

The Bradford Reporter

WEDNESDAY,

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

(BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.)

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NO. 43.

[From the German of Krummacker.]

The Days of Creation.

And silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay,
The Eternal spoke Creation's word,
And called to being, Day.
It streamed from on high,
All reddening and bright,
And angels' songs welcom'd
The new-born light.
Spoke: the murmuring waters fled,
They left their deep repose,
The over-arching heaven's blue vault
The firmament arose.
Now sparks above
Heaven's glorious blue,
It sends to the earth
The light and the dew.
Spoke: he bade the waters divide;
The earth uprears her head;
From hill, from rock, the rushing streams
In bubbling torrents spread.
The earth rested quiet,
And poised in the air,
In heaven's blue bosom
Lay naked and bare.
Spoke: the hills and plains put on
The robe of freshest green;
The forests in the valleys wave,
And budding trees are seen.
The word of his breath
Clothes the forest with leaves,
The high gift of beauty
The spring-tide receives.
Spoke: and the new dressed earth
Spoke: the glowing Sun,
The full of joy he sprung aloft,
His heavenly course to run.
Spoke: the stars
As they shone in the sky,
The Moon with mild aspect
Attended on high.
Spoke: the waters teem with life,
The tenants of the floods;
The many colored winged birds
Fly quickly through the woods.
On ruses the eagle
On fishy wings,
Low in the valley
The nightingale sings.
Spoke: the lion, steer and horse
From the moisten'd clay,
The breast of mother earth
Bears lambs and lambskins play.
They give life to the mountain,
They swarm on the plain,
But their eyes fix'd on earth
Most for ever remain.
Spoke: he looked on earth and heaven
With mild and gracious eye;
His own image man he made,
And gave him dignity.
He springs from the dust,
The Lord of the earth,
The choros of heaven
Ends at his birth.
Now Creation's work was ended,
He used his hand, he spoke,
The rest by God ordained,
The Sabbath morning broke.

The Beautiful.

The beautiful! the beautiful!
Where do we find it not?
In all pervading grace,
In light and every spot.
On the ocean wave,
In the dew,
In the glorious sky,
In the flow'rs hue.
In mountain top, in valley deep,
In the presence there,
The beautiful! the beautiful!
In every where.
The glories of the boonable day,
The still and golden night,
The changing seasons, all can bring
The sense of delight.
The beauty in the child's first smile,
In that look of faith—
The Christian's face on earth before
His eye is closed in death.
The beauty that we love,
Who have our truest care—
The beautiful! the beautiful!
To seek to trace it there—
In the glance that God threw o'er
The young created earth,
When he proclaimed it "very good,"
The beautiful! the beautiful!
Who shall say this world is dull,
And all to admire given,
When there glows on every side,
The smile that came from heaven?
In each creature is sent
To put an earthly home,
The beautiful! how beautiful!
In the world to roam!

Bird's Eye View of Florida.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON SMITH.

Discovery of Florida—Ponze de Leon—Deviation of its name—Object of research—Fountain of Health—Discovery's route—Beauty of climate—Sebastian Cabot's Discovery—First adventurers in search of gold—Bartolomeu de Velasquez—Seizure of Indians to carry to Cuba as slaves—The result of Velasquez's enterprise—His second attempt.

