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year or year. Special notices charged one-half
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will be charged \$15. They will be entitled to a
column, confined exclusively to their business, with
privilege of change.
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JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy
colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-
bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every va-
riety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The
REPORTER Office has just been re-fitted with Power
Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can
be executed in the most artistic manner and at
the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Bradford Reporter.
PETROLEUM.
For many years Cotton has been called
King. But there are abundant indications
at the present that his majesty has been de-
throned, and that another power has usurped
his place.
It is but a few years since that Petroleum
became known to the American public, or to
the world, and it is astonishing how great
an interest is already concurred in its pro-
duction. Four years ago, you might after
much search, procure a few ounces of a
druggist to rub upon a rheumatic joint,
but whether it ever relieved a single rheu-
matic twinge or stitch, is still problemat-
ical. Now, it is found that hundreds of
thousands of barrels a year will not supply
the demand. Every American ship as she
touches a foreign port is searched for the
precious product, and the foreign trader
divides his interest in the price of Petroleum
in the New York market, with the price of
gold. It is rapidly taking the place of
every article known to men as a light-giv-
ing, lubricating agent; in fact we know not,
yet, to how many uses it may be applied.
As great as may have been our igno-
rance of Petroleum, it was known to the
ancients, and some wiseacres maintained
that the slime which hardened and rendered
compact the tower of Babel and the walls
of Babylon, was composed of coal oil, and
further, that when the judgment of the
Almighty descended upon the cities of the
plain, the rocks opened and the burning
springs of petroleum wrapped them in
flames.
There is a section of the United States,
the eastern boundary of which may be sup-
posed to be the Alleghany ridge, extending
south to the Georgia line, and west across
the Mississippi and Ohio, including large
portions of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and
Ohio, and on its northern verge a dozen
counties of north-western Pennsylvania,
which is underlain by the Bituminous
Coal fields. This section is also the field
which at different depths below the surface
yields Petroleum, rock oil, coal oil, or by
whatever other name it may be known.
It is in north-western Pennsylvania upon
the Alleghany river and its tributaries that
Petroleum is found in the greatest abun-
dance, although many wells have been sunk
in Western Virginia, and a large capital is
at this early day embarked in its search,
even there, notwithstanding the war. Oil
city, in the county of Venango Pa., has be-
come a thriving village, and five years ago
it was but a wilderness. Franklin, another
center of the oil business is fast growing
into importance, and all along up and down
the river, oil, is the universal cry—
thousands of wells are sunk, thousands and
tens of thousands of barrels are filled, hun-
dreds of companies are forming, farms and
oil lots are bringing fabulous prices, rail-
roads are building to afford egress to the
adjoining treasure, and hurry scurry, hustle
hustle, are the order of the day.
The oil is found at various depths—some
wells are less than a hundred feet deep,
but those which penetrate from three to six
hundred feet or even eight hundred feet,
yield the most, and yield the longest. The
supply is frequently abundant and over-
flowing at first, taxing every effort to se-
cure it, and rising in a jet sixty feet into
the air. The flow often ceases altogether,
but is restored by sinking the wells deeper,
or by running them as it is termed, which
consists in enlarging the bore an inch or
so, equally, all around its circumference.
In one instance this was done in a well of
four hundred feet depth, which as yet, had
given no sign of oil. When this process
had been completed to within fifty feet of
the bottom, oil suddenly rose to the top in
a large stream, and the supply has been
steadily continued. The simple enlarge-
ment of the well an inch or an inch and a
half on each side, fortunately opened a
large vein, which the drill had passed,
proving that the oil flows in veins, in-
stead of being contained in reservoirs.—
Two or more wells may be near each other
yielding oil, and another in the vicinity
yielding none.
The well has the true Artesian character,
a spot is selected upon which to commence
operations—the tall pyramidal derrick in-
closing it rises in the air—a large reser-
voir is constructed of plank, perhaps, to re-
ceive the oil, the steam engine to furnish
the power is conveniently placed, and the
first blow is struck; then through days,
weeks and perhaps months of unremitting
labor, the work goes on; inch by inch, foot
by foot, fathom by fathom, the drill enters
the bowels of mother earth to be followed
at last, or to meet the clear, shining, liquid
treasure, that looks upon the sun for the
first time after a being in total darkness for
a million of years.

