The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum, in Advance.

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☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fanby colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Cards.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. jun17, 66.

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office in the Court House. July 15, 1865.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*—Office corner of Main and Pine streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

W. A. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over the Bakery South of the Ward House and opposite the Court House. Nov. 3, 1868.

DR. H. WESTON, *DENTIST.*—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. 1jan68

W. T. DAVIES, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. Office with Wm. Watkins, Esq. Particular attention paid to Orphans' Court business and settlement of decedents estates.

DOCTOR H. A. BARTLETT,
BURLINGTON BOROUGH, PA.
July 29, 1868.

F. B. FORD—*Licensed Auctioneer*,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate. Feb. 13, 1868.

MISS E. H. BATES, M. D. (Grad uate of Women's Medical College, Philade lphia: Class 1854.) Office and residence No. 11 Park street Owego Particular attention given to Diseases of Women. Patients visited at their homes if requested. May 28, 1868

FRANCIS E. POST, *Painter, Towanda, Pa.*, with 10 years experience, is confident he can give the best satisfaction in Painting, Graining, Staining, Glazing, Papering, &c. ☞ Particular attention paid to Jobbing in the country. April 9, 1868.

J. K. VAUGHAN—*Architect and Builder.*—All kinds of Architectural designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main street, over Russell & Co.'s Bank. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. April 1, 1867.—1y.

MERCUR & MORROW, *Attorneys at Law*, Towanda, Pena's. The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public.
ULYSSES MERCUR F. D. MORROW.
March 9, 1865.

W. H. CARNOCHAN—*Attorney at Law*, (District Attorney for Bradford County,) Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. Feb. 15, 1869 -1f

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Bradford Co. Pa. General Insurance and Real Estate Agent—Bounties and Pensions collected. N. B—All business in the Orphan' Court attended to promptly and with care. Office Mercur's new block north side Public Square. Oct. 24, '67.

JOHN N. CALIFF, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections. ☞ Office at the Register's and Recorder's office—so th of Court House. Dec. 1, 1864.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, TOWANDA, Pa. Having permanently located, offers his professional services to the public. Calls promptly attended to in or out of town. Office with J. DeWitt on Main street. Residence at Mrs. Humphrey's on Second Street. April 16, 1868.

DRS. T. F. & WM. A. MADILL, *PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS*, Office and residence in Wysox, Pa. Dr. T. F. Madill can be consulted at Gore's Drug Store in Towanda, every Saturday. Dr. Wm. A. Madill will give especial attention to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, having made a speciality of the above diseases for the past eight years.
T. F. MADILL, M. D. WM. A. MADILL.
June 11, 1868.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs. July 16, 1868.

F. R. TAYLOR, *Fashionable Hair Dresser*, Ward House, Towanda, Pa., keeps constantly on hand and makes to order all kinds of Hair Work, such as Switches, Curls, Braids, Frissets, Lady's Front Pieces, Wigs, Toupees, Waterfalls, Puffs, False Whiskers and ornamental Hair Work of all descriptions made to suit the customer. Particular attention paid to the Cutting and Dressing of Lady's Hair.—Highest market price paid for Raw Hair. Towanda, Nov. 26, 1868.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
EAST SMITHFIELD, PA.
The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. U. Bentley, and thoroughly repaired and re-fitted it, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. Every endeavor will be made to satisfy those who may favor him with a call. A. G. REYNOLDS.
Feb. 1, 16 9.—6m*.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
JOHN C. WILSON.
Having leased this Hou-, is now ready to accommodate the Travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those w o may give him a call.
☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block (now building).

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL,
PETER LANDMESSER,
Having purchased and thoroughly refitted the old and well known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffis, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good a commodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call. Dec. 23, 1868.—tf.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.
On Main Street, near the Court House.
C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.
Oct. 8, 1866.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!
MRS. E. J. PIERCE,
Presents herself to the ladies of Towanda with a very choice selection of goods, and is entirely confident of being able to meet the justly discriminating taste of such as may do her the honor of an examination of her stock. Thanking her former patrons for their favors, she solicits a continuance of the same. Floting done beautifully and on the shortest notice. Roo me over Cohen & Rosenfield's, Main Street. Towanda, Oct. 5, 1868.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, a graduate of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class 1843-4, gives exclusive attention to the practice of his profession Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Howe's. January 14, 1869.

