The Bradford Reporter.

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LOCAL NOTICES, same style as reading matter, TWENTY CENTS a line.

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The REPORTER having a larger circulation than all the papers in the county combined, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Bill heads, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with Power Presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything if the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

M. BLACK, *General Fire, Life, and Accidental Insurance Agent.* Office at J. M. Brown's Hotel, Wyalusing, Pa. jun2.70-6m

BEN. MOODY, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, offers his professional services to the people of Wyalusing and vicinity. Office and residence at A. J. Elwell's, Church street. Aug.10,'70

LAYSVILLE WOOLEN MILL. The undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he keeps constantly on hand Woolen Cloths, Cassimeres, Flannels, Yarns, and all kinds at wholesale and retail. HAIGH & BROADLEY, Proprietor. Aug.10, '70.

OH YES! OH YES!—AUCTION! A. N. MOE, *Licensed Auctioneer.* All calls promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Call or address, A. N. Moe, Monroeton, Bradford county, Pa. oct.28, 69.

LAYSVILLE MILLS! The subscriber, having purchased the LaPaysville Mills and refitted the same in good order, is now prepared to do good work, and to give general satisfaction. M. J. FRUTCHEY. LaPaysville, Sept. 22, 1869.—1y

GENTS' COATS, VESTS, AND Pants and Shirts, also Boys' and Children's clothing, Ladies' Underclothing and Dresses made to Madam Olmstead, Mercur's Block, second door from the Elwell House. Satisfaction guaranteed. Towanda, April 21, 1870—tf

GIFFORD'S NATIONAL PAIN Killer and Life Oil, are the Great Family specifics that find a welcome in every home as a sovereign Remedy for more of the common ills of life than any other medicine in the market. Sold by dealers in medicine generally. Manufactured by T. GIFFORD, Chicago, Ill., and 143 Main st., HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y. March 10, '70.5*

C. S RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, may24'70—tf TOWANDA, PA.

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS.

Flour, best quality, per sack	$2 00
" " " " hundred lbs	4 00
" " " " barrel	8 00

Custom grinding usually done at once, as the capacity of the mill is sufficient for a large amount of work. H. B. INGHAM. Canyntown, July 23, 1870.

TO THE LADIES OF ATHENS. NEW MILLINERY AND DRESS AND CLOAK-MAKING ESTABLISHMENT. PATTERNS OF ALL THE LATEST STYLES FOR SALE. Store opposite Post Office—Mrs. Hoyt's old stand. MRS. MARY A. WAGENER. Athens, Sep. 20, 1869. Accnt.

BLACKSMITHING! Having completed my new brick shop, near my residence, on Main-street, I am now prepared to do work in all the branches. Particular attention paid to horse-shoeing and edge tools. Having spent many years in this community, in this business, I trust I may merit a sufficient guarantee of my receiving a liberal share of the public patronage. HENRY ESSENWINE. Towanda, Nov. 3, 1869.—tf

MYERSBURG MILLS! The subscribers are now doing business in their mills on the MYERSBURG STREAM, Wheat, Rye, and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand for sale at market rates. Also a large quantity of GROUND PLASTER of superior quality from the old TATOR MILL. MYER & FROST. Myersburg, Dec. 20, '69.

NEW DYEING ESTABLISHMENT. The undersigned takes this method of informing the public of Towanda and vicinity that he has opened a Dyeing Establishment in Col. Means' new building, NO. 166 MAIN STREET, opposite Gen. Patterson's, and that he is now prepared to do all work in his line, such as CLEANING and DYEING ladies' and gentlemen's CLOTHING, &c., in the neatest manner and on the most reasonable terms. Give me a call and examine my work. HENRY REDDING. Sept. 23, 1869.

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 on New York, Philadelphia, and all points of the United States, as also Ireland, Germany and France. To loan money, receive deposits, and 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, each of Bradford and adjoining counties and his long been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one through which to make collections. G. F. MASON. Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. O. MASON.

