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Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest; and notices of Marriages and deaths exceeding five lines, are charged 75 CENTS per line.

Selected Poetry.

FAITH IN CHRIST. BY RICHARD COE. Close by the bleeding side of Him, Who bore my sins upon the tree, I stand with eyes suffused and dim, To think that he should die for me!

Select Tale.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY. What I have—wife, position, independence—I owe to an opportunity for exercising the very simple and unpromising comb of hair which I have by the name of ability. But to my story.

The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

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friends. Come now, Guy, you'll need this, and if you need a little more, just let me know.

"But, sir, you cut me off from all hope, you render my life a burden to me. Give me some definite task; say how much you think we ought to have; I mean how much I ought to have to keep Alice—I mean, Miss Morton—in such a position as you would wish."

"Alice added her entreaties, and the result of the conference was an understanding that if within five years from that date I could show I was worth five hundred pounds a year the old gentleman would add another five hundred pounds; and on that he thought we might live for a few years comfortably."

"There was to be no correspondence whatever; no meetings, no messages. We protested and pleaded, and finally he said: 'Well, well, Guy; I always liked you, and liked your father before you. Come to us on Christmas Day, and you shall find a vacant chair beside Alice. There, now; say 'Goodbye,' and be off.'"

"I went off. I came to London, to one of the little lanes leading out of Cannon street. Five hundred a year in five years; I must work hard."

"My uncle took notice of me; I fancied worked me harder than the rest, and paid me the same. Seventy-five pounds a year is not a large sum. I had spent it in a month before now, after the fashion of my father; I was miserably made clothes last year in dusty, cheap, little cookshops; and kept my enjoying faculties from absolute ruin by a weekly half-price ticket to the theatres—the pit."

"The year passed. I went down at Christmas, and for twenty-four hours was alive; came back, and had a rise of twenty pounds in salary for the next year. I waited for opportunity, it came not."

"This jog-trot routine of office-work continued for two years more, and at the end of that time I was worth but my salary of one hundred and thirty-five pounds! I had a long way from five hundred pounds. Oh, I must quit the desk, and become a merchant; all successful men have been merchants; money begets money. But to oppose all these thoughts of change came the memory of Alice's last words at Christmas: 'Wait and hope, Guy, dear, wait and hope.'"

"Certainly; it's so easy to. 'Governor wants you, Westwood. He's sharp this morning; very sharp; so look out, my dear nephew.'"

"You understand a little Italian, I think?" "Little, sir."

"You will start to-night for Florence, in the mail train. Get there as rapidly as possible, and find whether a Colonel Wilson is residing there, and what lady he is residing with. Learn all you can as to his position and means, and the terms on which he lives with that lady. Write to me, and wait there for further instructions. Mr. Williams will give you a check for one hundred pounds; you can get circular notes for fifty pounds, and the rest cash. If you have anything to say, come in here at five o'clock; if not, good morning. By-the-by, say nothing in the office."

"I need not say that hope made me believe my opportunity had come. I hurried to Florence, and discharged my mission; sent home a careful letter, full of facts without comment or opinion, and in three weeks' time was summoned to return. I had done little or nothing that could help me, and in a disappointed state of mind I packed up and went to the railway station at St. Dominic. A little row with a peasant on his demand for carrying my baggage caused me to lose the last train that night, and so the steamer at Leghorn. The station-master, seeing my vexation, endeavored to console me."

"There will be a special through train to Leghorn at nine o'clock, ordered for Count Spazzato; he is good natured and will possibly let you go in that."

"It was worth the chance, and I hung about the station till I was tired, and then walked back towards the village. Passing a small wine shop, I entered, and asked for wine in English. I don't know what whim possessed me when I did it, for I was unable to understand me without dumb motions. I at length got wine by these means, and sat down to while away the time over a railway volume."

of that little affair at Warsaw? How they could have trusted you with your face, with their secrets, I can't for the life of me tell, you look so like a sly knave, don't you, lad?"

"The courier, so far from resenting this familiarity, smiled, as if he had been praised."

"My story is soon said. I found, after my betrayal to the police of the secrets of that little conspiracy which you and I joined, that Poland was too hot for me and my name too well known. I went to France, who values her police, and for a few years was useful to them. But it was dull work, very dull; native talent was more esteemed. I was to be sent on a secret service to Warsaw; I declined, for obvious reasons."

