The Bradford Reporter.

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding fifteen lines are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions. Special notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each insertion. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages or Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 mo.	3 mo.
One Column	$100	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square	15	10	7½

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, three weeks, or less $1 50
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Business Cards, five lines, (per year) .. 5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25. They will be entitled to a column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

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.

Cards.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.
On Main Street, near the Court House.
Oct. 8, 1866. C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
TOWANDA, PA.,
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. No pains will be spared to make all pleasant and agreeable.
May 3, '66.—tf. J. S. PATTERSON, Prop.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
JOHN C. WILSON.
Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the Travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.
☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block [now building].

PUBLIC DRAY.
The subscriber having purchased the DRAY formerly owned by O. W. Delano, respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line and will attend promptly to all orders. Household goods carefully handled. Charges reasonable.
G. B. ALVORD.
Towanda, June 1, 1868.

MYERS' MILL!
SPECIAL NOTICE.
Myer, Foster & Co., will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or any thing else in their line in any part of the village.
Customers will find an Order Book at the store of Fox, Stevens, Mercur & Co. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to.
Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said Book, will be answered.
MYER, FOSTER & CO.
Towanda, June 24, 1868.—tf.

SOLOMON COOPER—Has removed from the Ward House and has opened a SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON
Two doors south of the National Hotel, and adjoining Patton's Block, on Main Street, in the basement. This shop is open constantly from 6 a. m., to 9 p. m., to accommodate all that will favor him with a call. Two experienced workmen in this saloon, always ready to wait on customers in a satisfactory manner.—Gents and Ladies Hair Cutting in the latest fashionable style. Razors honed and set ready for use and warra ted to suit. Ornamental Hair Work, Switches, Waterfalls, and Curls, made to order. Wigs made and repaired.
Towanda, Aug. 18, 1868.—tf.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. F. MASON & CO.
They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as well as England, Germany, and France. To Loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business.
G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining Counties, and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one, through which to make collections.
G. F. MASON,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

BRADFORD COUNTY
REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT.
Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale.
Parties having property for sale will find it for their advantage by leaving a description of the same, with terms of sale at this agency, as parties are constantly enquiring for farms &c.
H. B. McKEAN,
Real Estate Agent.
Office Montanye's Block, Towanda, Pa.
Jan. 29, 1867.

HARDING & SMALLEY,
Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC business at the rooms formerly occupied by Wood and Harding, would respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Penciled and Colored, Opaltypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for clearness and brilliancy of tone and Artistic finish, *can not be excelled*. We invite all to examine them as well as the more common kinds of Portraits which we make, knowing full well that they will bear the closest inspection. This Gallery claims the highest reputation for good work of any in this section of country, and we are determined by a strict attention to business and the superior quality of our work, to not only retain but increase its very *enviable reputation*.
We keep constantly on hand the best variety of Frames and at lower prices than at any other establishment in town. Also Passepartouts Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Vies, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call.
N. B.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms. D. HARDING,
Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

A CARD.—Dr. VANBUSKIRK has obtained a License, as required, of the Goodyear Vulcanite Company, to Vulcanize Rubber as a base for Artificial Teeth, and has now a good selection of those beautiful carved Block Teeth, and a superior article of Black English Rubber, which will enable him to supply all those in want of sets of teeth, with those unsurpassed for beauty and natural appearance. Filling, Cleaning, Correcting Irregularities, Extracting, and all operations belonging to the Surgical Department skillfully performed. Chloroform administered for the extraction of Teeth when desired, an article being used for the purpose in which he has perfect confidence, having administered it with the most pleasing results during a practice of fourteen years.
Being very grateful to the public for their liberal patronage heretofore received, he would say that by strict attention to the wants of his patients, he would continue to merit their confidence and approbation. Office in Beidleman's Block, opposite the Means House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 20, 1867.—3m.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.
J. S. SMITH, M. D., would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Bradford County that he is permanently located in Towanda, Pa., He would say that from his long and successful practice of TWENTY-FIVE YEARS duration he is familiar with all the different styles of work done in any and all Dental Establishments in city or country, and is better prepared than any other Dental operator in the vicinity to do work the best adapted to the many and different cases that present themselves oftentimes to the Dentist, as he understands the art of making his own artificial teeth, and has facilities for doing the same. To those requiring under sets of teeth he would call attention to his new kind of work which consists of porcelain for both plate and teeth, and forming a continuous gum. It is more durable, more natural in appearance, and much better adapted to the gum than any other kind of work. Those in need of the same are invited to call and examine specimens. Teeth filled to last for years and oftentimes for life.—Chloroform, Ether, and "Nitrous Oxide" administered with perfect safety, as over four hundred patients within the last four years can testify.
Office in Patton's Block. Jan. 23, 1868.

