

The TOWANDA Reporter

REARERS OF DENUNTIATION FROM LAST QUARTER. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JULY 23, 1868. NUMBER 9. \$2 per Annum in Advance.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. On Main Street, near the Court House. C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL TOWANDA, PA. Having purchased this well known Hotel on Bridge Street, I have refitted and refurnished it with every convenience for the accommodation of all who may patronize me. No pains will be spared to make all pleasant.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA. JOHN C. WILSON. Having leased this House, I am now ready to accommodate the traveling public. No pains will be spared to make all pleasant.

PUBLICITY. The subscriber having purchased the DRAY formerly owned by W. W. DeLano, respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to print all kinds of work in his line and will attend promptly to all orders. Household goods carefully handled. Charges moderate. G. BALYON, Towanda, June 1, 1868.

MYERS' MILL. SPECIAL NOTICE. Myer, Foster & Co., will deliver Flood, Reed, Mill, Graham Flour, or any thing else in their line. Customers will find an Order Book at the mill. All orders will be promptly attended to.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING. LEWIS REIDEN. Respectfully informs the citizens of Towanda Borough, that he has opened a

TAILOR SHOP. In Phinney's Building opposite the Means House and selects a share of public patronage.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, Pa. They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and to receive deposits of money in Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, also England, Germany, and France.

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

HARDING & SMALLEY. Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the Real Estate Agency of Wood and Harding, would respectfully call the attention of all persons who have business in this line to make specialties as: Solar Photographs, and all other articles pertaining to the Real Estate Agency.

PARSONS & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in the Court House, Towanda, Pa.

DR. PIATT has removed to State Street, (first above B. S. Russell & Co.) and will continue to practice in his office.

DR. I. WESTON, DENTIST. Office in the Court House, Towanda, Pa.

DR. T. F. & W. A. MADILL. Physicians. Office in the Court House, Towanda, Pa.

EDWARD MEERS, AUCTIONEER. All letters addressed to him at Sugar Run, Bradford Co., Pa., will receive prompt attention.

J. K. VAUGHAN, Architect and Builder. Office on Main Street, Towanda, Pa.

J. C. NEWELL, COUNTY SURVEYOR. Office in the Court House, Towanda, Pa.

W. B. KELLY, Dentist. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY. D. M. MCKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT. Office in the Court House, Towanda, Pa.

Selected Poetry. 'TIS NOT ALL IN BRINGING UP. It isn't all in bringing up, Let folks say what they will, To silver scour a pewter cup, It will be pewter still.

Who said "I'm a child," If I mistake not had a son, Proved rather-brained wad with A man of mark, who falls would pass For lord of sea and land, May have the training of a son, And bring him up full grand; May give him all the wealth of lore, Of college and of school, But after all may make no more Than just a decent fool.

Another, misled by penny Upon her bitter bread, Whose road to knowledge is like that The road to heaven may tread, The god to speak of nature's light, That a little Paganian town, Till in its burning letters bright, The world may read his name.

It were all in "bringing up," If I were not a child, Sweetest angels had been honest men— I'd be myself a saint. Oh! it isn't all in "bringing up," Let folks say what they will! Neglect may dim the silver cup, It will be silver still.

Miscellaneous. WIDOW BROWN'S OIL WELL. A TALE OF PETROLEUM.

Mrs. Anastasia Brown, better known as the Widow Brown, owned and cultivated a small farm of ten acres at a little Paganian town. The humble homestead corresponded in size to the farm, being a one-story cottage, comprising but three rooms. The land was not very productive, but through her income would hardly support her in living luxuriously, on the other hand there was no danger of the almshouse. On the whole the widow might be considered comfortable.

But Mrs. Anastasia was not contented. She was an ambitious woman, and bent on bettering herself if the opportunity ever presented. To her mind the circumstances of a second marriage with an eligible partner seemed to be the readiest road to higher station. But the widow's personal advantages were hardly of a character to inspire very lively hopes that she would be sought for by a rich and powerful suitor.

At about this time the petroleum fever was in its height. There was a wild excitement in general not only in the districts where petroleum had been discovered, but speculation was rife in commercial capital, and companies with flaming prospectuses were daily springing into existence. Faras which would have been considered dear at twenty dollars an acre, all at once enhanced in value fifty, or even a hundred fold, and the owners who had hitherto found it difficult to earn a scanty subsistence all at once found themselves rich beyond their wildest dreams.

Among those who cherished hopes of wealth from this source was Squire Pogram. He saw up reasons why his own acres might not prove to be flowing with oil, and he instituted some preliminary investigations which had only resulted in disappointment. Though a man of abundant means, he was inclined to be grasping, and had no objection to doubling or trebling his present property. In fact the love of money was the ruling passion with the squire, and this was not unknown to his neighbors.

