be really dead; but the mere possibility of such cases, should make friends careful to observe undoubted symptoms of dissolution before the interment.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Matrimonial Export.

In the early settlement of Virginia, when the adventurers were principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed upon to quit England, as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying a shipment of these matrimonial exports, dated London, August 12, 1621, is illustrative of the manners of those times, and the concern then felt for the welfare of the colony, and for female virtue. It is as follows:

"We send you a ship, one widow and eleven maids, for wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations.

"In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our Hon. Lord and Treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who taking it into their consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families are planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore having given this fair beginning; for the reimbursing of whose charges, it is ordered that every man that marries them, give one hundred and twenty pounds of best leaf tobacco for each of them.

"Though we are desirous that the marriage may be free, according to nature; yet we would not have those maids deceived, and married to servants; but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills."

Stratagem of a Privateer.

During the Revolutionary War, two brothers from one of eastern ports, were commanders of privateers—they cruised together, and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy, and making much money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they spied a large, British vessel, having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but to their astonishment, found her a frigate disguised. A very light breeze prevailing they hauled off in different directions—one only could be pursued, and the frigate rapidly gained upon him. Finding he could not run away, the commanding officer had recourse to stratagem—on a sudden he hauled down every sail, and had all hands on deck, employed with "setting poles," as if showing the vessel off a bank! The people on board the frigate were amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately clawed off, and left the more knowing Yankee to make himself scarce, as soon as the night rendered it prudent for him to hoist sail in a sea two thousand fathoms deep.

MODESTY.—Modesty always sits upon youth gracefully; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide. In the young man, it is the index of an ingenuous heart; in the young lady, it is the golden key whereby the truly discerning may unlock the casket, which conceals from common observers the inimitable graces and wealthy treasures of her mind.

CHARITY.—Charity has been well expressed by the emblem of a naked child giving honey to a bee; without wings; only we would have one thing more added; namely, holding a whip in the other hand, to drive away the drones.

A Cheerful Home.

What solace there is in a cheerful home! The bright fireside, if it be made bright but by a log of wood; the cleanly spread table, if it contain but one dish; the full glass, if it be filled with the humblest beverage; the contented wife, and the happy children, made so by the happy tone of the father, who in his business transactions, is hard, cold, stern, and correct! How cheaply may such a home be purchased, by a uniform show of kindness, or sympathy, and a slight yielding to the whims and caprices of its inmates. The man who makes a domestic autocrat of himself, who makes his will law, and exacts implicit obedience to it, has up home, properly so called, but merely a petty kingdom, of which he is the ruling tyrant.

What a thrill of pleasure is given by words of kindness spoken by lips the owner of which has a heart full of the true milk of humanity! Happy the children that have such a father, and joyful the wife with such a husband! But there is no man without his crusty moments; the wear and tear of business, the irritation consequent upon it, must sometimes give rise to hard words and harsh conduct, when at home, in the domestic circle. Then comes the test of the good wife, the looks of condolence and of affection, the assiduous cares, the cheering words, the smile, the tear of sympathy, and the honest common sense and unselfish advice.—Ah, if we could keep in mind how necessary it is to bear and forbear, how much more profitable are the words that turn away wrath than those that annoy, irritate, vex, and engender quarrels, our sum of happiness would be increased a hundred fold.

Semblance and Reality.

Dow, jr., thus hits off the contrast between semblance and reality in the scenes of a ball enjoyed by the young folks of his imaginary congregation.—"A woman," says he, "may not be an angel, though she glides thro' the mazes of the dance like a spirit clothed with the rainbow and studded with stars.—The young man may behold his object on the morrow in the true light of reality: purchase employing a wash tub in the gutter, with frock pinned up behind—her cheek pale for the want of paint—her hair mussed and mussy except what lies in the bureau—and her whole contour wearing the appearance of an angel, raffined through a brush fence into a world of wretchedness and we. Now my dear friends, supposing a man does happen to find his snapped up beauty in such a predicament? I say it is a glorious recommendation for him; and if he don't like it he must keep away from those places where loveliness is patched up for the occasion, and a she-devil and a she-seraph are one and the same thing. Every ball, now-a-days, is a masquerade; its attendants are as false as they appear to be fair; and when daylight comes to unmask them, they can boast no greater attractions, either inside or out. As for waltzing, nobody can do it, unless they have the spring halt in one leg as horses have. When I see a chap chugged up to a girl, performing constant revolutions at the rate of six a minute, I can't help suspecting that he is trying to get round her in a very unscientific way. O! this waltzing is a silly piece of business! A puppy whirling round after his mail, presents a much more respectable appearance than a couple of our heavenly Father's images in the ludicrous position of waltzing."

SADNESS.—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent recesses of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again, a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overwhelming all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence! Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

WESTERN POLITICS.—Are you a whig sir?
"No, stranger, I'm a shoemaker."
"Oh, you don't understand me. I mean what part do you take in politics?"
"Polly Ticks! I don't know any gal by that name. I reckon she don't live in these ere diggins."