CARRIAGES!! CARRIAGES!!
AT THE
BURLINGTON CARRIAGE EMPORIUM!
The subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has now on hand, and is prepared to build to order,
OPEN AND TOP BUGGYS,
Democrat and Lumber Wagons, at reduced prices. I have enlarged my shop, by adding a superior Paint and Varnish room. The different departments are under the charge of
FIRST CLASS MECHANICS.
I would inform the public that I have secured the services of Mr. JAS. W. TUNISON, formerly of Waverly, who has charge of the Painting Department, we are now prepared to do all kinds of Painting, having just received the largest and best selected stock of paints and varnishes ever brought into the county. Orders solicited and all work warranted. Repairing done on the most reasonable terms.
MORTIMER YOSBURGH.
April 25, 1868.—6m.

CHOICE TOBACCO AND CIGARS at *Brymsell & Covell's Cheap Store.*

Selected Poetry.

THE COPPERHEAD.

Of all the factious men we've seen,
Existing now or long since dead,
No one was ever known so mean
As he we call a Copperhead:
A draft evading Copperhead;
A Rebel aiding Copperhead;
A growling, slandering,
Scowling, pandering,
Vicious, State rights Copperhead,
From him the decencies of life
And all its courtesies have fled;
He lives in frettful, factious strife,
A testy, touchy Copperhead;
A negro-fleeing Copperhead;
A Rebel cheering Copperhead;
An unlearned, unlicked,
Oft spurned, oft whipped,
Doughfaced, cringing Copperhead.

When "Save the Union" was the cry,
And thousands for the Union bled,
The Nation's right he did deny
To save itself—this Copperhead:
A Son of Liberty Copperhead;
A Golden Circle Copperhead;
A scheming, lying,
Screaming, flying,
Mean, Canadian Copperhead.

When Southern miscreants designed
Their helpless prisoners blood to shed,
And Libby Prison undermined;
Who then approved? The Copperhead;
The soldier shooting Copperhead;
The patriot hooting Copperhead;
The war abusing,
Aid refusing,
Crime excusing Copperhead.

Who scoffed at Pillow's bloody fray,
And Andersonville's murdered dead?
Who victory's hour did long delay?
The traitorous, treacherous Copperhead;
The crime creating Copperhead;
Assassinating Copperhead;
The strife exciting,
Wrath inviting,
Death delighting Copperhead.

When widows mourn their lonely lot,
And orphan children wept their dead,
Who said their just deserts they got?
The Northern Rebel Copperhead:
The widow libelling Copperhead;
The grief derriding Copperhead;
The false, conspiring,
City firing,
Booth admiring Copperhead.

Nor woman's grief, nor orphan's tears,
Nor even a nation's honored dead,
Are sacred from the jibes and sneers,
Of every brutal Copperhead;
Each Church aspersing Copperhead.
Each preacher cursing Copperhead;
Each Union hating,
War creating,
Repudiating Copperhead.

Miscellaneous.

Gen. Grant at the Battle of the Wilderness.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

It seems a work of supererogation to point to evidences of Gen. Grant's military ability as a commander, but I cannot refrain from relating an anecdote illustrative of his admirable and astonishing equanimity under circumstances where ordinary men would have become paralyzed with apprehension and conflicting doubts.

