The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted according to the following table of rates:

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1 inch	$1.50	3.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	$ 15
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1 column	20.00	40.00	60.00	80.00	$100	$150

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All Resolutions of Association; Communications of a local or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

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, Blanks, 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 in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

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

W. WALLACE KEELER, *HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER.* Towanda, Sept. 15, 1870-yr

CAMP & VINCENT, INSURANCE AGENTS.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur & Morrison, one door south of Ward House. may10-'70 W. S. VINCENT.

R. FOWLER, REAL ESTATE DEALER, No. 160 Washington Street between LaSalle and Wells Streets, Chicago, Illinois. Real estate purchased and sold. Investments made on Money Loaned. May 10,'70.

DRESS - MAKING, PATTERN CUTTING AND FITTING in all fashionable styles at short notice. ROOMS in Mercur's New Brick Mainst., 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 ten 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. april9,'70.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH*, MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to Horse Shoeing, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Tire set and repairing done on short notice. Work and charges guaranteed satisfactory. 12,15,6m.

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

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

OH YES! OH YES!—AUCTION! A. R. MOE, *Licensed Auctioneer.* All calls promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Call or address, A. R. MOE, Monroeton, Bradford county, Pa. oct.26, 69.

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., BUFFALO, N. Y. March 10, '70-5*

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, TOWANDA, PA.

GOOD TEMPLARS MUTUAL Benefit Association. Membership fee to secure at death $2,000 $10 00; Annual Assessment ..... 2 00; Monthly Assessment, age from 16 to 35 1 10; " " " 35 to 45 1 60; " " " 45 to 55 2 10. G. F. JONES, Wyalusing, Pa., Agent for Bradford county. Local Agents wanted. Sept. 29.'70.

THE CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of Hartford, Conn. Payable upon application for insurance to be made at Mercur's office, Main st., Towanda. WILLIAM BRACKEN, General Agent.

BLACKSMITHING! The undersigned has now his new brick shop, near my residence on Main-street, and am now prepared to do all kinds of work in my line in the best manner and on the shortest notice. Horses carefully shod. Repairing done on the best of terms. Having spent many years in this community, in this business, I trust my long experience and my receiving a liberal share of the public patronage. HENRY ESSENWINE. Towanda, Nov. 3, 1869.—tf

PATENTS! A. N. DEXTER, *Solicitor of Patents*, 409 BROADWAY STREET, WAVERLY, N. Y. Models, drawings, specifications and all papers for obtaining Patents in the UNITED STATES and FOREIGN COUNTRIES. No CHARGES IN PATENT OFFICE. No ATTORNEY'S FEE TO PAY UNTIL PATENT IS OBTAINED. Refer to 1869-tf

DRAYTON & BROTHER, Dealers in WOOL, HIDES, PELTS, CALF-SKINS, FURS, &c., Highest cash price is paid at all times. Office with M. L. Rosenfield's Store, Main-st., Towanda, Pa. Towanda, Nov.14,'70 TOWANDA, PA.

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Camptown, Bradford Co., Pa. Thankful for past employment, would inform the citizens of Bradford County that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business they may be entrusted to him. Those having lines long to be run will do well to have their property properly surveyed before allowing themselves to be cheated by their neighbors. All work warranted to be correct so far as the nature of the case will permit. All unpatented lands attended to as soon as the returns can be obtained. O. W. STEVENS. Camptown, Jan. 13, 1869—1y.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE formed 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 the principal towns 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, having 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, 1865. 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 having 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. 23, 1867.

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

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM ORTO IRELAND OR ENGLAND. A LINE OF STEAMSHIPS PLAIN ON TO LIVERPOOL, LONDON OR LONDONDERRY, sailing from Portland every week, the "Black Star Line" of Liverpool packets from or to London, once a month. Passengers to England, Ireland and Scotland paying as small sum. Further particulars given by Williams & Guion, 29 Broad st., New York, or G. F. MASON & CO., Bankers, Towanda, Pa. 1868.

GOOD MOLASSES FOR 50 Cents per gallon at FOX & MERCUR'S.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by Hon. Mercur. June 27, '65.

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

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. B. KELLY, DENTIST. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. May 26, '70.

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

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

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. july 20, '68.

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

JOHN N. CALIEF, 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.

C. H. WARNER, Physician and Surgeon, LeRaysville, Bradford Co., Pa. All calls promptly attended to. Office first door south of LeRaysville House. Sept. 15, 1870.—yr

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.

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. N. C. ELSBREE.

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.

W. A. & B. M. PECK'S LAW OFFICE, Main street, opposite the Court House, Towanda, Pa. Oct. 27,'70.

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

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.