$300 REWARD.—In accordance with a resolution, or proposition of the Common Council of the Borough of Alba adopted October the 29th, A. D. 1868, I hereby offer a reward of Three Hundred Dollars to be paid upon conviction of any person or persons who shall fire, or have fired any building or buildings, or caused the same to be done within the limits of said Alba Borough.
Nov. 5, 1868. DAVID PALMER, Burgess.

Cards.

H. B. McKEAN, *ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 29, 1866.

W. B. KELLY, *Dentist.* Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. All the various styles of work scientifically done and warranted. Particular attention is called to the Aluminum Base for Artificial Teeth, which is equally as good as Gold and far superior to either Rubber or Silver. Please call and examine specimens. Chloroform or Ether administered under direction of a Physician when desired. Aug. 6, 1867.—tf.

MYERS' MILL!
SPECIAL NOTICE.
Myer, Foster & Co., will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or any thing else in their line in any part of the village. Customers will find an Order Book at the store of Fox, Stevens, Mercur & Co. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to. Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said Book, will be answered. MYER, FOSTER & CO. Towanda, June 24, 1868.—tf.

SOLOMON COOPER—Has removed from the Ward House and has opened a SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON Two doors south of the National Hotel, and adjoining Patton's Block, on Main Street, in the basement. This shop is open constantly from 6 a. m., to 9 p. m., to accommodate all that will favor him with a call. Two experienced workmen in this saloon, always ready to wait on customers in a satisfactory manner.—Gents and Ladies Hair Cutting in the latest fashionable style. Razors honed and set ready for use and warranted to suit. Ornamental Hair Work, Switches, Waterfalls, and Curls, made to order. Wigs made and repaired. Towanda, Aug. 15, 1868.—tf.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. F. MASON & CO. They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To Loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business. G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining Counties, and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years make this house a desirable one, through which to make collections. G. F. MASON, A. G. MASON. Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866.

BRADFORD COUNTY
REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT.
Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale.
Parties having property for sale will find it to their advantage by leaving a description of the same, with terms of sale at this agency, as parties are constantly enquiring for farms &c.
H. B. McKEAN, Real Estate Agent.
Office Montanye's Block, Towanda, Pa. Jan. 29, 1867.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Offers the following Farms, Coal and Timber Lands for sale:
Fine Timber lot, 3 miles from Towanda, containing 53 acres. Price $1,325.
Farm in Asylum, containing 135 acres. Good buildings. Under a fine state of cultivation. Mostly improved. Price $5,000.
Farm in West Burlington—on the Creek.—New house and barn. Under a fine state of cultivation. 95 acres. Price $3,450.
Farms in Franklin. All under good cultivation. Good buildings. For sale cheap.
Several very desirable Houses and Lots in Towanda.
A large tract of Coal Lands in Tioga county. Towanda, July 18, 1867.

MYERSBURG MILLS!
The subscribers having purchased of Mr. Barns his interest in the MYERSBURG MILLS will carry on the business of Milling, and guarantee all work done by them to be of the very best quality.
Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand, for sale at the lowest cash price.
Also now on hand a large quantity of best Ground Cayuga Plaster for sale.
MYER & FROST.
Myersburg, Sept 24, 1868.

