

The Bradford Reporter.

WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MARCH 6, 1844.

NO. 89.

The Pilgrim's Legacy.

Chartered by the Sacred Musical Society
New York, at the close of a late lecture at
the Tabernacle, delivered by the Rev. Geo.
Chester.

May Flower on New England's coast, has
tattered sail,
Through her chaf'd and moaning shrouds
December's breezes wail,
On that icy deck, behold! a meek but daunt-
less band,
For the right to worship God, have left
their native land;
In this dreary wilderness, this glorious
noon they bring,
March without a bishop—a state without a
king.

These daring men—these gentle wives—say
wherefore do they come?
They rend their all the tender ties of kindred
and of home!
Hecce assigns their noblest work, man's
spirit to unbind;
They come not for themselves alone—they
come for all mankind;
To the empire of the West, this glorious
noon they bring,
March without a bishop—a state without
a king.

Prince and Prelate, hope no more to bend
ears to your sway,
Your fire inflames their breast, and free-
dom points their way,
By their brave heart's estimate, 'twere bet-
ter not to be,
Equal beneath a despot, where the soul
cannot be free;
Therefore o'er the wintry waves, those ex-
tra come to bring
March without a bishop—a state without
a king.

Will their spirit in their sons, with freedom
walk abroad,
States is our only creed—our only mon-
arch God!

And is raised—the word is spoke—the
pledge is given,
Fidelity on our banner floats, in the free air
of heaven,
Of our sainted sires, and loud we
make it ring,
March without a bishop—a state without
a king.

The Dying Soldier.

That of a warrior passed away!
That soon shall lack a name!
Though flushed with pride but yesterday,
And dreams of future fame!
None of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, or race?
Ere thy chiefain holding sway,
Thou art, destined to obey!

The light of thy fix'd eye is set,
And thou art dying now,
But Passion's traces linger yet
And lower upon thy brow;
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
Thy burning lips yet seem to speak,
And clenched and cold thy stiffen'd hand,
Now feebly bears the battle brand.

Thou from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust thou soon shalt lie,
Dishonor'd and forlorn!
The Death's dark shadow cannot hide
The given characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal,
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Does there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?
To roam a maniac there,
With wild-flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
For footsteps at the lonely gate.

Shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gaze on the darkening main
Shall often call on him
Who bears her not—who cannot hear—
Whom deaf forever is the ear
Whom once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!

May she dream—to wake is wo!
Her may remembrance tell
Able to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell,
The heart, bereaving of its stay,
Preaching the beams that cheer her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Lies by her down and sleep like thee!

Epigram.

When her spouse could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when he died;
His life had made so many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried!

Letter from Mr. Van Buren.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 20, 1844.
Hon. Martin Van Buren:
DEAR SIR:—With this letter you
will receive a copy of the proceedings
of a State Democratic Mass meeting,
held at the seat of Government of Penn-
sylvania, on the 17th inst., which we
have the honor to forward in compliance
with a resolution adopted at the meet-
ing.

The Democracy of Pennsylvania, in
common with their brethren of the other
States, are anxious to wipe away the
stain which rests upon our country in
consequence of the result of the elec-
tion in 1840. It will be a glorious re-
versal of that decision to re-instate you
in the position which you filled with
such distinguished honor to yourself,
and advantage to the country; and a
return to those republican principles
which characterized your administra-
tion, and that of your predecessor, will
give assurance to the friends of liberty,
that our republican institutions are des-
tined to be perpetuated.

We ought never to despair of the re-
publican when the popular voice is left
to the guidance of reason and virtue; now,
these are in the ascendant; then, reason
was dethroned, and a whirlwind of
passion, folly, and madness, swept
through the land. The deceived votary,
like the wanderer in the desert, led
by the mirage, pressed on to grasp
the delusive representation. The sober
second thought will redeem us from
such errors, and place the American
character and popular suffrage in the
high position to which they are justly
entitled.

Your firm and inflexible adherence
to republican principles, demands our
admiration, and fully entitles you to the
warm support of every Democrat and
friend of his country, and in so doing
he feels the assurance that he is advanc-
ing and sustaining those principles
which directed a Jefferson, a Madison
and a Jackson.

Be pleased to accept the assurance of
our high regard.

Very truly,
Your friends and fellow-citizens.
JAMES R. SNOWDEN, and others,
officers of the meeting.

