

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Reporter is published every Thursday morning...

ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding five lines are inserted at five cents per line for subsequent insertions...

Bradford Reporter

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

Bradford Reporter

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MAY 9, 1867. NUMBER 49.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Year 6 mo. \$3.00, 12 mo. \$5.00, etc.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. On Main Street, near the Court House.

AMERICAN HOTEL, TOWANDA, PA. Having purchased this well known hotel on Bridge Street...

SMITHBORO HOTEL, SMITHBORO, N. Y. Having rented and refitted this well known hotel...

MISS GRiffin, Towanda, Pa. Would respectfully call the ladies to call and examine her stock of Spring Millinery goods...

MISS WouGhter & SHIPMAN, DRESS MAKERS. Rooms over Bramhall & Cowell's Store, Main Street...

MILLINERY STORE, Over Shlan's Clothing Store, in the front room formerly occupied by W. C. Bogart, Esq...

MISS M. A. BUFFINGTON, Towanda, Pa. Would announce to the ladies of Towanda and vicinity...

NEW MILLINERY, AT MONROETON. MISS EMMA SILL & MISS MARION S. RIDWAY, Having just returned from New York with the latest and well selected assortment of Millinery and Fancy Goods...

L. O. OF O. F. - BRADFORD LODGE No. 167, I. O. O. F. meets Monday evening from the first Monday in the month to the first Monday in October...

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. - MISS STELLA HALL would inform the public that she proposes giving instruction in the Piano, Violin, and other instruments...

PUBLIC DRAY. - The subscriber has a new and convenient DRAY for hire and hereafter be prepared to haul for all persons desiring his services...

GRIST MILL. - I have purchased the grist-mill known as the Hale Mill, situated near the mouth of Towanda Creek...

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY. I have practiced, respectively in the townships of Bradford County, Pa. and in the townships of Bradford County, Pa. and in the townships of Bradford County, Pa. for the past forty years...

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of C. F. MASON & CO. They are prepared to receive all kinds of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States...

BRADFORD COUNTY REAL ESTATE AGENCY. Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for Sale and Rent.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF MISCELLANEOUS AND DRUGGISTS BOOKS AT RIDGWAY'S FINE BOOK STORE.

Miscellaneous.

A MINER'S LOVE STORY.

Nelly Glover was the prettiest lass in the pit village. Her eyes were of the sweetest blue; her cheeks were like a rose...

SNYDER HOUSE, a four story brick edifice near the spot, with large airy rooms, elegant parlors, newly furnished, has a recessed addition for Ladies use, and is the most new addition for Ladies use...

Having purchased this well known hotel on Bridge Street, I have refurnished and refitted it with every convenience for the accommodation of all who may patronize me...

Having rented and refitted this well known hotel, I am ready to accommodate all who may favor me with a call. I have a large Hall attached, suitable for a ball room...

Would announce to the citizens of Towanda, and the public generally, that she has just returned from the city, with well selected assortment of Goods, and opened a

Over Shlan's Clothing Store, in the front room formerly occupied by W. C. Bogart, Esq, where she will be pleased to see the Ladies of Towanda and vicinity...

And she will be pleased to see the Ladies of Towanda and vicinity, who are desirous of consulting him, to be most likely to find him on the street. Special attention will be given to surgical cases, and the extraction of teeth...

Persons from a distance desirous of consulting him, will be most likely to find him on the street. Special attention will be given to surgical cases, and the extraction of teeth...

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Miscellaneous.

I was walking on, when suddenly the air rang with a crash which shook the ground. I knew what it signified; such sounds denote but one result in the black country, and, throwing my pack, I darted off to the pit...

My eyes were fixed on the shaft, and I could not see the walls of the shaft, I could only see the pure air, I heard voices; and presently the tackle swung; strong arms caught me round, and I was landed on the bank. They had Jack Glover off the straddle before you could look round, and he was carried away, while they raised my head, and poured a little brandy in my mouth. I called out for the viewer.

"What is it, Charley Batson?" he asked, bending over me. "Everybody away from the pit, sir," I said.

"You are right," he answered; "it will come in a minute or two." They got me to the top of the bank, when I heard a scream, and there was Nelly, trying to throw herself on her brother Jack, but kept back by the other workmen. She never glanced round at me! I wished then that I had stopped in the pit, or let my old loggins, and have a day's rest before I set on my wanderings.