HARDING & SMALLEY,
Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC business, at the rooms formerly occupied by Wood and Harding, would respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Penciled and Colored, Opaltypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for clearness and brilliancy of tone and Artistic finish, *can not be excelled.* We invite all to examine them as well as the more common kinds of Portraits which we make, knowing full well that they will bear the closest inspection. This Gallery claims the highest reputation for good work of any in this section of country, and we are determined by a strict attention to business and the superior quality of our work, to not only retain but increase its very *enviable reputation.*
We keep constantly on hand the best variety of Frames and at lower prices than at any other establishment in town. Also Passe-partouts Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Vies, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call.
N. B.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING, Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND!
GUION & CO.'S LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL.
Williams & Guion's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week.
Swallow-tail Line of Packets from or to London, sailing twice a month.
Remittances to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand.
For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, 29 Broadway, New-York, or G. F. MASON & G., Bankers, Towanda, Pa Oct. 1, 1866.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.
J. S. SMITH, M. D., would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Bradford County that he is permanently located in Towanda, Pa. He would say that from his long and successful practice of TWENTY-FIVE YEARS duration he is familiar with all the different styles of work done in any and all Dental Establishments in city or country, and is better prepared than any other Dental operator in the vicinity to do work the best adapted to the many and different cases that present themselves oftentimes to the Dentist, as he understands the art of making his own artificial teeth, and has facilities for doing the same. To those requiring under sets of teeth he would call attention to his new kind of work which consists of porcelain for both plate and teeth, and forming a continuous gum. It is more durable, more natural in appearance, and much better adapted to the gum than any other kind of work. Those in need of the same are invited to call and examine specimens. Teeth filled to last for years and oftentimes for life.—Chloroform, Ether, and "Nitrous Oxide" administered with perfect safety, as over four hundred patients within the last four years can testify. Office in Patton's Block. Jan. 23, 1868.

G. S. PECK, *MILLWRIGHT & MACHINIST*, TOWANDA, PA. Mills built and Repaired, Engines and Boilers set in the best manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to my
NEW VORTEXT WATER WHEEL,
As combining all the elements of a first class motor, simplicity of construction, accessibility, great strength of parts, developing the greatest amount of power for water used, easily repaired, running under backwater with no derangement to power except diminution of head, requiring no alteration in Mill frames or addition to flumes, will run under low head, and made of any desired capacity. These wheels will be furnished at less than one-half the cost of any other first-class wheel in market, and warranted to perform all that is claimed for them—These wheels will be made for delivery with or without cores, on short notice of the best iron in market.
For full particulars address or enquire of the undersigned. G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa.
P. S.—These wheels can be seen in operation at Messrs. Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda twp. The wheels are wholly composed of iron as near made. Jan. 14, 1869.—tf

Selected Poetry.

LIPS THAT KISSED ME LONG AGO.

BY HOWARD THURSTON.

Lips that kissed me long ago,
Ye were fair and ye were sweet!
Tender lips I loved yo so!
Mine ye often used to meet,
Then love sang its gladdest song;
Then hope wore its brightest smile;
For your kisses ripe and long
Thrilled my being all the while!

Then the days were young and fair,
Golden with a glory bright;
Life was like an answered prayer,
Holding in it rare delight.
Never came a cloud above,
Never ceased the golden glow,
Never ceased the song of love,—
Lips that kissed me long ago!

Never came?—nay, I forget,
Every glad thing perisheth;
Cheeks that smile will soon be wet,
Blossoms sweetest fade in death.
All the golden glory fled;
Love a sad song chanted low;
And a long adieu we said,—
Lips that kissed me long ago!

Ah, ye tender loving lips!
What is day without its sun?
When unending its eclipse,
Has not then the night begun?
In the darkness still I wait,
Looking backward to the light;
Through the years all desolate
Seeing where I entered night.

Could I feel your kisses sweet
Once again upon my own,
Love its glad song would repeat,
Only gladder, sweeter grown;
Hope again its smile would wear;
All the brightness I should know;
Life would be my answered prayer,—
Lips that kissed me long ago!

Selected Tale.

A GHOST STORY.

The Phantom of Deadmoor Tower.

At six o'clock one fine autumn morning, Seymour and I stood on the deck of a London steamer, which was easing and stopping, and turning astern, and going on, in her endeavors to lay herself alongside the quay of a foreign town, without smashing any of the smaller vessels which were in her way.

"Upon my word, this is delightful," said my friend. "The voyage has been a pleasure trip instead of a bore. I have had a good night's rest, and feel as fresh as a lark, instead of being jaded, and anxious to get to bed, as usual on arrival at the end of a long journey. And then one always gets a disappointing impression of a town on driving into it from a station, which is invariably in the worst quarter; whereas, look there. Why, it's more like a scene in a theatre than anything in real life. I declare I will never go abroad by short sea passage and rail again, if I can help it."

