Bradford Reporter.

EY WEDNESDAY.] *Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.*—Gov. Porter. [BY R. S. GOODRICH & SON.

L. IV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MAY 22, 1844. NO. 50.

ted from the Dublin University Magazine.]

ney O'Reidon's trip to Fingal.

rney O'Reidon was the owner and mander of a fishing hooker in the of Kinskale; and having heard of good luck of Terry O'Sullivan in sposing of a cargo of scalpeens at l, Barney resolved to proceed r with a quantity, to try his own as he said. But he knew too lit- geography, and thought too much own skill in navigating his little having been brought up a fisher- of Kinskale; and Barney was too to enquire the way to Fingal of ne, much less of Terry O'Sulli- who was a rival fisherman. Bar- however, hit upon a plan of his An American brig anchored at kale, waiting the wind to proceed er voyage; Barney hailed her, and uired where she was going; "To gal!" was the answer from the el: *To Fingal*, thought Barney. y nothing boys and we'll thry our *directly*." Barney lost no time ading his little craft with scalpeens, at the same time putting plenty of es and a jug or two of whiskey on d. In due time the brig weighed nchors and was on her course.— ptain and hands were however ished to behold the little hooker stern on the sixth morning after had left the channel.

ooker ahoy!" cried the mate— re ye bound?"

hy, sure an it's no matter where man like me id be goin," said r.

Only I'm curious to know what ence you've been following my er, the last week?"

Follyin' your ship!—Why, thin, you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

It's very like it," said the cap-

Why, did two people never thravel me road before?"

I don't say they didn't: but there's t difference between a ship of 700 and a hooker."

Oh, as to that matther," said Bar- "the same high road sarves a and four and a low-back car, the llin' tinker an' a lord a'horsebck. you know that sometimes vessels nd to sail undher saycret ord- said Barney endeavoring to foil estion by bandiage.

ere was a universal laugh from the of the ship, at the idea of a fishing ling under secret orders; for by time the whole broadside of the was crowded with grinning s and wondering eyes at Barney is boat

Oh, it's a thrifle makes fools laugh," Barney.

Take care my fine fellow, that you be laughing at the wrong side of mouth before long, for I've a no- that you're cursedly in the wrong as cunning a fellow as you think rself. Confound your stupid head, 't you tell what brings you here?" nd so the ship proceeded on its se.

four days more, however, the pro- ns in the little hooker began to fail, they were obliged to have recourse calpeens for sustenance; and Bar- ben got seriously uneasy at the of the voyage, and the still like- ter length for anything he could the contrary, and urged at last own alarms and those of his sions, he was enabled, as the was light, to gain on the ship; en he found himself alongside, anded a parley with the cap-

captain, on hearing that the "har- ker," as she got christened, was his lee, came on deck; and as as he appeared, Barney cried

Yay thin, captain dear, do you ex- e be there soon?"

here?" said the captain.

, you know yourself," said Bar-

t well for me I do," said the .

me for you indeed, your honor," rney in his most insinuating hat whin will you be at the ind voyage, captain jewel?"

here say in about three months," e captain.

, Holy Mother!" ejaculated ; three months! arah, it's jokin' , captain dear, and only want to me."

ow should I frighten you?" ask- captain.

Why, thin, your honor, to tell truth, I heerd you wor goin' a' as I wanted to go there too, t I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgeable gintleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you thing I *am* going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said, Barney, "is n't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain; "'tis to *Bengal*."

"Oh!" said Barney, "what'll I do now at all, at all?"

The captain ordered Barney on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barney made his appearance. Puzzling question, and more puzzling answer, followed in quick succession between the commander and Barney, who in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathemetically—

"Oh! my heavy hathred to you, you tarnel thief iv a long sailor—its a purty scrape yiv led me into. I tho't it was *Fingal* he said, and now I hear its *Bengal*. Oh the devil sweep you for navigation, why did I meddle or make wid you at all! and my curse light on you, Terry O'Sullivan, why did I ever come across you, you onlooky vagabonde, to put sitch thoughts in my head!—And so its *Bingal* and not *Fingal*, you're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes indeed, Paddy."

"An might I be so bowld to ax' captain, is Bingal much farther nor Fingal?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru, how'll I ever get there at all, at all?" roared out poor Barney.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come, as fast as you can."

"Is it back? Oh! Queen iv Heaven! and how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barney.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix, I knew it iligant as long as your honor was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honor."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The divil a betther hand at the tiller in all Kinskale," said Barney, with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain; "and you know the points of the compass—you have a compass I suppose."

"A oompass! by my sowl, an it's not let alone a compass, but a *pair* o' compasses I have, that my brother, the carpinthir, left me for a keepsake whin he went abroad; but indeed, as for the points o' them, I can't say much, for the childher spylt thim intirely, rooting holes in the flure."

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain. "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a compass is and you at sea all your life? Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinals! faix an it's a great respect I have for them, your honor.—Sure' ar'nt they belongin' to the pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain in a rage—"'twould take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind!"