The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. \$2 per Annum, in Advance. NUMBER 33.

VOLUME XXV. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 12, 1865.

This liquid substance, or product, thus procured, is Petroleum, rock oil, or coal oil as it is often termed. Chemically, it is a hydro-carbon—a compound of hydrogen and carbon—and belongs to a family of agents which in decomposition or combustion, gives off a most brilliant light. It exists abundantly in nature, and is destined to occupy the same position as a source of light, that coal does as a source of heat. We have in these two agents an exemplification of the goodness of Providence in supplying our race, from the vast store houses of nature, products of such prime necessity to domestic life—products elaborated by natural laws in a period long antecedent to the existence of man, and now to be appropriated to his benefit.

A writer in the Philadelphia Press, has made an estimate of the cost of an oil well six hundred feet in depth. The whole sum is nearly seven thousand dollars, but there are scores and hundreds of them that yield daily, from three to five hundred barrels of oil. Think, reader, of the income of the proprietors of such a well! Think again of the present and prospective wealth of the owner of fifty or a hundred acres of oil producing land. And these are not imaginary cases for just such proprietorship has really occurred in a hundred instances.— Think of the poor boy with little or no education, toiling early and late upon his little homestead of fifty acres, suddenly and as if by magic, at a single stride, stepping into a real, palpable, tangible income of from three to five thousand dollars a day! Read the history of Johnny Jones as given in the Press of Dec. 5th:

Johnny Jones (this name is as good as another), was a simple country boy in the service of a farmer whose acres were very hard to till, and therefore twenty years of Johnny's life were given to mowing crops and had work. He toiled among the wheat and corn until he grew up to manhood, with no other accomplishments beyond those necessary for a good hostler or stage-driver. Johnny Jones, good hearted in his way, probably attended the village church with all the devotion of a young man who had a good suit of clothes and was in love with a country girl. He married this country girl, and it is possible with her knowledge of plain cooking and the mysteries of apple butter, and Johnny Jones' hard sinews and constant toil, they might have lived and died very respectable old people, leaving the farm to their children, and made no impression upon the world than any of their unassuming neighbors. But the rain falls upon the just as well as the unjust, and it came to pass that Johnny Jones found the poor barren acres that were left to him by his foster mother to be mines of more wealth than were ever discovered in the El Dorado of the far west. He had enough rude sense to keep him from parting with them for a flock or a string of beads, like some of his more ignorant brethren in West Virginia, and simply sold enough to have them developed, and to retain an interest, which, for the last year, has paid him an income estimated at from three to five thousand dollars a day. I would not like to be responsible for the effect of an income of this kind upon any of my friends, nor should I care to have my own conduct criticised were I to be in receipt of so many glorious greenbacks. Johnny Jones became insane with his new wealth, not in that sense which implies a straight jacket, or close confinement in an infirmary, but with a far more terrible meaning. Johnny's sudden wealth carried him up into the clouds, and as the heaven of his early dreams had been sense-gratifying wealth, he hurried into the world with his gains, and began to be a great man. Such a fish could not long be in the sea of American life without having around him a shoal of sharks, and so Johnny had not proceeded very far in his new ocean of prosperity before a shoal of well dressed sharks—sharks with diamond rings and astonishing vests—sharks who knew the mysteries of the gambling-houses and the baggio—took possession of him, and began to feed upon his substance. Off they went in their wild career. The poor country wife who sat at home to do her plain cooking, make her apple butter, and astonish the neighbors by the display of several gaudy new dresses. Johnny went to Philadelphia, showing his favors upon hack-drivers who took his fancy, pleasant-spoken gambling men, and ladies of miscellaneous and cosmopolitan attachments, and upon all that was wicked and vile and seducing in the great metropolis. His career extended to Western and Eastern cities; and what with diamond rings and losses, and gambling saloons, and presents to all who asked them, in three months he managed to spend ninety thousand dollars. I am told that Johnny's new life wore deeply into his muscles and his sinews, and quite sordid his poor, feeble brain, and that, as a sequel to his career, some considerable friends who thought that his money might be more advantageously applied, obtained the interference of the law, and so Johnny's affairs are now in the hands of a receiver, and his money is paid to careful, prudent men, and his great gains are lashed by others, while he is only permitted to spend a limited income, something, perhaps, like fifty or one hundred dollars per day, which with care and prudence may enable him to pass through this period of his great calamity, and become a respectable and worthy old gentleman.

