

# Bradford Reporter.

EVERY WEDNESDAY,

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

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

VOL. V.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JUNE 4, 1845.

NO. 51.

## The Sabbath.

Sweetly the Sabbath morning dawns—  
A calm is on the air;  
Like an overwearied child, the world  
Lies 'neath the wings of prayer:  
The very clouds that float along  
The blue and silent skies,  
Look heavy with the holy thoughts  
That slowly heaven-ward rise.  
I love to deem the Sabbath day  
A fairy isthmus given  
To man, where he may breathe awhile  
On earth the gales of heaven;  
The wheels of life stand motionless—  
Action in slumber lies—  
The thought resumes its throne, and Faith  
Points, flame-like, to the skies.  
Upon our ear the sound of bells—  
The Sabbath music—falls;  
Rejoicing let us enter in  
Religion's hallowed walls!  
A day of joy! Why walk ye then  
With steps so sad and slow?  
Is not God's smile above you spread?  
Are not the dead below?  
They are—but 'tis not well to mourn  
Our brethren 'neath the sod;  
Can tears be grateful to the dead?  
They are the care of God!  
Sweetly the Sabbath morning dawns—  
A calm is on the air—  
Ye have six days to laugh and weep,  
Oh! give the seventh to prayer!

## The Miniature.

BY MRS. J. H. L. CAMPBELL.

Dear cousin, I've gazed on this image,  
Of meekness and beauty so long,  
That its spell has enraptured my spirit,  
And awakened my lyre to song.  
I would that some fairy would furnish  
The words to be woven in verse,  
For my language is weak and unfitted  
The charms of that face to rehearse.  
That brow has the brightness of morning—  
Those tresses the sable of night,  
Save just where day looks upon them,  
There gleams a soft trace of moonlight;  
That cheek shames the lip of the sea-shell—  
So warm and so soft is its glow—  
While those fingers just fall on the bosom,  
Like snow flakes descending on snow.  
The blue and the brightness of heaven  
Have met in those soft beaming eyes;  
They remind us of violets nursing  
The sunbeams just caught from the skies,  
Their glance of gentleness, 'tis cousin,  
Have thrown an enchantment round you—  
And I fear if I gaze on them longer,  
My heart will turn worshipper too.  
Take back, then, and cherish the semblance  
Of her you have won for your bride,  
Whose goodness enchains your affection,  
While her loveliness wakens your pride,  
And take with it many kind wishes  
That Heaven may prosper your love  
Whose beauty, though 'of the earth—earthly—'  
Shall beam with new glory above.

## Passing Away.

When moving o'er the waste of life  
And through each weary day,  
How often we the lesson learn—  
All—all must pass away.  
When the smiling spring-time cometh  
In all its bright array,  
E'en while we note its gayest tints,  
We see them pass away.  
The summer with her gorgeous train,  
Sweet nature's matron day,  
But tells us in a thousand things,  
She too will pass away.  
And mellow autumn cometh next,  
In splendor of decay,  
Telling, in all its fruits and fields,  
Its pride must pass away.  
And last comes winter's chilling reign,  
An ancient King, and grey—  
Oh, let us learn from even him,  
That all things pass away.

## Lines.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours  
As they floated in light away,  
By the opening and the folding flowers  
That laugh to the summer's day.  
Thus had each moment its own rich hue,  
And its graceful cup and bell,  
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.  
And is not life in its real flight  
Marked thus—even thus on earth,  
By the closing of one hope's delight  
And another's gentle birth?  
Oh, let us live, so that flower by flower  
Shutting in turn, may leave  
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,  
A charm for the shaded one!

## Kate Connor: A Touching Story.

BY MRS. C. S. HALL.

"Trust me, your lordship's opinion is unfounded," said the Lady Helen Graves; and, as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened, and her cheeks flushed with a better feeling than high-born "fashionables" generally deem necessary.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, "and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter?—methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues. 'Come, he continued, 'sit down on this soft ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse, not from principle.'"