"I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You are sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"By dad, it would be a quare thing it a sayfarin man did n't know somethin' about the wind, any how."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, after trying to persuade him to come along with the ship, "as you are determined to go back in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me, while I give you as simple instructions as I can.—You say you know the four points of the wind, North, South, East and West.

"Yes sir."

"How do you know them, for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake. How do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, sir, the sun, God bless it, rises in the aist, and sets in the west, which stands to raison; and whin you stand bechuxt the aist and the west, the north is fornist you."

"And when the north is fornist you, as you say, is the east on your right or on your left hand?"

"On the right hand your honor."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a north east course, and you will make some land, near home in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honor."

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin, indeed, in the regard of that same we are in the heighth of distress for exceptin the scalpeens, sorra taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh! you poor devil!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commisseration, "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honor! and *I would like to drink the health* of so noble a jintleman."

"I understand you, Patrick, you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heavens shower blessins on you, I pray the Virgin Mary, and the Twelve Apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin St. Patrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh! niver fear; when the thing is to be done, I'll do it by dad, with a heart and a half."

"Now, then, Barney, the sooner you turn your face towards home, the better," said the captain; "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time. Are you sure you remember my directions?"

"Throth, an I'll never forget them to the day of my death. and is bound to pray more betoken, for you and yours."

Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barney; but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall leave me?

"The nor-aist coorse, your honor; that's the coorse agin the wold."

"Remember that! never altar that course till you see land—let nothing make you turn out of a nor-east course."

'Froth and that i'd be the dirty turn, seein that it was yourself that ordered it. O, no, I'll depend, my life an the *nor-aist coorse*, and God help any one that comes betune me and it—I'd run him down if he was my father.

"Well, good bye Barney."

"Good bye, and God bless you, your honor and send you safe."

"That's a wish you want more for yourself, Barney—never fear me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh, sure. I'm as good as at home 'wans't I know the way, barrin' the wind is conthrary; sure the nor-aist coorse 'ill do the business complete." And so saying Barney descended the ship's side and once more assumed the helm of the hardy hooker.

The two vessels now separated on their opposite course. What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvass, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers—the finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn her of the hidden rock and the shoal, the long-line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea bird; but the inexperienced fisherman to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the fickle wind the only chance of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power. By the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered trackless. To the other, it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship at parting was answered as gaily from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her, and no blither heart on board the ship than that of Barney O'Riedon.

Happy light heartedness of my poor countrymen! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits! How kindly they have been fortified by nature against the assaults of adversity, and if they blindly rush into danger, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of it if they can.

But each hurra became less audible. By degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and, finally, were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barney until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent inward outpouring of prayer, resigned himself to the care of his creator.

The night fell, and Barney stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and he then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered, if any change in the wind occurred, that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however; the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes, and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship, the hooker in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour she was so close as to hail, and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The devil a taste," said Barney, "I'll not quit my *nor-aist coorse* for the king of Ingland, nor Bonyparte into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothin to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed, and fired at, but he persevered in his course, and got clear off.

The third day, Barney's fears for the continuty of his *nor-aist coorse* were excited, as a large brig hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barney's course.

"May the divil sweep you," said Barney, "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin' farnaist me that a way."

"Brig-a-hoy!" shouting Barney giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat, "Brig-a-hoy there! bad luck to you; go 'long out o'my *nor-aist coorse*."

The brig instead of obeying his mandate, hove right to, and lay ahead of the hooker. "Oh look at this," shouted Barney, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they'er stayin' just a purpose to ruin an unfortunate man like me. My heavy hathred to you; *quit* this minit, or I'll run down on yez; and if we go to the bottom, we'll hant you for ever more—go 'long out of that, I tell you. The curse o'Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that won't go out iv a man's nor-aist coorse!"

From cursing, Barney went to praying as he came closer—"For the tendher marcy o'heaven and leave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my nor-aist coorse! May angels make your bed in heavin, and don't ruinate me this a-way." The brig was immoveable, and Barney gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses, together, apostrophising the hard case of a man being "*done out o' his nor-aist coorse*."

"A-hoy there!" shouted a voice from the brig; "You're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provision on board."

"To be sure we have; throth if we hadn't this id be a bad place to go a beggin."

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o'scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why you're mighty ignorant intirely," said Barney; "why, scalpeens is pikled mackerel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of every thing eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader—that unfavorable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, every thing eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced to helplessness. In such a state the arrival of Barney O'Reidon and his scalpeens was most providential succour to them, and a lucky chance for Barney, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value.—Barney lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practice his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put in his *nor aist coorse* once more, and ploughed towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was great good luck to Barney in more ways than one. In the first place, he found the most profitable market he could have had, and secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which still was before him, of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and consequently, being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away upon one of Barney's readiness, to avail himself of every point in his favor; and accordingly, when they left the brig, Barney said to his companions, "why thin boys, 'pon my conscience but I'm as proud as a horse with a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfort'unate craythers this blessed day, and was enabled to extind our charity to them. Sure an'it's lost they'd be only for our comin' acrass them, and we, thro' the blessin' o'God enabled to do an act of marcy, that is feedin' the hungary; and, sure every good work we do here is before us in heaven—and that's a comfort any how.—To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use goin' to Fingal, and we may as well jist go home.—To the divil now wid Terry O'Sullivan, what does he know what's an illigant? What knowledge has he of illigance? I'll go bail he never was half as far a navigation as we—he wint the short cut I go bail, and never dar'd for to vinture round as I did.