However abundant may be the supply of the oil in future time, it can never lose its importance as a valuable product. It may, and probably will, be cheaper in the market as more of the country is given up to its production, but the need it answers will ever be great. Gold fluctuates in value because it only measures value, but Kerosene oil supplies a want which must ever exist. As long as earth casts her shadow, so long must darkness be made day.

But will the supply of Petroleum continue? If our view of its origin is correct, it will flow while the everlasting hills of coal shall stand, unless, indeed, Bituminous coal becomes Anthracite—a metamorphosis which only the ages can effect. The coal fields removed to-day, the earth and shales in this neighborhood are so plentifully imbued with Petroleum, as to yield it for a long time to come.

Is, then, Petroleum a product of the bituminous coal fields? We have several facts which favor, though they do not positively prove that belief. 1st. As far as these fields extend, from the north to the

south, from the east to the west, through their whole length and breadth, Petroleum is found or is contiguous. 2d. Petroleum from the rocks, and bitumen from the coal, are identical in all their sensible properties and in their chemical composition and relations. 3d. All the coal found east of a certain point or place in the Alleghany mountains, where the stratified rocks show evidence of violent displacement or upheaval, is Anthracite coal, or coal which has parted with its Petroleum by the action of excessive heat. In the vicinity of the Anthracite coal measures, no Petroleum is found. If the views here glanced at are correct, then, through ages back Petroleum has been distilled from Bituminous coal in nature's great alembic, and gathering in cliffs and fissures of rock has finally been conducted to the surface in seams made by the strata which often crop out at great distances from the coal itself.

But there are other views in respect to the origin and source of Petroleum. One, very plausible, may be seen in a late number of Harper's Magazine, which is founded upon the assumption that the localities where the oil is now met with, were once the shores of a vast inland sea which were covered for long, long ages, with a rank gigantic growth of sea grass, and that these shores by some great natural convulsion, were submerged—and buried beneath a superincumbent mass of sand and rock, and that the vegetable growth, subjected to a natural ferment, and distillation, became the origin of the oil.

There are even other opinions—upon this point naturalists are not agreed, and it is quite probable that the truth is yet to be made known.

But however we may reason upon this matter, Petroleum is an undisputed fact. It is now adding much to the comfort, wealth, and prosperity of the age—it is coining money, engaging the attention of business men and the hopes of speculators, and enlisting as much effort as iron, coal, cotton, or gold. Whatever adds to the comfort of the masses, is a step in the advancement, and the humble, simple, insignificant match, and the more pretensions Kerosene lamp, mark their own period, and shed their own light upon the civilization of our race.

Has it ever entered the brains of our wise ones that Petroleum may be found in our own neighborhood? There are two facts which it were wise to study. One is that we are in the vicinity of Bituminous coal, and another is that our geological formation resembles, if it is not precisely that, of oil producing sections. It is just possible that we are too far east, and yet we are not in the Anthracite region, and we shall do ourselves no harm to look about us. We have no great faith in witch-hazel, but we have an undoubted one in observation.

IMPERISHABLE.
The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a worthless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes,
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens high;
When wronged ones plead for aid,
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The presence of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss,
It was a firm unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
These hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling word of sympathy,
We feel but never tell,
The hard rebuke that chills the heart,
Whose hopes are bounding high,
In an unending record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just and true,
So shall a light that cannot fade,
Beam on the front on high,
And angel voices say to these,
These things shall never die.