"How long can an impulse last?" inquired the lady, as she seated herself at her god-father's feet, just where he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she inquired— "tell me, first, how long an impulse can last?"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love; and although setting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe; and now your lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and, moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden, whom I dearly love—ay, and respect too; and whenever I think of sweet "Kate Connor," I bless God that the aristocracy of virtue (if I dare use such a phrase) may be found in all its lustre in an Irish cabin.

"It was on one of the most chilly of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself, at that *outré* season, when every body is out of town, arrived here, from Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him to remaining on the coast alone. "Not at home to any one," were the orders issued when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers; from his occasional frown I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature; at last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said— "That strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no pleasant news from my Irish agent."

"I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to make some inquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. "I cannot understand it," he said; "when we resided there it was only from the papers that I heard of the—dreadful murders, horrible outrages and malicious burnings. All around us was peace and tranquillity; my rents were as punctually paid as in England; for in both countries a tenant, yes, a good tenant, too, may sometimes be in arrear. I made allowance for the national character of the people, and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled as joyously over potatoes and milk as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavored to make them *détre* more; and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants."

"And, dear sir, you succeeded," I said; "never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere than theirs, when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent."

"Hold, Lady Mal-a-pert!" interrupted my father, sternly; "I selected Mr. O'Brien; you can know nothing of his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been the tool of a party."

"Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter among my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification than the most successful season in London." My father smiled and shook his head— "The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear—," he paused, and then rdded abruptly; "it is very extraordinary, often as I mention it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I sent them over with my own, and they have been acknowledged!" He

had scarcely finished this sentence, when we hear the porter in loud remonstrance with a female, who was endeavoring to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. "Ah, then, sure, ye wouldn't have the heart to turn a poor crathur from the doore, that's come such a way just to spake tin words to his lordship's glory! And don't tell me that my Dady Hillin wouldn't see me, and she to the fore!" It was enough—I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter, and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart; but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly between hers, exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost choked her utterance— "Holy Mary! 'Thank God!—'Tis herself sure!—though so beautiful!—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!" And then in a subdued voice she added— Praise to the Lord!—his care niver left me; and I could die content this minute—only for you, mother, dear!—yerself only—and—"

"My powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and jeered, when they saw Kate Connor seated that evening by my side—and my father (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

"When ye's left us, we all said that the winter was coming in earnest, and that the summer was gone forever. Well, my lord, we strove to please the agent; why not?—sure he was the master ye set over us!—but it doesn't become the like o' me, nor wouldn't be manners to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good a gentleman, to be sure, by your lordship's notice—which the whole country knew he was not afore, either by birth or by breeding. Well, my lady—sure if ye put a sod o' turf—saving yer presence—in a gold dish, it's only a turf still; and he must ha' been Ould Nick's born child, (Lord save us!) when yer honor's smile couldn't brighten him! And it's the truth I'm telling, and no lie—first of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the hedge; and then we were forced to give our best fowl as a *compiment* to Mr. O'Brien—because the goat, (and the crathur, without a tooth!) they said, skinned the trees; then the priest (yer lordship *minds* Father Lavery) and the agent quarrelled, and so—out o' spite—he set up a school, and would make all the childer go to learn there; and then the priest hindered—and to be sure we stud by the Church—and so there was nothin' but fighting; and the boys gave over work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went, only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering yer kind honor wid. My brother, near two years ago, picked up with the hoith of bad company, God knows how!—and got above us all, so grand like—wearing a new coat and a jewel ring!—so, when he got the time o' day in his pocket, he wouldn't look at the same side o' the way we went; well lady dear, this struck to my mother's heart—yet it was only the beginning of trouble—he was found in the dead o' night—(continued poor Kate, her voice trembling)—but ye heard it all—'twas in the papers—and he was sent byrnt seas. Och! many's the night we have spint crying, to think of that shame—or, on our bare, bended knees, praying that God might turn his heart. Well, my lady, upon that, Mr. O'Brien made no more ado, but said we were a seditious family, and that he had yer lordship's warrant to turn us out; and that the cabin—the nate little cabin ye gave to my mother—was to go to the gauger."

