The Bradford Reporter.

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JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety 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.

Original Poetry.

For the Bradford Reporter.

ABACO.*

BY PAUL PEMBERTON, JR.

Beautiful Abaco! Isle of the sea!
Ever this grateful heart turns back to thee,
First welcome land that my eyes came to see,

After a rough voyage on ocean's wave,
Tossed for long weeks where the elements rave,
And threatened me oft with a watery grave.

I left my North-land all covered with rime,
I Abaco found in a soft, balmy clime,
Abounding with cocoa, banana and lime.

I lay 'neath the trees, on the grass that is there,
And felt the light breezes toy with my hair,
As soft as Nannetta with fingers so fair.

I watched the blue sea with its freightage of ships,
Which were casting about like diminutive chips—
Going down in the waves, as the swimming bird dips.

Then came the sun-set, cloudless and red;
The orb of day sank in a watery bed,
And in his course round to the orient sped.

Dim grew the waves on the fathomless sea,
Left was the world to darkness and me—
And I fell asleep to dream, Love, of thee!

Abaco! Beautiful isle of the sea!
First welcome land that my eyes came to see,
Ever this grateful heart turns back to thee.

*Abaco is the most northerly of the Bahama Islands, and is usually the first land seen in a voyage from New-York to the West Indies.

Miscellaneous.

"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

A Sketch for Every-day Life.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Can't afford it, Maria."

"But you might if you would only think so, Walter," plead the young wife.

"I can't do it," the husband returned, very emphatically. "It would cost two or three dollars, at the very lowest, to put up such a gate, and the old bars will answer every purpose."

"No, they won't, Walter. The neighbors' children very often leave the bars down and then stray cattle come into the garden. We may lose more than the price of a gate in one hour, if a cow should happen to get in when I am away."

"I should like to know who leaves the bars down," said Walter, very threatingly. "The same children might leave a gate open."

"But we can have a gate made to close of its own accord, with a weight, or spring," suggested the wife. "John Niles has had a gate put up in his yard."

"But I ain't John Niles, my dear," Walter wished his wife to remember.

"But his family is as large as yours, and his wages are not so high."

"Never mind about that. I tell you I can't afford it--at any rate, not at present." And with this Walter started off for work.

Walter Gray was a young man, about thirty; an industrious mechanic; had been married some eight years; and had an interesting family. He meant to provide well for those who depended upon him, and in a measure he did so. But there were many little comforts of which at times they really needed, and which in the end, might have proved a source of saving. And more too; it might have added to his own happiness had he felt able to grant these little requests. But he couldn't afford it—at least, so he thought; and whether he tho't so with sound judgment the sequel will show.

The gate which his wife had been so anxious to have put up was needed at the entrance to the garden back of the house, where there was only a pair of short bars. The children often came through there, and left the way open behind them. In short, there were many ways in which those bars were apt to be left down, and Maria Gray said very often to leave her work to drive out cattle that got in. It was only by extreme watchfulness on her part that the garden was preserved. She had spoken several times to her husband about it, but he felt he couldn't afford it. She must keep her eyes upon the spot, and see that the bars were kept shut.

Only a few days after this Mrs. Gray asked him if he was going to hire a pew in the church for the following year, and he told her that he did not think he should.

"But you can hire half of one. We can have half of Mr. Niles's pew for five dollars."

"I can't afford it," was Walter's reply. "I should get no good from the meetings, any way."

"Don't say so, husband. Suppose everybody should feel like that. You certainly wouldn't wish to live, and bring up your children, where there was no religious influence. And if you reap the benefits of good christian institution, you certainly ought to feel willing to help support them."

"So I would be willing, if I could afford it; but I can't."

Mrs. Gray looked very serious, and seemed to hesitate, as though there were a subject upon her mind, which she felt delicate about broaching; but it had occupied her thoughts too long, and she determined to let it out.

Walter she said a little tremulously, but still resolutely, "you have ten dollars a week."

"Yes."

"And how much of that does it take to feed us?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I only know that it takes it all to feed and clothe us and pay up the interest on the house."

"I haven't had a new dress since last Fall; and I was reckoning up yesterday how much we had spent for the children, and I found it to be only fifteen dollars for the last ten months. I have worked over some clothes for Charles, and Lucinda jumps into Mary's dresses as the latter outgrows them."