BRADFORD COUNTY REAL ESTATE AGENCY. H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT. Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale. Persons 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 over Mason's Bank, Towanda, Pa. Jan. 29, 1867.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES! AT MONROETON, PA. TRACY & HOLLON, Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Candles, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and Liquors, of the best quality, for medicinal purposes only. All goods sold at the very lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the day and night. Give us a call. TRACY & HOLLON. Monroeton, Pa., June 24, 1869—1y.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND. Upon a co's LINE OF STEAMSHIPS from or to QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL. Williams & Guion's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week. Yellow Star Line of Packets from or to London, sailing every 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 & CO., Bankers, O. U. I. 1866. Towanda, Pa.

PATENTS! J. N. DEXTER, *Solicitor of Patents,* 78 BROAD STREET, WAVERLY, N. Y. Prepares drawings, specifications and all papers required in making and properly conducting Applications for PATENTS in the UNITED STATES and FOREIGN COUNTRIES. NO CHARGES IN UNSUCCESSFUL CASES AND NO ATTORNEY'S FEE TO PAY UNTIL PATENT IS OBTAINED. Sept. 16, 1869—tf

G. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Camptown, Bradford Co., Pa. Thankful for the many employers for past patronage, would respectfully inform the citizens of Bradford County that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business that may be entrusted to him. Those having depraved lines would do well to have their property properly surveyed before allowing themselves to feel aggrieved by their neighbors. All work warranted correct, so far as the nature of the case will permit. All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. G. W. STEVENS. Feb. 24, 1869—1y.

NEW PLANING MILL! MATCHING, RE-SAWING, MOULDINGS, &c., At the old stand of H. B. Ingham's Woolen Factory on Seventh, in CAMPTOWN, PENN'A. A HEAVY SIX ROLL PLANING AND MATCHING MACHINE in charge of an experienced Mechanic and builder, the public may expect a GOOD JOB EVERY TIME. From the recent enlargement of this water power, work can be done at all seasons of the year and soon as water in. In connection with the saw-mill we are able to furnish bills of sawed lumber to order. STEWART BOSWORTH. Camptown, May 23, 1870.—1y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. June 27, '68.

WM. FOYLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., Office with Elisha Smith, south side Mercur's Block. April 14, 70

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, '68.

L. P. WILLISTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA. South side of Mercur's New Block, up stairs. April 21, '70—tf.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 15, '69—tf.

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

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts. apl 14'70 E. OVERTON, JR. S. D. ELSBREE.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs. july 16, '68.

MERCUR & DAVIES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public. ULYSSES MERCUR. W. T. DAVIES. March 9, 1870.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Bradford Co., Pa. GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. Particular attention paid to Collections and Orphans' Court business. Office—Mercur's New Block, north side Public Square. apr. 1, '69.

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. july 20, '66.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. May 20, '70.

DRS. ELY & TRACEY, associate practitioners, permanently located, Burlington, Bradford county, Pa. may5'70.3m*

DR. DUSENBERRY would announce that in compliance with the request of his numerous friends, he is now prepared to administer Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas, for the painless extraction of teeth. Leraysville, May 3, 1870.—1y

C. M. TINGLEY, *Licensed Auctioneer,* Rome, Pa. All calls promptly attended to. May9,1870

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST. Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. jan 1, '68.

DR. H. A. BARTLETT, *Physician and Surgeon,* Sugar Run, Bradford County, Pa. Office at residence formerly occupied by Dr. Ely. nov.10,1869.tf

AMOS PENNYPACKER, HAS again established himself in the TAILORING BUSINESS. Shop over Rockwell's Store. Work of every description done in the latest styles. Towanda, April 21, 1870.—tf

L. U. BEACH, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon,* Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to all Chronic Diseases, and Diseases of Females. Office at his residence on Weston street, east of D. A. Overton's. nov.11,69.

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. jan 14, '69.

CAMP & VINCENT, INSURANCE AGENTS.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur & Morrow, one door south of Ward House. T. R. CAMP. may10-'70 W. S. VINCENT.

R. FOWLER, REAL ESTATE DEALER, No. 150 Washington Street, between Lasalle and Wells Streets, Chicago, Illinois. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made and Money Loaned. May 16,'70.