"He did not dare to say that?" interrupted my father, proudly; "he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood!"

"The word—the very word I spoke!" exclaimed Kate. "Mother," says I, "his lordship would never take back, for the sin of the son, what he gave to the mother! Sure it was hard upon her gray hairs to see her own boy brought to shame, without being turned out of her little place when the snow was on the ground—in the cold night, when no one was stirring, to say, God save ye, I remember it well; he would not suffer us to take so much as a blanket, because the bits o' things were to be canted the next morning, to pay the rent of a field which my brother took but never worked; my poor mother cried like a baby; and, wrapping the old gray cat, that your lordship gave her for a token, when it was a small kit, in her apron, we set off, as well as we could, for Mrs. Mahony's farm. It was more than two miles from us—and

the snow drifted—and, och! but sorrow wakens a body, and my mother foundered like, and couldn't walk; so I covered her over, to wait till she rested a bit—and sure your token, my lady—the cat ye gave her—kept her warm, for the baste had the sinse a'most of a Christian. Well, I was praying to God to direct us for the best, (but, may be I'm tiring your honors,) when, as if from heaven, up drives Barney, and—"

"Who is Barney, Kate?"

"I wish, my dear Lord, you could have seen Kate Connor, when I asked that question; the way-worn girl looked absolutely beautiful; I must tell you that she had exchanged, by my desire, her tattered gown and travel-stained habiliments, for a smart dress of my waiting-maid's, which if it were not correctly put on, looked, to my taste, all the better: Her face was pale, but her fine, dark, intelligent eyes, gave it much and varied expression; her beautiful hair—even Lafont's trim cap could not keep it within proper bounds—influenced, probably, by former habits, came straying (or she would call it *straggling*) down her neck, and her noble mouth was garnished with teeth which many a duchess might envy; she was sitting on a low seat, her crossed hands resting on her knees, and was going through her narrative in as straight-forward a manner as could be expected; but my unfortunate question as to the identity of Barney put her out; fast, forehead, neck, were crimson in an instant; papa turned away his head to smile, and I blushed from pure sympathy;

"Barney—his name—Mahony—my lady," she replied, at length, rolling up Lafont's sounce in lieu of her apron—and a great true friend o'—of my mother's—"

"And of yours, also, I suspect, Kate," said my father.

"We were neighbors' children, please your honorable lordship, and only natural if we had a friendly—"

"Love for each other," said my lordly papa; for once condescending to banter.

"It would be far from the likes o' me to contradict yer honor," she stammered forth at length.

"Go on with your story," said I gravely.

"I'm thinking, my lord and my lady, I left off in the snow—oh, no! he was come up with the car—well, to be sure, he took us to his mother's house, and, och! my dear lady, but it's in the walls o' the poor cabins ye find hearts!—not that I'm down-running the gentry, who, to be sure, know better manners—but it's a great blessing to the traveler to have a warm fire and dry lodging, and a share of whatever's going on—all for the love of God.— Well, to be sure, they never looked to our property; and Barney thought to persuade me to make my mother his mother, and never heeded the disgrace that had come to the family; and, knowing his heart was set upon me, his mother did the same, and my own mother, too, the crathur!—wanted me settled; well, they all tried, and wished it done off at once; and it was a sore trial that.