Letter from Mr. Van Buren.

LINDENWALD, Jan. 29, 1844.
GENTLEMEN:—I have had the honor
to receive your obliging letter, com-
municating the proceeding of a State
Democratic Mass Meeting, held at
Harrisburg on the 17th instant, at which
my name was, with entire unanimity,
presented to the Democratic party of
Pennsylvania, as their candidate for the
Presidency.

I cannot refrain from saying that I
have received your communication with
feelings of no ordinary character. An
expression of opinion so imposing as
that which you have been deputed to
convey to me, coming from any portion
of my political associates, could not
fail to excite my profound gratitude.—
There are circumstances, however, at-
tending this, which seem to deserve a
more particular notice at my hands.

My relations with the Democracy of
your great State have been, in some
respects peculiar. They sustained me by
their confidence and support, at a most
interesting crisis in my political career.
I have been honored and cheered by
their good will, when it was not in their
power to render it effective, and their
support was at one time withheld from
me, and conferred upon another, when
I received that of their political brethren
of the Union. Why should I not em-
brace an occasion so opportune, and
possibly the last that may occur, to as-
sure them, that neither then, nor at any
other time during the whole course of
my political life, have I ever, for a mo-
ment, doubted their disposition to do
me ample justice? Although they dis-
sented from my nomination, I felt as-
sured that they were actuated by mo-
tives which were entitled to my entire
respect. I have, therefore, never ceased
to cherish, in common with the
friends of our cause throughout the Union,
towards the unconquerable, and as
the fullest experience has proved, the
unpurchasable Democracy of Pennsylv-
ania, sentiments of sincere respect for
their adherence to democratic princi-
ples under circumstances the most ad-
verse, and admiration to the unflinching
spirit with which they have from time
to time struggled with domestic dissen-
sions. I cannot therefore, Gentlemen,
too highly appreciate an expression of
confidence and favor, proceeding from
so respectable a portion of them, on
this, the last occasion on which my
name can ever be presented to the coun-
try for any public station.

Yet these are not the only considera-
tions which give interest to the proceed-
ings which you have transmitted to me.
It is known to all, and by no one more
cheerfully admitted than by myself,
that a large majority of our political
friends in Pennsylvania preferred that
honor which those whom you represent
have now so cordially awarded to me,
should be bestowed upon a justly dis-
tinguished citizen of their own State—
one, admirably qualified for the success-
ful discharge of any public duty, and
possessing likewise, in an eminent de-
gree, the confidence and good will of
the Democracy of the Union. It cer-
tainly becomes others better than my-
self, to comment on the propriety of
his withdrawal from the canvass, when
it had been ascertained that the wishes
of his more immediate friends were not,
for reasons however not detracting from
the merits of their favorite, in accor-
dance with those of the great body of
their political brethren in other States.
I should not, however, do justice to the
occasion, nor to my own feelings, were
I to pass over in silence the fact, that
but for this surrender of his pretensions
to promote the general harmony, the
proceedings for which I am offering my
grateful acknowledgments, could not
now have taken place. Nor will it, I
hope, be thought amiss in any quarter,
if I avail myself of the occasion to shew
that this commendable desire to promote
unanimity among common friends had
previously, though to a less important
extent, been acted upon by myself. It
is well known that amid the prevailing
preference of the Democracy of Pennsylv-
ania for her distinguished son,
there was a portion of them, of whose
confidence any public man might well
be proud, who avowed a preference,
which they had early imbibed, and zeal-
ously cherished, for myself. It is not,
however, so well known, that without
attempting to interfere with their free
exercise of opinion, I caused them to be
informed, that as far as my individual
feelings were concerned, it would be
entirely satisfactory to have them unite
with the rest of our political friends in
the State, in giving its vote in Con-
vention to him who was the choice of the
majority. That this suggestion had
not been adopted, was, I feel assured,
not because those to whom it was ad-
dressed were less friendly to the favor-
ite of the State, or less sensible of his
claims upon the respect and confidence
of his countrymen; but altogether owing
to considerations growing out of the
contest of 1840, which they deemed
imperative. I cannot, I am confident,
add anything to the masterly and elo-
quent description which you have given
of that national struggle. Neither am
I unmindful of the bias, which the re-
lation in which I stood towards it, is
calculated to exercise upon my opinion
of its character. Yet I cannot, I think,
deceive myself in believing that the jus-
tice of the cause which you have pro-
nounced upon those extraordinary
scenes, will now, at least, be recognized
by a vast majority of the American peo-
ple.