DRESS - MAKING, PATTERN CUTTING AND FITTING in all fashionable styles on short notice. ROOMS in Mercur's New Block, Main-st., over Porter & Kirby's Drug Store. MRS. H. E. GARVIN. Towanda, Pa., April 13, 1870.

HAIR WORK OF ALL KINDS, such as SWITCHES, CURLS, BRAIDS, FRIZZETTS, &c., made in the best manner and latest style, at the Ward House Barber Shop. Terms reasonable. Towanda, Dec. 1, 1869.

FRANCIS E. POST, PAINTER, Towanda, Pa., with two years experience, begs to solicit in his give the best satisfaction in Painting, Graining, Staining, Glazing, Papering, &c. ☞ Particular attention paid to jobbing in the country. april 9, '69.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH,* MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to ironing Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Tire set and repairing done on short notice. Work and charges guaranteed satisfactory. 12,15,69.

DR. DIMMICK D. SMITH, *Surgeon and Dentist.* Dr. SMITH would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Towanda and vicinity, that he has permanently located himself here, where he will be happy to serve all who may stand in need of his professional services. Dr. Smith has recently removed from the city of Philadelphia, where he has had a city and country practice for over twenty years which he thinks will enable him to do the most difficult work in his line of business. Teeth inserted, from one to a full set, on all kinds of material used in the profession. Special attention given to the saving of the natural teeth. Teeth extracted without pain. Dr. Smith administers Nitrous Oxide Gas, Chloroform, Ether and the Freezing process. Give him a call. Dr. Smith extracts the natural teeth and inserts artificial set for twenty dollars. Rooms opposite McCabe & Mix's store, Main street. Towanda, April 21, 1870.—tf

Hotels.

GREENWOOD COTTAGE.—This well-known house, having recently been refitted and supplied with new furniture, will be found a pleasant retreat for pleasure seekers. Board by the week or month on reasonable terms. E. W. NEAL, Prop'r. Greenwood, April 20, 1870.—tf

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

TEMPERANCE HOTEL!—Situated on the north-west corner of Main and Elizabeth streets, opposite Bryant's Carriage Factory. Jurymen and others attending court will especially find it to their advantage to patronize the Temperance Hotel. S. N. BROWN, Propr. Towanda, Jan. 12, 1870.—1y.

DINING ROOMS IN CONNECTION WITH THE BAKERY. Near the Court House. We are prepared to feed the hungry at all times of the day and evening. Oysters and Ice Cream in their seasons. March 30, 1870. D. W. SCOTT & CO.

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

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL. PETER LANDMESSER. Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffis, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call. Dec. 23, 868—tf.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., JOHNAN & HORTON, Proprietors. This popular Hotel having been thoroughly fitted and repaired, and furnished throughout with new and elegant Furniture, will be open for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, Mar 1, 1862. Neither expense nor pains has been spared in rendering this House a model hotel in all its arrangements. A superior quality Old Burton Ale, for invalids, just received. April 28, 1869.

AMERICAN HOTEL, BRIDGE STREET, TOWANDA, PA. *H. G. GOFF, Proprietor.* This Hotel having been leased by the subscriber, has been repainted, papered, and refurnished throughout, with new Furniture, Bedding, &c. His Table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and the Bar with choicest brands of Liquors. This house now offers the comforts of a home at MODERATE PRICES. Jurymen and others attending Court, will find this house a cheap and comfortable place to stop. Good stabling attached. aug.10,'70

Selected Poetry.

BY THE RIVER.

We stood by the river my friend and I,
One beautiful night in June;
Oh! fair was the river and calm the sky,
Our hearts were beating in tune—
In tune to the last good night of the birds
In tune to the breeze o'er head;
In tune to the loving, musical words,
That each to the other said.

Though our smiles were rare and our words were few,
God knows how happy we were;
We trusted each other's affection true,
We felt that the world was fair.
Our kindred spirits were nicely strung,
Dueting in perfect tune;
Oh! friend, we were careless, blithe and young,
By the river that night in June.