"Barney, says I, let go my hand; hold your whist, all o' ye, for the blessed Virgin's sake, and don't be making me mad intirely;—and I seemed to gain strength, though my heart was bursting. Look!—(says I)—bitter wrong has been done us; I know our honorable landlord had neither act nor part in it—how could he?—and my mind misgives that my lady has often written to you, mother, for it isn't in her to forget old friends; but I'll tell ye what I'll do, there's nobody ye know, barring his reverence and the schoolmaster, could tell the rights of it to his honor's glory upon paper; his reverence wouldn't meddle nor make in it, and the schoolmaster's a friend of the agent's; so ye see, dears, I'll just go fair and aisy off to London myself, and see his lordship and make him *sensible*. And before I could say my say they all—all but Barney—set up sich a scornful laugh at me as never was heard. She's mad! says one; she's a fool! says another; where's the money to pay your expences? says a third; and how could ye find your way that doesn't know a step o' the road even to Dublin? says a fourth. Well, I waited till they were all done, and then took the thing quietly. I don't think, says I, there's either madness or folly in trying to get one's own again; as to the money, it's but little of that I want, for I've the use of my limbs and can walk, and it'll go hard if one of ye would lend a pound, or, may be, thirty shillings, and no one shall ever lose by Kate Connor, to the value of a brass

farthing; and as to not knowing the road; sure I have a tongue in my head; and if I hadn't, the great God, that teaches the innocent swallows their way over the salt seas, will do as much for a poor girl who puts her trust in Him.

"My heart's against it, said Barney, but she's in the right;—and then he wanted to persuade me to go before the priest with him; but no, says I, I'll never do that till I find justice; I'll never bring both shame and poverty to an honest boy's hearthstone. I'll not be tiring yer noble honors any longer wid the sorrow, and all that, when I left them; they'd have forced me to take more than the thirty shillings—God knows how they raised that sum!—but I thought it enough; and, by the time I reached Dublin there was eight of it gone; small way the rest lasted, and I was ill three days from the sea, in Liverpool. Oh! when I got a good piece of the way—when my bits o' rags were all sold—my feet bare and bleeding, and the doors of the sweet white cottage shut against me, and I was told to go to my parish—then, then I felt I was in the land of the could-hearted stranger! Och! the English are a fine, honest people, but no ways tender; well, my lord, the hardest temptation I had at all (and here Lady Helen looked up into her god father's face, with a supplicating eye, and pressed her small white hand affectionately upon his arm, so as to rivet his most earnest attention) was when I was sitting crying by the roadside, for I was tired and hungry, and who, of all the birds in the air, drives up in a sort of ear, but Mither O'Hay, the great pig merchant, from a mile beyant our place; well, to be sure, it was he wasn't surprised when he seen me! Come back with me, Kate, honey!—says he; I'm going straight home, and I'll let the boy, ye know, have a nate little cabin I've got to let, for (he was pleased to say) you deserve it. But I thought I'd persevere to the end, so (God bless him for it) he had only ten shillings—seeing he was to receive the money for the pigs he sold at the next town— but what he had he gave me; that brought me to the rest of my journey; and if I hadn't much comfort by the way, sure I had hope, and that's God's own blessing to the sorrowful; and now, here I am, asking justice, in the name of the widow and the orphan, that have been wronged by that black-hearted man; and, sure as there's light in heaven, in his garden the nettle and the hemlock will soon grow, in place of the sweet roses; and when he lies in his bed, in his dying bed, the just and holy God— My father here interposed, and in a calm, firm voice reminded her that, before him, she must not indulge in invective. "I humbly ask your honor's pardon," said the poor girl, "I leave it all now just to God and yer honor; and shame upon me that forgot to pour upon you, my lady, the blessings the ould mother of me sint ye—full and plenty may ye ever know!—said she from her heart, the crathur—may the sun niver be too hot, or the snow too cold for ye!—may ye live in honor and die in happiness!—and, in the ind, may heaven be your bed!"

"You may guess how happy the poor girl became, when sheltered under our roof, for the confiding hope, so powerful with those of her country, was strong within her, and she had succeeded in assuring herself that at length she would obtain justice.