"Good! Michael—Alexis; good Alexis. This fox is not to be trapped." And he slapped the courier on the shoulder heartily.

"And," resumed the other, "I resigned. Since then I have traveled as courier with noble families, and I trust I give satisfaction."

"Yes, good Guido; the man who will travel in the train we take to-night to Leghorn."

"He shall die! The accursed! He shall die to-night!" said the stoker. "If I lose my life, the betrayer of my sister shall die!"

"The guard, returning to the unknown tongue, seemed to be endeavoring to calm him; and I could only catch a repetition of the word 'Empoli' at intervals. Presently the stoker took from the seats beside him two tin bottles, such as you may see in the hands of mechanics who dine out; and I could see that one of them had rudely scratched on it the name 'William Atkinson.' I fancied the guard produced from his pocket a phial, and poured the contents into that bottle; and the action was so rapid, and the corner so dark, that I could not be positive; then rising, I stopped at the counter, had bottles filled with brandy, and went out."

"It was now time to get to the station; and, having paid my modest score, I went out."

"And a little in front of me, by the light from a small window, I saw these two cross themselves, grip each other's hands across right to right, left to left, and part. The stoker had set down the bottles, and now taking them up followed the guard at a slower pace."

"Arrived at the station, I found the Count, his mother, a female servant, and the courier."

"The Count came up to me and said, in broken English: 'You are the English; go to Leghorn with me? Very well, there is room. I like the English. You shall pay nothing, because I do not sell tickets; you shall go free. Is that so?'"

"I thanked him in the best Italian I could muster."

"Do not speak your Italian to me; I speak English as a native; I can know all you shall say to me in your own tongue. See, here is the train special, as you call it. Enter, as it shall please you."

"The train drew up to the platform; and I saw that the stoker was at his post, and that the engine driver was an Englishman. I endeavored in vain to draw his attention to warn him, and was compelled to take my seat, which I did in the compartment next the guard's break—the train consisting of only that carriage and another, in which were the Count, his mother, and the servant."

"The guard passed along the train, locked the doors, and entered his box."

"The Florence goods is behind you, and the Sienna goods, my cousin and I, had made five minutes before you; mind you, don't run into it," said the station-master, with a laugh.

"No fear; we shall not run into it," said the guard, with a marked emphasis on the "we" and "it" that I recalled afterwards."

"The whistle sounded, and we were off. It was a drizzling, dark night; and I lay down full length on the seat to sleep."

"As I lay down a gleam of light shone across the carriage from a small chink in the woodwork of the partition between the compartment I was in, and the guard's box."

"I was terribly anxious from the manner of the guard, and this seemed to be a means of hearing something more. I lay down and listened attentively."

"How much will you give for your life, my little fox?" said the guard.

"To-day, very little; when I am sixty, all I have, Conrad."

"But you might give something for it to-night, sweet Alexis, if you knew it was in danger."

"I have no fear; Conrad Ferrari has too often conducted a train for me to fear to-night."

"True, my good Alexis; but this is the last train he will ride with as guard, for to-morrow he will be the great Count Spazzato."

"How? To-morrow? You joke, Conrad. The brandy was strong, but you who have drunk so much could hardly feel that."

"Neither joke or am I drunk; yet I shall be Count Spazzato to-morrow, good Alexis. Look you, my gentle fox, my sweet fox; if you do not buy your life of me you shall die to-night. That is simple, sweet fox."

"I waited. It was now rather more than half-past eight, and I had risen to go to the door when I saw the guard returning to the wine-shop with a man whose dress indicated the stoker."

"Come in Guido; come in," said the guard; "and drink with me."

"The man came in, and I was again absorbed in my book."

"They seated themselves at the same table as before, and drank silently for awhile; presently the guard began a conversation in some patois that I could not understand; but I could see the stoker grow more and more interested as the name of Beatrix occurred more frequently."

"As the talk went on the stoker seemed pressing the guard on some part of the story with a most vindictive eagerness, repeatedly asking, 'His name? The accursed! His name?'"

"At last the guard answered, 'The Count Spazzato.'"

"No, leaving the table, and speaking in Italian."

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to your skin, and dearer to you; only a little soft leather belt with pouches in. Is not life worth a leather belt?"

"Wretch! All the earnings of my life are in that belt, and you know it."