We stood by the river, my friend and I,
The summer was scarcely past;
But a change had come over earth and sky
Since we saw the river last;
A few of the roses had died away,
A song-bird or two was hushed;
But the earth looked mournful that August day,
For our hearts were dry and crushed.

We left the still river, my friend and I,
We saw it never again;
And years, bearing changes to brow and eye,
Have died away since then.
Oh! steadfast, my friend! with the earnest eyes,
My friend, with the brow serene,
O'er the vanished past we may mingle sighs,
Spite of weary miles between.

It will not be long, for my eyes are dim,
Thy raven hair must be white;
We shall meet once more by a river's brim—
Death's river, dear, will not fright.
A stranger will mark with a careless eye
Two graves in the church-yard sod,
While we stand by the river, my friend and I,
That glads the city of God.

Miscellaneous.

OUGHT I NOT TO HAVE DONE IT?

I know that there are many cold-blooded and obtrusively moral people who would have called it a cruel and a criminal act, yet I cannot help regretting that I did not do it. I doubt if any court of justice, in view of my extreme provocation, would have found me guilty of anything worse than justifiable, temporary insanity; and I am confident that all right minded men, after hearing the story of my wrongs, will fully agree with me that I ought to have done it.

The circumstances of the affair cannot be presented in all their enormity unless the peculiar relation in which I stood toward Dick Farrell is first fully understood. It will therefore, be necessary to go back to the period of my first acquaintance with that individual. I met him in this wise: Undoubtedly you remember the rocky ravine in which is situated the town of St. Jean de Maurienne, formerly the terminus on this side of Mt. Cenis on the railway from Paris to Turin. I had reached this place one morning on my way to Italy, and found that owing to some accidental delay, no *diligence* would start to cross the mountain till evening. Consequently, having several hours at my disposal, I devoted them to an exploration of the valley, and finally attempted to climb up the steep face of the northern side of the ravine. Now, I had never been a good climber, even in my boyhood, and, as I was at that time more than—well, I was in the prime of manhood, at all events—I ought to have known better than to have made the attempt. However, I did not know better, and so laboriously climbed up the precipice, until I found myself on a narrow ledge, where further progress upward became impossible. To my great annoyance, I found, too, that I could not retrace my steps, since any attempt to look down in the valley, which lay two hundred feet below, made me excessively giddy. At this distance of time I am willing to confess that I was decidedly frightened, as I thought of the probability of my remaining a hopeless prisoner, starving to death in full sight of the hotel—which had an excellent *table d'hote,*—and of the railway station. Hope, which we are led to believe springs eternal in the human breast, fortunately inspired me with the happy thought of firing my revolver as a signal of distress. No sooner had I acted upon this idea than the entire population of St. Jean appeared to become simultaneously aware of my situation, and flocked to the foot of the precipice to watch my anxiously-expected fall. Owing either to their natural stupidity, or to their reluctance to spoil a prospective tragedy, these people did not make the slightest effort to rescue me. Finally, after they had waited two hours in the vain hope that I would lose my foothold, they set up an idiotic shout at the appearance of a young man carrying a coil of rope on his shoulder. Presently he disappeared, followed by the greater part of the crowd; and I was about to resign myself to despair and an utterly hopeless attempt to clamber down the rock, when I was delighted by the re-appearance of the young man, who landed suddenly beside me, having been let down by a rope from the top of the precipice.

"Now, old boy," he remarked, with indecent familiarity, as he unfastened the rope from about his waist, "let me just fasten this around you, and you'll be all right in a couple of minutes. Tell them not to forget me when you get to the top, for I haven't had my dinner yet!"

So saying, he tied the rope under my arms, shook it as a signal to those above, encouraged me with the remark, "Steady, now, old fellow, and good luck to you!" and calmly proceeded to relight his cigar, while I was rapidly hauled through the air to a place of safety.

This young man was Dick Farrell.

The rope was again let down, and he soon made his appearance beside me. Luckily he could speak French of which I did not know a single word, and I appealed to him to rescue me from the police, who had promptly arrested me on a charge of having attempted to commit suicide. Dick's persuasive oratory secured my release, and being thus doubly indebted to him, I felt obliged to invite him to the hotel and to dinner.