Josh Billings has recently had his life insured. These are a few of the questions which he answered "like a man," in the "confirmatif".

1. Are you male or female! If so, state how long you have been so.
2. Are you subject in fits, and if so, do you have more than one at a time.
3. What is your precise fitting weight?
4. Did you ever have any ancestors, and if so, how much?
5. What is your legal opinion on the constitutionality of the 10 commandments?
6. Did you ever have any nice mares, if so, what is their best time?
7. Are you married and single, or are you a Bachelor?
8. Do you believe in a futur state, if you do, state it?
9. What are your private sentiments about a rush or rats in the head, can it be did successfully?
10. Have you ever committed suicide, and if so, how did it seem to affect you?

What is the difference between a young lady and a soldier? One powders the face and the other faces the powder.

Selected Poetry.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for January.]
MY AUTUMN WALK.
BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
On woodland ruddy with autumn
The amber sunshine lies:
I look on the beauty round me,
And tears come into my eyes.
For the wind that swept the meadows
Blows out of the far Southwest,
Where our gallant men are fighting,
And the gallant dead are at rest.

The golden rod is leaning,
And the purple aster waves
In a breeze from the land of battles,
A breath from the land of graves.
Fall fast the leaves are drooping:
Before the wandering breath:
As fast, on the field of battle,
Our brethren fell in death.

Beautiful over my pathway
The forest spoils are shed;
They are spotting the grassy hillocks
With purple and gold and red.
Beautiful is the death-sleep
Of those who bravely fight,
In their country's holy quarrel,
And perish for the Right.

But who shall comfort the living,
The light of whose home is gone;
The bride that, early widowed,
Lives broken-hearted on?

The matron whose sons are lying
In graves on a distant shore—
The maiden, whose promised husband
Comes back from the war no more?

I look on the peaceful dwellings
Whose windows glimmer in sight,
With crop and garden and orchard
That bask in the mellow light:
And I know that, when our country
With news of victory came,
They will bring a bitter message
Of hopeless grief to some.

Again I turn to the woodlands,
And slumber as I see
The mock-groop's blood red banner
Hung out on the cedar tree:
And I think of days of slaughter,
And the night-sky red with flames,
On the Chattanooga meadows,
And the wasted banks of the James.

Oh, for the fresh spring-season,
When the groves are in their prime;
And far away in the future
Is the frosty autumn time!
Oh, for that better season,
When the pride of the foe shall yield,
And the hosts of God and Freedom
March back from the well-won field!

And the matron shall clasp her first born
With tears of joy and pride;
And the scarred and war-worn lover
Shall claim his promised bride!
October, 1864.

Miscellaneous.

THE FEDERAL CHAMELEON.
One evening about an hour after the sun had gone down a couple of stout men dressed in soiled rebel uniforms, and each holding in his hand a good Austrian rifle, rapped at the door of a small frame building near the C— road in Virginia.
The knock was answered by an old woman whose face was almost concealed by the tangled masses of her grey, uncombed hair.
"And what may ye want here?" she exclaimed, as her deep-set eyes flashed upon the two men. "I have't the smallest bit of Johnny-cake to offer ye, for it was all—" "No, no," interrupted one of the soldiers, "we don't want anything to eat; but we want you to tell us, and that in quick time, too, whether or not you've seen a slight, but strong looking slip of a man go by here of late?"
"Dressed in blue and carrying a double-barrelled rifle," added the other.
"Hey! hey!" cried the hag, lifting her hands, and speaking in a sharp, angry voice. "If ye hadn't interrupted me I reck on you'd a heard me speak of him before now, as that was the very man who came here and bought all my cakes. It was about two hours ago, and—"
"Which way did he go after he left you?" inquired both men, eagerly.
"Before I answer that question you must tell me who he is," said the old woman, with the curiosity natural to her sex.
"He's a celebrated Union scout whom we call the 'Federal Chameleon,' because he changes his uniform so often. Sometimes it is blue, at other times gray, and he has even been seen wearing the disguise of an old farmer. He has shot more of our men than is at all pleasant, and we have a roving commission from our colonel to go on a hunt after him and capture him, if we can, either dead or alive. And now as we have replied to you," continued the speaker a little impatiently, "we demand that you answer our question, and—"
"Demand!" interrupted the hag in shrill, piercing tones. "Is that the proper way to speak to a woman, and an old woman at that?"
"Come, come, answer us if you please," cried the soldier in a milder tone. "I meant no harm—it is my way of speaking."
"Well, perhaps I may forgive you and perhaps not," said the old woman, shaking her head.
"How far is your camp from here?" "What is that to you? What has that to do—"
"There you go again with your accursed incivility!" shrieked the hag, fiercely; "but you shall answer my question before you get a single word out of me. Now, then, how far is your camp from here, and how many men have you in and around it? I intend to carry your fellows some corn-cakes, dye soap, and I want to know the number of months that I will have to cook for."