The bright morning sun of the third of May, 1864, saw the noble Army of the Potomac winding its serpentine way in different columns across the Rapidan into that great American jungle of death known as the "Wilderness." The subsequent clash of the two armies came on Thursday, the fourth of May, with what result is well known. The morning of the fifth came with a brilliant sun and balmy breezes, and thus far we could only say "we have met the enemy; we have measured swords; the loss has been fearful on either side, but we have not yet crushed the Army of Virginia." It was a time for careful thought, and and a calm review of the situation became necessary. Before us, battered and sore from the fiery assaults of the unfortunate Army of the Potomac, lay Lee's veterans in gray, beaten back from most of their former positions, but now strongly fortified behind formidable breastworks, and lacking not a whit of that terrible desperation which they had exhibited for three long years of blood, and full of confidence in their ability to repel any attack of the army of aggression; a dense forest surrounded us on all sides, and behind us rolled the river Rapidan, an attempt to cross which, in case of a defeat, would have been equivalent to the annihilation of the noblest army the world has ever seen. Repulsed again and again, with bad roads, with the dark pine woods literally blue with our dead and wounded, it was positively necessary to do one of two things—to retreat, which would have been in itself an exceedingly perilous operation, or to endeavor by a flank movement, to turn Lee's right. To think of fighting further, after it had been clearly demonstrated that an army of twice our number could not dislodge the enemy, would have been folly. In this emergency was the far-seeing wisdom of General Grant to be exercised. Pleaded with to retreat across the Rapidan by a number of prominent general officers General Grant with a Spartan-like determination refused to listen to the proposition, and, like gallant old Taylor, who, at a particular juncture in the Mexican war, called a council of his officers to decide whether they should march to the relief of Point Isabel, and finding them adverse to the movement, replied at the conclusion of their deliberations, "*Gentlemen, I shall be at Point Isabel to-morrow night,*" so General Grant said, "GENTLEMEN, I CANNOT CONSIDER YOUR RECOMMENDATION; MY COURSE DOES NOT LIE IN THAT DIRECTION; IT LIES TOWARD RICHMOND!"

The forenoon of the day referred to passed away with no battle, although a brisk fusilade from the sharpshooters was kept up. Meade's headquarters were on a beautiful pine-capped hill, or mound towards the right of our line and overlooking the dense woods where the noblest Romans of them all, the second corps now lay along the Brock road with their skirmishers well thrown out.

General Grant was at Meade's headquarters on the hill referred to during the afternoon, arranging his plans for the future action. A score of civilians, among them, I think, Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, then Assistant Secretary of War, and Mr. Washburne, member of Congress from Illinois, were present, including hungry newspaper correspondents, who would have given their horses for the slightest intimation of General Grant's intentions, or the means of getting through the guerilla country behind us to their respective papers the little information they did possess. Suddenly, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a brisker fusilade of sharpshooters was heard in the direction of the intersection of the two roads where a portion of the second corps lay. The firing increased in rapidity; shells from rebel batteries began to burst over the tree-tops; the quick gleaming of rebel bayonets was seen in the dark woods and a moment more and long lines of gray passed rapidly across an open space in front of the coveted cross-roads, and disappeared in the jungle. Their object was evident at a glace, and the necessities of the case required immediate action. They were charging the second corps line, and having, by means of scouts, ascertained our weakness at that point, were marching onward to what they thought was certain victory.

At the time when the enemy was forming his divisions for the charge, General Grant was standing on the skirts of the pine grove referred to, leaning with one hand on a sapling, smoking a cigar, and surveying the surrounding country. The move of the rebel commander did not escape his attention, and on observing it he removed his cigar, and, gazing for a moment toward the woods on his right, turned and beckoned a staff officer to his side. In a low tone, and without showing by his demeanor the slightest discomposure, he gave the aide instructions to forward by the telegraph line, which which connected every division of his army with headquarters, orders to commanders of corps to dispose their troops in such a manner as to checkmate the pending movement of the enemy, and again turned his eyes toward the woods on his right, still smoking quietly, and speaking to no one. The writer of this was sitting within a few feet of the General at the time, and was intently watching him, and wondering whether, under the leadership of that plain, unassuming little man, the army of the Potomac was destined to better luck than under its former unfortunate commanders. Under the latter its history had been but a series of reverses—of long, weary marches over the burning sands and through the dreary pine woods of Virginia, and quick-time tramps over the hills of Maryland and Pennsylvania; of bloody and desperate encounters with the enemy, more or less successful, it is true, but not sufficient to materially injure his *morale*. I revert to the circumstance of my distrusting that same unassuming little man with a smile when I remember how soon afterward he convinced the world of his superior generalship.

The hurried manner of the aide as he left the General's side attracted the attention of the large group of officers near by, and in a moment a score of glasses were levelled in the direction their chief was gazing. Simultaneously several sprang up and approaching the General called his attention to the suspicious movements of the enemy. Without removing his eyes, he replied calmly: "I have been watching them for some time; they are preparing for a charge on the second corps' line."—By this time Meade was at his side, pale, nervous, and apparently anxious to be in the saddle at once; but a few words from Grant, in a low tone, a smile lit up the grim warrior's face, and all signs of anxiety vanished. Together they stood, observing the enemy's movements, until the rebel lines crossed the open space referred to, Grant smiling with a kind of exuberant satisfaction as they disappeared in the woods. In thirty seconds after the jungle rang with the rebel yell (the same as that heard at the New York Convention) and a continuous peal of musketry, and then commenced one of the fiercest hand-to-hand encounters during the war, lasting for nearly half an hour. The result history has told. Hancock's men, weary from hard fighting on the day previous, were scarcely prepared for such a desperate assault, and after a terrible struggle gave way, leaving the enemy in full possession of the cross-roads.—They were taken at a dear price, however, as the enemy lost five to one in charging across the open space directly in front of our works.