"That's all very well," replied Walter, a little testily. "I understand my own business, and I know just what I can afford, and what I can't. While I have the payments to make on my house I must economize—*I must economize*," he repeated, very decidedly.

"And I would have you economize," returned the wife; but do not forget that all is not economy which many call so. I think that to hire half of John Niles's pew would be a great source of economy in comfort and lasting good. It would be five dollars laid out to good advantage—sure to return a heavy interest to us and our children. And I think it might be a source of great saving to put a good gate up at the back—"

"Stop!" interupted Walter, with a nervous motion. "You've said enough about this. I know my means."

"Let me say one word," urged Maria.—There was an earnestness in her tone which caused her husband to stop and listen. "If you will give me five dollars a week I will agree to furnish all the provisions for the household, and clothe myself and children. I will do this for one year. That will leave you three hundred and sixty dollars with which to clothe yourself and make your payment on the house. On the house you have only to pay a hundred dollars, with interest for two years, which will leave you a hundred and forty-eight dollars for your clothes and—*other expenses*."

Walter was upon the point of denying this result of the case, but he saw, upon a moment's reflection, that, from his wife's statement, the deduction was correct, so he denied the statement.

"You cannot furnish the food, and clothe yourself and children for the sum you have named," he said.

Thereupon Maria sat down and made known a few facts to him that had been hidden within the mysteries of her own housekeeping. She was not long in proving to him that, during the past year, the items of expenditure within said limits had not averaged five dollars per week. Walter said "Pooh!" and then he added—"Nonsense!" and then he left the house.

"There must be some mistake," he said to himself, after he had got away from the house; and he really believed there was a mistake.

"Have a glass of soda, Bill? Come Tom—have a glass?"

"Don't care if I do," said Tom and Bill.

"Have some, Ned?"

And Ned said yes. So the clerk prepared four glasses of soda, for which Walter Gray paid twenty-five cents.

"Let's have a game of 'seven up' for the oysters," said Bill after the day's work was done.

The game was played, and Walter lost, so he paid a dollar for four oyster suppers—suppers which none of them needed, and which did them more hurt than good.

"Have a cigar, Walter?" asked Tom.

Walter said yes; and in return he paid for four glasses of ale.

One evening they met, after work, and Ned proposed that they should "toss up" to see who should pay for the chowder.

"Come, John—won't you come in?" he said, addressing John Niles, who stood by.

"No—guess not," was John's reply.

"You'd better. It's only for the chowder—for five, if you come in."

"I can't."

"It's no use to ask him," spoke Walter, in a rather sarcastic tone. "He don't spend his money in that way."

John's face flushed and his lips trembled; but he restrained the biting words which were struggling upon his tongue, and turned and left the shop.

"He's a mean fellow," cried Tom, loud enough for Niles to hear.

"Tight as the bark of a tree," added Walter, in a tone equally loud.

John Niles heard the remarks but he did not come back.

The four remaining men "tossed up," and the lot fell upon Walter and Tom. Then they "tossed it off," and it fell upon Walter, who paid four shillings for the chowder.

Walter started home about nine o'clock, and was overtaken by Niles.

"Walter," said the latter, in a kind, but earnest tone, "I want to speak with you.—You have wronged me this evening. I wish you to understand me. For the opinions of Bill Smith and Ned Francis I care not, but I do not wish you to misapprehend me. We live too near together, and I would not lose your good opinion."

"Well—go ahead," returned Walter, who sensible of the fact that his companion was one of the best and kindest neighbors in the world.

"You said I was mean."

"No, no—'twas not I who said that."

"Well—you said that I was 'tight as the bark of a tree.'"

Walter could not deny this, so John proceeded,—

"I refused to join in your little game for three reasons, either one of which should have been sufficient to deter me. First: I have resolved not to engage in any such games of hazard. Second: I did not want any chowder. And third: I could not have afforded to pay for five extra suppers, if the lot had fallen upon me."

"Couldn't afford it?" repeated Walter, with a slight tinge of unbelief in his tone.

"No," returned the other. "I could not. I used to be on hand for any such game, and I thought 'twould be mean to refuse, but I have learned better. Let me tell you how I first came to see the folly of being afraid to spend money for nothing. Shall I tell you?"

"Certainly," returned Walter, who already began to *see something*.

