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.

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JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Cards.

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 warranted 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 also 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 to 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.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Offers the following Farms, Coal and Timber Lands for sale:
Fine Timber lot, 3 miles from Towanda, containing 53 acres. Price $1,325.
Farm in Asylum, containing 135 acres. Good buildings. Under a fine state of cultivation. Mostly improved. Price $6,000.
Farm in West Burlington—on the Creek.—New house and barn. Under a fine state of cultivation. 95 acres. Price $5,450.
Farms in Franklin. All under good cultivation. Good buildings. For sale cheap.
Several very desirable Houses and Lots in Towanda.
A large tract of Coal Lands in Tioga county.
Towanda, July 18, '67.

MYERSBURG MILLS!
The subscribers having purchased of Mr. Barns his interest in the MYERSBURG MILLS will carry on the business of Milling, and guarantee all work done by them to be of the very best quality.
Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand, for sale at the lowest cash price.
Also now on hand a large quantity of best Ground Cayuga Plaster for sale.
MYER & FROST.
Myersburg, Sept 24, 1868.

LERAYSVILLE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.—Satisfaction guaranteed.—Life size, Large Photograph Cabinet Pictures, Ambrotypes and Card Photographs, in the latest style and at reduced prices. Copying and enlarging done to order. We charge nothing extra for Groups, Babies pictures or Copperheads with long faces.
Call and see our specimens. Our stock of Albums, Frames, etc.
HARNDEN & CO.
LeRaysville, Oct. 22, 1868.

LAKE'S WOOD MILL
Saws twenty-five cords of stove wood, shingle bolts or stave timber, per day. Is driven by one or two horses, are easily moved from place to place, and can in an hours time be set up anywhere. This machine is complete in its self, requiring the assistance of no other power. The horses draw by a sweep, making it much more safe than a tread power. It saws twice as fast, and is sold for one half the price of other mills. We have now in use in Pike Herrick and Orwell Townships, and are giving universal satisfaction. Those wishing machines will apply to H. W. BOLLES, LeRaysville, or to M. BRONSON, Orwell.
Sept. 22, 1868.—3m*

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 Views, 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. 20, '67. P. 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 Beldleman's Block, opposite the Means House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 20, 1867.—3m.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.
J. S. SHIVE, 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.

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

Original Poetry.

(For the Reporter.)

THE FIRESIDE.

BY L. S. DALLAS.

The Fireside! no happier spot
In all the world is found,
Than when warm hearts in friendship knit,
Are fondly gathered round.

What though it blaze beneath a roof
Thatched and decayed by Time,
Whose rude walls speak the mute reproof
To Wealth and Folly's shrine,

Yet if at evening's placid time,
Around that hearth repair
A merry group, with song and wine,
No palace seems so fair!

And yet when basking in its smile
Sweet Fancy lingers o'er
My early home, and brings to view
Its dear fire-side of yore.

O! rosy beamed that pleasant hearth,
And laughed the crackling flame,
As if to mock our childish mirth
When winter evenings came!

Then *nuts* and *jokes* were freely cracked,
Around that circle bright,
And sunny smiles were softly blent
With the witching fire-light.

But ah! those loved ones—where are they?
The hearths' warm glow has died—
But precious *lives* the memory
Of that blessed Fire-side!

The Fire-side! no happier spot
In all the world is found,
Than where warm hearts in friendship knit,
Are fondly gathered round!

Miscellaneous.

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE.

In the exercise of his profession, Eugene Laromie had passed through some wonderful adventures, and been nearer death than most men cared to be. His success in ferreting out and bringing to light crimes of all kinds, had won for him the bitter enmity of all offenders, both political and criminal in the city. They had repeatedly vowed vengeance against him, for they declared that there was no chance of success for them while he remained in Paris. Laromie only laughed at their threats, and kept his wits about him. He declared his readiness to meet them whenever they desired it, provided only they gave him fair play.

