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## TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, January 10, 1855.

### BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.

BY E. W. CUDWORTH.

Be true to yourself—though the struggle is hard. And the contest be doubtful at best. No labor fatigue, no exertion retard, No failure on effort arrest. Though poverty shackles each project that rise, Though adversity frown for a term, Misfortune is only success in disguise, To the heart that is steadfast and firm.

Let affliction o'erspread its dark curtain of gloom, And kneel in disappointment and pain, Yet the cloud is but transient, for even the tomb, The free spirit can never impede, Mind cannot be still, though matter is dead, Nor sleep with the body behind, For the soul by corruption no longer is led, When to cease it no more is confined.

Rest not then; but forward press dauntlessly on, Nor despair until beats the last pulse; By blighting discouragement ne'er be overthrown, Till death shall the heart-strings convulse; Let slander, the poison-tongued, sully the name, And jealousy strive to outvie, But an innocent heart is worth more than all fame, And integrity never can die.

### Mary McIntyre has Arrived.

BY F. W. THOMAS, ESQ.

On my way to St. Louis, safe and sound I arrived at Louisville, on the steamer Madison, now years ago. The falls of the Ohio, at Louisville, were so low, that the captain resolved to go round by the canal, which was cut to obviate the necessity of unloading vessels to lighten them, so as to permit their passage over the falls. At 10 o'clock, A. M., we reached Louisville, and the captain told me, upon inquiry, as I wished to pay my respects to a friend or two in that hospitable city, that the boat would not leave until 1 o'clock, as he had to take on board a number of Scotch immigrants, with their baggage, who had been brought thus far from Pittsburgh on a boat that was returning. I therefore had ample time to make a morning call or two in passing, a pleasure of which I generally avail myself on our western waters, whenever the boat on which I happen to be a wayfarer stops where I have acquaintances.

I resolved to pay my respects to "Amelia," the sweetest poetess of our land, in whose society I spent a most agreeable hour, which I would willingly have prolonged, but the admonition that the boat started at one o'clock rose to my memory.

I therefore returned to the wharf half an hour before one, determined to be in time. Lo! as I approached the wharf, I beheld the Madison lumbering along in the canal, stopping every moment as it took breath, being in fact retarded by some obstacle or other, which she could not surmount without the aid of poles and ropes and a fresh start.

My only remedy was to ride round to Lockport, where the canal terminates by passing into the river, and there wait an indefinite period for the arrival of the steamer; or get on board a row boat and have myself transported after her in the canal, and thus reach her, which I was assured could be effected in half an hour at furthest.

I accordingly fed two youths who were paddling about in a boat, to convey me to the Madison. I was soon seated astern, and they pulled away for the steamer. We soon entered the canal, but owing to the waves the steamer threw in her confined track, and her lumbering movement from side to side, it was with difficulty and delay that we approached her.

The Scotch immigrants were what are called on the western waters, deck passengers—of that class, almost all of whom are very poor, but often very respectable, who in the packet ships in crossing the Atlantic take a steerage passage. Among the immigrants on the Madison were many females, among whom there were some young and beautiful ones.

As I ripped out a strong western oath, (I am ashamed to write it, for I have not pronounced one in a long time,) to the captain, for breaking his word with me, and leaving before the hour, one of these Scotch lassies said to me imploringly—for our boat had got immediately under the stern of the steamer, where she stood—

"Oh! sir, please don't swear so!"

Struck with the tone and beauty of the Scotch maiden, my impulse of anger changed to one of adoration, and I instantly said to her—

"Well, I won't again—and you must be like Sieme's angel when my uncle Toby swore; you must drop a tear upon the word in the high archives, and blot it out forever."

As I said this, I stretched out my hand to reach the railing of the steamer, but failed, as our boat gave a lurch at the moment. Again I made the effort, and would have failed again, had not the pretty Scotch girl leaped over the vessel's side and given me her hand.