Nothin particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barney most religiously pursued his *nor-aist coorse*, but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered on the horrizon, and in the direction we was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerably certain that the vessel in sight was an American; for though it is needless to say he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing American vessels trading to Ireland his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of Transatlantic build; nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barney now determined on a manœuvre, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat.—He calculated the American was bound for Ireland, as she lay almost as directly in the way of his noraist coorse, as the West India brig, he bore up to and and spoke to her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix an it's glad I am to see your honor again," said Barney.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barney so but that a pilot was wanted for Cove.

"You know Cove?" said the American.

"Is it the Cove of Cork why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, and pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two *mini out* of it.

Barney thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an of the terriblest gale o' wind aff the land, an blew us to say intirely, an that's the way iv it your honor."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; it was from the nor-east."

"Oh, directly!" said Barney;—"faith you're right enough, 'twas the north aist coorse we wor, sure enough; but no matther now that we've met wid you—sure we'll have a job home any how."

"Well get aboard then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honor, when I jist spake a word to my comrads here."

"Why sure it's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy in the simplicity of his heart.

"Whist, you omadham! said Barney, "or I'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now mind me, Pether; you don't understan, navigashin and the various branches o' knowledge, and so all you have to do is to follow the ship when I get into her and, and I'll show you the way home."

Barney then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had gone through "a power o' hardships intire," that he would be permitted to go below, and turn in to take aleleep; "for in troth its myself and sleep that is strangers for some time," said Barney; "an" if your honor 'll be plazed, I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me until I'm wanted—for sure, till you see the land, there's no use for me in life, an' troth I want to sleep sorely."

Barney's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four and twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight; and when he came on deck the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities, and calculated he had never met any one who could sleep "four and twenty hours on a stretch before."

"Oh Sir," said Barney rubbing his eyes which were still a little hazy, "whenever I go to sleep *I pay attintion to it*."

The land was soon neared, and Barney put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first land mark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barney gave a "who," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though we flatter ourselves it is not to those who do Barney the favor of reading his adventures.

Oh! there you are, darlint ould head! an' where's the head like you! throth it's little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures agin.

In such half-muttered exclamations did Barney apostrophise each known point of his native shore, and, when opposite the harbor of Kinsale, he spoke to the hooker, that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could, after piloting the ship into Cove.

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barney sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he ever had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befel his charge, and, what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station.—Barney pocketed the pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the republican did not thank him, wished him good bye, and then pushed his way home with what Barney swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barney got himself paid for *piloting* the ship that *showed him the way home*.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

The Voice is Hushed.

BY MRS. NICHOLS.

The voice is hushed, whose seraph tones
Were wont to thrill the twilight air;
My soul no sweeter sweet music owns
Than that which hailed me nightly there.
That voice is heard in Sabbath songs,
That float thro' bright angelic spheres—
To her a holier task belongs—
'Tis mine to dry the starting tears!

The lips are pale that once gave birth
To words of sweetest, tenderest love;
None brighter glowed upon the earth—
None brighter gleam in Heaven above.
How sweetly formed to utter prayer,
How like the deep, red rose in hue,
That bloomed within her garden fair—
Alas, that it has faded too!

The orbs are dimmed—the stars which shed
The *softest beams on those blue eyes*,
From their familar haunts have fled
To light a world beyond the skies.
Yet still, metlinks when midnight holds
Its deep communion with the earth,
Those eyes look down through fleecy folds
Of white and blue, upon our hearth!

A Lively Place.—They have a little place out West, says the Picayune, which appears to have been entirely overlooked by Dickens and other English travellers of his class, and which is "all sorts" of a stirring place.—In one day they recently had two street fights, hung a man, rode three out of town on a rail, got up a quarter race, a turkey shooting, a gander pulling, a match dog fight, had preaching by a clergyman, who afterwards run a foot race for drinks "all round;" as if this was not enough the Judge of the Court, after losing a year's salary at single handed poker and whipping a man who said he didn't understand the game, went out and helped to lynch a man for hog stealing.

How to Ruin a Son.—Let him have his own way—allow him free use of money—suffer him to do what he pleases, and rove where he pleases, especially on the Sabbath day—give him free access to all sorts of companions—call him to no account for his evenings, or for his conduct generally—furnish him with no stated employment. Hursue any one of these ways, and you will experience a most marvelous deliverance, if you have not to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to their graves.