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

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. ja5.14.'69.

DR. D. D. SMITH, *Dentist*, has purchased G. R. Wood's property, between Mercur's Block and the Elwell House, where he has located his office. Teeth extracted without pain by use of gas. Towanda, Oct. 20, 1870.—yr.

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. Journeymen and others attending court will especially find it to their advantage to patronize the Temperance Hotel. S. M. 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. THOMAS R. JORDAN Proprietor. 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, May 1, 1869. 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 RATES. Journeymen and others attending Court, will find this house a cheap and comfortable place to stop. Good stabling attached. aug.10,'70

NEW PLANING MILL! MATCHING, RE-SAWING, MOULDINGS, &c., At the old stand of H. B. Ingham's Woolen Factory and Sawmill, 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 sent 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

McLEAN & HOOPER, ELASTIC LOCK STITCH FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, Price, $35 00. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, embroider and gather in the most perfect manner, and will sew from the lightest to the heaviest goods. *WITHOUT CHANGE OF TENSION.* It is not a "Cheap Machine," but in all respects equals the higher priced ones, while its simplicity, non-liability to get out of order, and ease of management IT SURPASSES ALL. An examination is desired from all to test the truth of our assertions. ALL MACHINES WARRANTED PERFECT. MARY E. WATTS, Agent. Towanda, Sept. 1, 1870.

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS. Flour, best quality, per sack ..... $2 00; " " " hundred lbs ..... 4 00; " " " barrel ..... 9 00. Custom grinding usually done at once, as the capacity of the mill is sufficient for a large amount of work. H. B. INGHAM. Camptown, July 28, 1870.

Selected Poetry.

AH SIN, THE UNSOPHISTICATED.

BY F. BRET HARTE.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not depy
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remark to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sid was likewise;
Yet he played that day upon William
And me, in a way that I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Miscellaneous.

[For the REPORTER.]

A TRIP ACROSS THE WATER.

No. XVII.

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
Freemen stand, or freemen fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!"

At an early hour on the morning of the second of July, I landed on Scottish soil at the little port of Ardrossan. Our passage across the "North Channel" occupied about nine hours—the route of our vessel lying between the *Mull of Kintyre* and the *Isle of Arran* on the north, and AILSA CRAG on the south. By this route, the entire distance between Belfast and Glasgow (the two busiest cities of their respective countries) is 129 miles.

On board the "*Earl of Belfast*" it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of Hon. Horatio King and members of his family, who, after a brief excursion to Ireland, were now like myself making their way towards Glasgow and Edinburg. A native of Maine, Mr. K. had been for many years a resident of Washington, connected there with the Post-Office Department and occupying not many years since the station of Postmaster General. With the details and operation of our postal system, few, if any, are better informed; while with many important reforms and improvements therein, his name will ever be associated.

—Acquaintances formed in travel often constitute some of its most agreeable reminiscences; and to me, the enjoyment of various interesting researches and observations during the following week in Scotland, was materially enhanced by the pleasant though fortuitous companionship of Mr. King and his party.

After a delay of an hour in the gray dawn at Ardrossan, we proceeded by railway towards Glasgow—passing through Paisley, so widely celebrated for its manufacture of shawls; my wife, however, not happening to be with me, I did not find it absolutely necessary to stop for the purchase of one.

A considerable portion of our route lay through a region abounding in the tall smoke-stacks of mining and manufacturing industry: presenting in these modern times a somewhat incongruous feature amid many scenes of romantic historical associations, through the land of the heather and the plaid, where the grimy artisan now takes the place of the picturesque Highlander, and the sooty chimney of the forge, mill, or colliery usurps the once undisputed domain of the turreted castle.

Arriving in Buchanan Street, Glasgow, for our morning's *meal*, (a term probably originating in Scotland, as the article of course constitutes the material for their favorite *porridge*,) we took occasion thereafter to explore a part of the decidedly uneven territory which the city occupies. It is certainly a place of importance, with a population of half a million, and taking the third rank among the cities of the British Isles. Its iron manufactures are immense—about 1,000,000 tons of the material being required annually for their supply; while in 1830 only 40,000 were used. In the year 1800, the receipts for customs were $4,000—while they now exceed $4,000,000. Until our Revolutionary war of 1776, tobacco constituted the great article of commerce—and in those days it is said the wealthy merchants of Glasgow were known as *Tobacco Lords*. The war of course interrupted the trade, and after a time the Cotton Trade and "Cotton Lords" took the place of the former; but now, although the cotton manufactures of Glasgow are still very extensive, *Iron is King*. Ship building of this material employs a vast amount of capital and labor not only in the city, but for a long way down the shores of the Clyde.