Florida was among those portions of America first discovered. Its contiguity to the islands found by Columbus naturally led to that result. After the return of the Pioneer to the old world, from his successful voyage of discovery the glowing descriptions given by him and his crew of what they had seen, heightened as they were by their fanciful imaginations and the natural exaggerations of travelers, who have beheld what none others ever saw, created a perfect mania among the Spaniards for enterprise and research. The spirit of gain, too, was aroused, and mines of gold, mountains of precious stones, and streams of nectar, were talked of as things every day to be met with in the land of Columbia. Men of wealth were now found in abundance, ready to risk their all in what they conceived an enterprise of undoubted character; and those who before had spurned the enthusiastic Columbus from their presence as a mad visionary, were now ready to believe the most extravagant accounts, and risk all their fortunes in a voyage prompted by him. Among the early discoverers of Florida was Ponce de Leon, a Spaniard; some give to him the honor of being the first voyager who ever beheld that beautiful land. It is said by them, that he discovered it on Easter day, a season of flowers among the Catholics. An intelligent author, who has made considerable research among the "Spanish archives," as to the discovery of his native land, and to whose writings I am indebted for much of my information, in speaking of the origin of the name, says—"The happy taste of Ponce named the land Florida, from the thick luxuriance of its woods and the variety of its blossoms, with a wish also to commemorate, by the appellation, the day of discovery and a new birth—La Pascua Florida, or 'Feast of Flowers.'" It is probable, too, he desired to influence the minds of his followers with his own cherished and charming fancy, that they should reach, through conquest, the river of life and reparation, where, upon banks of bloom, they should disport with companions fair as the laughing Hourii, and gather fruit from the groves and garlands of an eternal spring.

There is a tradition, for the truth of which I cannot vouch, that de Leon was led to Florida by the prophecy of a Carib girl, who told him that there he would find a spring of water, the use of which would restore youth to the aged and health to the diseased.—Even to this day, may be found in those regions, no inconsiderable number of Spaniards who verily believe that such waters are still to be discovered in this land of genial zephyrs and odiferous flowers.

All do not agree that Florida was so called for the reasons I have quoted above, but that the great quantity of flowers found there in all seasons of the year, growing wild in the forests, upon bush and tree, induced those who christened her to call her after Florida. It may be, and it is quite natural so to suppose, that the coincidences between the season of its discovery and its flowery appearance, left not for a moment a doubt upon the mind as to the name which should be given it.

The beautiful natural parterres formed in every acre of her soil—the tall and majestic magnolia tree, bearing from its lowest to its highest branches, the velvet virgin white flower that fills the air with the most delicious perfume, while the deep, dark, and sombre looking evergreen leaf, seem by nature to have been formed as a contrast, to make appear more lovely, this, one of her loveliest and most magnificent of the flower species, and sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical that Florida derived her name in a great measure from the rich and gay attire in which her lovers found her decked.

Those only who have visited these delightful regions know the beauties of a Florida wood; and the delicious balmy winds that lull to calm repose the troubled soul. They alone can appreciate the blossomy groves redolent with sweets, and filled by nature's melodious choristers warbling to the breeze as it finds its way through the forests, and the monotonous roar of breaking ware, as it kisses the sandy shore and

wantonly sinks into its embraces. On their landing, they felt imparted to their wearied minds and bodies new life and new vigor; their blood ran maddening with joy through their swollen veins, and their sanguine imaginations saw at once their fondest hopes realized.—They felt that health was in those zephyrs, breathing flowery sweets, and joy and happiness were in the riches before them. Such were the natural feelings of those who had changed the hot glassy ocean and the narrow confines of a vessel, for such a scene as that which now lay before them. Who can wonder that the enthusiastic followers of Ponce de Leon believed, that the prophecy of the Carib girl was about to be fulfilled to them in every rivulet of which they drank.

The rich foliage of the majestic oak, as she stretched forth her arms far and wide, like a parent to meet and welcome the new-comers—the long dense forests of orange, lemon, and lime trees; giving and exhaling sweets—the "mossy magnolia and the sylvan shade"—the mellow warbling of the restless mocking-bird—the wild scream of the impatient parrot, and the rustling of the frightened fawn as she erected her ears, alarmed at the first sight of human beings, and darted in graceful leaps into the depth of the woods, together, would have been of themselves sufficient to have satisfied them, that if health was not there they had at least arrived at the Grotto of Calypso, could they only, like the son of Ulysses, have been attended with the fascinating and soulbewitching nymphs who wove such graceful garlands, and disported in such amorous dances for the love-sick Telemachus, and feasted his too confiding soul with love's bewitching viands.—Every thing about them gave evidence of the handiwork of Titani, where the creatures of this world by a spell of enchantment were to assume immortality. They looked around them as if every moment their visions were to be blessed with beautiful fairies coming forward to welcome them to a new, a happy home, which was but an invitation to those brighter realms of departed spirits who have shuffled off this mortal coil, in the bright hope of a welcome to their father's dominions by the blessed Redeemer of man.