Seymour is a "swell." He goes to his hair-dresser's several times a week, sends back coats and trousers which do not exactly fit him, habitually wear gloves, has a valet (and pronounces the t), drives mail phaeton, drawn by two steppers, who are apparently always endeavoring to strike their own noses with their forelegs; and altogether it is surprising that he cares to be seen with so humble an individual as myself; surprising, that is, to certain of my acquaintances, not to me, for I know the man's real character, and that he considers a large income as a piece of good fortune, but no absolute proof of merit in the possessor.

Still, I was rather astonished when he proposed to accompany me in my holiday trip.

"A golden pitcher like you would smash my clay sides in a week, if we sailed together," I demurred.

"Not a bit, my dear fellow," said he; "I want to do it cheaply. How much money are you going to take? Well, I will put exactly the same sum in my pocket, and when we are drained, we will come home. Will that do?"

It would do exactly; that is just my idea of comfortable traveling.—But I expect that, with my friend's tastes and habits, our funds would last but a very short time.

"For instance," said I, "I always travel by boat from London bridge, and so get out and home again for less than a single fare by any other route."

He acquiesced joyfully, and on our arrival expressed himself as above.

Certainly the passage had been very prosperous, the weather fine and warm, the sea as smooth as glass, the passengers few and rather amusing. And the old town looked, as he said, charming; quite a fairy city—all cathedral, palace and grand square, without back-slums, dirt, vice or crime; fit to be photographed as a model for sea-port towns. Our luggage was examined, landed, put on a truck, and wheeled off to the hotel fixed upon, we following on foot at our leisure.

"Let us turn into the place, and have a nearer look at the cathedral," proposed Seymour. "Every scrap of tracery looks as sharp and clear in this early morning air as if it were under a microscope. Holloa! what's that?

"That" was a hum and tramping, distant at first, then louder and nearer. When we entered the place, we found numerous groups scattered about; fresh comers were perpetually arriving from all the streets which centered upon that large open space, and presently the head of the large crowd, whose march we had heard in the distance, debouched upon the scene.

In the centre of the square a scaffold had been erected, around which all these people were gathering.—Seymour, a good German scholar, made inquiries. Yes, there was to be an execution. A man, supposed to be an Englishman, had committed a very horrible murder, attended by circumstances of revolting treachery and ingratitude, and his head was to be cut off in half an hour at furthest.

Now, I certainly should never have gone out of my way to see such a sight; but being there, a sort of fascination bound me to the spot. As for Seymour, he was glad of the opportunity of seeing any foreign customs; and since he had served in the cavalry during a bloody Indian campaign, it was beyond the power of a headsman to spoil his breakfast, even if the fellow bungled. Some of those languid fine gentlemen you meet in Pall Mall, and think effeminate, have seen, and done, and suffered things which could not be read by many of their critics without a shudder.

There were immense numbers of people present, but no crowd, in the English sense of the word; for the open space was very extensive, and the stage on which the tragedy was to be performed visible from every part of it, so there was no reason why the spectators should jam themselves together; and as they were free from that propensity to push to the front which animates all ranks and both sexes of the British, there was plenty of elbow-room, and a sensitive lady might even have fainted without being trodden to death in consequence.

"You will have an opportunity of seeing with what force the blood is always pumped through our arteries," said Seymour. "Barbarous? not a bit. Far more humane than hanging, I take it. Curious, though, that they have not introduced the guillotine in this country; perhaps because it is French."

"I see no block."

"They do not use one. The culprit sits in that chair, and the executioner snicks his head off with a sword as you would a thistle with your cane. But here they come."

It was with a sickening feeling that I watched the executioner, the priest, and the murderer step on to the scaffold. The last was a middle aged man of light, agile form, and delicate features, relieved by black hair and moustache. He was in his shirt, which was open at the neck and turned back, and his arms were bound. To the hardihood which supports many a miscreant in his last hour, and enables him to 'die game,' he could lay no claim, for his face was blanched with terror, he trembled in every limb, and was evidently nearly fainting.

The mental agony of the poor wretch added so much to the horror of the scene, that I could hear it no longer, and I was turning to go, when an exclamation from my companion stopped me. Seymour was habitually so quiet, indifferent, almost sleepy in his tone, that anything like energetic speech from his mouth was perfectly startling. I had known him from a boy, and never remembered his being excited before. I had seen him resisting the over-charge of an abusive cabman, in the midst of a Derby row, and in other situations calculated to stir the temper and set the tongue wagging freely, but his voice had never been raised or hurried.