He proved to be a painter of some sort. I know nothing about art—on his way to Rome, and though he was in the main honest, and always good tempered, he was altogether too much of a vagabond to be a suitable traveling companion for a gentleman of my age and position. I felt this strongly, when, after much consecutive champagne, he proposed that we should journey to Rome together.

But what was I to do? Clearly, I could not say to the man who had just saved my life: "Sir, I cannot consent to travel in your company, because you wear a preposterous hat, and are addicted to perpetual smoking and untimely singing." Of course I lacked the courage to say this, and hence it followed that for the next two weeks we were constantly together. I will do him the justice to say that he never attempted to borrow money from me, and he rendered me considerable service by acting as interpreter between myself and the natives. Still, his undignified habits were a constant source of annoyance to me. He would insist upon my accompanying him into third class cars, where he smoked, and sang, and drank cheap wine from casual bottles, with chance acquaintences, in a manner disreputable in the extreme. I acquit him of any intentional disrespect in representing to the police of St. Jean that I was a lunatic, and that he was my keeper, since he solemnly averred that by no other pretence could he have saved me from arrest. I cannot, however, excuse his habit of calling me "old boy," and the gross familiarity with which he criticised my personal appearance, and what he was pleased to call "my jolly greenness."

After we reached Rome, as was quite natural, we saw a good deal of each other. It so happened that we one day visited the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. The guide who was with us was explaining the skeletons and things with great apparent eloquenc, and Dick was translating his remarks to me in with comments and additions of his own, when we came upon another party, consisting of a middle aged lady, her daughter, and, of course, their guide. As they were evidently Americans, we stopped and conversed a few moments with them, ultimately accepted their invitation to accompany them through the rest of the catacombs—Dick escorting the mother, while I walked by the side of her pretty daughter.

Pretty is just the word which described her. She was not strictly beautiful, but her manner was extremely attractive, and she had, moreover, an idea of the respect due to a man of character and position in life, which I have found that young girls, as a rule, seldom have. I soon learned that her mother was a widow lady from New York, and that they were both well acquainted with the family of my business partner. We therefore rapidly became as familiar as old acquaintances; and presently, while Dick, with his accustomed impudence, was giving the old lady a history of the catacombs—of which I am certain that he knew absolutely nothing—the daughter drew close to me and whispered:

"Would you dare to get me a little piece of bone out of the niches? They are all saints' bones you know, but the guide won't let me have any, and, besides, I can't reach them, tho' I do so long for a a piece of a saint!"

I need not say that I stole some saint—a rib I think it was—and my new acquaintance was delighted with it. The girlish pleasure with which she hid the bone in the folds of her dress, and insisted that she "was ever so much obliged to me," together with the childish eagerness with which she had whispered her request completely charmed me. In fact I fell in love with her on the spot, and determined that I would marry her if she would give her consent. When we parted at the entrance of the catacombs I was warmly invited by both ladies to call upon them, and to bring my friend with me.

To visit Miss Scott in company with Dick was precisely what I did not wish to do. But, here, again, I could not help myself. Though Dick professed to be a warm admirer of the widow, it always happened that soon after our arrival at the Scott's apartment he would manage to be in close conversation with Susie, while I fell a prey to the mother, whose conversational powers were of the most oppressive character. The same thing used to occur when we visited ruins and places together, which we did nearly every day. Still I felt no fear in his rivalry. Susie evidently liked me, and always appeared delighted to see me. Besides I never for a moment supposed that she could prefer a penniless vagabond to a man of means and recognized respectability.

All this is merely introductory, and though the proceeding statements have a tendency to make a short story long, still it was necessary, as I have said before, that the precise nature of my intimacy with Dick should be set forth before I could ask the question, "Ought I not to have done it?"