However difficult it may have been,
to define with requisite certainty the
political objects for which our oppo-
nents waged the contest of 1840, there
can now assuredly be no room for mis-
apprehension upon that subject. The
extra session, following immediately
upon its heels, unmasked those objects
too clearly to admit of their being again
obscured, or misrepresented. An op-
portunity, and it is earnestly to be hop-
ed that both parties will concur in en-
deavoring to make it a fair one, will,
therefore, now be presented for the
people of the United States to make a
choice between two opposing systems
for the administration of the govern-
ment, the influence of one of which,
will in all probability affect the interests
of the country, for good, or evil, for a
series of years to come.

Nor is this the only, nor even the
most important aspect, in which the
renoval of the contest of which you
have spoken with so much emphasis,
and in so patriotic a spirit, may well
be regarded.

Singular as it may seem to those
who are not in a situation to judge cor-
rectly of the circumstances, it is never-
theless true, that a condemnation by
the people of the United States, of many
of the means to which our oppo-
nents had recourse in that canvass, is
not less important to the permanent
welfare of our country and its political
institutions, than the overthrow of the
principles they labored to establish.—
While the effects of the success of the
latter were in a measure limited and
temporary, the employment of the for-
mer, struck at the very foundation upon
which our political edifice was based.

It has hitherto been our pride to live
under political institutions which are
founded upon reason and virtue, in the
establishment of which neither force
nor fraud was employed, and we have
cherished the belief, that it is only by
an inflexible observance of the exalted
principles which prevailed at the period
of its formation, that our Government
can be upheld. Without more particu-
larly noticing the humiliating details
to which you allude in your communi-
cation; can it be pretended that there
could be any expectation of success for
such efforts, unless founded upon the
assumption that the popular voice was
not under the guidance of reason and
virtue, or upon the supposition, that
the moral principles of the people to
whom those degrading appeals were
made, might be corrupted by a resort
to such practices? The belief that the
use of such means contributed to the
result of 1840; must have lowered the
character of our people in the estima-
tion of mankind, and if so, how much
would their respect for us be dimini-
shed, should the coming canvass be so
conducted, as to establish the impres-
sion that the American people are lia-
ble to be always thus imposed upon.—
Liability to occasional error is an infir-
mity from which no individual is ex-
empt. What right have we then to ex-
pect that communities should be infalli-
ble. But there is a wide difference
between an occasional aberration, and a
confirmed defect of character. Can we
expect the people of this country to
maintain the elevated standing in the
eyes of the world, which they have
hitherto enjoyed, if, after the lapse of
years, and the fullest opportunity for
reflection, they suffer themselves to be
a second time operated upon by ap-
plications, from the use of which every
friend to free government must turn
with mortification and disgust?

You do not therefore, gentlemen, in
my judgment, over-estimate the impor-
tance which the proceedings of 1840,
are destined to give to those of 1844.
Considerations will be brought into
view by that connection, of greater
magnitude than any which have ever
been involved in our political conflicts,
and compared with which all personal
and party interests dwindle into insigni-
ficance.

M. VAN BUREN.
Hon. JAMES R. SNOWDEN—Pres't.,
and others, officers of the meeting.

The Family.

If there are any joys on earth which
harmonize with those of Heaven, they
are the joys of the Christian family.—
When the snow flakes fall fast in the
wintry evening, and the moaning winds
struggle at the windows, what is so de-
lightful as to see the happy little ones
sporting around the blazing fire. Look
at that little creature in her night-dress,
frolicking and laughing as though she
had never known or never would know
a care. Now she climbs the chair—
now she rolls upon the carpet—and
now she pursues her older sister around
the room, while her little heart is over-
flowing with happiness. Who does
not covet the pleasurable emotions
with which the parents look upon this
lovely scene?