Thus assisted, in a moment more I was on the steamer's deck, beside my fair assistant. I thanked her with all the grace I could muster, which she received with a blush; and said—

"But you forget, sir, that my uncle Toby's oath was to save life."

"But it was unavailing," I replied, "yet your fair hand stretched out to me, may have saved mine: therefore, as I live and may err,

—Nymph, in thy origins Be all my sins remembered."

"Poor Ophelia!" ejaculated the Scotch girl sadly, "she went crazy for love."

Her neck and shoulders were exquisitely turned, and added to the charm of features which were decidedly patrician. There was a naivete in her manner, too, that had caught its tone from a position, I thought, evidently above her present one.—She had also nothing of the Scotch in her accent, which was broad enough on the lips of her companions. Though she was comparatively poor, there was not only great neatness in her humble toilet, but a style that was above the "blay-diggin." Several little trinkets upon her person—a ring, a breastpin, and particularly a massive gold cross, attached to a handsome gold chain—attracted my attention, especially the latter, and indicated not only from their value, but the manner in which they were worn, her superiority to her companions, as well as the fact, to my mind, that she was a Roman Catholic. Her companions were rigid Presbyterians, I soon learned, and my fair assistant into the boat, and reprover, did not attend, I observed, when an old Scotchman in the afternoon read the Bible the group of immigrants gathered about him, but withdrew to the side of the boat, and looked over pensively into the water.

She interested me much. Being myself, at that time, a wearer of a large pair of whiskers, and an imperial to match, my humble travelling companions were rather shy of me; but soon observing that my fellow passengers above stairs knew me well, and that I was not unpopular among them, the Scotch folks grew rapidly familiar and frank with me.

I learned, from a solemn and remarkably pious old Presbyterian, the history of the beautiful Scotch girl, whose name was Mary McIntyre. He gazed heavily when he told it. Her father was a humble farmer of the better sort, and lived in Ayrshire. An old Roman Catholic nobleman who dwelt in Edinburgh, had a daughter who became acquainted with Mary, and treated her as a humble friend. When the young lady returned to Edinburgh, she took Mary with her, who was affianced to a young miller in the neighborhood, named McClung. In fulfillment of an old Scotch custom, which Burns and his Highland Mary practised, they at parting broke a piece of silver over a running brook, and on a Bible plighted their everlasting faith to each other.

In the process of events, Mary, to the horror of her lover's faith, became a Roman Catholic. Her lover wrote her what she thought a harsh and un-called-for letter on the subject. Her maiden pride, as well as her religious prejudices, were aroused, and she returned him his letter without a word of comment. Both were stung to the quick. The lover, though he went to Edinburgh, left for the United States without calling to see her, and wandered away up the Missouri river. Mary grew very thin and absent-minded, and exhibited all the symptoms of a maiden sick for love. Three years passed—Mary's friend had died, and she had returned to her father's, the while wasting away, when lo! a package came from the far western wilds, from Mary's lover.

He implored her to forgive him for his conduct to her, in the humblest terms; and in the strongest he expressed the continuance of his passionate love. He stated that he had thought of nothing else but Mary since he left Scotland; that knowing every Sunday that he was worshipping in the Catholic Church, he went to one himself that he might worship with her, and that he had become a Catholic, and sent her the antique cross she wore in testimony of his love and of his faith. He furthermore told Mary that he was doing well in the New World; that if she said so he would go for her, but that it would ruin his business, (he was a true Scotchman,) and concluded by begging Mary to come to him. These immigrants were on the point of leaving Scotland. Many of them were Mary's especial friends, and she determined to embark with them.