Meanwhile, by General Grant's order, troops had been rapidly transferred from our right and left toward the centre, behind and at right angles with the rebel line holding the Brock road. But shall the enemy be left in quiet possession of that all-important position? By no means. Where is Sam. Carroll, the dashing daredevil of the 2d corps? Ready for work, as usual, but with only a part of his brigade, resting behind Hancock's headquarters. "Send in your best officer," was Grant's order to Hancock; "dislodge the enemy, *but don't pursue too far!*" In a moment General Carroll, with one arm in a sling from a terrible wound received the day previous, was at the head of his veterans charging down upon the enemy with a cheer. The works were recaptured and the enemy driven back into the thicket—for what? Only to meet death or capture, for what with the fire in front, on their right, and on their left, hardly a gray-back escaped to tell the tale of the terrible encounter in the thicket and the trap into which they had unconsciously been led by their own officers.

When the smoke rose thickest over the woods and when the rebel yell rang loudest, General Grant was as cool and confident as when at his headquarters in Washington, and never once during that terrible struggle did he show by his manner that he doubted in the least the final result.

It is in such moments as these that cool intrepidity is required of a commander. A moment's hesitation, the exhibition of unseemly haste and nervousness, has lost many a battle; for the soldier, eagerly looking into the face of his commander to ascertain "the situation," is either buoyed up with hope or cast down with fear. Had the whole of headquarters gone dashing up and down the line at the critical moment when the enemy held the cross-roads, betraying their apprehension by their general demeanor, the contagion (for fear is contagious) would have spread throughout the army, and might have resulted in its ignominious rout. But, as it was, Grant remained placid; his plans had been thoroughly laid and he waited the result with a quiet confidence which told on all around him.

At the commencement of the attack an aide from Hancock's headquarters came dashing up to Meade's headquarters, dust covered and pale with excitement, bearing the message from Hancock that his line had been vigorously attacked by the enemy and requesting immediate reinforcements. These, it is unnecessary to say, were already moving to Hancock's support, and, as stated, arrived in time to aid in cutting off the retreat of Lee's charging column. A later messenger from second corps headquarters gave the intelligence that our line had been broken, and that the enemy was in full possession of the cross roads. Still the same stoical calmness was exhibited by General Grant as he gave the order for their immediate dislodgment, which, as we have stated, was effected by General Carroll's brigade. A third messenger from Hancock detailed the hurling back and annihilation of the charging party; and yet Grant remained as cool and undisturbed as before—his general manner indicating that he was not at all surprised at but had expected the result.

The value of perfect coolness in battle, especially in a commander, cannot be overestimated, for many a struggle would have resulted in defeat on the march to Appomattox Court House had not our "boys in blue" seen their little General with his headquarters well up to the front, and noticed his bearing as that of one perfectly confident of the success of his plans.

At Spottsylvania Court House, while riding along our line when an engagement was in progress, a ramrod from the rebel lines came whistling through the battle smoke and barely missed the General. Turning to an officer he remarked, with a smile, "The enemy must be hard-up for ammunition." No dodging, no turning back for Grant, but on he rode at a leisurely pace until he had reconnoitered our whole line in person, and knew the disposition of every brigade in the army of the Potomac. And this is the same little man who afterward received the sword of Robert E. Lee—"an honor," remarks the Richmond *Examiner*, (Democratic,) "which no living Yankee deserved!"

The ineffably weak attempt of the New York *World* to belittle the successes of General Grant are beneath the contempt of any sensible man, especially of a soldier. It is the attempt of a leading Democratic organ to glorify their friends, the rebels, and to vilify the soldiers of the Union army by insinuations of cowardice. Its arguments are based on falsehoods which are too transparent to obtain credence, and it is astonishing after this how any soldier who fought that the Union might live can support a party of which that villainous sheet is the mouthpiece. The force under Grant at the first battle of the Wilderness was but 98,019, as shown by official reports, instead of 200,000, as represented by this shameless rebel sheet, while Lee's army numbered 72,278. When it is remembered that twice or thrice the number is required by an attacking army to that acting on the defensive in a fortified position, it must be admitted by friend and foe that Grant's Virginia campaign was one of the most brilliant and successful in military annals. Let this fact be remembered, *that the enemy's lines of supply were short and in a friendly country; that he invariably fought from behind formidable breastworks; and that, with the exception of occasional sorties, he never attacked General Grant after Friday's disastrous repulse in the Wilderness.*