One day we prevailed upon the ladies to make a visit to St. Peter's. In order to make the excursion partake somewhat of the nature of a picnic, it was agreed that we should take our lunch with us, and eat it on the immense roof of the church. In order to make sure of securing Susie for myself, I prevailed upon Mrs. Scott to invite the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, who was then in Rome, to accompany us; intending to inveigle that worthy divine into acting as an escort to the widow. I never thought what would become of Dick if thus left without a lady companion, nor were my suspicions aroused by the sarcastic smile with which he praised my forethought in inviting the clergyman.

"If any accident should happen—if you should break your neck, for example," he remarked, "it would be so handy to have a clergyman ready!"

The day appointed for the picnic, of course arrived. Never shall I forget the sensations with which I ascended the long, winding, inclined plane which leads up to the roof of the church. I had determined to offer myself to Susie in the course of the day; and, though I had no doubt as to the result, yet the novelty and importance of the step I was about to take made me somewhat nervous. I had, too, an undefined and wholly unacknowledged feeling that she was not, after all, precisely the sort of wife for me. She knew absolutely nothing of business, and was about as ignorant of the duties pertaining to the position for which I intended her as a girl could well be. Nevertheless, I had so strong a fancy for the gay little butterfly, that I felt the impossibility of existence apart from her. For weal or for woe she held my fate in her hands, and I determined that those dear little hands should be mine, come what might.

Before we had our lunch we were to ascend the dome. At this stage of affairs I succeeded in placing the widow in charge of the clergyman, and, with Susie, began the ascent of the countless stairs. Dick, however, followed so closely behind us—in order, as he pretended, to keep Susie from falling—that I could find no opportunity to ask her the question which was on my lips. At last we reached the lantern, and only the great copper ball remained to be explored. As Mrs. Scott declined to enter the ball, I waited with Susie until her mother had gone out upon the outer gallery, vainly hoping that the long sought for moment had arrived. But scarcely had her mother disappeared when the young lady announced her intention of climbing the ball, whereupon the officious Dick ran up the ladder to assist her. When they had both succeeded in entering that stifling den—where no man of sense ever willingly placed himself—she cried out that no one else was to come up on any account, for she was afraid the ball would break loose under any additional weight. I was thus forced to stay at the foot of the ladder while they remained in the ball, engaged—during what seemed to me an intolerable length of time—in an animated conversation, conducted in a tone so low that I could not hear a single word that was said.

When they finally descended, Susie's face was flushed—by heat of the place she said—while Dick looked uncommonly grave, and gnawed his moustache with a nervous, dissatisfied air. Had he been any one else—the Rev. Mr. Smiley for example—I should have believed that he had offered himself to Susie and been rejected; but being simply the penniless vagabond that he was, the idea of any such conduct on his part was too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment.

At last we turned to descend to the roof, and I saw that the moment for me to press my intentions toward Susie had arrived. Lingering dexterously in the rear until the widow and clergyman were safely out of sight, I led Susie out upon the gallery under the pretext of showing her a part of the landscape which she had not noticed. As we leaned over the railing, I looked around to make sure that Dick was out of sight, and then began: "My dear Miss Susan, I have something to say to you."

She looked at me a moment with startled eyes, and then, putting her hands together, with an imploring little gesture, she cried:

"Oh! please don't!"

"Don't what?" asked I, quite puzzled by her conduct.

"Don't please say anything; I mean don't!—oh! just look what a pretty flower! How I wish I had it."

The child was evidently confused and frightened. I was about to explain myself more fully, when Dick appeared upon the scene, carrying upon his arm a shawl belonging to some one of the party, and asked what was the matter.

"That beautiful little pink flower, there on the dome," she answered—"if I could only reach it!"

"You shall have it," he replied; and then tossing one end of the shawl to me, with the request that I would hold on to it, he seized the other end, and was over the railing and sliding down the slippery surface of the dome before I knew well what was his intention.

The flower was growing on a little projection not more than twelve feet below us. Dick, however, had placed himself in a horribly dangerous position; for although he could remain for a time resting with one foot on this projection, it was impossible for him to gain the gallery without the aid of the shawl to which he was clinging. He paid not a particle of attention to my peremptory demand that he should come back at once, but, quietly seizing the flower and putting it temporarily into his bosom he looked up to Susie, who was watching him, silent with excess of terror, and said:

"You know what I asked you just now. Will you promise?"