"O, in that case," said the rebel, "I do not see any reason why I shouldn't satisfy you. Our camps, then, are about five miles from here, near— Cross roads, and our number may be about five thousand."
"That will do," cried the old woman with a grin of satisfaction, "yes that will do. And now you are sure that the man who came here to buy a supper is the one you are after?"
"We are sure of it, for we thought we have never seen the man's face, we'd know him by his double-barrelled rifle, as nobody else in the Yankee army carries a weapon of that kind."
"Ay, ay, it's the right one, then," said the hag. "After he had finished and paid for his meal, he says to me, 'Friend, I should like to put up here for the night, if you have no objection.' But as I did not like the idea of accommodating a Yankee any more than I could help, I told him there was no room for him, as I expected visitors before many hours. 'Well, then,' says he, 'can you tell me of any place where I can pass the night a little comfortably. You see,' he added, looking toward his big double-barrelled rifle, 'I don't like to camp out, as it looks like rain, and this piece might be hurt by it.' 'I know of no place,' I answered, 'short of four miles from here—an old barn which is tight enough, I think, to keep off the rain.' 'Four miles is a pretty long distance,' said he, 'and as I have been tramping about considerably to-day, I don't feel much like carrying this heavy load so far,' pointing to his knapsack as he spoke. 'Will you be kind enough to let it remain till morning?' 'Well, yes,' said I, hesitating a little, and throwing a significant glance at the well-filled pocket book in his hand. He understood the look and gave me a greenback dollar. 'All right,' said I, and he then departed, saying he'd call for his luggage in the morning, after he should have taken his sleep in the barn. 'Now then,' continued the speaker, 'which will ye do—go after him at once, or wait in ambush for him until morning?'
"The two soldiers drew back a few paces and held a short consultation, after which they again advanced to the side of the old woman.
"We will go now," said the one who had spoken first, "that is if you can describe to us the exact position of the barn?"
"I don't think I could describe it so that you could find it in the dark," replied the hag; "but as I am willing to do everything in my power for the confederacy, I will go with you to show you the place."
"That is right," answered the rebel, "and we'll see that you are rewarded for your zeal."
"I don't want any reward for helping my countrymen," replied the other, "I am always ready to help along the cause."
"With these words she disappeared into an inner room, but came forth in a few minutes with a grey blanket thrown over her shoulders.
"I took this out of the Yank's knapsack," said she, with a short, dry laugh; "don't you think it becomes me?"
"Aye, aye, my good woman, very much. But lead on, if you please, for we have no time to lose."
The hag then closed the door of the house.
"Forward march!" she exclaimed, imitating the voice of a man with strong lungs. "Forward march! Close up! close up!" And she moved along the road at a slow tottering pace natural to a person of her age.

