

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions. A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interests; and notices of Marriages and Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

1 Year,	6 mo.,	3 mo.
per Column, \$50	\$25	\$15
per Column, 30	15	10
per Square, 10	5	3
Administrators and Executors Notices, 50		
Notices, 20		
Business Cards, five lines, (per year), 5 00		

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged 25. They will be entitled to a column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of change.

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand bills, Black Cards, Envelopes, etc., of every style and style, printed at the shortest notice. The Reporter's 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 INVARIABLE CASH.

# The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. \$2 per Annum, in Advance. VOLUME XXV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 8, 1864. NUMBER 28.

perience, still would the vivid impressions received in that next half hour, remain undimmed and indelible.

My horse was very tired, and for a long time had required no urging. The Lieut. was mounted on a fine animal, as free as the air and swift as the whirlwind, so that in spite of all my efforts I was falling to the rear, along with a few other stragglers from a squadron of cavalry that was moving up the road ahead.

All at once a cavalryman dashed by me exclaiming, "See that lot of Johnnies in the road behind us!" and sure enough, there was a squadron of them in full charge upon us not forty rods off! Each sorry straggler now clapped spurs to his horse and "closed up" sooner I think than they ever closed up before, but though I dug my post horse's flanks with all the energy possible under the pressure of circumstances, he fell behind and only just cleared his distance—that is, he just passed under cover of the squadron mentioned as the rebels were about to close on us. Not seeing an officer at first I sung out "Fall in line!" but Lieut. Tilsen was there, and hastily forming the men, he furiously charged the rebels in turn, driving them back in disorder upon their reserve, which now came to their support—a whole regiment of them—plunging upon the flank of our little squadron, like a host of vultures settling upon their prey.

Before the election every loyal heart felt anxious in regard to the decision to be given by the Ballot Box. The first returns were like the grey streak shooting up from the Eastern horizon after a long and dreary night proclaiming a speedy return of the genial rays of the sun, to make all Nature gay and joyous, peaceful, and happy.

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?" No! the question has been answered by loyal thousands in the negative.

We will continue to sing "America," one of Doctor Mason's noblest proclamations, and one that is dear to every American heart. We will do honor to W. B. Bradford by singing "The Star Spangled Banner," and G. F. Root, by singing "The Red, White and Blue."

Two of the inquisitors were dressed in black and the third, who sat between the others—a tall, stern man—was robed in crimson. The face of the last grey troubled as his eye fell upon a strange accusation affecting his honor, and perhaps his safety. For even this terrible council chamber had its own law among its members, and its own punishment for indiscretion.—More than once a patrician of Venice had disappeared from the eyes of men, and a mysterious message came to the Grand Council that a seat was vacant in the Chamber of the Inquisition.

The accusation that now started the member of the Council, was this: The Count Pesaro is very near the Palace of France!

"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 the 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. The arrest of Antonio might follow in a day or two. Meantime the barges of the State were subject to the orders penned by either member of the Council.

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.  
We will end the dreadful story  
Of this treason dark and gory.  
In a sun-blast of glory  
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter  
When the boys come home;  
For our hearts will be lighter.  
When the boys come home.  
Weeds and sweet-hearts will press them  
In their arms, and caress them.  
And pray God to bless them,  
When the boys come home.

The side canals of Venice are not wide, and looking across where the jealous Venetian blinds do not hide the view, one can easily observe the movements of an opposite neighborhood. The rooms of the palace of the ambassador were carefully screened; but yet the water door, the grand hall of entrance and the marble stairway that ascended from it, and the quick eye of Enrico did not fail to notice a little figure, that from day to day glided over the marble steps, or threw its shadow across the marble hall.

Blanche was the only daughter of the ambassador, and besides her there remained to him no family. She had just reached the age when the romance of life is strongest; and the music stealing over the water from floating canopies, and masked figures passing like phantoms under the shadows of palaces, and all the license and silence of Venice, created for her a strange charm, both mysterious and dangerous. The very secrecy of Venetian intrigues contrasted very favorably in her own romantic thoughts with the brilliant profligacy of the court of Versailles.

Two of the inquisitors were dressed in black and the third, who sat between the others—a tall, stern man—was robed in crimson. The face of the last grey troubled as his eye fell upon a strange accusation affecting his honor, and perhaps his safety. For even this terrible council chamber had its own law among its members, and its own punishment for indiscretion.—More than once a patrician of Venice had disappeared from the eyes of men, and a mysterious message came to the Grand Council that a seat was vacant in the Chamber of the Inquisition.

The accusation that now started the member of the Council, was this: The Count Pesaro is very near the Palace of France!

"Of the Count?"

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 Countantini.

Blanche was the only daughter of the ambassador, and besides her there remained to him no family. She had just reached the age when the romance of life is strongest; and the music stealing over the water from floating canopies, and masked figures passing like phantoms under the shadows of palaces, and all the license and silence of Venice, created for her a strange charm, both mysterious and dangerous. The very secrecy of Venetian intrigues contrasted very favorably in her own romantic thoughts with the brilliant profligacy of the court of Versailles.

Nor was her face or figure such as to pass unnoticed even among the most attentive of the Venetian ladies. The Countantini brothers, who were of her own race, frequented the table of the Ridotto, were kindled into wholly new endeavor by a sight of the blooming face of the western stranger.

The difficulties which hedged all approach served here (as they always serve) to quicken ingenuity and to multiply resources. The State was jealous of all communication with the families of ambassadors; marriage with an alien on the part of a noble family was scrupulously forbidden. Antonio was already betrothed to the daughter of a noble house which never failed to mean to avenge his wrongs. Enrico, the younger, was, in the eye of the State, sworn to celibacy and the service of the Church.