All about them etemed redolent with life, and as if spring ever held eternal dominion. Imagination worked its part, and the old felt youth again returning, and the sick and enfeebled, health, and strength, as they bathed in the soft waters from the warm gulf stream, and drank cold draughts from the gurgling fountains on the shore.

De Tocqueville, in speaking of the first landing of the Europeans on the shores of the Antilles, and South America, describes what must have been the condition of the followers of de Leon. He says:—"They thought themselves transported into those fabulous regions of which poets had sung. The sea sparkled with Phosphoric light, and the extraordinary transparency of its waters discovered to the view of the navigator all that had hitherto been hidden in the deep abyss. Here and there appeared little islands perfumed with odoriferous plants, and resembling baskets of flowers floating on the tranquil surface of the ocean. Every object, which met the sight in this enchanting region, seemed prepared to satisfy the wants or contribute to the pleasures of man. Almost all the trees were loaded with nourishing fruits, and these which were useless food, delighted the eye by the brilliancy and variety of their colors. In groves of fragrant lemon trees, wild figs, flower-myrtle, acacias and oleanders, which were hung with festoons of various climbing plants covered with flowers, a multitude of birds, unknown in Europe, displayed their bright plumage, glittering with purple and azure, and mingled their warbling in the harmony of a world teeming with life and motion."

The first impulse of a good Catholic in his moments of transport, to his honor or be it said, is to give thanks to the great dispenser of all good. Ponce de Leon and his followers no sooner found themselves upon terra firma, than they with one accord raised the symbol of their religious faith, the cross of their crucified Saviour, and fell down before it in solemn adoration. Their hearts swelling with gratitude, they poured forth to their Heavenly Father, their fervent thanks for their safe voyage, and the mercies they had received, and in humbleness dedicated the rich and gorgeous land of promise to the object most worthy and most adored of their hearts. After celebrating the high and solemn mass, they journeyed forward in

search of new treasures and the fountain of life, still believing that their longing eyes would soon behold, beyond a doubt, the Hygeian waters prophesied of by the Carib deceiver as the compensation for the toils and dangers they had encountered.

The best informed, seemed inclined to the belief that one Sebastian Cabot, sailing under the British flag in 1498, coasted the whole eastern shore of Florida, and that he was the voyager who first beheld it. Certain it is, that its original settlers consisted of French, English, and Spanish, who kept up a constant state of warfare for supremacy of dominion; in fact, Florida seems to have been destined to internal commotions from the period of its occupation by Europeans to the present day.—There is not one of her streams whose waters have not been stained with the blood of her children; and scarce one of her settlements but could bear witness to some encounter of man's fearful passion, in which human life has been considered as a plaything. Beautiful as she looks—mild and placid as are her sheets of water—green as are her fields, and flowery her soil—there have been committed deeds of cruelty too revolting for the ear to listen to, or the eye to rest upon. Climate, it is said, has much to do with the character and disposition. What is there in that of Florida which should have made her first children creatures of the most sanguinary temperament, and the most cruel disposition? In the struggles between the French, English, and Spanish, the wild Indian, a native of the soil, would be found aiding first one and then the other. This unattracted child of the forest was led to believe, by the party whose cause he espoused, that they were fighting to secure to the aborigines the right to the soil of their birth. Alas, poor deceived creatures, they were only aiding a power to conquer, that in turn would subdue them.

Gold, that—what shall I call it, God or devil?—was the loadstone which attracted so many subsequent settlers to Florida. The rich mines of that age, which had been found in other parts of the Western world, led them to believe that the whole country was filled with it; and the fact of finding pieces of gold in the possession of the Florida Indians, which had been by the possessors manufactured rudely into some ornament, inflamed the minds of all who visited these parts, and led them to suspect that every rock contained a portion of the precious metal, and the sands upon the shore, and at the bottom of the rivulets, were found by some of them, and this strengthening their belief, rendered assurance doubly sure, and stimulated them to new and increased exertion.