"Well," pursued Niles, "one noon, as I was going away from home, my wife asked me for a dollar. She wanted it to buy some cloth with. I asked her if she could not get along without it. I had only three dollars with me, and I hated to let one of them go. She said she really needed the cloth, but if I hadn't got the money to spare she could wait. I knew she was disappointed, but I thought she could get along, and I went away. That evening I went into the saloon, and we had a fine social time. It cost me just one dollar and a half. I paid the money willingly—without even a tho't of objection—and then I went home. When I went home I heard my wife trying to pacify our oldest child. The little thing had expected a new dress, which had been promised her, and she felt badly because she had not got it.

"Wait," urged my wife, as the child sobbed in her disappointment. "Papa hasn't got the money now; but he'll have some by-and-by, and then you shall have a pretty dress. 'Poor Papa has to work hard.'

"The words smote me to the heart. I could not afford a dollar to dress my little child, but I could afford any amount for the useless entertainment of others! The dollar which my needy wife could not get, when she asked for it, I paid away almost twice told for nothing. But it learned me a lesson. I opened my eyes, and kept them open. On the very next morning I afforded the dollar, but I could not afford any more for the beer man. I had not dreamed how much I was wasting, but when I stopped up that leak, and allowed my funds to flow into their proper channel, I soon found that I could afford every reasonable comfort my wife and children needed. So I stick to the principle which has proved so beneficial to myself and family. Ah—what's that? There's an animal in your garden, Walter."

They had reached the garden fence, and, by the dim starlight, Walter could see a horned beast trampling amongst his sweet corn. The bars had been either left down, or hooked down, and a stray cow got in.—They drove her out and then Niles went home. Walter saw that the beast had done considerable damage, but he was not angry, for he had something of more importance to think of. He went and sat down beneath an apple tree, and pondered.

"Bless me, if he hasn't put the case down about square!" he said to himself, at the end of some minutes of meditation. "Let me see," he pursued:—"There's sixty-seven cents for chowder—fifty cents for ale—fifty cents for soda. And that's within the last three days. A dollar and sixty-seven cents. Is it possible! Over a hundred dollars a year! And yet I can't afford two dollars for a gate, nor five dollars that my family may have religious instruction for a year. Walter Gray—*I think you had better turn over a new leaf*."

And Walter Gray did turn over a new leaf. On the very next day he did two things thereby astonishing two parties. He had a new gate made for the entrance to the garden, and thereby astonished his wife; and he refused to "toss up" for the ale, and thereby astonished a crowd of expectant thirsty ones. For a month he pursued this course, and by the expiration of that time he could fully appreciate the new blessings that were dawning upon him. He discovered that he could afford everything which the comfort of his family demanded; and in arriving at this result he had only to cut loose those things which he really could not afford. It was a wonder to him how he could have been so foolish. When at the end of the year, he had paid his note, and had ninety-two dollars left, he felt at first as though there must be some mistake; but when his wife went over their household expenditures with him, and showed him that all they had needed had been bought and paid for, he saw just how it was. He saw that for years he had been wasting his substance, and depriving himself and loved ones of the comforts they needed—not intentionally, but through the strange mistakes that leads thouands in the same course. But he did so no more.

Some times, even now, Walter Gray says—"*Can't afford it*," and he says it very emphatically, too. But it is not when his wife or children ask for comfort or joy, nor yet when the needy poor ask for help and charity—for he can well afford all that; but it is when the wild speculation, or the loose companion, asks him to engage in some game of hazard which may rob himself and family of their substance. Then he says—and he repeats it if need be—"CAN'T AFFORD IT!"

IN A FOG.—A few years ago, there lived in the town of ———, a son of Judge B, whom we will call Joe, who frequently imbibed more than he could comfortably carry. There also resided in the neighborhood a planter named W., who kept a saloon.—Now W. was a great practical joker. On one occasion, Joe came into W.'s saloon, and rather early in the morning got very much intoxicated, and finally fell asleep in his chair. Joe was very near sighted, and always wore specs. After he had slept some time, W. took off his specs, blackened the glasses, put them back again, lighted the lamps, and then awoke Joe, telling him it was about 12 o'clock at night and he wanted to shut up. Joe started, and remarked that he slept some time. W. then said:

"Joe, it is very dark, and if you will bring it back again, I will lend you a lantern."

W. lighted a lantern, gave it to Joe, and helped him up stairs. Joe went off home (up the main business street,) in the middle of the day, with his lantern, everbody looking at him, and wandering what was the matter.