Mrs. Brown, aware of this fact, determined upon a coup d'etat, if we may so call it, with a view of taking by assault the hand of the squire for his heart she carried fire. One morning the expressman brought to Mrs. Brown's cottage a keg, which was evidently full of some liquid. "Fifty cents, widder," he said as he lugged it into the back room and deposited it in the corner. "It's rather heavy," she said.

"Yes," said the widow, "molasses is like you, it's heavy, now I reckon it'll take you a mighty long time to use a keppful of molasses." "I'm fond of it," said the widow, shortly. "Yes, but there ain't but one on 'em." "I don't know but I shall take a boarder or two, if I can get them," said Mrs. Brown, thus expressing a wish on her part of the moment. "Then you'll have to piece out your house I reckon?" The widow was glad when the expressman with his intrusive curiosity was gone, in the country it is very common to comment with the utmost freedom upon the plans and proceedings of one's neighbors and in some instances has its disadvantages.

The widow did not open the keg till the next day. Then, instead of molasses, she found contents to be petroleum oil. It might have been supposed that the substitution would have proved vexatious, but the widow took it very coolly. She managed to get the keg down the cellar stairs, where she locked it up

in a closet. First, however, she filled a common water pail with the precious liquid, and going to the well deliberately poured it down. After this singular proceeding, she looked carefully up the road until she saw a burly, bumpy appearing fellow, which she knew to be the Squire Pogram, who always came over the road about that time, to visit a small house which he was building for tenants a mile beyond.

The Squire was just abreast of the cottage, when the widow ran out and hailed him. "O Squire Pogram," she said, "won't you just drive into the yard a minute? The water in my well tastes strangely I do believe it's petroleum." "Petroleum!" the squire picked up his ears, and made all haste to do as requested.

"You don't say so, widder?" he exclaimed; "when did you notice it first?" "I didn't really notice it much till to-day," said Mrs. Brown. "It might have tasted a little queer, but I wouldn't say it was strange." "I can tell it's that, or something else. It may be some dead critter that's got drowned in the well and poisoned the water." "O, I hope not," said the widow. "I'm sure it ain't. I've had my eye on it ever since I got it. It's not like that." "Except by petroleum," suggested the squire. "I s'pose you'd be reconciled to that?" "Well, yes," owned the widow. "I wouldn't mind it for a while. By this time they had reached the well, and the squire had already commenced lowering the bucket.

The widow was quite confident of the result, the oil having been so recently poured in. She was not a little surprised when she saw the bucket come up, and she found it was full of water. The squire looked at it eagerly. His recent experiments qualified him to judge in the matter. He was silent for a moment. "Well, widder," he said, "I've decided to take the four hundred dollars I offered you; you see that will save you all trouble, and you can live comfortable the rest of your life." "Thank you, Squire," said the widow, "but I've another plan in my mind to send for some man that knows about these things, and get his opinion about it for me. I'll see Mr. Norcross first, and then you."

"Well, Squire Pogram, what do you think?" asked the widow eagerly. "I do believe you're right, widder," said the squire. "I'm inclined to the opinion that it's genuine petroleum." "You don't say so, Squire? Well, I'm in luck for once, any way." "I ain't certain. Suppose you give me a dipper, and I'll taste 'em." "No, no, no, Squire, I don't want you to taste 'em. The taste program did taste. The taste program did taste. The taste program did taste." "Well, Squire," said the widow, "it's so unexpected that it quite frustrates me. But I'm free to say that I've always respected your character, and now, where but a short time since the painted savage, the howling wolf, and shaggy buffalo, were 'lord over all,' the beautiful corn is 'lord over all.'"

"I do," said the widow promptly, "and I'm glad to have this new burden on my shoulders." "You squire, I ought to be attended to once. I think I'd better marry to-morrow so as to lose no time." "Just as you say, Squire. I'll be ready." "Next day the clergyman's services were called in requisition, and to the astonishment and anger of all the aspirants to Squire Pogram's hand the prize was carried off by the widow Brown, who's as ugly as a goodness knows what she saw in her.

The day after there was another surprise. A company of workmen were seen busily engaged in digging deeper the new Mrs. Pogram's old well, and the rumor spread that petroleum had been discovered there. But for some uncomprehensible reason the first strong indications were not borne out by subsequent discoveries. The water regained all its old purity, and after sinking several hundred dollars the squire was obliged to abandon the attempt in disgust. Mrs. Pogram, now installed in the great farm house as mistress, bore the disappointment with equanimity. She at least had got what she had bargained for and was satisfied. Whether or her husband ever suspected her complicity is not clearly known. It may be confidently stated, however, that any gentleman desirous of starting a petroleum company, may observe that Mrs. Brown farm on reasonable terms, with no extra charge for one oil well already sunk.