In various constructions iron seems destined to take the place of wood, and especially in that of marine vessels. Among the great advantages of the former is this—that it does not require the tedious preparations through which timber must pass before being fit for use. Extensive orders can thus be more promptly filled, to meet the frequently sudden emergencies of men and their governments.

Alike the material of the cheap and common tool of the laborer as of the colossal bridge, the mighty ship, the ubiquitous railway and the wonder-working steam engine, IRON (so well termed the right arm of civilization) seems everywhere indispensable;—it enters into all the labors of man. Gold and silver may continue to be distinguished as the precious metals—iron has, notwithstanding, the intrinsic value. The wise and kind hand of Providence has therefore furnished it in the greater abundance. Contemplate for a moment the quantity of this metal requisite for the construction of an iron steamship, in comparison with the amount of gold which pays for it; and then, if you please, compare in imagination the respective values of a ton of gold and of a ton of iron—on the supposition that the wide world afforded a single ton of each!

Glasgow has its claims to inventive genius and enterprise. It was here, in 1812, that the first steam-vessel in Europe was launched—by HENRY BELL; and WATT, who in 1763 first applied steam as a motive power, was a native of the city. The citizens have a daily supply of twenty-four millions of gallons of the purest water, from the classic fountains of Loch Katrine, some thirty miles distant.

Many of the interesting scenes of Sir Walter Scott's famous story of "Rob Roy" are laid here; for was it not in Glasgow where dwelt one of his most admirably drawn characters, "Bailie Nichol Jarvie?"

The ancient Tolbooth, a city prison, and other edifices near the "King's Cross," still stand as interesting relics of antiquity.

Next morning, while my friends were visiting the Necropolis, the fine old cathedral and other points of interest within the city, I took the coach for Bothwell Castle, some six miles distant southeastwardly. From the lower town near the King's Cross we ascended a long declivity, where are located the busy cotton factories of Glasgow. As we passed through the pleasant suburbs at the summit, I observed to the right a fine *modern ruin*. It was a lofty and extensive edifice, just being built—apparently of "old red sandstone"—in the form of an ancient and partly ruined castle; in fact, the *oldest looking* building for a *new* one that I ever saw. In the construction of such a residence, it was very evident that somebody must have sacrificed a great amount of convenience as well as money—for the sake of a whim.

In conversation along the way with a medical gentleman of Glasgow, I expressed my surprise that in a country of such vast commerce, the antiquated and inconvenient denominations of British "pounds, shillings and pence" should not be exchanged for decimal divisions of value, as with us and in France. He informed me that various efforts had been made for that purpose—he himself having been a member of a committee appointed on one occasion to take measures for bringing the subject before Parliament; but strange to say, the opposition to such a change was found to be very great, arising from the unaccountable and unreasonable prejudices of a large class in favor of a usage which has no feature to recommend it, save its cumbrous antiquity.

—Alighting at length from the coach, at what was pointed out to me as the entrance to Bothwell Castle, I saw a lofty gate; but all was closed and apparently solid, like the neighboring continuation of high stone walls. And then some person was there just before me—rang the bell for admittance, and was refused. This was discouraging; nevertheless, I pulled the wire, and presently the gate swung open. Stating my errand to the woman who presented herself at the porter's lodge, she inquired where I was from. "America," of course was my reply. "You can go through, Sir." So I went through.

Disposed at first, under the circumstances, to imagine the concession as a special compliment to my country, I however found on further enquiry, that people residing at no great distance were granted admittance only on certain days of the week, while the gates were at all times opened for those from more remote regions, whose opportunities of course were to be supposed more limited. Considerate and courteous, truly.

Following for nearly half a mile a winding avenue through the beautiful Park, (where, however, sheep instead of deer were grazing,) I diverged a little to examine a conservatory of flowers and plants, and soon reached the present residence and castle—an imposing edifice of red sandstone, surrounded by majestic trees, apparently of much greater age than the building itself, which is wholly modern in its style, with every thing about it in the most perfect order. But no human being had I seen since first entering the park; and here, too, at the mansion, solitude seemed to prevail. These great landed proprietors have frequently so many estates and residences through the country, that they can spare but little time for each; and the "Home" family, (the present possessors of this, as well as four other similar "country seats," each with hundreds or thousands of equally magnificent acres,) were here; for the time being, *not at home*. Yet at each, everything must be in perfect order as if for their immediate return and residence.