"My good man," he drawled on the Derby occasion, "if you do not get out of my way, and keep quiet, I must hit you;" and presently he did so, effectually, but quite coolly.

So that I had come to look upon him as a well dressed red Indian or dandy stoic, and half doubted at the moment whether the cry of surprise could possibly have come out of his mouth. One glance at his face assured me of that, however; he was leaning forward and gazing at the scaffold with parted lips and straining eyes.

"Lend me your glass," he cried; and after looking through the binocular a minute: "Yes, it is the man himself; no doubt about that. But there is onething I want to make out and can't. Here; your eyes are better than mine; take the glass and examine his face; it is turned this way now. Well, do you see any wark upon it?

"No. Yes, I do; there is a broad ar on his cheek."

"Which cheek?" cried Seymour grasping my arm so hard that it hurt me.

"The left," I replied.

"Then, by heavens, I guessed right!" exclaimed Seymour, drawing a long breath.

At another time, curiosity would have dictated a question, but at that moment the headsman began to bind the eyes of his victim, and by a strange revulsion of feeling, I could not now help watching him.

The business was neatly done; one sweep of the large sword, and the plotting brain was separated from the bad, cruel heart; the life-stream spurted up in one thick jet to the height of several feet, and all was over.

We walked to the hotel, which was close by; and after a bath and a change, I found that the scene I had witnessed had made less impression upon me than I anticipated, and I was quite ready for a good breakfast.

When the meal was over, and we were lolling in chairs in the pleasant court-yard, I remarked on the singularity of Seymour's landing on that particular morning in time to assist at the decapitation of an old acquaintance.

"Yes," he replied, in the ordinary tone now, "most extraordinary thing that ever occurred; the beggar had a try at my life once, and I gave him that scar. I was certain it could not be a ghost, because, if there are ghosts, I don't believe they can fire pistols."

"Was it in India?"

"No; in Yorkshire, or Lancashire! I'm not certain which. But I see you want the whole story, so you shall have it, only don't talk about it."

"One August, some years ago, when I was in the cavalry, I got two months' leave of absence, and thought I should like some shooting. Not knowing any one in Scotland to spunge upon at the moment, I looked over the advertisements in Bell, and I pitched upon one inserted by a Mr. Bantyen, who intimated that he was ready to provide board, lodging, and grouse-shooting for a certain sum—rather a high one, but I was flush—on one of the Yorkshire moors.

"I wrote, agreeing to his terms, on the sole condition that the game proved to be as plentiful as he represented; and received directions how to find Deadmoor Tower by return of post.

"The nearest place of any importance was Halifax, and that was thirty miles off; so I slept there, and started off early on the following morning in a gig, driven by the only man the people of the hotel could discover who had the slightest idea whereabouts Deadmoor lay. He got on very well while what they called roads lasted; but when we were well on the moors, and had only tracks, which generally led to old quarries, or places where turf had been dug, to follow, he was naturally rather puzzled. In fact, we only got on at all by asking our way at every opportunity, and as we rarely met any one to ask, our progress was tortuous.—Fortunately, the horse, though very deficient in speed, was a wonderful stayer, and we did reach the place we were looking for before sunset.

"The people who first called that tract of country Deadmoor, had a very fair idea of proper names, for a fitter place for a national cemetery I never saw. Of course, all moor land is wild and desolate; but it is generally broken up into steep hills; and a hill, somehow, is always company, promising something new on the other side; and though the two sides sometimes prove to be very much alike, when you get to the top there is generally a good distant view from it; and at any rate you have the satisfaction of having got there. But Deadmoor was mostly table land, and the undulations were too gradual to please the eye. Deadmoor Tower just suited Deadmoor. By Jove! sir, it was a real tower, a regular old-fashioned, roundabout place, with walls thick enough to make Armstrong's mouth water; windows like loopholes; and a flat, leaden roof, with battlements round it.