How I felt interested in the Scotch girl! In proud saloons, in gay and wild Washington, I have many a time and often felt all the impulses of my fitful and wayward nature aroused, and concentrated to please some dark-eyed one from the sunny south, or some fair descendant of the Puritans, or some dame of high degree from over the waters, cynosures of fashion in the capitol, but remember, I saw not a woman yet who more struck my fancy than this bonnie lassie from the land of Burns. She could tell me so many things traditional in Ayrshire about Burns and his birth-place, and then admitted him so, and could sing his songs so well! We had a long passage, and she kept herself aloof from the other passengers, I was all day and half the night by her side. She half made me a Catholic. I have since, with uncertain steps, and some short comings, been trying to fix my conduct where my first faith and hope and heart are fixed, in the humble ways of Methodism; and I know that Mary will think none the less of me when she sees the avowal. Then I was careless of everything but the enjoyment of the hour that was passing over me. It was just this time of year, (May,) and the beautiful Ohio never was more beautiful. How many simple and frank questions she asked me! and as she did not know that I knew her secret, I could so plainly trace in all her thoughts the image of her lover, the controlling one, as the bright moon above us was the controlling light. Several times, when she knew not that I observed her, I witnessed her devotion; and I thought, as I saw her clasp the crucifix, her lover's gift, and pray, that some earthly adoration mingled with her heavenly vows.

One day, as we sat chatting together with more than usual reservedness, I observed—"Well, you will soon marry some rich American?"

"No," she instantly replied, "I prefer a poor Scotchman." I must have felt a pang of jealousy of her love at the time, for I remarked—

"Mary, you have asked me what I thought was the difference between a Scotch woman and an American. I will tell you: an American would make her lover come to her; a Scotch woman, as you know, would come to her lover."

Her brow and bosom glowed in an instant, and rising from my side, she looked at me, and said—"Sir, you have no right thus to wound a woman's heart!" and, bursting into tears, she walked away from me.

Whatever may have been my misunderstandings with men—and they have been few—I certainly never had then had one with a woman, and my unaccountable and uncalled-for remark stung my own pride as a gentleman as much as I had wounded Mary's womanly nature. I instantly followed her, and I used every effort to reconcile her, but without effect. She walked away from me with a haughty inclination of the head, and entered her humble apartment.

I learned that one of her chief objections to her voyage was this coming to her lover instead of with him. Her refined education had taught her this refinement of womanly delicacy. I could not forgive myself for the womanly delinquency I had inflicted on Mary's feelings, and I soon began to feel that I should not forgive her for not forgiving me.

At last we approached a point not far below St. Louis, near by Jefferson Barracks, where the Scotch immigrants were to embark, and they were all busied and preparing. I sat smoking a cigar on the guards and watching them. Mary in the certainty of meeting her lover, was with a natural anxiety practising all the arts of the toilet, to make her scanty wardrobe do its best. I could see her arranging her hair and shawl, and consulting one of the Scotch girls as to their adjustment, whose opinions, but for her own anxiety, she would have disregarded.—Doubtless, she often thought, years may have changed me much, and he—how will he be disappointed! She may have fancied that her very education, which gave her a different air and manner from what she had when he wooed her, might make an unfavorable impression upon him.

I never in my life thought I could easier read a woman's feelings. At last we reached the point of the pilgrim's rest, and the boat rounded to; but when they landed, Mary's lover was not there! She seemed stupefied; and the others were so busied with themselves and their own concerns, that they thought not of Mary or her lover.

She took a seat on her trunk, on the shore amid the baggage, which the immigrants were getting off, and looked the very picture of despair—as, with her hands clasped in her lap, she gazed now here, now thence, as if she thought that from some point or other he must come; but he came not.

My provocation at Mary for the un forgiveness was gone. I arose from the guards of the boat, threw my cigar overboard, and went ashore. I had often been at this point, on pleasure excursions from St. Louis, and I saw several persons that I knew. I went up to a young Frenchman, whose employment was carting wood to St. Louis, and after a profusion of compliments between us, for he was an old acquaintance, I asked him if he knew a Scotch man named McClung, a miller, in the neighborhood.

"Well, Monsieur—ah, well." "How far from here does he live?" I asked. "Ah—about two miles." "I will give you a five dollar gold piece if you will mount a fleet horse and go to him and tell him that the Scotch emigrants have arrived"—and I showed him the glittering coin. "Instantly, Monsieur," he replied, with a dancing eye. "Stop!" I exclaimed; and taking one of my cards from my pocket, I wrote on it with pen and ink, which he got for me from the boat, the simple words, "Mary McIntyre has arrived."