TO REVIVE FADED BLACK CLOTH.—Boil two or three ounces of logwood in vinegar, and when the color is extracted drop in a piece of carbonate of iron, which is of the same nature as rust of iron, as large as a chestnut, and let it boil. Have the coat or pantaloons well sponged with soap and hot water, laying them on a table and brushing the nap down with a sponge.

Then take the dye on the table and sponge them all over with dye, taking care to keep them smooth and brushing downwards.—When completely wet with dye, dissolve a teaspoonfull of saleratus in warm water, and sponge all over with this, and it sets the color so completely that nothing rubs off. They must not be rung or wrinkled but carefully hung up to drain. The brownest cloth may be made a perfect black in this simple manner.

JUDGE a man by his actions; a poet by his eye; a lawyer by his leer; a player by his strut; an Irishman by his swagger; an Englishman by his rotundity; a Scotchman by his shrug; a justice by his frown; a great man by his modesty: a tailor by his agility; and a woman by her neatness.

It matters not what a man loses, if he saves his soul; but if he lose his soul, it matters not what he saves.

THE WIDOW AND THE POKER.

Mr. William Woodhouse was naturally a very timid man. Not that he was lacking in moral or physical courage, but that he was afraid of the women. On all other occasions he was usually equal to the emergency, be it whatever it might; but place him *tete-a-tete* with a woman, and, to use a vulgar, but expressive phrase, he was done for.

His mother had long ago settled down to the uncomfortable conviction that William would never marry and the girls had arrived at the same conclusion; it had become quite the thing to say, in making comparison, "As great a fool as Will Woodhouse."

For—take note, bashful gentlemen—however much ladies may admire modesty in the other sex, they invariably despise a man who has not heart enough to say to the girl of his choice, "I love you."

Will admired all the girls in his way, but he looked upon them very much as sensible people do upon a hornet's nest—as a curious piece of architecture, but not safe to be familiar with.

So he kept his distance, and in the meantime arrived at the mature age of twenty-three. Then he met, for the first time, at a picnic-party, Adelaide Browne. We believe, people with the stoniest hearts fall in love at picnics, and from that hour poor Will had no comfort of his life. Sleeping or walking, his dreams were full of the beautiful Miss Browne. Surely there never was another of the numerous Browne family like her! Blue eyes, white muslin dress, with knots of pink ribbon—brown hair, red lips, pearly teeth, snowy hands—all danced together in miscellaneous "all hands round" before his distorted vision.

Adelaide, all unconscious of the trouble she had caused, went her way, breaking the hearts of most of the young gentlemen in Highbridge, and trying hard to fracture the few that remained whole.

She was visiting her aunt Hooper and it is an undeniable fact that ladies always take best where they are not known. This is no libel on the sex—no, indeed! for with gentlemen this truth is still more applicable.

Mrs. Hooper was a widow lady, of no small personal attractions in her own estimation, and if she was not so young as she might have been, she thought she was, and behaved accordingly. She still affected short sleeves and profuse ringlets of glossiest black—though envious individuals persisted in it that her curls were made at the hair-dresser's. The same persons also believed that she was anxious to supply that place of the dear deceased as soon as possible.

For a week after meeting with Adelaide, Will bore up bravely. The second meeting destroyed all the stock of composure he had been hoarding up. He took desperately to the Muses, and walked the whole night away, to the infinite destruction of shoe-leather and the infinite disgust of his practical papa.

He met Adelaide now quite frequently. Highbridge was very gay. There was a singing school, a lyceum, a society, and then the folks got up excursions to the surrounding hills, for it was yet early autumn, and nature was in her robes of state.

There was an excursion to Mount Giblo, one fine day, and there Will had the ecstatic pleasure of treading on Adelaide's dress, thereby throwing her headlong into a pile of brush, and while Laura Blake picked her up and helped her pin her flounces, he stood by frightened out of his wits, and momentarily expecting the mountain to open and swallow him up.

From that time he pined rapidly. His appetite was a thing of the past. His mother thought him in a quick decline, and dosed him with hoarhound and Dr. Perkin's patent pills. He grew worse and worse.

At last, thinking himself near his end, he confessed to his mother. She was thunderstruck at first; but afterwards, like a sensible woman, she advised him to put on his "t'other clothes" and go right over and lay the case before Miss Browne. It couldn't kill him, she said, and then if she refused him—why, there was as good fish in the sea, etc.