"The proprietor of this mediæval place was a couple of centuries or so in advance of it, certainly; but still he was very old-fashioned. He met me at the gate in the most courtly manner; indeed, I took him at first for a sort of heraldic butler, and very nearly addressed him with: "What, ho! Seneschal." But, fortunately, he introduced himself as Mr. Bantyen before I had time to say it.

"He showed me up to my room himself, was extremely anxious to make me comfortable, and apologized for everything.

"He was a portly old gentleman, with gray hair, prominent eyes, and rather a weak, undecided expression of countenance, and was dressed like one of Seymour's caricatures, in a short-waisted coat—namely, cut very high in the collar—a tablecloth rolled round his neck for a tie, pantaloons and pumps.

"When I was left alone, I inspected the room, the furniture of which would have set up a curiosity shop. It was panelled with oak; and the heavy high-backed chairs, the table, the tall wardrobe, were all of the same dark material. There was a queer mirror, composed of three pieces, set aslant at the further end of the room, so as to reflect everything in it in a distorted fashion; and a pair of dueling swords were crossed over the high, carved chimney-piece. But the bed, my dear fellow, the bed! Why, it filled half the room, and must have been originally intended for an entire family; the hangings were thick and heavy, and the top like that of a hearse. Just the bed to lie in state.

"It was not altogether a cheerful apartment, but I could hear the grouse crowing through the open window, and that sound was lively enough to subdue any amount of upholstering gloom.

"I was sufficiently up in history to know that my host was dressed for dinner, so I put on evening things and went down stairs.

"The table was laid in the hall, and as I had to pass through it to reach the drawing room I saw that the party was to consist of three.—Mr. Bantyen? or a son? or another gun?

"Neither. On opening the drawing room door, I was received by a charming girl of twenty or thirty—I never can guess at the beardless dears ages while they have figures and smooth eye corners—and Mr. Bantyen intimated that he was a widower, and that this young lady, his only child, kept house for him.

"And very well she kept it too, a nice little dinner she gave us. A capital manager she must have been, for everything had to be fetched from a tremendous distance, and a trifling slip of memory might have left the household without oil or Worcester sauce for a week.

"She was a little bit shy at first, but quite self-possessed, and evidently ruled the household, her father included. She was well educated; read the papers and magazines, played the harp, sang, and was rather glad, I think, to have a civilized being to talk to.

"I have shot over moors in Scotland where the grouse were more plentiful, certainly; but still the sport was very fair, quite good enough for my purpose. The old gentleman went out with me every day, and shot very fairly, too, with an antique Manton, which had flint-locks; he could do nothing with percussion-guns. In the evening I played at piquet with him, or at chess with his daughter; and after a pretty heavy surfeit of balls and dinners, that little bit of domestic quiet came in very acceptably. We soon got very friendly together, and in a fortnight I was quite like one of the family, and Mr. Bantyen told me all his private affairs."

"The family property had once been very good, but a succession of extravagant possessors had mortgaged all that part upon which money could be raised, and the barren heath with its old tower was about all that was left. However, the old gentleman had not always been quite so much straightened as he was at present, but misfortunes had befallen him during the last few years, the principal being a scampish nephew of his dead wife's who had got his unfortunate uncle-in-law to be security for him in some affair or another, and had then been guilty of a dishonest trick, which that unoffending relative had to pay for.

"You may well understand that I did not ask for any details upon so unpleasant a subject; so, whether this black sheep had done anything which was absolutely felonious, I did not learn. At any rate it had cost Mr. Bantyen so dearly to get him out of the scrape, and then start him off to America, where he was supposed to be at present, that he had determined to try and raise a little money by letting his shooting.

"It was an evident relief to the old gentleman to tell me all this, for he was a hospitable soul, and felt uncomfortably at taking my money.—To relieve him, I told him anecdotes of rich men who let their shootings, and noblemen who sold their game.

"September came, and the birds got wild, but I liked my quarters so well that I stopped on.

"One evening, as we came towards the tower, after a hard day's walking, we met Miss Bantyen, who was in a state of great agitation.

"Oh, papa, Raymond was there!" she cried. Raymond was the troublesome nephew who ought to have been on the other side of the Atlantic.