She only replied: "Come back, Mr. Farrell, do, please. You frighten me to death!"

"Susie," returned the scoundrel, with the utmost solemnity, "unless you give me the promise this moment, I will let go the shawl, for I don't care a straw for my life."

"Come back directly, sir," I shouted, "or I'll let go the shawl myself! Don't you see how you alarm Miss Scott with your confounded nonsense?"

The villain never heeded my existence.

"Promise me, Susie," he repeated, "or I swear I'll let go."

"Yes, yes, Dick, I promise," she cried. "Dear Dick, do come back. I will marry you."

This then, was the result of my months of devotion to that shameless girl. This was what came of my condescension toward a miserable, unprincipled painter. Before my very eyes, in my very hearing, he had gained a promise of marriage from the lady whom I intended to marry myself.

Before I could fully realize his astounding villainy, he had climbed back again, and had Susie in his arms. I blush for human nature when I mention the fact that he actually kissed her in my presence!

I tossed the shawl down, and turned away without speaking. Before I had gone many steps Susie overtook me and said: "Please forgive me if I have given you any pain. Mamma wouldn't let me see Dick unless you were by, and so I had to be civil to you. Besides, I do like you ever so much, and if you would only marry mamma, it would be so nice."

"I really think you'd better," chimed in Dick. "There's a clergyman here, and it could be done at once."

There! I have told the whole story, and the facts have been stated precisely as they occurred. It only remains for me to ask the question. Would I not have been perfectly justified in letting go the shawl, and thus putting a sudden and an effectual end to my treacherous rival's suit? To be sure, he had on a former occasion saved my life—doubtless for purposes of his own, and certainly without waiting for me to request that favor from him. And did that excuse his subsequent conduct? Just look at it in all its hideousness. While I held his life in my hands—for nothing could have saved him had I let go the shawl—he dared to ask my intended wife to marry him, and what is worse, actually gained her consent. Could any one have blamed me had I let go my hold? Ought I not to have done it?

The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that justice to myself, pity for the unfortunate girl whom Dick cruelly made a sharer in his poverty, as well as a due sense of the guilt of his outrageous conduct, demanded that I should have dropped the shawl. And I don't hesitate to say that I am confoundedly sorry I did not do it.

[For the REPORTER.]

A TRIP across THE WATER.

XIII.

"Great London standeth by the Thames—
And Glasgow, on the Clyde,
While Dublin, queen of Ireland, claims
Her seat by Liffey's tide."

Rhymed Lessons.

(For the benefit of the few *critical* readers of these articles, it may be well here to notice certain misapprehensions by the type setter of the preceding No. (XII).

In the case of the old man at Killaloe, the paragraph closes with "a supposition I regretted to *disappointment,*" which was intended for "a supposition I regretted to *disappoint.*

As there was no remarkably lively or fantastic features pertaining to the old Castle of Nenagh, the writer intended to have alluded to it as a *gray* (rather than a *gay*) mediæval fortress.

And instead of representing the old ruined church near Ballina, as an emblem of after *loveliness,* his intention was to speak of it as a picture of utter *loneliness* and ruin.)

Notwithstanding the fixed rates established by law, the car drivers of Dublin are somewhat notorious for their impositions. Arriving at the station of that city while the sun was yet high, I employed one of them by the hour, to take me to the "European Hotel" by way of the Phœnix Park, which I thought I might "do" along the way, and accomplish thus the frequently unsatisfactory project of "killing two birds with one stone."