The suffering and deprivations of some of these adventurers would, if related, scarcely be credited. They often traversed the country for weeks, with barely enough of the coarsest kind of food to sustain them through their toilsome journey in the miry morass and deep entangled hammock, encountering sickness from their exposure, and fighting every mile of their way against the wild beasts with which the woods abounded, or the native Indians, who justly looked upon these adventurers as trespassers upon their rights, and who too plainly began to see, with prophetic eye, but not until it was too late, that the first step of these intruders was but preliminary to the injuries that followed. El Dorado, however, was never discovered, and those who went in search of it, that returned alive, came back disappointed and broken-hearted, to linger out their brief existence, brought on by hopes deferred that made the heart sick.

Not content with seizing as slaves those he had invited as guests, this blood-thirsty monster fired the cannon from his vessel in the midst of the group of men, women, and children on the shore, who had fallen on their knees, and with uplifted hands, were supplicating him to restore to them the brother, the parent, the husband, and the son, so unjustly taken from them.

These terror-stricken children of the forest hearing Heaven's artillery so well mimicked, imagined that he who could wield the thunder must be no other than a God. Considering fight as useless, they fell upon their faces and implored a mercy they did not receive. Glutted with blood, and satisfied with his teachers, this monster in human form set sail for Cuba with his chained victims. The lightning of heaven did not blast him—the tempests did not prove him—neither the briary, turbulent wave, swallow or up-

set! God takes his own time for his vengeance; and the kidnapper arrived safely in Cuba, and sold his cargo of red men to work as slaves in the mines. Thus was broken, in some instances, the proud spirit of the Indian; and he who knew no confine but the ocean, no toil but the fatigues of battle and of the chase, who never breathed but he inhaled the pure winds of the heavens, was cast into a loathsome, noxious mine, filled with pestiferous air, shut out from the light of day, chained to a ball, and, for his rich forest food, was substituted the felon's diet—compelled to toil from day to day, till his weary body fell to the earth, exhausted with fatigue and broken down with despair, there to remain and linger out the balance of his loathed existence.

Can any wonder, after this, that there ever has been, and ever ought to be, a feud between the unsophisticated Indian and his savage neighbor and treacherous enemy, the white man? Can we wonder that a people thus goaded on by wrong heaped upon wrong till mountain-high, should in return, by way of self-defence, resort to stratagem to entrap their enemy, and when in their power to treat them with apparent cruelty?

Velasquez did not resp, however, the rich harvest he anticipated, and God visited this wretch by punishing his avarice. Numbers of the Indians died on board the vessel on her passage, grieving, like caged birds, for the green fields and fond connexions they had been torn from; while others, less sensitive and more resolute, refused all sorts of sustenance, and thus died of starvation.

Lightning.

After the flash has been seen, the peal of thunder is heard; and this be more or fewer seconds after the peal, in proportion to the distance of the thunder cloud from the ear. Lightning traverses any space without any perceivable succession of time; nothing seems to be any obstacle to its progress. A multitude of persons taking hands, the first and the last connected with the electric machine, all feel the shock in the same instant; and were there a conductor to go round the globe, the last would feel the shock in the same moment as the first. But as sound depends on the undulation of the air for its propagation, and is known to travel at the rate of only 1142 feet in a second; consequently if the flash were only 1142 feet from the spectator, it would be seen in one second, or one swing of the pendulum, before the sound could reach the ear, though the clap and the flash take place in the same instant, and if twice this distance, two seconds, and so on.

It is of some consequence to know that lightning at a considerable distance, suppose six or eight seconds of time, is never known to burn, kill, or do injury; when the flash and clap immediately succeed each other, then there is strong ground for apprehensions as the thunder cloud is near. If the thunder cloud be a mile and half distant, it is never known to kill man or beast. Now its distance may be easily known by means of a pendulum clock, or watch that has seconds, when the flash is seen, count the seconds until the clap is heard. Then compute: If only one second is counted, then the thunder cloud is within 1142 feet, or about 369 yards; if two seconds, then its distance is 2284 feet, or 761 yards; if three seconds, then 3426 feet, or 1143 yards; if four seconds, then the cloud is distant 4568 feet, or 1522 yards; if five seconds, then the distance is 5710 feet, or 1963 yards; if six seconds, then the distance is 6852 feet, or 2284 yards, one mile and nearly one-third; if seven seconds, then the distance of the cloud is 7994 feet, or 2665 yards, or one mile and a half and 25 yards. Beyond this distance lightning has not been known to do any damage.