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.—The Philadelphia penitentiary being an institution designed for separate or solitary confinement, there are no large machine or workshops, no factories, no moving gangs of workmen convicts. The labor is all performed in the cells. Those engaged in chair-making, shoemaking, weaving, jobbing, or what not, work in their own cells—eat there, drink there, sleep there. They never move out of them. Their day's labor over; the dirt, scraps and shavings are swept in barrels and baskets, and removed by carriers. Of the poor fellows themselves you see nothing. Outside workmen are employed to do whatever is required about the place.—The prisoners are sedulously secluded in their rooms, and the visitor is not permitten even to view them.

The are shut off from the outside world as completely as if dead.—Their names are obliterated; they are known only by numbers. That is the extent of their individuality. Of relatives or friends they see but little. Once in a period of three months an inspector's pass admits a wife or a mother to a conference with her criminal though loved one, and even then such are the precautions of the prison discipline, that they meet and talk only through the bars of a cell-door, and in the presence of an officer of the institution. Poor satisfaction for the lips that moisten for a kiss—for the heart that yearningly throbs for an embrace! Fifteen or twenty minutes also is the brief time allowed for the meeting.

There are in the institution at the present time somewhat over 600 convicts.

NASBY.

The Election in Kentucky—The Glorious Democratic Victory—Mr. Nasby's Account thereof.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
August 6, 1868.

Er the Amerikin Eagle is in the habit uv screemin at Democrat victories she kin now test her capacity to the fullest extent.

The election in Kentucky resulted more glorious than we hed ever anticipated. Eighty thousand majority is a big thing, and we know it, but we felt that the eye of the Dimocrisy was onto us, and we did our level best. We wantid to inspire the Dimocrisy uv the North; to set em a example in fact which wood awaken in them emulashun. The election at the Corners was the same ez the others in the State, so fur writin the history uv this war I am writin the history uv all.

We hed a serios uv meetins, all wich, with the exception of Elder Pennibacker's obstinacy, was harmonious and effective. Gov. Seymour's letter was a great help to us. I hed been afraid he mite say suthin in it wich wood bother us, but when I got it I exclaimed hallelooey! He hedn't sed a thing! He hedn't fetched any uv the questions at ishoo, and consekently coodn't give no offence to no body. Bascom took it, and swore that he was satisfied from readin it in connection with his Cooper Institoot speech, that he was in favor of payin the bonds in gold, while Pennibacker was quite as well satisfied from readin it in connection with the platform and Pendleton's speeches, that he was in favor uv payin the bonds in greenbax. They got to dispootin over it and referred the matter to me. Imitatin Seymore, I never sed a word about bonds and greenbax, but went orf in a most eloknent denuncuation of Joodis Iscariot. Its always safe to abuse Joodis, ez there ain't nobody nowhere to defend him.

"But!" sed they in a korus, "does he perpose to pay the bonds in gold or greenbax?"

Smilin benignantly onto em, ez Seymore did at the Convenshun, I replied in these words: "My friends—for you are my friends, let us confine ourselves to living ishoos. Let me ask you ez patriots, and men who hev the best intereste of the country at heart, do you want your daughters to marry niggers?"

"Never!" sed they, strikin tables, "never!" and they rushed into the street, hollerin "Rah for Seymour."

Sich porshens uv the letter, however, ez fitted our case I read to em. The paragraff into wich he bewails the condishun uv men like us at the Corners, wich he styles the intelligence uv the South, Kernel McPelter and I read to every one at the Corners, we bein all wich kin read; and the paragraff in wich he denounces the men who assert that Union men ain't permitted to live in peace in the South I read the first time to twenty or thirty uv our people wich hed just returned from a raid onto the settlement uv Abolitionists over on the Pike Run. Young Issaker Gavitt wuz so affectid that he shed tears, wipin his eyes with a hankercher he took from the body uv a Yoonyun man wich he hed just shot in the presence uv his family, wich refoosed to leave the settlement.