The night by this time had become very dark. The sky was obscured with thick driving clouds, and the wind screamed and roared among the tall pines that towered upon each side of the road. Occasionally a heavy branch wrenched from its native trunk, would fall into the road with a terrific crash, and more than once the rebels started back and cocked their pieces in the belief that the din was caused by the discharge of some Yankee rifle.
"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old hag upon one of these occasions, "it seems to me that you are easily startled. Don't you think your commander might have picked out a pair of bold hearts than yours for this expedition?"
"You'd better keep a silent tongue in your head, my good woman, until you have had an opportunity to witness as many battles as we have," answered one of the men; "a good soldier is always on his guard."
"Aye, aye!" replied the old woman; "but he should know how to distinguish between the crashing of a dry branch and the ring of a rifle bullet."
The rebel did not relish the noise made by the loud, sharp tones of the female guide, and, in order to put an end to the conversation, he controlled himself sufficiently not to reply to her last remark. The party then continued their way in silence—which was not broken by either of them until they had gone about three miles, and a loud, clear challenge suddenly startled the rebels.
"Halt! Who comes there?"
"Friend," answered the old woman, in a ringing voice; "friend and prisoners."
"Are you betrayed?" yelled her companions, and, even as the words passed their lips, they were surrounded by a dozen Federal soldiers, one of whom carried a lantern.

As the rays of the light flashed upon the hag, the rebels saw the grey hair, the blanket, and the female apparel drop to the ground, revealing the slight but iron-like frame of a Union soldier in the prime of life!
"It is he, by—!" exclaimed the prisoners, simultaneously, as their glance wandered to the long double-barrelled rifle, which he now held in hand; "it is he—the scout—the Federal Chameleon!"
"Aye, aye!" answered the latter, as he leaned upon his weapon, with a quiet smile. "You are trapped, sure enough, thanks to my disguise, which is only one of the many that I carry in my knapsack. Allow me to express my thanks to you for the information you gave me regarding the position of your camp and the number of your men. I have already sent a message to my colonel in relation to the matter, and I perceive he has commenced to act upon it."
And as he spoke he pointed down the road where the dark outline of troops forming into line might be faintly distinguished.

They were soon in motion, and in the course of half an hour the booming of cannon, the rattling of musketry, and the cheers of the Federal troops proclaimed that the combat had commenced. The din continued for about an hour, when the prisoners learned from others who were brought to share their quarters, that the Southern troops had been surprised and totally routed.
"We are sure of it, for we thought we have never seen the man's face, we'd know him by his double-barrelled rifle, as nobody else in the Yankee army carries a weapon of that kind."
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After a few moments of listening to the noise made by the spent shells, enjoying his feast of buffalo flesh, the sounds ceased suddenly. I felt sure, however, that the beast had not departed, for I had kept my eyes fixed on the dark outlines under the shadow of the tree, and the mass remained of the same appearance. I fancied I could trace the form of a tiger lying alongside the dead buffalo, and this was the shape the dark object had assumed and retained since the termination of the conflict.
At length, however, success was at hand. Seeing a light in the distance, he shouted scornfully, "The Federal Chameleon!"
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And as he spoke he pointed down the road where the dark outline of troops forming into line might be faintly distinguished.