But with these joys are associated
responsibilities. All the inmates of
this family are immortal. This home
of their childhood must be either the
nursery of heaven or the broad gate
of destruction. The infant prattlers
are acquiring habits and feelings, which
are to control them through life, and to
guide their destinies forever. How
necessary then that purifying influences
should surround them in their early
home! How important the duties de-
volving upon those who have the con-
trol of the family! How soon will
this household be scattered!—This lit-
tle boy, now so susceptible to every
impression, may soon be breasting the
storms of a distant ocean, or controlling
the decisions of justice and law, or
mingling in the conflict of armies. He
may be honored for his virtues and his
influence, or be an outlaw, pursued by
justice, and the hopeless victim of
wretchedness and crime. This little
girl may live to be, in her turn, the
happy parent, rejoicing in the opening
virtues, and increasing love of her chil-
dren; or a wretched outcast, strolling
in shame, a disgrace to herself, her
friends, and her sex.

Around the fireside they are, prob-
ably acquiring unchanging characters
for good or evil. They will probably
go on through eternity in that direction,
upon which they enter the first few
years of life. The stamp is in your
hand, with which to place upon their
characters that impression which never
can be effaced.

A Laughable Story.

The Count Hobenlothe on his death
bed, gave a musqueteer his letter case,
to deliver to a banker whom the infatu-
ation of pleasure had prevented him
from seeing. He made no use of his
bills of credit, as death had not given
him time to spend the ready money he
had brought with him. The poor
young man having given his last sigh,
the musqueteer made the necessary
preparations for his funeral. While
things were in this situation there ar-
rived two English noblemen at the same
house. They were placed in a cham-
ber adjoining that in which the dead
body was laid out, and out of which it
had been removed. They could only
allow one bed for them both, all the
others being engaged; but as the weath-
er was cold, and they were friends,
they made no difficulty in lying to-
gether.

In the middle of the night, one of the
two not being able to sleep, and grow-
ing weary of his bed, arose in order to
amuse himself in the kitchen where he
heard some people talking. He had
diverted himself there sometime when
being willing to return whence he came,
he again went up stairs, but instead of
entering his own chamber, went into
that of the deceased Count, over whose
face they had only thrown a cloth.—
There is not so much ceremony used
in France in the management of their
dead, as in England and Germany; for
they are there satisfied with showing
their affection for the living.

The English nobleman having put
out the candle, laid down boldly by the
defunct; when creeping as close to him
as possible in order to warm himself,
and finding his bed fellow colder than
himself, he began to mutter:

"What the devil's the matter, my
friend? You are as cold as ice. I will
lay a wager, cold as you are, you would
have been warm enough if you had
seen what I have, below stairs. Come,
you may take my word for it," added
he, "come, zounds! stir." While he
was holding this conversation, with the
dead, who, detached from the things of
this world, did not even give himself
the trouble of making a reply, his cham-
ber door was opened, which made him
raise to see what was coming in; but
judge what must have been his sur-
prise, when he saw a servant lighting
in a joiner, who carried a coffin on his
shoulder! He thought at first he had
been dreaming; but on looking around
him and seeing the visage overspread
with mortal paleness, he made but one
jump from his bed to the middle of his
chamber. The joiner and the maid
were immediately persuaded that it was
the corpse, who being unwilling to be
shut up in a coffin was playing his
gambols. Their legs were unable to
move with a swiftness proportioned to
their fears; and joiner, maid, coffin and
candlestick, rolled over one another from
the top of the stairs down into the
kitchen. "Zounds! what are you all
about?" cried the landlord. "What
is the devil flying away with the dead
man?" "Mercy on us!" cried the
maid; "it is rather the dead man
would run away with us." "I am the
son of a ———," said the joiner, "if
that dead man has any more occasion
for a coffin than I have. Why he just
got up in the middle of the room, and
he has just struck up a hornpipe."

"The devil he has," cried the land-
lord, "we will soon see that."

While all the family were trembling
and getting ready to follow the master
of the house, the English nobleman who
had again found his chamber, had slipped
into bed quite out of breath, and
his friend having asked him where he
had been, he answered; "Jostling with
a dead body." "Sblood! a dead body!
it is perhaps the plague!" cried he
jumping in his turn out of bed, and
running to the door to call for a light.
The landlord, the landlady, and ser-
vants, were passing through the gal-
lery, and no sooner saw him than they
imagined it was the dead man who had
appeared again. What confusion!
What shrieks! what clamor. The Eng-
lishman, terrified at the hideous noise,
ran into his room, and slipped into his
bed to his companion, without the least
fear of catching the plague.

