

The Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 7, 1844.

NO. 25.

From the Louisville Journal, I ask no voice to weep for me.

INSCRIBED TO SAMANTHA.

BY MRS. N. S. NICHOLS.

ask no voice to weep for me,
ask no breast to sigh;
ask no wail nor moan to hear,
around me, when I die;
I'll lay me down to rest,
joyfully and peacefully
I'll lay me down to rest,
the marble glistening at my head,
The turf upon my breast.

in some quiet, lonely place,
beneath a sheltering tree,
where sweetly bloom the wild field flowers,
there burns the merry bee,
silently and pleasantly
I know my dust will lie,
shrouded within a narrow mound,
Beneath an open sky.

the summer birds might build their nests
Upon the thick-leaved bough,
where, in faint beams of arrowy light,
The sunshine struggles through;
I cheerfully and mirthfully
These little birds might sing,
in anguish in their liquid notes
A single heart to wring.

so softly, in the dewy spring,
The tender grass will grow;
The sweet will be the whispering
Of winds, all calm and low;
I mirthfully and sportively
A thousand glittering things
floating on the mellow air
I'll brighten and gaily wings.

the fire-fly may flash his light lamp,
I'll be beside my tomb,
I'll not have the glow-worm there
Who only shines in gloom;
I'll glowingly and lovingly
The star will glance around
I'll Nature's self shall seem to smile
Above that spot of ground.

the summer, with her rose dreams,
And autumn with his lute
I'll visit there as months go round,
When this poor heart is mute;
I'll quietly, and dreamily,
And undisturbed I'll sleep,
As beloved form, draws nigh
Above my grave to weep.

why should friends their features shroud
In sadness and in gloom,
With their mournful accents wake
The echoes of the tomb;
I'll happily rejoicingly
The spirit lives on high,
I'll rise up in angel bands to dwell
In worlds beyond the sky.

ask no voice to weep,
No breast to heave a sigh,
ask to hear no wail or moan
Around me, when I die!
I'll joyfully and peacefully
I'll lay me down to rest,
The marble glistening at my head,
The turf upon my breast.

The Dying Sailor to his Shipmates.

Oh! wrap me in my country's flag,
And by me in the cold blue sea,
I'll let the roaring of the winds,
My solemn requiem be.
I'll sleep a pleasant sleep,
I'll sleep above their revels keep.

My captain have shall read for me
The service of the silent dead;
I'll let the waves in the waves
When all the prayers are said.
I'll find my long, long home,
Beneath the billows and the foam.

Well, my friends! full many a league
We've sailed together on the deep;
I'll farewell! I'll sail no more;
But shipmates, wherefore weep?
I'll bound above, my course is run,
Near the port, my voyage's done.

The Moss Rose.

The Angel of the flowers one day
Saw a Rose tree sleeping lay,
The Spirit—to whose charge is given,
The young buds in dew from heaven,
Laying from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose:
"O fondest object of my care,
I'll find when all are fair,
The sweet elixir thou'st given me,
I'll at thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"I'll," said the Rose, with deepen'd glow,
"I'll be another grace bestow."
The spirit gazed in silent thought,
What grace was there the flower had not?
I'll was but a moment—'er the Rose
Saw of Moss the Angel throw,
I'll in nature's simple weed,
I'll a flower that Rose exceed!

Great Democratic Mass Meeting.

In pursuance of public notice a very large meeting of the Democratic citizens of Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, was held at the Court House in Harrisburg, on Wednesday evening, the 17th inst. The Court House was filled, literally crowded. Nearly, if not quite every county in the State, was represented by the attendance of a portion of their Democratic citizens.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Fatzinger of Carbon county, and organized by the selection of Col JAS. R. SNOWDEN of Venango county as President.