"Is it possible, sweet fox, that I have found your nest? I shall give Marie a necklace of diamonds, then. Why do you wait? Why should you fall from a train and make a piece of news for the papers? Why?"

"Take it; and be accused in your life and death!" and I heard the belt flung on the floor of the carriage."

"Now, good Alexis, I am in funds, there are three pieces of gold for you; you will need them at Leghorn. Will you drink? No? Then I will tell you why, without drink. Do you know where we are?"

"Yes; between St. Dominic and Sigona."

"And do you know where you are going?"

"Yes; to Leghorn."

"No, sweet Alexis, we are not; we are going to Empoli; the train will go no further. Look you, little fox; we shall arrive at the junction one minute before the Sienna goods train, and there the engine will break down just where the rails cross; for two blows of a hammer will convert an engine into a log; I shall get out to examine it; that will take a little time; I shall explain to the Count the nature of the injury; that will take a little time; and then the goods train will have arrived; and as it does not stop there, this train will go no further than Empoli, and I shall be Count Spazzato to-morrow. How do you like my scheme, little fox? Is it not worthy of your pupil? Oh, it will be a beautiful accident; it will fill the papers. The beast of an Englishman who begged his place in the train will be fortunate; he will cease, for goods trains are heavy. Eh! but it's a grand scheme—the son, the mother, the servant, the stranger, the engine-driver, all shall tell no tales."

"Oh, you and he and I shall escape. We shall be pointed at in the streets as the fortunate. It is good, is it not, Alexis, my fox? I have told him that the Count is the man who betrayed his sister. He believes it, and is my creature. But, little fox, it was not my cousin; it was myself, that took his Beatrix from her home. Is it not genius? And Atkinson—he, the driver—is now stupid; he has drunk from his can the poppy juice that will make him sleep forever. I will be a politician. I am worthy of office. I will become the minister of a Bourgeois when I am Count, my dear fox, and I shall be my comrade again, as of old."

"I was, for a time, lost to every sensation save that of hearing. The fiendish garrulity of the man had all the fascination of the serpent's rattle. I felt helplessly resigned to a certain fate."

"I was aroused by something white slowly passing the closed window of the carriage. I waited a little, then gently opened it and looked out. The stoker was crawling along the foot-board of the next carriage, holding on by its handles, so as not to fall over the occupants, and holding the signal lantern that I had noticed at the back of the last carriage in his hand. The meaning of it struck me in a moment; if by any chance we missed the goods train from Sienna, we would be run into from behind by the train from Florence."

"The cold air that blew in at the open window refreshed me, and I could think what was to be done. The train was increasing its pace rapidly. Evidently the stoker, in sole charge, was striving to reach Empoli before the other train, which we should overtake at Empoli, in about five minutes before you; mind you, don't run into it," said the station-master, with a laugh.

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"Ay; but, Conrad, I am not in danger."

"No, Alexis; see, here is the door." (I heard him turn the handle.) "If you lean against the door you will fall out and be killed. Is it not simple?"

"But, good Conrad, I shall not lean against the door."

"Oh my sweet fox, my cunning fox, my timid fox, but not my strong fox; you will lean against that door. I know you will unless I prevent you; and I will not prevent you unless you give me all you have in that bag."

"The mocking tone of the guard seemed well understood, for I heard the click of gold."

journey seven minutes instead of five, get to Empoli three minutes before the goods train was due."

"I had never been on an engine before in my life, but I knew there must be a valve somewhere that let the steam from the boiler into the cylinders, and that, being important, it would be in a conspicuous position. I therefore turned the large handle in front of me, and had the satisfaction of finding the speed rapidly increased, and at the same time felt the guard putting on the break to retard the train. Spite of this, in ten minutes I could see dim lights; I could not tell where, and I still pressed on, faster and faster."

"In vain, between the intervals of putting on coals, did I try to arouse the sleeping driver. There I was, with two apparently dead bodies on the foot-plate of an engine, going at the rate of forty miles an hour, or more, amidst a thundering noise and vibration that nearly maddened me."

"At last we reached the lights, and I saw, as I flashed by, that we had passed the point."

"As I turned back, I could see the rapidly droppinginders from the train which, had the guard's break been sufficiently powerful to have made me thirty seconds later, would have utterly destroyed me."