The elecshun went off magnificently. Never did I see in all my experience, wich hez bin very great, sich extensive preparations made. Bascom's bar wuz made free. Deekin Pogram, Kernel McPelter and myself, one uv wich holds a government offis, and the other two expects to, hed a barl uv now elecskhun whisky purchist, which Elder Pennibacker, notwithstanding his disaffecksh un, furnisht at cost, wich wuz 22 cents per gallon, ez no taz hez ever bin pade in this district.

I opened the polls, usin for the purpus a hat, and the votin commenst lively. I put in two, Bascom slipt in three under different names, and the other faithful ones voted ez many times ez they thot necessary. About ten o'clock Pollock came up to vote, at wich I wuz surprised. When I say surprised I mean it. The very presence uv the man at sich a time and place wuz startin, and it hed a terrible effeck on the populis.—"Wat!" sed Issaker Gavitt, indignantly, "shel a Illinoy Ablishnist—a man not born in Kentucky—a man who holds views so totally different from ourn, persoom to vote at these ere polls? Never!"

And Issaker, bilin over with rage, went for him, in wich he wuz assisted by the entire balance uv the Corners. The wretched man paid a heavy penalty for his insolence. He wuz carried off by some sympathisin niggers, a mere wreck uv his former self.

A little later the Yoonyun men, they call themselves, upon Pike Run, come down to vote. But Issaker and McPelter reasoned with em. Kernel McPelter's remarks wuz pettikelerly impressive. They asserted that ez Amerikin citizens they hed a rite to vote, and shood do so at all hazards. The Kernel in his reply statid to em that the Corners wuz a fitin for her liberties—that no matter what their abstrack rites mite be the Corners cood not permit herself to be contaminated with Ablishin votes. "Should you attempt it," sed he impressively, "the blood of the Corners will be up, and I won't be answerable for the consekences. Beware!"

They pressed fored, when a single shot wuz heared, and the head of em, a preacher, fell writhin in the dust.

I pittied the poor wretch, but wat can we do? Why will they come about us irritating our people with their incenjary votes? That man hed a family. Wat reason will his give them, when he's carried home dead, for his untimely decease? Never ever thus. The Ablishnists will never let us alone, but yet I suppose that a shrieking and submitted press in the North, in the face uv this provocashun wu received, will accuse us uv murder in this man's death.

Gov. Seymour wants to be President of the United States. But he can not succeed without the votes of the Democrats. But he can not succeed, if he allows himself to be followed by such men as Issaker Gavitt, who hadn't hed a vote in the election, and who, if he hadn't been drunk, would have been prevented from voting; but the villain drawed a revolver and

misfit they lookt at him, and they partid, making a lane for him to the hat.

"Does any one challenge my vote?" said he, cockin his weapon. "If so, let em speak."

But no one interfered, and I took it. When we countid out there wuz barely one Ablishn ballot in the hat. It wuz Bigler's. But we were near enuff yoonanimous, and we propose to keep so. The process is simple. It consists merely in shootin all who differ with us. Thus we hev peace at home.

Our politikle prospecks are mixed. The reducksh un uv the tax on whisky inclined many uv our voters toward Republicanism, but I headed this off by swearin that the Democracy wuz pledged to take it orf all together.—The northern papers assertin that Blair's letter don't mean revoloosh un is hurtin us some, but that's more than balanced by the case with wich we kin organize. Yesterday an entire regiment in the Confedrit servis reorganized as a Seymour and Blair club—retainin their officers, ez doorin the war, and voosin the identikle rolls, flags, and sich. It aids us wonderfully.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster.)

MINNESOTA INNOCENCE.—A verdant couple from the vicinity outside of the limits of their little native town, fell in love, were married, and on their bridal tour visiting Minneapolis. Arriving on the evening train, the turtle doves took rooms at the Nicollet. Before making his toilet the next morning, the young husband's eye rested upon the "rules and regulations" tacked upon the door, and for the purpose of posting himself in the requirements of hotel life, he proceeded to read them.

Judge of his surprise, when, after careful study, he learned that "washing in rooms is prohibited, except permission is obtained at the office!" The young man looked about him.—Upon the opposite side of the room were washing-bowl, pitcher, towels and all the necessaries for performing the usual ablutions, but before his face and eyes was a rule "prohibiting washing in the rooms!" What was to be done? Bride and groom were at loss to know. They certainly could not think of going to breakfast without a washing, and it was rather inconvenient to go to the river for that purpose. As he reflected upon the awkwardness of the situation, he became impressed with the idea that something must be done, and remembering the solemn promise made to the Justice of the Peace who for the trifling sum of seventy-five cents, united them in the holy bonds of matrimony the day previous, he determined to rise up in his strength and represent the case in proper terms "at the office." He did so.—Approaching the desk, he beckoned to the clerk. "Look a' here!" said he, "that 'ere kaird that's stuck on the door says that nobody can't wash into the room 'less you let 'em. Now, couldn't you let me and Jane Ann wash our faces and hands there this mornin'? There's wash things and towels right in the room, and I wish you would let us use 'em. I'd be muce obliged to you if you would."