SEYMOUR AND HIS "FRIENDS." Five years ago this month—on Tuesday, July 14th, 1863—Horatio Seymour addressed the rioters in New York in these honest phrases: "My friends: I have come down here from the city, to learn what all this trouble was concerning the draft. Let me assure you that I am your friend. [Applauding cheers.] You have been my friends—[cries of 'Yes, yes?'] 'That's so.' 'We are, and will be again.'—and now, I assure you, my fellow-citizens, that I am here to show you a test of my friendship. [Cheers.] I wish to inform you that I have sent my adjutant general, and my adjutant, to confer with the authorities there, and to have this draft suspended and stopped. [Vociferous cheers.] I ask you as good citizens to wait for his return; and I assure you that I will do all that I can to see that there is no further blood shed here. I wish you to take good care of all property as good citizens, and see that every person is safe. The safe-keeping of property and persons rests with you, and I charge you to take good care of it. It is your duty to maintain the good order of the city, and I know you will do it. I wish you now to separate as good citizens, and you can assemble again wherever you wish to do so. I ask you to leave all to me now, and I will see to your rights. Wait until my adjutant returns from Washington, and you shall be satisfied. Listen to me, and see that there is no harm done to persons or property, but retire peacefully." This is an excellent campaign document. It needs no comment.

FROM NEBRASKA. LINCOLN, July 1, 1868. Mr. Editor—The Territory of Nebraska, as many of your readers are doubtless aware, was admitted into the Union as a State, July, 1867.

Soon after the place where the city of Lincoln now stands, was selected as the site for the Capital of Nebraska, being then merely a level prairie, without an inhabitant save prairie-wolves, chickens, rattle-snakes, &c., but like a toad stool has been its growth. To-day it glories in having nearly two thousand inhabitants—all laboring for the mutual welfare of its infant city, which is destined to be a second Indianapolis. Already the State Capitol completed to the third story, looms upward, presenting to the traveler's eye a business-like aspect. Buildings are being erected which will cost from one hundred to two hundred thousand dollars each; streets are laid out in regular and systematic order; hotels are in full blast, bringing large profits to their very gentlemanly proprietors; dry goods, groceries, agricultural implements, and all other commodities of trade, bring ready cash and large profits.

Salt Creek is adjacent to the town, and the manufacture of salt will soon be commenced, under the management of Mr. Morse from the State of New York, who has leased the salt basin from the Government for a term of years. Ponderous kettles are being constructed for salt purposes, by Gould & Powell, of Nebraska City, proprietors of a large foundry, which produces immense quantities of castings, boilers, and other necessary articles. All is bustle and activity. Speculators anticipate fortune; laborers dream of "peace and plenty." All is joy and happiness. Daily echoes the familiar word "whoa," as the new settler reins his travel-worn team to the hotel door; the wife and children, with smiling faces and healthy appearance, spring lightly from the canvass covered wagon, which for many weeks, perhaps, has been a friendly shelter and comfortable home. With willing hearts and ready hands, they commence prairie-life, the faithful husband and indulgent father, is soon seen busy breaking the long idle and rich and productive prairie. And now, where but a short time since the painted savage, the howling wolf, and shaggy buffalo, were 'lord over all,' the beautiful corn is 'lord over all.'"

This City is situated fifty-one miles west of Omaha nearly the same distance, and located on what is known as the old steam wagon road, where during the years sixty-four and sixty-five, ponderous prairie schooners, as the freight wagons are termed, drawn by mules or oxen, with sixty or seventy hundred pounds of freight each, went creaking and groaning past on their long journey to Montana, Idaho, Deaver City, and Government posts. [But now the Union Pacific Railroad takes the place of those "schooners," and freight is nearly done away with. The time is fast approaching when in place of the merry whistle of the "bull whackers," as those who follow the honorable employment of teamsters are called, the piercing shriek of the locomotive whistle will be heard, as the heavily loaded trains rush like the wind; to and from the Pacific coast. As many as five railroads are laid out, all to intersect at this point, the great Midland Pacific, backed up by the famous old Pennsylvania Central, is being pushed through with "double quick" time, and when completed will make the shortest route from New York City to San Francisco by one hundred and fourteen miles of any in respect, consequently the greater portion of shipping will be via Lincoln and Nebraska City, which will have a tendency to make them very important points.