- Vice Presidents.**
- ASA DIMOCK, of Susquehanna county.
 - HENRY BUSHLER, of Dauphin
 - IRAD WILSON, of Bradford
 - J. B. STERIGER, of Montgomery
 - GEORGE NAGLE, of Dauphin
 - JOSEPH BAILY, of Chester
 - MAXWELL M'CASLIN, of Greene
 - ISAAC G. M'KINLEY, of Dauphin
 - HENRY LOGAN, of York
 - JOHN J. M'CAHEN, of Philadelphia
 - JOHN C. BUCHER, of Dauphin
 - HENRY W. SMITH, of Berks
 - DANIEL M'LANE, of Carbon
 - JOHN HIENER, of Dauphin
 - DAVID BARNITT, of Northampton

- SECRETARIES.**
- F. W. Hughes, of Schuylkill county.
 - E. S. Goodrich, of Bradford
 - W. H. Coleman, of Philadelphia
 - Levi L. Tate, of Columbia
 - John S. Cash, of York
 - James Semple, of Juniata

The object of the meeting having been stated, a motion was made and adopted that a committee of twenty-one be appointed to prepare and report resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting. The following named persons were announced by the President as composing said committee.

- Col. S. Salisbury, of Bradford county.
- John Fatzinger, of Carbon
- S. Muel Fegely, of Berks
- Henry Hughes, of Perry
- H. H. Laughlin, of Crawford
- Mr. Harvey, of Franklin
- George Hill, of Berks
- Thomas Bennett, of Lycoming
- George Knox, of Tioga
- John Murray, of Allegheny
- Wm. M. Platt, of Wyoming
- S. Wilson, of Northumberland
- John Elliott, of Bradford
- C. M. Straub, of Schuylkill
- E. W. Hutter, of Dauphin
- George Bush, of Wayne
- Philip Dougherty, of Dauphin
- Wm. Merryfield, of Luzerne
- Lewis Bush, of Susquehanna
- George M. Lauman, of Dauphin

The committee retired for a short time, and during their absence the meeting was addressed by Mr. PENNINGTON of Philadelphia county, and Mr. M'FARREN of Washington county. Their remarks were loudly responded to.

The committee, appointed to prepare resolutions, reported through their chairman, that they had agreed upon the following, which were submitted to the consideration of the meeting.

WHEREAS, the time has now come, when the Democratic party of Pennsylvania should boldly declare their will, and make known their pleasure in relation to candidates for President and Vice President of the United States; and under the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed, the union and harmony of the Democratic party and its ultimate success in Pennsylvania imperatively demand that we should at once take our final position on this important question.

Resolved, By the Democracy of Pennsylvania in Mass Meeting assembled, at the Capitol of the Commonwealth, that we have just cause to feel proud of the noble and gallant bearing of James Buchanan. His recent letter to the Democrats of Pennsylvania, is renewed evidence of his self-sacrificing devotion upon the altar of Democracy, and cannot fail to endear him still more to the people of Pennsylvania and the Union. We will stand by him and cheer him on in the cause of civil liberty with the whole moral and political influence which attaches to the Democracy of the "Keystone State." The claims of Pennsylvania to the Presidency in the person of James Buchanan are not cancelled, only postponed.

Resolved, That we have undiminished confidence in the patriotism, ability and sterling Democracy of MARTIN VAN BUREN, and that in consideration of his eminent services to the people of the United States, the constancy with which he has under all circumstances adhered to and maintained the cardinal principles of the Republican

party of the Nation, the matchless consistency which has characterized a long and eventful public life, and last, but not least, Martin Van Buren fell with his party in 1840, while vindicating our principles with a fidelity and ability unsurpassed. We therefore unanimously recommend Martin Van Buren of New York to the consideration of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, as their candidate for the Presidency in 1844.

Resolved, That the unanimity, the harmony and enthusiasm with which the Democracy of the country are rallying around our gallant standard-bearers of 1840, is a sure presage to a glorious victory in the coming contest, a victory that will be alike cheering and grateful to the feelings of the patriot and philanthropist.

Resolved, That the great and illustrious services of Richard M. Johnson to his country for near half a century, his fidelity and fearless devotion in the cause of human freedom, his gallant and chivalrous conduct on the field, his extended philanthropy, and pre-eminently civil services in the public councils, all these things and more too, plead trumpet-tongued in behalf of the scared and hacked "Hero of the Thames." Grateful for his services, we unanimously recommend RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky, for Vice President of the United States, the man who has "shed more blood for his country than another now living," a statesman and patriot who has stood by the people in every vicissitude of fortune, in peace and in war.