"And now my dear Lord," continued the Lady Helen, "tell me if a fair English maiden, with soft blue eyes, and delicate accent, had thus suffered— if driven from her beloved home, with a helpless parent, she had refused the hand of the man she loved, because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling— if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land, suffered scorn and starvation—been tempted to return, but until her object was accomplished, until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation—would you say she acted from impulse or from principle?"

"I say," replied the old gentleman, answering his god-daughter's winning smile, "that you are a saucy gipsy, to catch me in this way. Fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass of eighteen talks down a man of sixty! But tell me the result."

"Well, now you must hear the sequel to my story; for it is only half finished, and I assure you the best is to come—"

"Instead of returning to Brighton, my father, without apprising our worthy agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland! Only think how delightful!—so romantic and so

useful too! Kate—you cannot imagine how lovely she looked—she quite eclipsed Lafont! Then her exclamations of delight were so new, so curious—nothing so original to be met with even at the *soiree* of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate's remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased at the prospect of the meeting—the discomfiture of the agent—the joy of the lovers, and the wedding—(all stories that end properly, end that way, you know,)—that I did not even request to spend a day in Bath.

"We hired a carriage in Dublin, and just on the verge of papa's estate, saw Mr. O'Brien, his hands in his pockets, his fuzzy red hair sticking out all round his hat, like a burning furze bush, and his vulgar, ugly face, as dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lording it over some half-naked creatures, who were breaking stones, but who, despite his presence, ceased working, as the carriage approached. "There's himself," muttered Kate. We stopped—and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien, when my father put his head out of the window— (Cruikshank should have seen it.) He could not utter a single sentence. Many of the poor men also recognized us, and as we nodded and spoke to some we recognized among them, they shouted so loudly for fair joy, that the horses galloped on, not, however, before the triumphant Katharine, almost throwing herself out of the window, exclaimed— "And I'm here, Mr. O'Brien, in the same coach wid my lord and my lady, and now we'll have justice!—at which my father was very angry, and I was equally delighted. Two 'weeny' children met us at the entrance to the cottage—Barney's cottage—(their healthy cheeks contrasted with the wretchedness of their attire, and told my father at once the condition to which his negligence had reduced my poor nurse, for the children were here—I will show them to you one of these days, a *leetle* better dressed. It was worth a king's ransom to see the happiness of the united families of Connors and Mahony's; the gray cat even purred with satisfaction—then such a wedding! Only fancy, my dear lord, my being bridesmaid!—dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor! Ye exquisites and exclusives!—how would you receive the Lady Helen Graves, if this were known at Almack's? From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside six months of the twelve at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we got on; the people are sometimes a little obstinate, in the matter of smoke, and now then an odd dunghill too near the door; and, as they love liberty themselves do not much like to confine their pigs.— But these are only trifles. I have my own school, on my own plan, which I will explain to you another time, and now will only tell you that it is visited by both clergyman and priest; and I only wish that all our absentees would follow our example, and then, my dear god-papa, the Irish would have good impulses, and act upon right principles."

## Good Anecdote.

We heard a story some time since of Joe—, which will bear repeating.

Joe was one evening seated in the bar-room of a country tavern in Canada, where were assembled several old countrymen discussing various matters connected with the "pomp and circumstances of war." In the course of some remarks, one of them stated that the British government possessed the largest cannon in the world, and gave the dimensions of one which he had seen. Joe's Yankee pride would not allow him to let such an assertion pass without contradiction.

"Poh! gentlemen," said he, "I won't deny but that is a fair sized cannon; but you are a leetle mistaken in supposing it to be named in the same minute with one of our Yankee guns which I saw in Charleston last year— Jupiter! that was a cannon. Why, sirs, it is so infernally large, that the soldiers were obliged to employ a yoke of oxen to draw in the ball."

"The devil they were!" exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph; "pray can you tell me how they got the oxen out again?"

"Why, you fool," returned Joe, "they unyoked them and drove them through the rent."