I saw my Frenchman, in a few minutes more, at the top of his speed, on a Canadian pony, dashing like a met through the woods. As I walked towards the boat, I met Mary's eye; but she instantly averted it, as if she thought I was taking pleasure in her grief at her not finding on the spot to welcome her, the lover she had "come to." What strange creatures are we! I felt a proud thrill through my heart. No, my bonnie lass, thought I, I'll have a braver revenge upon you than that—you shall forgive me.

Time flew on—the baggage was all landed—we were preparing to depart, when some one exclaimed—

"Look yonder! there's some chaps coming to the boat, or else they're racing it, for they've got all steam up."

We looked and sure enough two horsemen were bounding towards us as if with such intent. One was my Frenchman, so I supposed the other was McClung; and soon I knew it, for I could see his miller's clothes.

The whole boat was excitement, and the captain ordered delay for a moment, till they should arrive, not knowing what their eager haste meant. I understood it. McClung was thinking of his Mary McIntyre, and the Frenchman of his five-dollar gold piece.

"They come on bravely," was the cry. "Yes, and the miller is ahead," exclaimed another.

I was glad to see LOVE ahead of AVARICE, but I suspect it was owing more to the steeds than their riders.

I looked at Mary. At the cry of "the miller is ahead!" she had risen from her listless posture, and was gazing intently at the horsemen.

In a moment the miller's horse was bounding home without his rider, for he had not thought to fasten him as he threw himself from his back. He rushed towards Mary, and in an instant they were in each other's arms. Such a wild embrace of joy I never witnessed. I thought their kindred hearts, like the "kindred drops" of the poet, would liberally mingle into one.

"Ah, mon Dieu," exclaimed the Frenchman from the shore, for the captain had ordered our departure, mad as the delay and we left. "Ah, mon Dieu, my five dollar gold piece—I am chest!" I stuck it in an apple, threw it on shore, and had the satisfaction of seeing the Frenchman bound towards it, like the miller towards Mary, and grasped it too; and I laughed heartily at the manner—so eager, and

yet so gentle, holding it between his compressed legs, in which he made the lascivious pippin discharge its golden treasure.

The last thing which attracted my attention on the shore, was the Frenchman, who stood beside Mary and the miller, with one hand restoring the gold piece to its lustre, by rubbing it on his pantaloons, and in the other holding the pippin, from which he was taking large contributions, while he gestulated with that member when not applied to his mouth towards the steamer, evidently trying to do a good many things at once, and among the rest, to explain who kept him on the strand.

Ah, thought I, I have had my revenge. Years after this I was again in St. Louis, in a very sickly summer. Partaking, may be, too freely of its hospitalities—for I never saw a more hospitable people than those of St. Louis—and being unused to the climate, I was seized with a bilious fever—in fact it was the yellow fever. I was in a boarding-house, and in a very confined room, and the physician said it could not be taken into the country I would die.

I became unconscious. I awoke one morning at last, with a dreary impression of existence, but I had not the slightest conception of my location. I discovered I was in the country, and as in the progress of days, returning life grew keener, I found myself in a pleasant chamber and a lady attending to me. She would not let me talk at first, but I at last learned that I had been there a week or two; and further, from a black servant, that her mistress had, without taking off her clothes, watched on me all that time. I was about questioning the black girl further, when from a moment's absence, her mistress returned, and after remarking how much better I was, asked me if I did not know her? I looked at the beautiful—though she looked wan, from her attendance upon me, I supposed, and replied:

"Indeed, my dear madam, I do not know you, though I shall never forget you."