The Park is a modern improvement in which the citizens of Dublin manifest a considerable degree of pride. Notwithstanding its wide extent of about 1400 acres, its beautiful drives and interesting collection of zoological specimens, (for an inspection of which an extra fee is paid) it cannot be considered equal in point of attractions to the Central Park of New York. Leaving the Park, I directed my driver to take me direct to the hotel, calculating as at first, to bring his time safely within the two hours. "Straight to the hotel, your honor?" "Certainly." "And what's the time now, your honor?" I told him, and we proceeded at what I thought a sufficient rate of speed, down one street and up another, turning to the right and then to the left. I wondered somewhat at the seeming distance; but, little posted as yet in the topography of Dublin, I could not properly demur. At length after several abrupt turns, the carriage halted. "And where's the hotel, Patrick?" "And sure it is'nt here at all, this is the old *Castle of Dooblin,* (where the Lord Lieutenant lives, all so grand) which every body comes to see that visits the city; and I thought mayhap ye might choose to have a look at it—" "Well, now I have seen it; please make tracks for the hotel!" "Sure, your honor!" So turning in quite an opposite direction, we finally reached our destination, but not until by his circumnavigations, Patrick had skillfully brought me by some ten minutes, into the third hour. *I think* however he waited out the full balance of the *last,* before his prompt claim for *three hours* was finally paid.

"What's in a name?" especially in the grandly sounding titles of many hotels in Great Britain and the Continent. "The European" sounded well enough, until I came to sound its actual merits, when, as I thought, it proved *rather hollow.* Tarrying however but two or three days in Dublin, I deemed it not upon the whole advisable "to fly to evils" (or hotels either) "that I knew not of." Nothing however is more certain, than that the stranger's idea of whatever town or city he may chance to visit, will in a great degree correspond with the character (agreeable or otherwise) of his "accommodations" while there.

The Museums of Dublin afford collections of much interest to the antiquarian. The first of them I visited was that of TRINITY COLLEGE, a famous Protestant institution founded by Queen Elizabeth. Untuned probably for centuries, here are specimens of the ancient Irish harps—black, massive and decayed. Among them was that of the great BRIAN BOROHME, celebrated in Irish history. Very probably also, the one "that hung on Tarva's walls," though I did not specially recognize it. Suspended from the interior are horns of a race of gigantic deer, now extinct; some pairs of them measuring in their natural position *eleven feet* in a direct line from tip to tip. Kohl, the Prussian traveler in Ireland, relates that these immense antlers were obtained from the boys in such abundance, that in some sections of the country they were used in the *construction of fences.* Desirous of an opportunity of comparing the appearance of such picturesque enclosures with the *pine stump fences* of Northern Pennsylvania, I made enquiry for them at different points in Ireland, but could not find that, at home, they had ever been even heard of!

Another curious article, of which I saw specimens here and elsewhere in Ireland, was the *Bog Butter,* veritable extract of cow and churn, and having the appearance and consistency of dried putty; in small oaken kegs or firkins, which with their contents had lain for centuries buried in the bogs.

At the Museum of the *Royal Academy* was a very extensive and wonderful collection of ancient Irish relics—weapons, household and agricultural implements and vessels, the greater part of which dated from the *Stone Age,* and were many of them similar to the relics of our Indian tribes; especially the flint arrowheads, called in the vulgar parlance of Ireland and Scotland *elf bolts* and considered as having been shot from the bow of a fairy. Here were also some of the capacious wooden "wassail bowls" of singular form and a capacity of from one to two quarts, once used by the ancient Irish heroes, whose potations would seem to have been as deep as their deeds were lofty. In another department of antiquities, I was shown ornaments in great variety—bracelets, rings, seals and brooches of solid gold, many of them of such shape as to render it impossible to conceive how they were worn or used, and of such size and numbers as to suggest the idea that gold must, once at least, have been abundant here; though it was stated to me that this precious metal was never found in its native state in Ireland, and must consequently have been imported from some distant and unknown region. The fact however, as I afterwards learned, is unquestionable that (at no very distant date, and in considerable amount) gold has been obtained in at least one locality, the Mountains of Croghon Kinkella, not far from Arklow, on the eastern coast.

The interest and pleasure of my visit to this collection, (the best of its kind in Ireland; and free on certain days to the public) were materially enhanced by the attentions and explanations kindly afforded me by Mr. WILLIAM CLIBBORN, who at the time had its supervision. Mr. C. was about sixty years of age; his hair of silver whiteness. He had formerly res