Resolved, That we will fight the battle of 1844 under the old banner of 1840, this banner streams in light, around it cluster the most glorious recollections of the past. Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson have been tried and not found wanting, they are the honest exponents of our principles, and the unflinching representatives of the popular will. THEY stood by the Democracy of the United States with unshaken firmness and transcendent ability under the most trying and gloomy reverses. Let the memory of this cheer us on to a noble and manly effort for a restoration of our principles, and the ascendancy of Democratic measures by electing Van Buren and Johnson to the position from which they were ejected by fraud, falsehood and debauchery as demoralizing in its influence, as it is unparalleled in the history of our government.

Resolved, That the doctrines of the two great political parties in the United States were never more clearly defined, or better understood than at the present time. The Democratic party contending for the full maintenance of the cardinal principles of our free institutions, equal rights and equal privileges, while the Federal party are contending for special rights, and special privileges, and the creation of a National Bank; by the power of which, they hope to assert and maintain a complete and signal ascendancy of the few over the many. Under the banner of Henry Clay the Federal party will be sustained and cheered on by the money power, the aristocracy of wealth on both sides of the Atlantic. The Democratic party urged on by the noblest impulses of duty and patriotism will rally forth to the onset in all the pride, and glory, and moral bearing of freemen, and through the exercise of the highest right of citizenship at the ballot box; redeem the Government from the grasping, vaulting ambition of Federalism, and thereby show to an admiring world that the "sober second thought of the people is always right."

Resolved, That we are opposed to the project of creating a United States Bank, to the assumption of the State debts by the General Government—to the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, and to a profligate and unnecessary expenditure of the public money.

Resolved, That we are in favor of a proper and judicious tariff, such as will advance the interests of the whole people of the United States.

Resolved, That any, and all efforts by associated and concentrated wealth to create inequalities of political condition, however insidious it may be, shall receive our unmitigated reprobation, that freedom of thought, and of speech, freedom of the Press, the full and unrestrained exercise of conscience and of private judgment are Democratic doctrines.

Resolved, That in vindication of these National principles and measures, we present to our democratic fellow citizens the names of Van Buren and Johnson. These illustrious men have been selected as our standard-bearers in the coming contest of 1844; and the "star

spangled banner," the beautiful emblem of liberty and our country, is already proudly unfurled for the victory. It is the same glorious banner which floated in triumph on the banks of the "Thames" in 1813, over Proctor and Tecumseh, and long may it wave over the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Resolved, That we recommend to our democratic fellow citizens in the several counties to at once organize for the coming struggle with our old enemies the federalists. Let this be our motto, "union, concession, every thing for the cause, nothing for men."

Resolved, unanimously, That this meeting approve of the resolution offered in Congress by the Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll, refunding to General Jackson the fine imposed on him by Judge Hall, for the gallant measures taken in the glorious defence of New Orleans. Justice to the "Sage of the Hermitage," no less than the integrity of the American character imperiously demands that a remission of the fine, and a restoration of the money to the "old Chief" be immediately had.

The resolutions having been read and considered, Col. J. J. M'CAHEN moved their adoption, and addressed the meeting at some length, in a forcible and impressive manner, when the resolutions were adopted by acclamation. Upon the adoption of the resolutions, Col. SNOWDEN, the President, addressed the meeting in a forcible and masterly manner. His remarks were loudly responded to.