Will took three days to consider, and at the end of that time his mind was made up. He swallowed a double dose of blackberry cordial, donned his flame colored vest and black blue plaids, brushed his hair till it shone like ebony, covered his head with his father's ten dollar beaver, and made the best of his way to Mrs. Hooper's. Not that he intended to ask Adelaide—but Mrs. Hooper. If he could only get the aunt won over to his cause, and employ her to state the condition of his heart to her niece, he should be happy. He felt assured that he never could live through confessing himself to Adelaide; and if he did, and she should say no, he was satisfied he should faint right on the spot.

As good fortune would have it, he found Mrs. Hooper alone, in her best gown and her best humor. She was charmed to see him, and treated him to nuts and cider, and a seat on the sofa so near herself that Will was at his wit's end to frame the first word of his errand.

They talked of the weather and the crops till the clock struck ten. The widow tried to make him think it was only nine, but he was not so far gone but that he could still count. He felt that the terrible moment could be no longer delayed; he must make a beginning:

"Mrs. Hooper," said he, "I came over this evening—" he hesitated.

"Yes, Will," she said encouragingly.

"I came over—"

"Yes, I know you did," still more encouragingly.

"I came over to ask a great favor of you."

"Well, you couldn't have come to anybody that would be readier to do you a kindness."

"Thank you." The sweat stood on his forehead in great drops. "But this is a very delicate business, very. I come to ask you to--to—to."

"Go on—don't be afraid; I am listening."

"The fact of it is, I'm in love—desperately! There, I've done it!"

"Mercy on me! Why William! and I never mistrusted it—never! Well, of all things!" and the widow edged a little closter and put her fat hand in William's.

"Yes I'm in love, and I come to ask you if you would—"

"Will I? To be sure I will! How could you think otherwise! I have always thought so much of you! But it is so sudden! What would folks say?"

"Deuced if I care!" cried Will, elated at the prospect before him. "It's nobody's business, am I to be wretched on account of what people say? Don't hug me so, Mrs. Hooper, I beg—I aint used to it; and—and what was that noise?"

"The mice, I guess. Dear William, how glad I am you told me!"

"And you'll ask Adelaide, make it all right with her?"

"Adelaide? Oh! she'll have no earthly objections—of course not!"

"Are you sure? If I was only certain of it. Oh! Mrs. Hooper, I loved her the moment I set my eyes on her!"

"Her? Who?"

"Why, your niece, Adelaide Browne. She is the only woman on earth that I could ever be happy with. I shall die if I don't get her!"

Mrs. Hooper turned pale. She caught up the poker and flew at our hero like a maniac. He made for the door, she following close.

"I'll show you how to insult a respectable woman!" she cried; "I'll teach you to steal the affections of a guileless heart and then prove false!" each "showing" accompanied by a thump from the poker.

Will at last succeeded in putting the door between him and his antagonist, and in frantic haste he dived down over the steps, and at the bottom reeled full into the arms of Adelaide Browne herself, who was just returning from a friend's.

"Don't let her get me!" he cried; "I'd rather die than she should hug me again! It's you I love, not her, she's madder than a panther."

It was not a very elegant proposal, but Miss Browne's self-possession insured Will's everlasting weal. She accepted him on the spot—for she had liked him all along, and nothing had stood between them but this abominable bashfulness.

Will is a happy husband and father now; but even to this day the sight of a widow will make him tremble, they are so intimately associated in his mind with a poker.

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

AN editor in Maine is in a bad fix. He dunned a subscriber for his subscription, which he refused to pay, and threatened to flog him if he stopped the paper!

"TOMMY, my son, run to the store and get a pound of sugar, that's a dear little fellow." "Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send the old man and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco!"

"ARE you the mate?" said a man to the Irish cook of a vessel lying in port. "No," said he, "but I'm the man as boils the *mate*."

IT doesn't follow that, because we have taken a perilous step, we ought to retrace it. She wasn't a wise old women who crossed a bridge, and on being told that it was labeled "dangerous," turned and recrossed it in all haste.

"MA, has aunty got bees in her mouth?" "No, why do you ask?" "Cause, Captain Jones caught hold of her, and said he was going to take honey from her lips, and she said, 'Well, make haste.'"

SOMEBODY has found out a new way of taking pictures, by which they can be taken better in the night than in the day time. A photographer has missed several from the frames that hang by his door and don't approve of the plan.