Schools and churches have been founded. School lands have been surveyed and sold at good round figures. Homesteads can be secured within seven miles of Lincoln, at \$1400 per 80 acres. Farms but partially improved are yielding to the deserving husbandman good interest. Every year brings more independence more joyful hearts and more peaceful rest and contentment.

Between here and Nebraska City, can be seen fields containing 280 and even 300 acres of blooming corn, nearly bare high. The natural fertility of the land is magnificent. The unbroken prairie suggests to the observer that he is viewing immense meadows of forty years culture. Magnificent groves planted from three to eight years ago, can be seen on all the oldest farms, also Osage Orange hedges, which make the most available fence here. Timber is found along the banks of all streams, but not enough however to call "woods" wherever you wish to do so. I ask you to leave all to me now, and I will see to your rights. Wait until my adjutant returns from Washington, and you shall be satisfied. Listen to me, and see that there is no harm done to persons or property, but retire peacefully." This is an excellent campaign document. It needs no comment.

WHAT IS BEST FOR THE COUNTRY? It is commonly said that there are two parties in the country, the republican and the democratic. There are, in fact, three—the democratic party, the republican party, and the people. The people are the most important, and whose rights we have always defended. We do not address the office-holders or office-seekers of either party. They make up a numerous army, or rather two strong armies; but their members are interested, each upon his own side. They fight for the spoils; they expect the reward of victory. The third party, the people, have no rewards to expect; they are not interested in the spoils, but in the good of the whole country, and when they vote, it is to support the general welfare.

They are now asked to vote for one of two candidates for the office of Governor, and the important question which is not what offices they are to gain or lose by the success of either candidate, but what will be the effect upon the peace, prosperity, liberty, and general development of the country, the election of Grant, or of Seymour.

This is the question which every thoughtful freeman will ask himself before he casts his vote; this is the question which every considerate citizen should ask himself, and he decides upon this, so will he or she ought to vote. Now of the two candidates and policies presented for the suffrages of the people, the important question which is not what offices they are to gain or lose by the success of either candidate, but what will be the effect upon the peace, prosperity, liberty, and general development of the country, the election of Grant, or of Seymour.

It is in this, all the most. Grant has no "entangling alliances" with professional politicians. The self-interest of both parties have from time to time opposed him, and advised him; he is a man of independent and sound judgment, whose whole course has shown that his heart is in sympathy with the plain people; and his career has placed him in a position where he makes him independent of the professional politicians. He is, in fact, the people's candidate. He loves peace; he insists upon obedience to law, upon order, upon justice to all rights.

Upon the other side we find Mr. Seymour, himself a professional politician; the associate of that class of men; and pledged beforehand, by the very circumstances under which he received the nomination, to support the man whom he defeated in the Convention. Mr. Seymour has never acted an independent part in politics. He has always been the creature of advisers, and for the most part, an adviser. He does not know his own mind; in 1860-1 he was for "the South" during the war he was by turns a lukewarm war man or a lukewarm peace man; a few days ago he proposed to hold the peace bonds should be paid and not taxed, but now he accepts a platform which declares that they shall be taxed and not paid. If he is elected to the Presidency he will do the will of more positive men than himself—of Pendleton, who it is reported, will be his Secretary of the Treasury; of Blair, who promises revolution and anarchy in case he is elected; and in general of a class of politicians whose chief desire and aim is to destroy all that has been accomplished in the last seven years; who have been, since 1861, in the attitude of remonstrance; who have opposed for seven long and important years all that in this time the people of the United States have done and ordered to be done.

Now we do not pretend that all that has been done is wise; most men are mortal; and the Republican party has made mistakes which the Executive has faithfully exposed. But it has made a great and important task to a conclusion; its candidate ended the war and saved the Union against its enemies; and the party has made peace and perfected reconstruction. It is wisest, it is best for the country to put in power now a party whose avowed and only object is to destroy all that has been done, and begin over again? Is it for the people's good to have a man who has been plunged for four years to come, anew, into confusion and distress? that business should be paralyzed, industry hindered, and men alarmed for their safety and rights, for another quadrennial period, for no other object but to gratify the passions of a set of politicians who have been in the minority during seven years, whose unparliamentary course during the war lost them the people's confidence and regard, and who have since that time done nothing to undo all that had been done? This is the question before us. Grant, third party, the people.—New York Evening Post.