They were soon in motion, and in the course of half an hour the booming of cannon, the rattling of musketry, and the cheers of the Federal troops proclaimed that the combat had commenced. The din continued for about an hour, when the prisoners learned from others who were brought to share their quarters, that the Southern troops had been surprised and totally routed.
"We are sure of it, for we thought we have never seen the man's face, we'd know him by his double-barrelled rifle, as nobody else in the Yankee army carries a weapon of that kind."
"Ay, ay, it's the right one, then," said the hag. "After he had finished and paid for his meal, he says to me, 'Friend, I should like to put up here for the night, if you have no objection.' But as I did not like the idea of accommodating a Yankee any more than I could help, I told him there was no room for him, as I expected visitors before many hours. 'Well, then,' says he, 'can you tell me of any place where I can pass the night a little comfortably. You see,' he added, looking toward his big double-barrelled rifle, 'I don't like to camp out, as it looks like rain, and this piece might be hurt by it.' 'I know of no place,' I answered, 'short of four miles from here—an old barn which is tight enough, I think, to keep off the rain.' 'Four miles is a pretty long distance,' said he, 'and as I have been tramping about considerably to-day, I don't feel much like carrying this heavy load so far,' pointing to his knapsack as he spoke. 'Will you be kind enough to let it remain till morning?' 'Well, yes,' said I, hesitating a little, and throwing a significant glance at the well-filled pocket book in his hand. He understood the look and gave me a greenback dollar. 'All right,' said I, and he then departed, saying he'd call for his luggage in the morning, after he should have taken his sleep in the barn. 'Now then,' continued the speaker, 'which will ye do—go after him at once, or wait in ambush for him until morning?'
"The two soldiers drew back a few paces and held a short consultation, after which they again advanced to the side of the old woman.
"We will go now," said the one who had spoken first, "that is if you can describe to us the exact position of the barn?"
"I don't think I could describe it so that you could find it in the dark," replied the hag; "but as I am willing to do everything in my power for the confederacy, I will go with you to show you the place."
"That is right," answered the rebel, "and we'll see that you are rewarded for your zeal."
"I don't want any reward for helping my countrymen," replied the other, "I am always ready to help along the cause."
"With these words she disappeared into an inner room, but came forth in a few minutes with a grey blanket thrown over her shoulders.
"I took this out of the Yank's knapsack," said she, with a short, dry laugh; "don't you think it becomes me?"
"Aye, aye, my good woman, very much. But lead on, if you please, for we have no time to lose."
The hag then closed the door of the house.
"Forward march!" she exclaimed, imitating the voice of a man with strong lungs. "Forward march! Close up! close up!" And she moved along the road at a slow tottering pace natural to a person of her age.