She stepped to the mantel-piece, and took from it a small richly gilt frame, which looked as if it contained a miniature, and showing it to me, I beheld within it my card given to the Frenchman—"Mary McIntyre has arrived." Mr. McClung had greatly prospered in the world, and Mrs. McClung was what she would have been in fact in any situation—lady in the land, and now, acknowledged and received lady. She seldom visited St. Louis, but when she did, she stopped at the house where I was so ill, and hearing my name mentioned, and learning who I was she had me conveyed to her house in her own carriage, supporting my unconscious head all the way herself. Lucky for me was this last arrival.

I may speak again of this Scotch lassie, for we have met in other scenes, were, bearing the "bright particular star," fashion, and rank, and intellect, did her homage.

THE DEATH BELL.—Thoughts ever occurring amid the din of business, and the stillness of repose, are beautifully expressed in the following paragraph, which we clip from the Auburn Daily Advertiser—

"Toll—toll—toll. The grim king of terrors is again among us—the death bell rings out, and its iron voice speaks of its triumph. Some mortal's brief sojourn in the vale of tears is ended. Who is it—the high or the humble? Is it white-haired age, with its burden of years, and its heart of garnered griefs and faded dreams—or youth arrested in its strength, its glowing frame robbed of its manliness and vigor, its cheek of health, and its opening heart of its bright young dreams? Or infancy—some fragile bud withered at the first contact with the winds of life, its soil changed to an angel's hymn—transplanted to bloom unfeeling in a better clime? Toll—toll—toll. That heavy peal vibrates sadly upon our heart—how much sadder upon those of the bereaved! It admonishes the living, while it knells the dead and heralds an unfettered spirit to the shoreless world! And yet unheeding, the tide of life flows on. Tramp, tramp, tramp, moves the living throng—toll, toll, toll, says the bell for the gathering dead! A world of life, and a world of dead. The earth is passing away!"

EXPORTING WIVES.—From the time of Romulus down to the present day, the difficulty of inducing females to emigrate to new regions is sensibly felt. Romulus stole wives for his countrymen, and in 1620, women were exported to Virginia from England. "The enterprising colonists," says Holmes "being generally destitute of families, Sir Edward Sandys, the treasurer, proposed to the Virginia company to send over wives for the planters. The proposal was applauded, and ninety girls, young and unmarried," were sent over in the ships that arrived this year, and the year following sixty more—handsome and well recommended to the company for their virtuous education and demeanor.—The price of a wife, at first, was one hundred pounds of tobacco; but as the number became scarce, the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of which, in money, was three shillings per pound. "This debt for wives, it was ordered, should have the precedence of all other debts; and be first recoverable." Another writer says, that "It would have done a man's heart good to see the gallant young Virginians hastening to the water-side when a ship arrived from London, each carrying a bundle of the best tobacco under his arm, and each taking back with him a beautiful and virtuous wife."

To marry a rake, in the hope of reforming him, and to hire a highwayman, in the hope of reclaiming him, are two very dangerous experiments; and yet I know a lady who fancies she has succeeded in the one, and all the world knows a highwayman who really has succeeded in the other.

CHARLES FOX.—I have heard a good story of our old friend Charles Fox. When his horse at the five o'clock race on five, he found all efforts to stay it useless, and being a good drubman, he went up the hill to make a drawing of the first—the best instance of philosophy I ever heard of.

FREE SOIL. Free Soil! O, men of thought! O watchers of our race! The day, the hour with truth is fraught! The morning breaks apace!

Free Soil! The broad wide earth is free— Free by the grant of God! Free Soil! The word is blasphemy— Man's creator is the God!

Free Soil! The world is free! Free by the grant of God! Free Soil! The word is blasphemy— Man's creator is the God!

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of his friends, the tongue of Nick Morgan refused to operate and snarled the mystery, as though his "tongue" were—

"Nicholas, what is the matter with you? I'm a free man, and you're a slave, and you're a nigger, and you're a—"

"No, no, no, but turning his head over, and looking at his wife and friends with all the sobbing tenderness of a dying cat, the old fellow offered up a heavy doleful groan.

"Nicholas! mine true husband, val jeh deust! Another fool, and another dreadful groan."

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