

The Reporter is published every Thursday Morning, by E. O. Goodrich, at \$2 per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at TWO CENTS per line for the first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

Selected Poetry.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

There's a happy time coming When the boys come home, There's a glorious day coming When the boys come home.

Letters from the Army.

DEAR WIFE—As we are finally "brought up standing" at the dismounted camp, I will give you details of the last Saturday's fight.

The Bradford Reporter

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 8, 1864. NUMBER 28.

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My horse was very tired, and for a long time had required much urging. The Lieut. was mounted on a fine animal, as free as the air and swift as the whirlwind.

When the boys come home, When the boys come home, When the boys come home, When the boys come home.

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Before the election every loyal heart felt

Before the election every loyal heart felt anxious in regard to the decision to be given by the ballot box.

We no longer ask ourselves as we pass the lonely mound of a sleeping comrade, "Did he die in vain? Will the people thus decide in the coming election?"

We will continue to sing "America," one of Doctor Mason's noblest proclamations, and one that is dear to every American heart.

A feeling of confidence prevails universally in the army since the election of honest Abraham.

Desertions are becoming frequent since the news has reached rebellious tyrannical oppression has been so unanimously repudiated by the great mass of the people.

The effect of the great decision is being felt deeply by our aristocratic foes. Sherman is marching on. Spring will find the Southern Army demoralized, and disheartened.

The time is soon coming when a man bold enough to look the Rebel in the face, will be asked if he supported the Chicago platform, if he has been guilty of such cowardly acts.

The world moves. The day of deliverance is not far distant. Discord is already manifest in the Rebel Congress. Jeff. & Co. wants Sambo to fight for the South.

Two of the inquisitors were dressed in

Two of the inquisitors were dressed in black, and the third, who sat between the others—a tall, stern man—was robed in crimson.

"Banishment?" "It may be worse, my son," and the Count was again the father of the child, folding to his heart, perhaps for the last time, what was dearer to him than his honor or safety of the State.

But it was not for the tearful sympathy only that the Count had made this midnight visit. There remained a last hope of escape.

It was arranged that a state large should be sent to receive Antonio upon the following night, to convey him a captive to the Ducal Palace.

The Count Pesaro (for the inquisitor was none other,) in a moment collected his thoughts. He had remarked the beautiful daughter of the ambassador; he knew of the gallantries which had filled the life of his son Antonio; he recognized the jealousy of the Contarini.

The father could not stay the judgment which pronounced the exile of his son, and at night Enrico was arraigned before the three inquisitors; the mask concealed his judges; and the father penned the order by which his younger son was conveyed upon a galley of the State, to perpetual exile on the island of Corfu.

The rigor of the watch was now relaxed, and Antonio, fired by the secret and almost hopeless passion which he had renounced, renewed his communication in the prescribed quarter.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Count; but there were ears that caught at the far steps as he landed at his palace door and passed to his apartment. Fra Paolo had spread the accusations which endangered the life of Antonio, and still an inmate of the palace, he brooded over his schemes.

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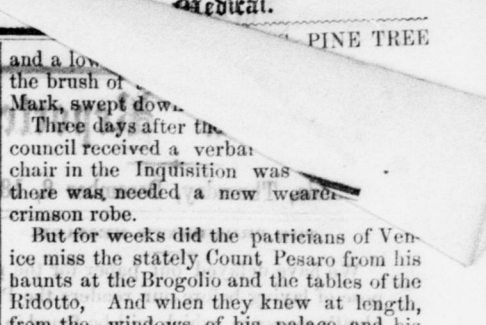
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and a low brush of pine, Mark swept down.

Three days after the council received a verbal chair in the Inquisition was there was needed a new worn crimson robe.

But for weeks did the patricians of Venice miss the stately Count Pesaro from his haunts at the Broglio and the tables of the Ridotto.

The wretched Fra Paolo, in urging his claim for the absent Enrico, gave token that he knew of the sin and shame of the Count Pesaro.

He died when Venice died, leaving as a legacy to his son a broken estate and the bruised heart, which will he had mourned the long day to his kindred.

Among these friends came, under the guardianship of a great French general, a peasant girl from Avignon, and yet she spoke well the language of Italy, and her name was that of a house which was one great in Venice.

Her story was a singular one. Her grandfather was once royal ambassador to the State of Venice.

The wife had also to contend with the opposition of a father, whose abhorrence of the Venetian name would permit no reconciliation and no royal sanction of the marriage.

Blanche Pesaro, child as she was, could not love a parent who had not loved her mother; and the royal ambassador who could steel his heart toward a suffering daughter, could spend but little sympathy on an Italian child.