A motion was then made by Col. WILLIAM BIGLER of Clearfield county, that a committee of thirty be appointed to prepare an address to the people of Pennsylvania, on the subject of the next Presidency, was adopted, and the President announced the following persons as said committee:

- Col. Wm. Bigler, of Clearfield county.
- O. B. M'Fadden, of Washington
- D. L. Sherwood, of Tioga
- E. A. Penniman, of Philadelphia
- J. K. Heckman, of Northampton
- Col. Henry C. Eyer, of Union
- A. L. Rounfort, of Philadelphia
- R. H. Hammond, of North Berks
- Henry Petriken, of Dauphin
- John Forney, of Lancaster
- James Enue jr., of Philadelphia
- William E. Barton, of Bradford
- J. X. M'Lanahan, of Franklin
- John Foulkrod, of Philadelphia
- W. R. Gorges, of Cumberland
- Henry Chapman, of Bucks
- J. M. G. Lescurie, of Dauphin
- A. Brackenridge, of Allegheny
- Thomas O'Bryan, of Perry
- Solomon Shindle, of Dauphin
- W. S. Picking, of York
- Henry M'Bride, of Westmoreland
- Rudolphus Smith, of Monroe
- Joseph Deal, of Philadelphia
- Daniel Snyder, of Columbia
- James A. Gibson, of Allegheny
- H. B. Hinelein, of Northampton
- Joseph W. Duncan, of Bedford
- Jesse Weber, of Montgomery

On motion, leave was given said committee to report after the adjournment of the meeting, and that their address be published with the proceedings.

The following resolution was then offered by Mr. STIMMEL of Dauphin county, and adopted.

Resolved, That it be recommended to the Democratic citizens of Pennsylvania, to form themselves into associations for the purpose of securing the election of the nominees of the National Convention, for President and Vice President.

The following resolution was then adopted, on motion of Henry Petriken, of Dauphin county:

Resolved, As the sense of this meeting, that the existing Tariff nothing more or less than sufficiently protects the manufacturing, mining, agricultural and laboring interests of Pennsylvania; and that for its passage, we are mainly indebted to the Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN, and for its permanency we must rely chiefly on his well known consistency and unchangeable devotion to his native state and its vital interests.

General Jackson in Boyhood.

In passing through Andetson district, some years since, I heard Mrs. Stephenson, a venerable matron, who had been the youthful acquaintance of Gen. Andrew Jackson during the revolutionary war. I was induced by curiosity, as well as respect for the character of this estimable old lady, to visit one who had been the companion of our illustrious Ex-President, in the days of his boyhood and obscurity. I found Mrs. Stephenson all that she had been represented to be—an intelligent, kind hearted and fine looking old matron full of conversation and anecdotes of the "old war." She was born in the neighborhood of the Waxsaws, in Leicester district S. C.; and there grew up with the future "hero of New Orleans." The mother of Andrew Jackson, and her three sons, were well known to Mrs. Stephenson. Andrew was the youngest, and about her own age. They were sent to the same school, and their parents lived very near to each other. The father of Gen. Jackson died before Mrs. Stephenson's recollection, and shortly after his settlement in South Carolina. He and his wife were both from Ireland. At the commencement of the revolutionary struggle in South Carolina, Andrew was going to grammar school, kept in the meeting house of Waxsaw neighborhood. As the contest grew warm the school was discontinued, and the meeting house burnt down. In the mean time, one of Andrew's brothers died, and the other entered the services of his country. During the war, this other brother also died with the small pox.

The Waxsaw neighborhood, at one period of the revolution, was the seat of war in the Southern country, and was laid almost entirely desolate, and left without inhabitants. It was during this distressing period that Andrew himself, then a youth of 14 or 15 years of age, joined the army. The particulars of his services were unknown to Mrs. Stephenson. She understood, however, that he was taken prisoner by the British, and heard that he had received a blow from an officer with his sword, for not performing some menial office during his imprisonment. There were two cousins of Andrew's in the army with him. One of them was killed and the other taken prisoner. Whilst a prisoner of war in Charleston he was taken sick, and his aunt, Mrs. Jackson lost her life in attempting to visit him. She fell a victim to the climate and sorrow, and her nephew soon followed. This left Andrew without a relation on this side of the Atlantic—a boy and almost a stranger in a new country. The little property which his family possessed had been plundered and destroyed.