"I was still in a difficult position. There was the train half a minute behind us, which, had we kept our time, would have been four minutes in front of us. It came within the same rails, and I could hear it dull rumbling rushing on towards us, fast. If I stopped there was no light to warn them. I must go on, for the Sienna train did not stop at Empoli."

"I put on more fuel, and after some slight scalding, from turning the wrong gauge, had the pleasure of seeing the water gauge filling up. Still I could not go on long; the risk was awful. I tried in vain to write on a leaf of my note-book, and after searching in the tool-box, wrote on the iron lid of the tank with a piece of chalk."

"Stop everything behind me. The train will not be stopped till three dead lights are ranging in a line on the ground. Telegraph forwards." And then as we flew through the Empoli station, I threw it on the platform. On we went, the same dull thunder behind warning me that I dare not stop."

"We passed through another station at full speed, and at length I saw the white lights of another station in the distance.—The sound behind had almost ceased, and in a few moments more I saw the line of three red lamps low down on the ground. I pulled back the handle, and after an official effort to pull up at the station, brought up the train about a hundred yards beyond Pontedera."

"The porters and police of the station came up and put the train back, and then came the explanation."

"The guard had been found dead on the rails, just beyond Empoli, and the telegraph set to work to stop the train. He must have found out the failure of his scheme, and in trying to reach the engine, have fallen on the rails."

"The driver was only stupified, and the stoker fortunately only dangerously, not fatally wounded."

"Another driver was found, and the train was to go on."

"The Count had listened most attentively to my statements, and then, taking my grimed hand in his, led me to his mother."

"Madam, my mother, you have from this day one other son; this, my mother, is my brother."

"The Countess literally fell on my neck, and kissed me in the sight of them all; and she said to her Italian, said—"

"Julian, he is my son; he has saved my life; and more, he has saved your life.—My son, I will not say much; what is your name?"

"Guy Westwood."

"Guy, my child, my son, I am your mother; you shall love me."

"Yes, my mother; he is my brother. I am his. He is English, too; I like English. He has done well. Blanche shall be his sister."

"During the whole of this time both mother and son were embracing me and kissing my cheeks, after the impulsive manner of their passionate natures, the indulgence of which appears so strange to our cold blood."

"The train was delayed for my wounds and bruises to be dressed, and I then entered their carriage and went to Leghorn with them."

"Arrived there I was about to say 'Farewell.'"

"What is farewell, now? No; you must see Blanche, your sister. You will sleep at my hotel; I shall not let you go. Who is she that in your great book says, 'Where you go I will go?' That is my spirit. You must not leave me till—till you are as happy as I am."

"He kept me, introduced me to Blanche, and persuaded me to write for leave to stay another two months, when he would return to England with me. Little by little he made me talk about Alice, till he knew all my story."

"Ah! that is it: you shall be unhappy because you want five hundred pounds every year, and I have so much as that. I am a patriot to get rid of my money. So it is that you will not take money. You have saved my life, and you will not take money; but I shall make you take money, my friend, English Guy; you shall have as thus." And he handed me my appointment as secretary to one of the largest railways in Italy. "Now you shall take money; now you will not go to your fogland to work like a slave; you shall take the money. That is not all. I am one of the practical patriots—no, the practical patriots—of Italy. They come to me with their conspiracies to join their secret societies to adhere to, but I do not. I am director of ever so many railways; I am fresh directions every day. I say to those who talk to me of politics, 'How many shares will you take in this or in that?' I am a printer of books; I am builder of museums; I have great share in docks, and I say to these. 'It is this that I am doing that is wanted.' This is not conspiracy; it is not plot; it is not society with ribbons; but it is what Italy, my country, wants. I grow poor; Italy grows rich; I am not wise in these things; they cheat me, because I am an enthusiast. Now, Guy, my brother, you are wise; you are deep; long in the head; in short, you are English; you shall be my guardian in these things—you shall save me from the cheat,

and you shall work hard as you like for all the money you shall take of me. Come, my Guy, is it so?"

"Need I say that it was so? The Count and his Blanche made their honey moon tour in England. They spent Christmas day with Alice and myself at Mr. Morton's, and when they left, Alice and I left with them, for our new home in Florence."

FROM MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, Feb. 11, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRADFORD REPORTER:—Believing that a communication from Minnesota will be interesting to the many readers of your paper, I have concluded to write you a description of the country and give you my opinion concerning its future prospects. I write for the purpose of giving information to those who are desirous of learning the truth concerning the Northwest.