THE CHAMOIS. This animal, which belongs to the antelope tribe, chiefly inhabits the Alps and Pyrenees, and are found in flocks of from four to fifty, and even a hundred. It is about the size of the domestic goat, of a dusky, yellow brown color, with the cheeks, chin, throat and belly, of a yellowish white. The horns are black, slender, upright, hooked backward at their tips, and about eight inches in height, and at the base of each there is a tolerable large orifice in the skin, of which the use is unknown. Like all the antelope race, the Chamois has sparkling and animated eyes. It feeds only on the finest herbage, and its flesh is of a delicate flavor.

When alarmed, the Chamois hisses with such force that the rocks and forests re-echo, the note being very sharp at first, and becoming deeper towards the close. Having passed a moment, the animal looks round, and perceiving his apprehensions to be well founded, he again hisses with increased violence, at the same time striking the ground with his feet, bounding from rock to rock, and evincing the utmost agitation, till the alarm is spread to a very considerable distance, and the whole flock provide for their safety by a precipitate flight. The hissing of the male is much louder than that of the female, and it is performed through the nose, and is, strictly speaking, no other than a very strong breath driven violently through a small aperture.

Heat is so extremely disagreeable to these animals that they never seen during summer, except in the excavations of the rocks, amidst fragments of unmelting ice, or under the shade of hanging precipices, which face the north, and effectively keep off the rays of the sun. They drink but sparingly, and chew the cud in the intervals of feeding. Their agility is wonderful, as they will throw themselves down, across a rock, which is nearly perpendicular, and twenty or thirty feet in height, without a single step to support their feet. Their motion has indeed, rather the appearance of flying than of leaping. The Chamois hunters of the Alps are so fond of this occupation, that it has almost become mania, and they will brave every danger in pursuit of this animal.

FUN, FACTS AND FACETS. An early spring—jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning. When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably. The only man not spoiled by being lionized was Donkey the Jew. There are two things which you should not borrow—trouble and a newspaper. Kissino a factory girl is a mill privilege. Yes, when she is a satis-factory girl.

An ambitious barber advertises himself as "Professor of Deception, Illustration and Depilation." "I wish I were an envelope," said a dandy to a beautiful lady, with a self-sear at her lips. Who ever heard of a woman with pretty ankles and whole stockings, complain of wet sidewalks, or muddy crossings? Why is matrimony like a besieged city? Because those that are in want to get out, and those who are out want to get in. Why is a washer-woman the most cruel wronger in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

"None but the brave deserve the fair," and "none but the brave can live with some of them," says a confirmed woman-hater. What note is more brilliant than a topor's note? Why, voice-ness, to be sure. Pat remarks that the chief glow of each comes from the center. To be utterly ignorant of vice is almost as dangerous to a politician. Heavy people drink the wine of life scalding hot, and are angry at the burning. A woman's tears soften a man's heart; but batteries his head. Why is a grocer out of business like an ace? Because he hasn't got any scales.

This "notice" is posted on a tree by the roadside in North West, N. H.: "A few persons are forbid to pick berries or plums on this piece, p. s. No biggles." Artemus Ward said that the man who wrote "I'm saddest when I sing," was a fool to sing much. "The Petticoater" is suggested as a title for the literary ladies' club. Hypocritical piety is double iniquity. A lady who was startled out of sleep by some one trying to enter the house, said to her husband, "Your wife's husband" was the impertinent reply. To give brilliancy to the eyes—start them early at night and open them early in the morning.

What is better than presence of mind, in a railway accident? Absence of body. Why is bread more useful than flour? Because one is kneaded and the other is not. Unconscious certainties—"D e a n" says that. Advice, like snow, the softer it falls the longer it remains on the ground. "My dear," said a rural wife to her husband, on his return from town, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets in the city?" "The ladies' faces, my love."

An apothecary asserted in a large company "that all bitter things were hot." "No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception." What is the difference between editors and matrimonial experiences? In the former the devil cries for "copy." In the latter the "copy cries for the devil." The school teacher stands at the fountain, giving direction to the stream of life. The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

A PART of the perfection of this life is to believe ourselves far from perfection. TRUTH is an inexhaustible fountain, from which nobody knows how much he drinks. To make a rich man—Crowd twenty fashionably dressed ladies into an omnibus. PROBABILITY is no just scale; adversity is the only true balance in which to weigh a friend. SALLIE wonders why men can't do something better—why they couldn't smoke cigars as well as cigars? The Chinese have a saying that an unkindly word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six.

Many take care to live well, but few live long, though it is in a man's power to do the former, but in no man's power to do the latter. An Irish glazier was putting in pane of glass when a groom standing by began joking him, telling him to put in plenty of putty. The Irish man, who was a carpenter for some time, but at last sentenced his tormentor by "Arrah now!" to be off now ye, or else I'll put a pane in yer head wid-out any putty.