Finally I espied a couple of stalwart fellows at work with knives on the ground near the outbuildings, and at first imagined they were digging bait for a fishing excursion to the neighboring Clyde; but on my approaching with an enquiry into the object of their labors, they showed me where a few spears of young grass were barely perceptible, and they were engaged in its eradication from between the stones—a process for which, as they informed me, all the extensive pavings around the Castle were annually subjected. "My good fellows," said I, "in the country I come from, people mostly have a different way of keeping the grass from growing under their feet. I think that with us, you would find scant employment at this branch of business." They concurred in the idea with a hearty laugh; and I went on to console them with the supposition that if there were no other advantage from their labor, it might at least keep them out of mischief.

Not far in the rear of the modern residence (but far more interesting) are the stately ruins of the original Castle of Bothwell, once occupied by Sir Andrew Murray—the fast friend of WALLACE—whose name is still connected with portions of it, and to whom, no doubt, its walls had often afforded a refuge from the usurping Briton. On the subsequent outlawry of Sir Andrew, it became the property of the Earl of Pembroke, commander of the English forces. At Bruce's accession to the throne of Scotland, it was restored to the Murrays—but the fierce and haughty Bothwell held it in the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, and after her ill-starred union to that nobleman, it was for some time her residence.

—From Bothwell, on his attainder, it passed into the Douglas family; and on the death of the Earl of Douglas, in 1857, his niece, the Countess of Home, came into possession. "JAMAIS ARRIERE" is the legend of the coat-of-arms over the entrance.

The walls of the old castle are of hewn stone of great size; solid and massive is their appearance where they yet stand. The towers and turrets are partly fallen, and covered with dense masses of the ivy—"clinging where no life is seen." Approaching one large fragment which had fallen (still bound together by the hardened mortar and almost concealed by the luxuriant vegetation), I noticed that it was encircled by the roots of a tree long since dead. One of these roots, (whose growth must, of course, have been wholly since the fall,) was over a foot in diameter: thus giving some idea of the slow lapse of ruin and decay.

Just below the site of the castle—between its steep banks and dense foliage—flows the gentle current of the Clyde. The once proud and massive towers may crumble before the touch of time; the tree, whose springing roots encompass the fragments of decay, may in its time perish and disappear; but the river still glides on—as bright, as fresh and beautiful as in the days of Scotland's ancient but still venerated heroes.

In its passage onward, however, of only a few miles, what a change must come over the current of its ideas! Emerging from this lonely and antiquated scene, its waters soon echo with the unceasing din and bustle of modern enterprise and industry, upon no ordinary scale—Glasgow and its ship-yards.

—Two miles from the Castle were the much admired grounds and residence of the Duke of Hamilton, which it was my intention to have visited; but rain commenced falling, and I reached the highway just in time for the returning coach to Glasgow.

C. C. P.

LITTLE THINGS AND GREAT RESULTS.—A gnat choked Pope Adrien to death, which caused wonderful changes in the nation and history of the whole world.

A counselor of Rome was strangled by a hair in the milk which he drank. This event caused the most serious results of anything that ever transpired in his family.

Anacreon, one of the lyric poets, is said to have lost his life by swallowing the skin of a raisin. The world then lost one of the most illustrious poets and writers.

A destructive war between France and England was occasioned by a quarrel between two boy princes.

The "Grasshopper War," which took place about the time the Pilgrims came to New England in the Mayflower, between two Indian tribes, was brought about in this way: An Indian woman with her little son, went to visit a friend belonging to another tribe. The little fellow caught a large grasshopper on the road and carried it with him. A lad from the other tribe wanted it, but he refused to give it up. A quarrel ensued which soon drew the fathers and mothers into the dispute, and ere long the chiefs were engaged in a war which nearly exterminated one tribe.

Several centuries ago some soldiers of Modena carried away a bucket from a public well at Bologna, which was the cause of a long war; and the King of Sardinia was imprisoned for twenty-two years, where he died.

An English and French vessel had a quarrel about which should be supplied first from a certain well of water, which induced a war that cost 10,000 lives.

The great philosopher, Newton, saw a child playing with soap bubbles, which led him to his most important discoveries in optical instruments.

Stephen Montgolfier saw a shirt waving, when hung before the fire, from which he first conceived the idea of a balloon.

When Galileo was in the Metropolitan temple of Peria, he observed the oscillations of a lamp; and this was the first conception of a correct method of measuring time.

The art of printing was suggested by a man cutting the letters of his name on the bark of a tree and impressing them on paper. On account of which we have books printed on good legible type on almost any and every subject sought by the human mind.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make mighty oceans and the beauteous land.

Ages are made up of moments, oun ains of drops, and human character of little words and actions.

THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

BY C. STREETER.