Dr. WATTS.—It was so natural for
Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in
rhyme, that even when he wished to
avoid it, he could not. His father was
 displeased at the propensity, and threat-
ened to whip him; if he did not leave off
making verses. One day, when he was
about to put his throat into execution,
the child burst out into tears, and on his
knees, said:
"Pray father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

The Wonders of Mesmerism.

The editor of the Bangor Courier
gives an account of a surgical operation
in that city, which he witnessed on
Saturday week—the patient having
been previously thrown into the mag-
netic sleep by Dr. Deare. The opera-
tion was the painful one of amputating
a leg, and was performed by Dr. Hosea
Rich, assisted by several other gen-
tlemen, upon Luther Carey, whose leg,
from infancy had been deformed, and
had caused him much pain and incon-
venience. The editor of the Courier
says:—"During the operation the pa-
tient complained of a sensation in the
bottom of his foot, as though some one
was pricking it; and at one time, for a
brief period, appeared to be rousing
from the magnetic state, and half-con-
scious, by suspicion at least, that the
operation had commenced; and at this
time there was quite a struggle and
much muscular action, but he was
thrown more fully into the magnetic
state, and was then quite unconscious
of what was going on; entering into
conversation respecting the operation,
and proposing that it be postponed to
the next week, &c., and insinuating,
even after the leg was amputated, that
he would not have it done until it was
fully paralyzed, at the same time ex-
pressing some doubt whether the Doc-
tor would be able to accomplish this."

After the operation had been per-
formed and the limb dressed, Mr. Car-
ey was placed in his bed, being still in
the magnetic state, and was induced to
sing. His aged, widowed mother was
called, and entered the room just as
he was singing with much zeal, which
greatly affected the aged women, and
she burst into tears. Mr. Carey was
now taken out of the magnetic sleep,
and on rousing up appeared quite star-
red on seeing the company present;—
and, speaking to his mother, a shade of
sadness passed over his countenance,
as he told them he had postponed hav-
ing the operation performed until the
doctor should be more successful in
paralyzing his leg. A passing smile
over all countenances led him to sus-
pect there might be something in the
wind, and it then occurred to him that
he was in bed, and in attempting to
rise, he was cautioned not to do it, upon
which he remarked that perhaps his
leg was off, and he was placed in bed.
Upon being assured of the fact, he in
great glee cried out, "Good I am glad
the old leg is off! He then stated that
the only sensation he had experienced
was like that of some one pricking the
bottom of his foot."

Politics in Oregon.
Under the above striking caption we
find the following paragraph in an ex-
change paper. The truth of it will not
be doubted by any one acquainted with
the enthusiastic GILPIN. It is a pretty
thing in politics—equally gratifying to
both parties—partaking, as it does,
more of the romance of patriotism than
of the prejudices of party.—Missouri-
ian.

"In one of the Prairie Sketches of
the Picayune, we find related an inci-
dent of a political character, which oc-
curred at Rock Independence. On the
remarkable rock, says the writer, in
the course of the afternoon, we painted
the name of Henry Clay in large letters.
Our paint was a boiled mixture of pow-
der, buffalo grease and glue, which re-
sists the action of the rain and wind
with great tenacity. This was on the
22d of July, and when we returned to
the same place in September, we found
the name of Martin Van Buren in let-
ters three times as large, placed over
our inscription "by Wm. Gilpin."—
some two or three years since editor
of the St. Louis Argus, and follow-
ed us out in company with young Lieut.
Freemont, the topographical engineer.
Finding the name of Clay on the Rock
he determined not to be outdone in ad-
vancing the interests of his party, and
up went Martin Van Buren, in Mam-
moth capitals, over the head of Henry
Clay. History shows how war was
once carried into Africa, and this chap-
ter may record how politics have been
promulgated in the Rocky Mountains."

CHRISTIANITY.—Christianity, like a
child goes wandering over the world.
Fearless in its innocence, it is not
abashed before princes, nor confounded
by the wisdom of synods. Before it
the blood-stained warrior sheaths his
sword, and plucks the laurel from his
brow; the midnight murderer turns
from his purpose, and, like the heart
smiting disciple goes out and weeps
bitterly. It brings liberty to the cap-
tive; joy to the mourner; freedom to the
slave; repentance and forgiveness to
the sinner; hope to the faint-hearted, and
assurance to the dying.