A MAN courting a young woman was interrogated by her father as to his occupation. "I am a paper-hanger upon a large scale," he replied. He married the girl and turned out to be a billsticker.

POOR FELLOW.—An acquaintance who has been eating and drinking any how for many years is reduced to such a state that the coats of his stomach are all out at the elbows.

WHY is cutting off an elephant's head widely different from cutting off any other head?—Because when you separate the head from the body you don't take it from the trunk.

NEW DEFINITION.—The man who carries every thing before him—The waiter.

"TIM, does your mother ever whip you?" "No; but she does a precious sight worse, though." "What's that?" "Why, she washes my face every morning."

AWFUL!—The following startling threat was made use of the other day by an excited pugilist: "I'll twist you round your own neck, and ram you down your own throat, until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt collar sticking out of your eyes." His opponent left.

DO PROFESSORS of logic usually give lectures on their own premises?

QUITE RIGHT.—A sentimental young lady having asked a gentleman why he did not secure some fond one's company across the ocean of life, replied that he would do so, were he certain that said ocean would be *Pacific*.

DON'T board at a house where they give you only cold victuals. It isn't thought healthy to be upon a cooling board.

A NEGRO preacher once observed to his hearers at the close of his sermon, as follows: "My obstinacious bredren, I find it no more use to preach to you dan it is for a grasshopper to wear knee-buckles."

"AS WE two are one," said a witty brute to his wife, "when I beat you, I beat half of myself." "Well," said the wife, "then beat your own half, not mine."

WHY are suicides the most successful people in the world?—Because they always accomplish their *own ends*.

DON'T be a miner if you can be any thing else. There will be time enough to stay underground after you are dead.

AT a trial recently the jury returned the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

IT has been decided lately that a boy found on a man's door-step may not necessarily be his step-son.

WHY is the punishment of the birch practiced by some pedagogues?—Because they are of opinion that it makes dull boys *smart*.

FROM what tree was mother Eve prompted to pick the apple?—Devil-tree.

ABERNETHY the celebrated English physician, once said to a rich but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption, "Let your servants bring to you three or four pails of water and put into a wash tub, take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself with soap and a rough towel, and you'll recover." "This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself." "Well, it may be open to such construction," said Abernethy.

"GOOD blood will always show itself," as the old lady said, when she was struck by the redness of her nose.

WHY is the leader of an orchestra at the opera the most wonderful man of the age?—Because he beats Time.

ANNA, to her beau,—"Frederick, what city is that you're going to visit this fall?" Fred,—"If you have no objection, I'm going to Have-Anna."

GRAVES OF UNION PRISONERS AT ANDERSONVILLE.

REPORT OF CAPT. MOORE.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Oct. 18, 1865.

The following report of Capt. J. M. Moore A. Q. M., who was sent to Andersonville, Ga., to mark the graves of Union prisoners for future identification, contains valuable information, in which the people are interested, and will, doubtless, be appreciated by the relatives anp friends of those who have given their lives to their country:

ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,
DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON,
WASHINTTON, D. C., Sept. 20, 1865

Brevet-Major-Gen. M. C. MEIGS, *Quartermaster-General United States Army, Washington, D. C.*

GENERAL: In accordance with Special Orders No. 19, Quartermaster-General's Office, dated June 30, 1865, directing me to proceed to Andersonville, Ga., for the purpose of marking the graves of Union soldiers for future identification, and inclosing the cemetery, I have the honor to report, as follows:

I left Washington on the 8th of July last, with mechanics and materials for the purpose above mentioned.

On my arrival at Savannah I ascertained that there was no railroad communication whatever to Andersonville, the direct road to Macon being broken and that from Augusta via Atlanta also in the same condition. I endeavored to procure wagon transportation, but was informed by the General commanding the Department of Georgia, that a sufficient number of teams could not be had in the State to haul one-half of my stores, and as the roads were bad and the distance more than 400 miles, I abandoned all idea of attempting a route through a country difficult and tedious under more propitious circumstances.

The prospect of reaching Andersonville at this time was by no means favorable, and nearly one week had elapsed since my arrival at Savannah. I had telegraphed to Augusta, Atlanta and Macon almost daily, and received replies that the railroads were not yet completed.

At length, on the morning of the 18th of July, the gratifying telegram from Augusta was received announcing the completion of the Augusta and Macon road to Atlanta, when I at once determined to procure a boat and proceed to Augusta by the Savannah River.