When the country was restored to peace, he found himself in no very agreeable situation—destitute of a home, relations, friends and money. Under these circumstances, he made the house of a Mr. White his home. White was the uncle of Mrs. Stephenson, and a saddler by trade. Andrew remained with him twelve or eighteen months, and during that time assisted him in working at his trade. What progress the future President of the United States made in his humble but respectable occupation, is not known. But the fact of his being thus engaged for that length of time, is well known to Mrs. Stephenson. Becoming tired of the business of making saddles, and finding an opportunity of doing better, he left Mr. White's and went to North Carolina, where he afterwards commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar.

Water for Cattle.

Every farmer should provide a good supply of pure water for his stock, where they can have convenient access to it, if possible to do this without great expense; the water should be in the barn yard, that all animals may partake of it when they please, and save the loss of manure consequent on their travelling some distance for water, beside the liability of the weak to be injured by the strong, or to be deprived of the privilege of drinking, after travelling far for that purpose. With a good well and pump or near the yard, or where the water can be carried in a trough to the yard, water can be supplied with less trouble than by going a distance to shovel out water and get cattle to it in stormy and blustering days; besides the cattle will be much better accommodated, and a great saving of manure will be made.

A NEW VERSION.—Hawthorne says the old spirit-stirring appeal to "fight for your hearths," has become obsolete. It is now fight for your stoves.

The Blacksmith at the Battle of Brandywine.

And now I have given you some instances of courage and heroic daring among those high in station and renowned in fame. One instance more—an example of reckless courage.—The hero was a stout blacksmith—aye, an humble blacksmith, but his stout frame, hardened by toil throbbing with as generous and impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of a LaFayette, or throbbd around the heart of mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in the full tide of the retreat, that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service, was driving a baggage wagon from the battlefield, while some short distance behind a body of Continentals were rushing forward, with a troop of Britishers in close pursuit.

The waggon had arrived at a narrow point of the bye road leading to the south, where two high banks of rock and crag arising on either side, afforded just space sufficient for the passage of his waggon, and not an inch more.

His eye was arrested by the sight of a stout, muscular man, some forty years of age, extending at the foot of a tree at the very opening of this pass. He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic—his coat had been flung aside and with the shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arms, he lay extended on the turf, with his rifle in his grasp, while the blood streamed in a torrent from his right leg, broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The waggoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight—he would have paused in the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout-hearted mechanic refused.

"I'll not get into your wagon," he exclaimed in his rough way; "but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on the top of that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you could lift a man of my build up that? For you see, neighbor," he continued, while the blood flowed from his wound, "I never meddled with the Britishers until they came tramping over this valley, and burned my houses down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces, and haint got more than fifteen minutes life in me! But I have got three good rifle balls in my cartridge box, and so jist prop me up against that cherry tree and I'll give 'em the whole three shots, and then," he exclaimed, "and then I'll die!"

The waggoner started his horses ahead, and then with a sudden effort of strength, dragged the blacksmith along the sod to the foot of the cherry tree surmounting the rock by the road side.

In a moment his back was propped against the tree, his face was to the advancing troops, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the waggoner rushed on his way, while the blacksmith very coolly proceeded to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by, with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and then raising his rifle to his shoulder, he picked the foremost from his steed, with the exclamation, "that's for General Washington." In a moment the rifle was loaded, again was it fired, and the pursuing British rode over the body of another fallen officer;—"That's for myself!" cried the blacksmith. And then with a hand strong with the feeling of coming death, the sturdy freeman again loaded, again raised his rifle. He fired his last shot, and as another officer kissed the sod, the tear quivered in the eye of the dying blacksmith, "And that," he cried, with a husky voice which strengthened into a shout, "And that's for Mad Anthony Wayne!"

Long after the battle was past, the body was discovered, propped against the tree, with the features frozen in death, smiling grimly, whilst the right hand grasped the never failing rifle.

And thus died one of the ten thousand brave mechanic heroes of the revolution, brave in the hour of battle; undaunted in the hour of retreat; undismayed in the hour of death.

A SAD MISTAKE.—In the practice of politely bowing a stranger out of a pew, where there is still room to spare, is there not a lack of even worldly courtesy? "Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said one of these Sunday Chesterfields, as with emphatic gracefulness he opened the door.—"I beg pardon," replied the stranger, rising to go out, "I fear I have; I took it for a Christian's."