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BARON MUNCHAUSEN IN INDIA—A BUFFALO STORY.
A paper published in India tells this remarkable exciting story about an adventure there of an enthusiastic entomologist:
"One very hot day, shouldering his entomological net, and with his bottle of cyanide of potassium in his pocket for the purpose of killing his specimens, he had succeeded in taking several species of moths and beetles, when suddenly emerging on an open space, a gigantic female buffalo charged right down upon him. Quick as lightning the narrator sprang up a tree, which fortunately happened to be near, and he found himself comfortably settled down upon one of the branches, a buffalo calf appeared upon the scene, and both mother and offspring sat down at the foot of the tree, directly under his position. In order to attract the attention of his friends, who were in the neighborhood, or any native who might happen to be near, he shouted until he was hoarse. Ever and anon, by way of variation, with the vain hope of frightening away the buffalo, he awakened the extremest echoes of the jungle with his yellings, and perpetrated the most hideous noises ever produced by the human voice.
All was of no avail; no friendly hand came to aid him, and the brute still lay placidly licking and caressing its calf. He was about to assume a standing attitude in the tree, when suddenly his left hand, with which he had seized a branch above his head, was severely stung or bitten by some insect or animal. Starting with the acute pain, as the fear of whip or tree snakes flashed through his mind, he involuntarily loosed his hold of the bough, and thus deprived of support, he lost his balance and fell from his place of refuge. He dropped on the buffalo's back, and in another instant was carried away at a tremendous pace through the long thick grass of the jungle. It was a difficult matter to keep his seat, when all at once the buffalo sprang into a large "tank," and he was immersed up to his neck in water. Unable to swim, he was obliged to cling to the brute, which for a time swam round and round the pool at her pleasure. He only hoped his legs would not be seized by one of the alligators, of which he had seen several in the water during the day. Then, to his infinite horror, a stinging sensation in his leg made him feel sure he had again been bitten by another kind of serpent. And still the buffalo showed no signs of returning towards the land, when just as he thought he was preparing to lie down, he dug his heels in her side and delivered a random blow with his list on her head and neck. Then, striking out for land, the brute speedily reached the shore, on gaining which she commenced her mad gallop. A few minutes brought them to the spot from which the animal had started, where the calf was still standing.
The buffalo was preparing to lie down, when seizing the branches of the tree from which he had fallen on the brute's neck, he swung himself up in his old position. He had not, however, been very long there when the snorting in his hand and legs caused him to remember that he had been bitten by snakes. The very idea of this, and the knowledge that one of these venomous reptiles was in the tree on which he was perched, caused a deadly faintness, from which it was some time before he rallied.
Alternately fainting and reviving, hour after hour passed away, night darkened down upon the jungle, and the buffalo still kept watch and ward at the foot of the tree. At length, at an advanced hour of the night, he suddenly became conscious that a struggle was going on between the buffalo and some large wild animal, which he judged to be a tiger. "The growling of the latter," he continues, "the groans of the buffalo, the noise of their struggle, and the incessant bleating of the calf, combined in producing a series of sounds, which, in the darkness of night appeared worthy of the inhabitants of Pandemonium. For full five minutes, which appeared hours to me, the dreadful struggle continued, until at length groans of the buffalo subsided into a series of convulsive gasps and snorts, and the sounds of struggling on the ground almost ceased. I could, however, hear the tiger growling, snarling, and spitting like an immense cat. Of course descent was now quite out of the question. I therefore determined to remain where I was until daylight, if I did not die from the effects of the snake bites before morning appeared. So strong was the interest with which I listened and strained my eyes for the purpose of learning what was going on below, that I never ceased to think of this contingency, and forgot the death-like swoons I had previously experienced.
"After some time spent in listening to the noise made by the animal, while enjoying his feast of buffalo flesh, the sounds ceased suddenly. I felt sure, however, that the beast had not departed, for I had kept my eyes fixed on the dark outlines under the shadow of the tree, and the mass remained of the same appearance. I fancied I could trace the form of a tiger lying alongside the dead buffalo, and this was the shape the dark object had assumed and retained since the termination of the conflict.
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Old Maids.—Should a girl be modest, quiet, unobtrusive, adding neatness and order to a long line of home virtues; the active auxiliary of her mother, and the guardian angel of her younger brothers and sisters; the stunted praise is allowed her of being "a good girl, but old maidish." Beauty she may possess and a mind whose rare endowments render her alike the ornament and honor of her race; a heart whose unselfish love takes in the interest of others before her own; yet she has more thoughtless sisters grow up around her, committing their children to her kind and prudent management, the whispers grow louder on every side that she is fast becoming an old maid. While thoughtless folly dances, she may reflect, while others' beauty is paraded in gaslight and ball-room before an admiring multitude, hers may deepen in a solitude made radiant by noble deeds; while others lean for support on those around them, she may rest on the strength of her own mighty spirit, and by her more thoughtful less sisters grow up around her, committing their children to her kind and prudent management, the whispers grow louder on every side that she is fast becoming an old maid. While thoughtless folly dances, she may reflect, while others' beauty is paraded in gaslight and ball-room before an admiring multitude, hers may deepen in a solitude made radiant by noble deeds; while others lean for support on those around them, she may rest on the strength of her own mighty spirit, and by her more thoughtful less sisters grow up around her, committing their children to her kind and prudent management, the whispers grow louder on every side that she is fast becoming an old maid. While thoughtless folly dances, she may reflect, while others' beauty is paraded in gaslight and ball-room before an admiring multitude, hers may deepen in a solitude made radiant by noble deeds; while others lean for support on those around them, she may rest on the strength of her own mighty spirit, and by her more thoughtful less sisters grow up around her, committing their children to her kind and prudent management, the whispers grow louder on every side that she is fast becoming an old maid. While thoughtless folly dances, she may reflect, while others' beauty is paraded in gaslight and ball-room before an admiring multitude, hers may deepen in a solitude made radiant by noble deeds; while others lean for support on those around them, she may rest on the strength of her own mighty spirit, and by her more thoughtful less sisters grow up around her, committing their children to her kind and prudent management, the whispers grow louder on every side that she is fast becoming an old maid