The desired boat was secured, and in 24 hours after the receipt of the telegram alluded to, was on my way with men and material for Augusta. On my arrival there I found the railroad completed to Macon; and that from Macon to Andersonville, having never been broken, experienced little difficulty in reaching my destination, where I arrived July 25, after a tiresome trip, occupying six days and nights.

At Macon, Major-Gen. Wilson detailed one company of the Fourth United States Colored Troops to assist me. A member of the former company was killed on the 5th of August, at a station named Montezuma, on the South-Western Railroad.

The rolling stock of all the roads over which I traveled is in a miserable condition, and very seldom a greater rate of speed was obtained than twelve miles an hour. At the different stations along the route the object of the expedition was well known, and not unfrequently men, wearing the garb of Rebel soldiers would enter the cars and discuss the treatment of our prisoners at Andersonville, all of whom candidly admitted it was shameful, and a blot on the escutcheon of the South that years would not efface.

While encamped at Andersonville I was daily visited by men from the surrounding country, and had an opportunity of learning their feelings toward the Government, and, with hardly an exception, found those who had been in the Rebel army penitent and more kindly disposed than those who have never taken a part, and anxious to again become citizens of the Government which they fought so hard to destroy.

On the morning of the 26th of July, the work of identifying the graves, painting and lettering the head boards, laying out the walks, and inclosing the cemetery, was commenced, and, on the evening of August 15, was completed, with the exception hereafter mentioned.

The dead were found buried in trenches on a site selected by the Rebels, about 300 yards from the stockade. The trenches were from two to three feet below the surface, and in several instances, where the rains had washed the earth, but a few inches. Additional earth was, however, thrown on the graves, making them of a still greater depth.

So close were they buried without coffins or the ordinary clothing to cover their nakedness, that not more than 12 inches was allowed to each man: indeed, the little tablet marking their resting place measuring 10 inches in width, almost touching each other.

United States soldiers, while prisoners at Andersonville, had been detailed to inter their companions, and by a simple stake at the head of each grave, which bore a number, corresponding with a similar numbered name upon the Andersonville hospital record, I was enabled to identify and mark with a neat tablet, similar to those in the cemeteries at Washington, the number, name, rank, regiment, etc., and date of death, of 12,461 graves, there being but 451 which bore the inscription "Unknown U S Soldiers."

One hundred and twenty thousand feet of pine lumber was used in these tablets alone.

The cemetery contains 50 acres, and has been divided by one main avenue, running through the center, and subdivided into blocks and sections in such a manner that, with the aid of the record, which I am having copied for the Superintendent, the visitors will experience no difficulty in finding any grave.

A force of men is new engaged in laying out walks and clearing the cemetery of stumps, preparatory to planting trees and flowers.

I have already commenced the manufacture of brick, and will have a sufficient number by the 1st of October to pave the numerous gutters throughout the cemetery the clay in the vicinity of the stockade being well adapted for the purpose of brick-making.

Appropriate inscriptions are placed through the ground, and I have endeavored, as far as my facilities would permit, to transfer this wide, unmarked and unhonored graveyard into a fit place of interment for the Nation's gallant dead.

At the entrance the works "National Cemetery, Andersonville, Ga.," designated the City of the Dead.

On the morning of the 18th of August, at sunrise, the stars and stripes were hoisted in the center of the cemetery, when a national salute was fired, and several national songs sung by those present.

The men who accompanied me, and to whom I am indebted for the early completion of my mission, worked zealously and faithfully from early in the morning until late at night, although suffering intensely from the effects of heat. Unacclimated as they were, one after another was taken sick with the fever incident to the country, and in a brief period my force of mechanics was considerably lessened, obliging me to obtain others from the residents in different parts of the State. All my men, however, recovered, with the exception of Mr. Eddy Watts, a letterer, who died on the 16th of July of typhoid fever, after a sickness of three weeks. I brought his body back with me, and delivered it to his family in this city.

Several of the United States Cavalry, detailed by Gen. Wilson, died of the same fever, shortly after joining their command at Macon.

Andersonville is situated on the South-Western Railroad, 60 miles from Macon. there is but one house in the place, except those erected by the so-called Confederate Government as hospitals, officers' quarters, and commissary and quartermasters' buildings. It was formerly known as Anderson, but since the war the "ville" has been added.