The day passed, and the night, and I made up my mind that I had looked on her for the last time. I told my helpers that I could walk now, and when they let go my arms, I turned towards the moor, intending to pick up my pack and drag on at least to the next village.

But I could no more walk five miles than I could fly. When I came to the pit I sank down by it, and felt that I must give up. I was so hot, and so exhausted, that I could not think of anything but the darkness below, and I saw no women crying, and some praying; but when I spoke out that way, there was a dead silence. Then two or three called out "Good-bye, Charley. God bless you, brave lad!"

The banksman lowered me down, and I sank through the pit's mouth. A Davy-lamp was tied round my waist, and I held a rope in my hand, so that I might signal to be hoisted up, if the air became too foul. But I had no intention of going back till I had searched the pit, and seen if there were any alive. One thing, I didn't care about my life; and another, I would have been ashamed to face the folks above without doing something so I felt impatient that they lowered me at such a snail's pace, and I kept looking up and down to measure the distance yet to be traversed. The shaft had never seemed so deep to me before. I strained my eyes into the darkness below, and I saw no bottom; I glanced up, and the gleam of light grew smaller and fainter. I scanned the walls of the shaft, and marked only their black bound. But my progress notified by the increasing density of the air, which began to affect my breathing; and, as I went on, I had to shift my face from side to side to make a little current. At last my feet touched ground, and I looked round, as I jumped off the straddle, and saw the furnace was going, which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, as far as it depended on the brattices, and no air entered but by the shaft. The stench was overpowering, and from this and the silence, I guessed the worst. It was plain that the explosion had killed the horses; for not a sound came from the stables, which were close to the shaft; and what hope could there be for human beings in a distant part of the pit? You may be sure I didn't stand to make these reflections; they floated across me, and I was working forward before they had got through my mind. I knew that the old mine blindfolded; but what with the foul smell, and what with the gloom, and my shortness of breath, I was some minutes scrambling to the top of the incline, keeping my arms stretched out, as I went along, to feel for anything in the way. And it was lucky I did, or I should have dashed my head against some empty trucks, and in the state I was in, that would have finished me. Thus I reached the first gallery which you could only enter stooping. I pushed open the trap, and went on a few steps, though my Davy-lamp was what pitman call "a fire"—the flame being all blue and I knew that the atmosphere was so much gunpowder. But I stumbled along; if I wasn't to save any one, it didn't matter what became of myself, and I pleased myself with the thought that Nelly would hear that I had died in the attempt. And then, all at once, it came into my head what she had said about her brother Jack being in the pit. This gave my heart such a turn that I quite staggered, and the perspiration poured from my forehead like water. I rushed forward as if I was mad; my foot struck something; I bent down over what seemed a corpse, and the gleam of the lamp fell on its face. It was Jack Glover. I didn't know whether he was alive or dead, but I caught him in my arms, and with the strength of a giant, and the speed of a deer—hardly conscious, hardly breathing—I made a dash for the shaft.

It was easier going back, when you were once in the main or horse road, for now the shaft was before you, instead of behind; and, though you wouldn't think it, this made a wonderful difference in the light. Dark as pitch it still was, though not to a pitman's eyes, and I had found out that Jack breathed when I reached the shaft. The discovery nerved me afresh, and kept all my senses at work, without my seeming to know it. I only felt that there would soon be another explosion. So I placed Jack on the straddle, and, taking the cord from my Davy-lamp, tied him hands and feet, then pulled the signal rope, and as the people above hauled the tackle, and lifted the straddle from the ground I hung on by my arms; thus we began to mount the shaft.

It wasn't till we had got twenty feet up that I felt the strain of standing on nothing, but, from that moment, it became just terrible. My hands seemed ready to snap; the ache in my arms spread through every muscle; my head spun round, and my feet kicked about in an agony. I watched the mouth of the pit till my eyes swam, and as I reeked the space between, while my strength waned, and my misery deepened, I thought I must drop before I reached the top. Then they began to hoist faster. I mustered all my strength; I tightened my grip of the straddle, though my fingers were growing numb; I steadied my feet, and hardly trusted myself to breathe. I could see the walls of the shaft, I could feel the pure air, I heard voices; and presently the tackle swung; strong arms caught me round, and I was landed on the bank. They had Jack Glover off the straddle before you could look round, and he was carried away, while they raised my head, and poured a little brandy in my mouth. I called out for the viewer.