The clerk kindly gave his consent, and the unsophisticated couple were made happy.

LONG SERMONS AND LONG OTHER THINGS.—A lawyer who consume three hours in arguing a question of law relating to the ownership of apples, is indignant at his minister for exceeding twenty-five minutes in unfolding one of the great principles of morality, on the observance of which the tolerable existence of society depends. The judge who fills two hours with his "opinion" on the right of the counsel to challenge a witness, grumbles at his minister because he has prolonged the discussion of fundamental laws of human existence to thirty minutes. The physician who takes ten minutes to prepare the medicine for a headache is nervously restive if his minister spends only twice as many in attempting to relieve a chronic heartache. The belle who has spent—how long?—in adjusting the bows of her bonnet, is remorseless in her criticisms on the minister who does not finish his meditations on the character of God in fifteen minutes. The fop, who has combed and perfumed, and waxed his beard and mustache for an hour, is mortified past endurance if the poor minister is not through his discussion of the immortal life "inside" of twenty minutes.

A CAUTIOUS SINNER.—Some years ago there was a good deal of excitement among the people in a certain town in C— county, Vermont, on the subject of religion, and almost every man in the place was more or less awakened to a sense of his sinfulness, and made public declaration of his intention to lead a different life. Among the rest were three of the principal men of the village, whom we will call M—, B—, and G—, who being all present at one of the meetings, took part in the proceedings, to the great joy of the faithful, and much to the astonishment of "the rest of mankind" then and there assembled. M— rose first, and having made a general confession of his unworthiness, and in conclusion, that he had always intended to be an honest man, but if he had wronged any one, he was willing to make full restitution. B— followed, speaking in pretty much the same manner.—G— arose next, and spoke of his sins and wickedness in quite as strong terms as the others had done; but coming to the restitution clause, he remarked, with a caution characteristic of himself, "If there is any man, that I have defrauded, shall be most happy to settle down and talk it over with him!"

SHORT dresses will prove very in convenient to a lady who travels much by railroad as she must under the circumstances, invariably miss her *train!*

THE habit of resolving without a reason for so doing, is a very bad one. It weakens the mind, and gradually unseats the natural connection between thought and deed.

THE DANGER OF GRANT'S DEFEAT, AND HOW TO AVERT IT.

BY HORACE GREELY.

Our friends seem to be almost everywhere resting in the conviction that Gen. Grant cannot possibly be beaten. This is at once untrue and perilous. He not only can, but will be beaten, unless the Republicans work with more energy and efficiency than they have thus far done. Indiana is the only doubtful State which seems to be contested by them with adequate zeal and industry. I trust that Ohio cannot be lost; but if there be no revival on our side, the ballot-boxes will close on the night of the October State election with at least 10,000 more Republican than Democratic votes unpolled. Perhaps we can stand that disparity, and perhaps not. It is not safe to take the risk.

So of Pennsylvania. We were heavily cheated there last October; we are likely to be worse cheated now. Her election laws are tolerably good; but the judges in strong Democratic districts set them at defiance, taking all the votes that are offered—especially the bad ones.—They will cheat us at least 10,000 in October. We can beat them still, if Republican vote is polled. But will they be? Will Allegheny give her 10,000, Lancaster her 6,000, and others in proportion? Will Berks, Northampton, Monroe, Columbia, &c., give no more than their legal majority against us? I hope, but fear.

Now let us suppose that the enemies of human rights should—no matter by what means—carry Pennsylvania and Ohio in October, winning likewise some local triumphs in othe States; what then? Shall we not then see the very men who now shrink effort, on the plea that Grant cannot be beaten, lying down in inaction because (they will say) he is already beaten, and cannot possibly be elected? How swift will be their transition from blind presumption to cowardly despair!