Thus they retreated and left "Corporal Parkhurst" in the hands of the enemy." So the Lieut. reported when he reached the regiment, and so he honestly thought, for last he saw of me was in the rear with the Johnnies dashing up close upon my heels while the greatest speed I could muster in my animal was a good sober trot.

On coming into camp late at night, I found quite an earnest conversation going on with regard to my capture. Approaching a squad of comrades gathered around a fire, I overheard the remark:

"Well, they can't keep Parkhurst, he gave them the slip once and will do it again," and at that point of the conversation, I appeared to their astonished vision, and received their hearty congratulations.

These keep mostly upon the topmost floor of the house, where a little sunshine finds its way, and plays hospitably around the flower pots which the daughter had arranged upon the ledge of a window. Below, as I had thought—the rooms were dark and dismal. The rich furniture which belonged to them is gone—only a painting or two, by famous Venetian artists, now hung upon the wall. They are portraits of near relations, and the old gentleman, they say, lingers for hours about them in gloomy silence.

So long ago as the middle of the last century the family had become small and reduced in wealth. The head of the family, however, was an important member of the State, and was expected (such things were then known in Venice) to have a voice in the terrible Council of Three.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Blanche was the only daughter of the ambassador, and besides her there remained to him no family. She had just reached the age when the romance of life is strongest; and the music stealing over the water from floating canopies, and masked figures passing like phantoms under the shadows of palaces, and all the license and silence of Venice, created for her a strange charm, both mysterious and dangerous. The very secrecy of Venetian intrigues contrasted very favorably in her own romantic thoughts with the brilliant profligacy of the court of Versailles.

Nor was her face or figure such as to pass unnoticed even among the most attentive of the Venetian ladies. The Countantini brothers, who were of her own race, frequented the table of the Ridotto, were kindled into wholly new endeavor by a sight of the blooming face of the western stranger.

The difficulties which hedged all approach served here (as they always serve) to quicken ingenuity and to multiply resources. The State was jealous of all communication with the families of ambassadors; marriage with an alien on the part of a noble family was scrupulously forbidden. Antonio was already betrothed to the daughter of a noble house which never failed to mean to avenge his wrongs. Enrico, the younger, was, in the eye of the State, sworn to celibacy and the service of the Church.

## Select Tale.

### THE COUNT PESARO. A VENETIAN STORY.

Pesaro was once a very great name in Venice. There was in former times, a Don Pesaro, and ambassadors to foreign courts belonging to the house. In the old church of the Frairs, upon the further side of the Grand Canal, is a painting of Titian's in which a family of the Pesaros appears kneeling before the blessed Virgin. A gorgeously furnished palace, the Ridotto, and the Golden Horse is still known as the Pesaro Palace; but the family which built it, and the family which dwelt there has long since lost all claims to its cherubs and griffins; only the crumbling mansion where lives the old Count and his daughter, now boasts any living holders of the Pesaro name.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

## 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, giving my individual experience in it, which will be more interesting to you than general details of the battle.

You remember my last letter was ended abruptly with a sentence half finished. It was then that the order sounded "Saddle up!" and our attention thus arrested was soon stimulated by the sound of firing along the picket line. The enemy had attacked us on the right.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Next day we expected to renew the battle, and seeing the whole force of cavalry moving out with artillery and everything fully equipped for the fight, I felt that I could not stay in the rear, so I borrowed a horse and joined the command. When near my hiding place of the day before, I made a detour with my clam—Mr. Stone, and picked up my blanket which I had left it. The enemy had retired beyond Cedar Creek, so there was no engagement.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Mr. Editor: Thank you for thinking of me as an interesting subject. I seat myself to pen you a few lines to give you a little description of it. We were not called together by the merry ring of the church bell but by the harsh tones of the war bugle. Not in a comfortable church made cheerful by the bright faces of both sex of all ages as in civil life, but behind a huge breast-work made to protect us from treacherous foes. Round us passed many marshaled warriors for an audience. We were ably addressed by Chaplain McMadden, of the 5th Penna Cavalry, a true patriot and Christian. We had some things to be thankful for that friends at home did not. There was none among us but that would rejoice at a Union triumph. None that is thankful that the Frog that would a wailing on the Chicago Platform, instead of being waited by the smooth waters of peace into the ocean of power, has been forced by the tide of public indignation up Salt River and no doubt will do as other frogs do, plunge into muck and mire, thus hide himself from the gaze of those whom he has disgraced by his coppery croakings.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Accidentally we rode leisurely over thro' the woods, emerging from the hills on the other side in full view of what we supposed to be our brigade drawn up in line of battle. On we rode into the same field where a smaller party—a squadron of cavalry—was moving, led by a grey man on a grey horse.

"Lieut," said I, "that man on the grey horse looks like a Reb."

"My looks like a Reb?" they all reb, and then for the first time we noticed that body of men as individuals, and saw them in all sorts of dress—some in our blue, some in grey, some in yellowish home-spin and others in dirty rags, which was so insulting to our sense of propriety and taste in military soldiers, that we hastily retired in disgust.

It was possibly the kind of disgust however that a man feels when getting out of a tight place.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.

Antonio was the last son of the noble house. An inquisitor was chief and he rather triumphed at length over the Ministers of State; yet none in the secret Council could perceive that triumph. None knew better than a participant in that dreadful power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace windows of Venice.

The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council; but there were no lights in the Venetian palace, and 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.