The country is country is covered mostly with pines and hemlocks, and the soil is sandy, sterile, and unfit for cultivation, and, unlike the section of country a few miles north and south of the place, where the soil is well adapted for agricultural purposes, cotton as well as corn is extensively raised.

It is said to be the most unhealthy part of Georgia, and was probably selected as a depot for prisoners on account of this fact. At midday the thermometer in the shade reaches frequently 110, deg. and in the sun the heat is almost unbearable.

The inhabitants of this sparcely settled locality are with few exceptions, of the most ignorent class, and from their haggard and sallow faces the effects of chills and fever are distinctly visible.

The noted prison pen is 1,540 feet long and 750 feet wide, and contains 27 acres. The dead line is 17 feet from the stockade, and the sentry boxes are 30 yards apart. The inside stockade is 18 feet high, the outer one 12 feet high, and the distance between the two is 120 feet.

Nothing has been destroyed. As our exhausted, emancipated and enfeebled soldiers left it, so it stands to-day, as a monument to an inhumanity unparalleled in the annals of war.

How men could survive as well as they did in this pen, exposed to the rays of an almost tropical sun by day and drenching dews by night, without the slightest covering, is wonderful.

The ground is filled with the holes where they had burrowed in their efforts to shield themselves from the weather, and many a poor fellow, in endeavoring to protect himself in this manner, was smothered to death by the earth falling in upon him.

A very worthy man has been appointed superintendent of the grounds and cemetery, with instruction to allow no buildings or structures of whatever nature to be destroyed, particularly the stockade surrounding the prison pen.

The stories told of the sufferings of our men, while prisoners here have been substanciated by hundreds, and the skeptic who will visit Andersonville even now, and examine the stockade, with its oozy sand, the cramped and wretched burrows, the dead-line and the slaughter-house, must be a callous observer indeed if he is not convinced that the miseries depicted at this prison-pen are no exaggerations.

I have the honor to be, General, your obedient servant. JAMES M. MOORE.
Captain and Assistant-Quartermaster, U. S. A.

SALT WELLS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The consumption of salt in this country is enormous, but of unknown magnitude. Our supplies come from the West Indies and Great Britain chiefly, and Liverpool salt is nothing other than that of the West Indies improved by grinding. A great deal is derived too from domestic distillation. It will be remembered that an important duty performed by the navy along the Atlantic and Bay coasts of the Southern States was the destruction of all the salt factories, some of which were unexpectedly large and well furnished, and turned out immense supplies. Besides being produced by solar evaporation of sea water, as in the cases alluded to, salt is also obtained in this country from distillation of the brine of salt springs and from the borders of salt lakes, where the sun evaporates the water. New York and West Virginia and Ohio and Michigan furnish something of the former. Texas and Utah provide the latter. The business is now a very important one, since we consume some twenty-eight million bushels annually. As long ago as 1829 the wells on the Kanawha river produced about one million bushels of salt annually, which was afterwards increased to some three millions. The wells there were sunk from 800 to 1,500 feet, and the Holsten river salines produced about 250,000 bushels annually.

The salt springs on the river Kiskiminetas, in Western Pennsylvania, yield about one million bushels annually, and from what we have heard of the product in the northwestern part of the State we expect to have this production greatly increased by the next census. There were some half million bushels produced in the Hocking Valley and Pomeroy salines of Ohio in 1855, and the yield must be vastly larger now. There are three great salt basins, too, in Michigan; 17,000 square miles in the valley of the Saginaw river, producing 50,000 bushels in 1850, have been so enlarged by closing the Kanawha works that more than 3,000,000 bushels were made in 1863. This finds its market in the South and West. The New York works at Syracuse produced 9,053,864 bushels in 1862 and 8,378,835 in 1863. The Association owning them has a capital of $160,000, and in four years they have paid to the stockholders $944,000. The total product of the country is about 17,000,000 bushels per annum, and the total import between 10,000,000 and 13,000,000; giving an aggregate consumption of about 30,000,000 bushels.

A FIVE year old chap was assigned the duty of "rocking" his little brother to sleep. After a few minutes of fruitless effort to soothe the restless infant to slumber, he called his mother's attention to the state of the case with this remark, "Ma, this fellow won't go to sleep--I think he wants something." All questions as to what the baby wanted were only answered by a blush and a downcast look, but in a few minutes after, while the infant was in the enjoyment of what he really did want, little five year old explained himself by the interrogation, "Ha! didn't I know what he wanted?"