The States are entitled to choose 317 electors, whereof 159 are a majority. There should be no doubt of Gen. Grant's carrying at least these:

Maine	7	Michigan	8
New Hampshire	5	Wisconsin	8
Massachusetts	12	Minnesota	4
Rhode Island	4	Iowa	6
Vermont	5	Missouri	11
West Virginia	5	Kansas	3
Ohio	21	Tennessee	10
Indiana	13	North Carolina	9
Illinois	16	South Carolina	6
Louisiana	6		
Total			159

Here are just votes enough to elect, with regard to which there should be no doubt. But Ohio and West Virginia are desperately contested; and, while we have most voters in each, our adversaries seem for the present to have the best workers. And, while Wade Hampton boldly proclaims that every black who works for a "Democrat!" must give his vote to Seymour and Blair, or be deprived of work, bread and home, how can we feel sure that any rebel State will vote for Grant? We know right well that thirty thousand majority of the legal voters of South Carolina will hope and pray that Grant may be elected; but twenty thousand of these may be constrained to vote for Seymour, or not to vote at all. So of other rebel States. We cannot rely on one of them till the votes shall have been polled and the results declared.

Men and brethren! We must carry Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania for Grant and Colfax. With these—or even half of them—there could be no mistake as to the result. Without at least two of them, all is in doubt. We can carry every one of them, except possibly New Jersey, if we begin at once and resolutely try.

But what is it to do our best? I answer:

1. Form a Grant Club at once in every township, with an independent working organization in each election district.

2. Get the name of every Grant and Colfax voter in that district, and have him a member of the club if possible.

3. Next record the name of every other voter in said district, with every one entitled to become or be made a voter before November 3d.

4. See that every one who will read Republican papers is provided with at least one good one.

5. Make arrangements that will render the polling of an illegal vote in that district morally impossible.

6. Take care that—no matter what may be the weather—every Grant voter in that district shall be at the poll before noon of election day, and shall vote as early as may be.

7. Look out for the undecided or wavering that they vote with us, so far as may be.

Friends! such is the meaning of work. Are you already about it?—*Independent.*

SOUTHERN ORATORS.—The *Citizen* comes out frankly on the orators of the South, and says:

"If there is a man among our Southern friends who heartily desires the restoration of the Union, and fraternal feeling between the North and South, let him say so now, or forever after hold his peace. We have heard from Wade Hampton, Toombs, Cobb, Wise, and Semmes, and do not like to accept them as the sole exponents of Southern ideas. What is wanted is a prominent rebel so far converted and enlightened that he looks upon the lost cause as actually lost, and not capable of resuscitation. Perhaps our peculiar assistants at the South do not care to succeed in the approaching election. Unlucky or some other high sounding quality with which you at the North are not supposed to have so adequate acquaintance may interfere. Perhaps they will not accept terms from Northern mendicants; in that case their conduct is the best possible. They cannot carry the South, and do not care to have us carry the North.

"Southern rebels need a Northern man to represent them. Northern men need a Northern man to represent them. The South is sick of Democrats who in the heat of fighting talk like Christians, recently spoke of those who had been brought up in the Lord's nurture. The Boston Commonwealth says: 'The best thing he has got on this week was a dirty shirt.'

"AN editor, sneering at the stupidity of a political opponent, says: 'The best thing he has got on this week was a dirty shirt.'

"IF the devil wants to be happy he must not want anything till you have got it, and then be saving of it.

WOULD MR. BLAIR BE A SAFE PRESIDENT.

In the canvas preceding the last Presidential election the public character and opinions of the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency were thoroughly discussed. Mr. Pendleton's votes, opinions and political associations became, in the public mind, of great importance; and that for the reason that most men, even among the democrats, knew General McClellan, the candidate on the same ticket for the Presidency, to be a weak man, of no well-defined or strongly held opinions, who would inevitably be the tool of stronger men if he were elected, and over whom a man like Pendleton would exercise a controlling influence.

No doubt this belief had much to do with the overwhelming defeat which befell the ticket. People who believed McClellan to be harmless and right-minded, feared Pendleton Voters who had no fault to find with McClellan's letter of acceptance, yet saw that the more positive opinions of Pendleton would rule the councils of so weak a man as his principal.

Is not precisely the same danger before the country now, in case of the election of Seymour? Mr. Seymour is, as every body knows, a plausible and well-meaning, but very weak man. Left alone, he might do little harm. Indeed, it may be said that he would try, if he were independent, to please everybody.

But with Blair behind him; with Blair ready to take his place if he should fall ill, or die, as other Presidents have died, the case would be different: and the shrewd southern poloticians, having constructed a platform directly antagonistic to Mr. Seymour's expressed opinions, did not hesitate to accept him—failing to carry Pendleton—when they were able