I frequently receive letters from the east containing the following questions: "How do you like Minnesota?" "How do you like the climate?" "Are the winters endurable?" I propose to answer these questions, and then add what other news I think will be interesting to your readers."

Minnesota is bounded as follows: on the north by the British Possessions; on the east, by Lake Superior, the Wisconsin and the Mississippi rivers; on the south, by Iowa; and on the west, by the Territory of Dakota. The surface of the country is generally rolling, and somewhat similar to Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa. In the northern portion of the State, there is an immense forest containing pine sufficient to supply every demand. The rich valleys of the Mississippi and its tributaries, are generally covered with a heavy growth of the various kinds of hard wood, enough to furnish every family with fencing and fuel. Besides every section of the State is dotted with lakes surrounded with timbers. These lovely sheets of water not only form a marked feature on the scenery of Minnesota, but abound with a great variety of fish, and in the spring and fall they are the resort of innumerable numbers of wild ducks and geese.

An emigrant seeking a new home for himself and family in the West, is anxious to settle in a good country, well adapted to the culture of the grand staples of food, and a salubrious climate. No one conversant with the facts, will deny but what Minnesota is a grain producing State, is equal to any in the Northwest. The climate is admitted to be healthy, and during the whole year invalids can be found who have come here to seek lost health. This I regard as a strong argument in favor of Minnesota. What is a good home worth, in a country where every breeze wafts pestilence and death, removing one after another of those who are near and dear to us? The winter has been the subject of a good deal of very unjust disparagement. It is thought by many to be cold and severe, almost intolerable, but the old settlers, those who have been here for years, regard it as the pleasantest season in the whole year. In the middle of November or the first of December the ground is frozen, and snow falls generally deep enough to make sleighing. The air is clear and bracing, and we are not troubled with rain and sleet followed by severe cold. In the month of March, as the sun approaches the north, winter relaxes his grasp, the rivers and lakes are unbound, the snow disappears, and the farmer is busy preparing his ground for his summer crop."

In 1862 the Homestead Act passed Congress. By the provisions of this act the actual settlers by living upon a quarter section (160 acres) five years can procure a perfect title to the same. The State will soon be thickly settled, and the land of course become valuable. Fifteen years ago the Territory of Minnesota had but few inhabitants, and those were mostly Indian traders. The buffalo and deer were hunted by the Indian, and churches and school-houses were unknown. To-day the city of St. Paul, the capital of the State, contains 15,000 inhabitants, and for 150 miles back from the Mississippi the State is well settled. Churches and school-houses are found in nearly every community, and every thing has the appearance of an Eastern country. A railroad in successful operation from St. Paul up the valley of the Mississippi for a distance of fifty miles, and also from Winona west to the city of Rochester, another fifty miles, the cars are running. In a couple of years, unless some unforeseen object prevents it, the cars will be running from Winona through the southern part of the State to Mankato, from St. Paul to Lake Superior; from St. Paul up the valley of the Mississippi to St. Cloud; from St. Paul up the valley of the Minnesota to Mandato; and also from St. Paul to the Iowa line via Fairbault and Owatonna, making about eight hundred miles of railroad in successful operation. Now is the time to emigrate to Minnesota. Upon the completion of the proposed railroads the land will double in value, and every thing thrive like plants in a hot-house.

The political complexion of the State is strongly in favor of the present Administration. Fifty of the sixty-three members of the Legislature are Republicans. With a population in 1860 of one hundred and seventy-two thousand, the State has enlisted over twenty thousand soldiers. The first regiment has been with the Army of the Potomac from the Bull Run battle-field, until the present time. The other regiments, with the exception of two or three, that have been engaged on the frontier against the Indians, have shared in the reverses and successes of the Western Army, and upon the historic fields of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and Savannah, have contributed not a little to make the Western soldiery the terror of Rebeldom. The Legislature is in session, and Pennsylvania is well represented, in members. Bradford county is represented in the Senate by the Hon. J. V. DAVIES, who is serving his fourth year, and in the House by J. L. GIBBS, formerly of Orwell, who is serving his second year. Pennsylvanians have, by the way, always had an influence upon the politics of Minnesota. Her first Territorial Governor, ALEXANDER RAMSEY, who has since been twice elected Governor of the State and is now in