"Poor Mr. Bantyen was very much perturbed by the news, and began apologizing to me; but I assured him, with perfect truth, that I was fond of studying different samples of my fellow-creatures, and counted several scamps amongst my intimate acquaintances. In truth I have enjoyed the society of many a man who from his youth up, has been a source of anxiety to his friends, but I never met a cooler card than this Raymond Fletcher.

"I did not much like the look of him; I missed the rollicking, reckless look of genuine *mauvais sujet*. His expression was crafty, greedy, and malicious as well as impudent, and he impressed one as being bad rather than mad.

"He spoke of his unexpected appearance as a good joke, and compared himself to a bad shilling. He did the honors of the house and attempted to patronize *me*. He tried likewise to impose upon me in the matter of the society he had mixed with, asking if I knew this man of the blues, that man of the rifle brigade. At last he mentioned one of my own regiment, and then I had to shut him up.

"There must be some mistake," said I; I will not deny that you are the bosom friend of every man of position in every other corps in the service, if you say so, but none of the —th know you, I am certain."

"That cooled him a bit, and a minute or two afterwards I intercepted a look which told me that he honored me with his particular hatred. Nevertheless, he rather courted me, and tried his very best to make himself agreeable. 'Have you seen the ghost?' he asked me in the course of the evening.

"I had thought something wanting in Deadmoor Tower, and this question reminded me what it was. It ought to be haunted; it was absurd that it should not be haunted; and I at once demanded her ghost of Miss Bantyen. She told me that there certainly was the usual spiritual legend connected with the old place. A Jesuit conspirator, priest and soldier had been taken and killed after a desperate resistance in my bedroom; and witne sses credible up on other matters, had declared that they had seen his specter, enveloped in a cloak, pistol in hand, in the fatal chamber, and had been duly frightened into temporary insanity.

"I suggested that the witness had taken too much liquor when they saw the ghost, and that the after-illness might be delirium tremens. Mr. Bantyen smiled politely, and said it was possible; but though he considered that the Jesuit had been laid for several years, probably by getting out of purgatory, he evidently had a latent suspicion that he really had haunted the place at one time.

"My host had procured me some partridge-shooting at a few miles distance, so I stopped on, though the tower was no very agreeable residence now. Fletcher was an odious snob, and Mr. Bantyen, instead of kicking him out of the house, was so weak as to let him bully him.

"I soon saw that the fellow was smitten with his pretty cousin, and hated me worse than ever for flirting with her, which, of course, one was bound to do a little; and as she evidently disliked and feared him, and was glad to talk to me, in order to avoid him, I dare say there was a little apparent cause for his jealousy. Besides which, the presence of a stranger no doubt interfered with his designs upon Mr. Bantyen's purse.

"My leave was drawing to a close, however, and as I intended to spend the last of it in London, the time came for me to quit Deadmoor; and on the last night, an extraordinary thing happened—I saw the phantom.

"It was a wet and chilly night, and with that anxiety to make me comfortable which had actuated the Bantyens during my stay, a fire had been lighted in my bed-room. The first fire of the season is always pleasant, and I wrote several letters, and then, wheeling my chair round to the hearth, I stirred up the coals, left the poker between the bars, lit a cigar, took up a book, and made myself happy.

"I was sitting with my back to that part of the room where the bed was, and consequently facing the queer old mirror I told you of which was set aslant on the end. At about one o'clock, one of my candles began to splutter in its socket, and looking up in consequence from my book, I saw reflected in the mirror the figure of the Jesuit. I have no more faith in spirits than a Sadducee, yet I was horribly frightened; so much so, that I was very nearly starting up. Fortunately, however, I kept my presence of mind, and neither did that nor stare at the mirror, but put out the flickering candle, brought the other nearer to me, leaned back on my large arm chair, and had another surreptitious look at the mirror over the top of my book. It was no fancy. There, close to the foot of the bed, not three yards behind me, stood the figure, in a slouching cavalier hat, and wrapped in a riding-cloak, with buff boots and spurs, a mask on his face, and a pistol in his hand.

"Why the mask? I was reassured in a moment; it was a burglar acting the ghost, to frighten the household into non-resistance—not the spiritual father himself. The poker which had been left between the bars of the grate, was now red-hot; I grasped the handle, and began stirring the fire, at the same time whistling a tune. Then I drew a common chair toward me with my foot, as if meditating, putting my legs upon it, till I could get hold of the back with my left hand.