Curiosities.—It is a curiosity to find a lawyer who pleads a case successfully for you, and then docks off a portion of the fees.

It is a curiosity to meet a woman who stammers in her conversation. It is a curiosity to find a schoolmaster who does not wish to be understood that he knows more than any one else.

It is a curiosity to meet with a man who thinks less of himself than other people think of him.

"INKINGS OF ADVENTURE."—Do you understand me now? thundered out one of our city pedagogue to an urbanist at whose he threw an inkstand. "I have got an inkling of what you mean," replied the boy.

William Penn.

James, the 2d, ascended the Throne of Britain, and fears were entertained that the spirit of persecution would rage, and the protestants suffer.

William Penn formed an enlightened government in Pennsylvania, where every man was to have a choice of rulers and laws, without distinction to religious opinions, birth, rank or fortune. In 1686 when he returned to England, he came forward as the champion of Universal Tolerance. He obtained the liberty of thirteen hundred Friends, who had been barbarously imprisoned for years on account of their peculiar tenets in religion. In 1687, King James, published his memorable Declaration in favor of "Freedom of Conscience."

Sir James Mackintosh, says, he issued on April 4th, 1687, "A Declaration for liberty of Conscience," which, after the statement of those principles of equity and policy, on which religious liberty is founded, proceeds to make provisions, in their own nature so wise and just, that they were nothing but lawful authority and pure intention to render them worthy of admiration.

William Penn's influence with King James had obtained this Declaration, and he was charged with having been educated at St. Omers and a papist. His motives were misrepresented, and his life in danger. Penn was compelled to defend himself from the accusations.—This province, was at this time left to the charge of Thomas Lloyd, and two assistants, Thomas Holme and William Clark.

On the fifth of November, 1688, William "Prince of Orange," landed in England, February 13th, 1689. William and Mary were crowned King & Queen. William Penn having enjoyed the confidence of King James, was suspected of being secretly engaged in his cause, and in consequence, was arrested and examined in the years 1688, 1689, 1690, but was discharged from want of evidence. In 1693, William Penn was deprived of the government of this province, by King William, and Benjamin Fletcher, then Governor of New York, appointed.

OLD BUT GOOD.—An Irishman some years since attending the University at Edinburg, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he could give him a few lessons; the flute player charged two guineas for the first month, and one guinea for the second. "Then, me soul," replied the cunning Hibernian "I think I'll come the second month!"

BLEEVES.—It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

FEAR.—Thousands through fear of want, want all their lives; and thousands every day, for fear of dying, suffer worse than the pangs of death. The demon fear, trembles at all times at impossible events. Why should we grow pale at the hideous fictions of our own imagination. We should at all times endeavor to be serene and masters of ourselves.

CAUSE OF TALKING.—"What is the reason, my love, that since you lost your teeth, you are forever talking?" asked an anxious husband of his adored spouse.

"Because, my dear, there is so much room in my mouth, my tongue can't keep still!"

HOW GIN FEELS.—Deacon Pequirk, a staunch temperance man, having accidentally swallowed a rousing tumbler of gin the other day, was asked how he felt after it. "How did I feel?" said he. "Why, I felt as if I were sitting on the roof of our meeting house, and every shingle was a jew's harp."

REMEMBER THIS.—Many spend so much time in contriving how to get money easy, that they never get it at all. No trade will produce anything unless well followed. What you do, do well; and if success don't follow, then blame fortune—otherwise blame yourself.

THE BABEL OF BABYLON.—There is a man in Babylon, N. J., so tall that the sun has scorched all the hair off his head, and he is obliged to climb up a ladder to put on his wig.

A TALL GIRL.—The editor of the Watervillonian has ventured to assert that there is a girl so tall in Vermont, that she has to squat down to look over the Green Mountains.