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The day passed, and the night, and I made up my mind that I had looked on her for the last time. I told my helpers that I could walk now, and when they let go my arms, I turned towards the moor, intending to pick up my pack and drag on at least to the next village.

But I could no more walk five miles than I could fly. When I came to the pit I sank down by it, and felt that I must give up. I was so hot, and so exhausted, that I could not think of anything but the darkness below, and I saw no bottom; I glanced up, and the gleam of light grew smaller and fainter. I scanned the walls of the shaft, and marked only their black bound. But my progress notified by the increasing density of the air, which began to affect my breathing; and, as I went on, I had to shift my face from side to side to make a little current. At last my feet touched ground, and I looked round, as I jumped off the straddle, and saw the furnace was going, which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, as far as it depended on the brattices, and no air entered but by the shaft. The stench was overpowering, and from this and the silence, I guessed the worst. It was plain that the explosion had killed the horses; for not a sound came from the stables, which were close to the shaft; and what hope could there be for human beings in a distant part of the pit? You may be sure I didn't stand to make these reflections; they floated across me, and I was working forward before they had got through my mind. I knew that the old mine blindfolded; but what with the foul smell, and what with the gloom, and my shortness of breath, I was some minutes scrambling to the top of the incline, keeping my arms stretched out, as I went along, to feel for anything in the way. And it was lucky I did, or I should have dashed my head against some empty trucks, and in the state I was in, that would have finished me. Thus I reached the first gallery which you could only enter stooping. I pushed open the trap, and went on a few steps, though my Davy-lamp was what pitman call "a fire"—the flame being all blue and I knew that the atmosphere was so much gunpowder. But I stumbled along; if I wasn't to save any one, it didn't matter what became of myself, and I pleased myself with the thought that Nelly would hear that I had died in the attempt. And then, all at once, it came into my head what she had said about her brother Jack being in the pit. This gave my heart such a turn that I quite staggered, and the perspiration poured from my forehead like water. I rushed forward as if I was mad; my foot struck something; I bent down over what seemed a corpse, and the gleam of the lamp fell on its face. It was Jack Glover. I didn't know whether he was alive or dead, but I caught him in my arms, and with the strength of a giant, and the speed of a deer—hardly conscious, hardly breathing—I made a dash for the shaft.

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The day passed, and the night, and I made up my mind that I had looked on her for the last time. I told my helpers that I could walk now, and when they let go my arms, I turned towards the moor, intending to pick up my pack and drag on at least to the next village.

But I could no more walk five miles than I could fly. When I came to the pit I sank down by it, and felt that I must give up. I was so hot, and so exhausted, that I could not think of anything but the darkness below, and I saw no bottom; I glanced up, and the gleam of light grew smaller and fainter. I scanned the walls of the shaft, and marked only their black bound. But my progress notified by the increasing density of the air, which began to affect my breathing; and, as I went on, I had to shift my face from side to side to make a little current. At last my feet touched ground, and I looked round, as I jumped off the straddle, and saw the furnace was going, which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, as far as it depended on the brattices, and no air entered but by the shaft. The stench was overpowering, and from this and the silence, I guessed the worst. It was plain that the explosion had killed the horses; for not a sound came from the stables, which were close to the shaft; and what hope could there be for human beings in a distant part of the pit? You may be sure I didn't stand to make these reflections; they floated across me, and I was working forward before they had got through my mind. I knew that the old mine blindfolded; but what with the foul smell, and what with the gloom, and my shortness of breath, I was some minutes scrambling to the top of the incline, keeping my arms stretched out, as I went along, to feel for anything in the way. And it was lucky I did, or I should have dashed my head against some empty trucks, and in the state I was in, that would have finished me. Thus I reached the first gallery which you could only enter stooping. I pushed open the trap, and went on a few steps, though my Davy-lamp was what pitman call "a fire"—the flame being all blue and I knew that the atmosphere was so much gunpowder. But I stumbled along; if I wasn't to save any one, it didn't matter what became of myself, and I pleased myself with the thought that Nelly would hear that I had died in the attempt. And then, all at once, it came into my head what she had said about her brother Jack being in the pit. This gave my heart such a turn that I quite staggered, and the perspiration poured from my forehead like water. I rushed forward as if I was mad; my foot struck something; I bent down over what seemed a corpse, and the gleam of the lamp fell on its face. It was Jack Glover. I didn't know whether he was alive or dead, but I caught him in my arms, and with the strength of a giant, and the speed of a deer—hardly conscious, hardly breathing—I made a dash for the shaft.