"These little preparations completed, I suddenly jumped up, and turned round, with the chair held before me as a shield, and the red-hot poker in my right hand.

"'Now, my ghostly friend,' said I, 'just drop that pistol.'

"Instead of complying with this reasonable request, he cocked and leveled it at my head.

"I instinctively raised my chair, and thrust the hot iron at him, touching him on the left cheek at the moment the pistol exploded.

"I suppose he escaped through a sliding panel or a trap-door; I know that I went over backwards, chair and all. The bullet had gone through the seat, and then grazed my temple, not doing any serious damage, but stunning me for a minute or so; so that when the household, alarmed by the report of the pistol, arrived, they found me and the chair lying all of a heap, and the poker burning quite a hole in the floor.

"Mr. Bantyen and his daughter were excessively distressed; and the house was searched, and a deal of a fuss made—the most energetic member of the household being Raymond Fletcher, who did not indeed put in an appearance, but whose voice was heard at the front door, intimating that he was going for the police. As he would have a good fifteen mile ride through the rain and over a dark moor before there was a chance of his meeting with any member of the force, this readiness inspired me with a suspicion, which is now turned into a certainty. Raymond Fletcher lost his head this morning, and I burned the left cheek of him that night with the poker."

"And did you leave Deadmoor Tower on the following morning?"

"Yes, indeed; I was glad enough to get away. I hate a fuss."

"And what has become of the Bantyen's?"

"I have not the remotest idea. We went abroad that winter, and I forgot all about them till this morning."

"It was a queer adventure."

"Was it not? Well, I suppose we must go and do the picture gallery. Shall we dine at the table d'hote to day?"—*Chambers Journal.*

THE AGE OF OUR EARTH.—Among the astounding discoveries of modern science, is that of the immense periods that have passed in the gradual formation of the earth. So vast were the cycles of the time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our own period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it. Had we only the evidence of the deposits of rocks heaped upon each other in regular strata by the slow accumulation of materials, they alone would convince us of the long and slow maturing of God's works on earth; but when we add to these the successive populations of whose life this world has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud, or sand, or soil of whatever kind, on which they lived, has hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided these periods of quiet accumulation by great convulsions—or the changes of different nature in the configuration of our globe, as the sinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continents and islands above—or the slow growth of coral reefs, those wonderful sea-walls raised by the little ocean architects, whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries that there are extensive countries, mountain chains, islands, and long lines of coast, consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that have grown up, flourished, and decayed, to fill the storehouses of coal that feed the fires of the human race—if we consider all these records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology of which our experience furnishes no date, and the time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity to our conception, as the future that stretches indefinitely before us.—*Agassiz.*

A YANKEE captain once sang out in a squall to a raw hand on board his craft—"Let go the jib there! Darn your skin let go that jib!" "I ain't touching it!" squalled out the simple Down Easter.

How to make hats last.—Make everything else first.

TIME never sits heavily upon us but when it is badly employed.

"I feel dreadful out up about it," as the pig said when ready for packing.

WHEN is a cane-bottomed chair like a bill? When you re-seat it, of course.

IT is not our criminal actions that we require courage to confess, but those that are ridiculous and foolish.

I HATE to hear people talk behind one's back, as the pickpocket said when the constable called "stop thief!"

AN old woman observed a sailor going by her door, and supposing it to be her son Billy, cried out to him, "Billy, where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner, "gone to the d—l for what I know." "Well, as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I wish you would just let down the bars."

A SCHOOL in Massachusetts was under examination, when one of the examiners said:

"If I had a mince-pie, and should give three-twelfths to John, three-twelfths to Isaac and keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?"

There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer.

"Well, sir what will there be left? Speak up loud so that we all can hear," said the examiner.

"The plate," shouted the hopeful fellow.

"WHAT is the best attitude for self-defence?" asked a pupil of a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

[From the New World.]

HOW I GOT INTO THE BALL OF ST. PETER'S.

BY FRANK LESLIE.

Most persons are aware that the cathedral church of St. Peter's, in Rome, is the grandest edifice for Christian worship in the world; that it is presided over by the Pope himself