I was on my way to P——, in the fall of 18—. It was toward the cold evening in the first fall month, when my horse suddenly stopped before a respectable house, about four miles from N——.

There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse; nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertions to move him on.

I determined to gratify this whim, and at the same time a strange presentiment, which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling, indescribable, seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked, and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting room where sat a beautiful girl, about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger.

In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my will. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of metaphysical doctrines or those who support them; but the strange, unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, it is true, but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence, I feel unusually lonesome, and if we were not bordering on superstitions, I might reason as you have, and consent to your staying; for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived, from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely. The hours flew so quick that on looking at my watch I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock.

This was the signal for retiring, and at twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep, save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting and turning on the bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one; its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me that some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window-sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway.

I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady—mine was next the stairway. The step came along the gallery very cautiously. I had seized my pistol and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements, seemingly mysterious or suspicious. The sound of steps stopped at the door, then followed as one applying the ear to the key-hole, and a low breathing convinced me that the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, not a nerve slackened, for I felt as if Heaven had selected me as the instrument to effect its purpose.

The person now slowly moved on, and cautiously approached the door of her bedchamber.

I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of sounds; for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door, mine seized on the other. A deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he heard the sound and waited the repetition. It came not—all was still. He might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door softly open. I also opened mine. I caught a glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady.

I softly stepped along the hall and approached the chamber. Through the half-opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtained bed, within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he, Gracious Heaven! a negro! for at that moment a tall, fierce-looking black man approached the bed, and never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented, at least the particular scene of the immortal bard's conception. I was now all suspense; my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation; my eyes cracking, as I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my feet caused him to turn. He started, and, thus confronted, we stood gazing at each other a few seconds; his eyes shot fire, fury was depicted on his countenance. He made a spring towards me; the next moment he lay a corpse on the floor.

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper. She started up in bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view, was myself standing near her with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh, do not murder me! take all, you cannot, will not kill me, sir!"

The servants now rushed in—all was explained.

The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed to be a runaway slave from Virginia.

I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who, in after years, called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attack of *a midnight assassin*.

KIND WORDS are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad, than all the other blessings the world can give.

INDIA rubber ink is recommended to writers inclined to stretch the truth.

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.

The late William Wirt, formerly Attorney-General of the United States, and one of the ablest and most eloquent lawyers of the country, became, within a few months of his first marriage, addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated so strongly upon the health and mind of his wife that in a few months she was numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where he resided, and he moved to Richmond, Va., where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found with jolly and frolicsome spirits in bacchanalian revelry. His true friends expostulated with him to convince him of the injury he was doing himself. But he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked upon him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married with a view to correct his habits. This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to a Miss Gamble. After some months' attentions, he asked her hand in marriage. She replied:

"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your intentions for some time back, and should have given you to understand your visits and attention were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you have evinced for me. But I cannot yield my assent until you make me a pledge never to taste, touch or handle any intoxicating drinks."

This reply to Mr. Wirt was as unexpected as it was novel. His reply was that he regarded her proposition as a bar to all further consideration on the subject. Her course to him was the same as ever—his resentment and neglect. In the course of a few weeks he went again, and again solicited her hand. Her reply was, her mind was made up. He became indignant, and regarded the terms she proposed as insulting to his honor, and vowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin. One day, while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog shop, dead drunk, a young lady, whom it is unnecessary to name, was passing that way to her home, beheld him with his face upturned to the scorching rays of the sun. She took her handkerchief, with her name marked upon it, and placed it over her face. After he had remained in that place some hours, he was awakened and his thirst being so great, he went into the little grocery or grog shop, to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, which he looked at, and the name that was on it. After pausing a few minutes he exclaimed:

"Great God! who has left this with me? Who placed it on my face?" No one knew.

He hastily dropped the glass, exclaiming, "Enough! enough!"

He retired instantly from the store forgetting his thirst, but not the debauch, the handkerchief or the lady, vowing that if God gave him strength, never to touch, taste or handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss G. again was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in her carriage or on foot, he would dodge the nearest corner. She at last addressed a note to him, under her own hand, inviting him to the house, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her if she still bore any affection for him he would agree to her own terms. Her reply was:

"My conditions are now what they ever have been."

"Then," said the disenthralled Wirt, "I accept them."

They soon after married, and from that day he kept his word; his affairs brightened, while honors and glory gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame, while his deeds, his patriotism and renown live after him with an imperishable lustre. How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine-hearted Miss G., the friend of humanity, of her country, and the relative of Lafayette.

HENRY WARD BEECHER preached, April 24th on "Late Hours," and the "Unfruitful Works of