It was easier going back, when you were once in the main or horse road, for now the shaft was before you, instead of behind; and, though you wouldn't think it, this made a wonderful difference in the light. Dark as pitch it still was, though not to a pitman's eyes, and I had found out that Jack breathed when I reached the shaft. The discovery nerved me afresh, and kept all my senses at work, without my seeming to know it. I only felt that there would soon be another explosion. So I placed Jack on the straddle, and, taking the cord from my Davy-lamp, tied him hands and feet, then pulled the signal rope, and as the people above hauled the tackle, and lifted the straddle from the ground I hung on by my arms; thus we began to mount the shaft.

It wasn't till we had got twenty feet up that I felt the strain of standing on nothing, but, from that moment, it became just terrible. My hands seemed ready to snap; the ache in my arms spread through every muscle; my head spun round, and my feet kicked about in an agony. I watched the mouth of the pit till my eyes swam, and as I reeked the space between, while my strength waned, and my misery deepened, I thought I must drop before I reached the top. Then they began to hoist faster. I mustered all my strength; I tightened my grip of the straddle, though my fingers were growing numb; I steadied my feet, and hardly trusted myself to breathe. I could see the walls of the shaft, I could feel the pure air, I heard voices; and presently the tackle swung; strong arms caught me round, and I was landed on the bank. They had Jack Glover off the straddle before you could look round, and he was carried away, while they raised my head, and poured a little brandy in my mouth. I called out for the viewer.

From the Toledo Blade.

NABBY. The Russian Purchase—How it was done—Mr. Nabby really the originator of the Speculation.

Washington, April 14, 1867.—It's done! Seward did it—him and me! The Amerikin Eagle heez cooz now! scream with redoubled energy. Et the Nashed bird wuz a angel, I shood remark to it, "Toon your harp anoo, and it ain't, and, therefore, such a reek-wad be ridiculous. This rapid reedy hez reference to the Rooshen purchis.

The idea originated in these massive intellex. When I wuz here afore, the Blairs, all uv em, wuz a crowdin the sainted Johnvm for a mishun; Cowan wanted a mishun, and so did Doolittle, and that day pretty much all ur the delegates to the Cleveland and Philadelphie Conventions hez bin there wantin some kind uv a place; wat, they wuzn't pertikuler. One gentleman whose nose (wich trooly blossomed ez the lobster) betokened long service in the party, urged that hez bin a delegate to both Conventions. "Thank God!" sed Johnson.

"Wood that them Conventions hez bin made up uv the same men. I wood then hev bin bored for places only half ez much ez I hev."

I wuz a helphim out in my weak way. When the crowd wuzn't plain becume too great for human endurance, I wood say, in a moderit tone, "lets go out and git shuttin, and to-wuzt fully half wood exclaim, "Thank you, I don't keer if I do."

It wuz a great relief to Johnson, but wuz pizen on me. With the most uv the gittin uv offices and free drinks wuz about an eckal thing. The offices they wanted wuz merely the means to the pertikuler end, and so long ez they wuz gittin the latter without the trouble uv the former, they wuz content. A good coostohen and a copper lined stumick carried me thro this tryin ordeal, until I came across a Boston applicant, who, in consequence uv the peributory law, hez bin for some time on short rashens, and wuz keen set. Napoleon hez then met his Wellington, and I succumbed.

The man I met wuz wonderful. The Secretary Seward wuz in trouble about the Blair family, pertikuler—He hed his level best for em. He hed appointed em to Collekterships and firin mishuns, but the crool Sent, which hez no respect for us, took ledge in fastenin uv em onto us by per-poo-yooaly rejectin em. Jest after a long seige by Montgomery and the old man, I seestid the purchis uv the Rooshen Territory, which not only they could be sent, but a thousand uv others which we had on our hands, and the Secretary wuz so pleased that he wept like a child. With a vigger wonderful in one so old, he set about gittin testimonials ez to the valyuv uv the territory, to infoonce the Sent in ratifyin the treaty he wuz agoin to make. And he wrote to a naval officer about it, who answered more promptly than I ever knowd a naval officer to do, ez follows:—

"It's trooly a splendid country—The trade in the skins uv white bears kin be, ef properly developed, made enormous. There is seals there, and walruses so tame that they come up uv their own accord to be ketchid.

"P. S.—In case the purchis shood be made, a