This, however, was the last thing they intended doing. They had fired at him frequently without success, and had been equally unsuccessful in their attempts to poison him. They had gotten up mock conspiracies, with the hope of decoying him into their power; but he saw through them in an instant, and only laughed at them for their trouble. Still, they had not abandoned the hope of capturing him, and it was very certain that if they could succeed in doing so, Mr. Laromie's fate was sealed.

One day he was lounging idly near one of the most noted shops of the Palais Royal, when a woman passed by. She was very beautiful, and was richly and tastefully attired.—She was evidently a lady, and one of the most beautiful the detective had ever seen. As she passed, she looked at him with a fixed gaze, and then smiled. Instantly Laromie lifted up his hat and bowed profoundly. When he had raised his eyes again the lady had disappeared. He was annoyed at this for he was anxious to learn more of the beautiful stranger; and from the smile she had given him he knew that she was not adverse to such a course on his part.

Eugene Laromie was a true Frenchman in his love of gallantry; and this was the only thing that ever brought him into any real danger.—Several times he had narrowly escaped death at the hands of jealous husbands; and his friends were confident that if ever he died by violence, a woman would be the cause of it.

During the day he could not help thinking of the beautiful unknown who had fascinated him.

The next morning about the same hour he took his place again at the Palais Royal to watch for her. He was not kept waiting long. She soon appeared, and as she passed him, she again smiled, and this time the smile was accompanied by a bow. Acting upon a sudden impulse, Laromie started forward and placed himself at her side.

He was about to speak to her, when she said hurriedly, in a very low tone—

"Not yet, Monsieur Laromie. We are observed. To-night at the Opera."

"One word, madame," said Laromie, impulsively. "Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

The lady laughed slightly, and then handing him a card, said rather impatiently:

"Go now. I will see you to-night at the Opera."

Laromie bowed low, and drew back, while the lady passed on.—Glancing at the card the lady had given him, he saw witten on it in a delicate hand, Julia DeNoel; but Madame or Mademoiselle, (Mrs. or Miss) the pasteboard did not state, and the detective did not care. He only knew that she was a most beautiful woman and that she had consented to grant him an interview.

"Who knows," muttered Laromie, twitching his moustache absently "what may come of it? She is superb. But how the deuce did she find out my name? Well, it is not strange. Every one in Paris hears of me."

In Paris, when one wishes to learn anything respecting an inhabitant of the great city he can be satisfied by applying to the chief of the police.—To the office of his chief Laromie now bent his steps upon an errand of this kind respecting the lady he had just parted with. In answer to his inquiries, the chief consulted in a ponderous ledger, and after a brief inspection declared that there was no such a person in Paris.

"What is it, Laromie," he asked, "public business or an assignation?"

"Oh, merely a little affair of my own," said Laromie laughing.

"Take care, my friend," said the chief, gravely. "You run great risk in these little affairs of yours. We could not afford to lose you just now."

"Never fear," returned the detective gaily. "I always keep my wits about me."

That night the detective was at the Opera at an early hour. He waited impatiently as the audience came in, and he thought they had never been so slow before. He scanned the boxes and parterre closely, but could see the lady nowhere. As the performance began his attention was attracted by a friend, and he turned to speak to him. As he looked back to the audience, when his friend left him, his heart gave a great bound of delight. The lady was sitting in one of the most retired boxes, radiant in her beauty. She saw him, and nodded smilingly. In an incredibly short time, he was seated by her side, pouring forth his thanks for the happiness she had given him.

In reply to the question, the lady told him she was the widow of a gentleman of good family of great wealth. She said she saw Laromie at various places in the city; and with a blush she confessed that she had become very much interested in him. The rest we have already told.

One of Laromie's weak points was vanity, and here a pretty woman could always strike a successful blow. He had become fascinated with Madame DeNoel; and while he sat with her in the box, the demonstrations of his admiration were so great that the lady had several times to remind him that they might be observed by some of the audience.—When the performance was over, the lady asked him if he would go home with her to supper; and he, overjoyed, consented.

When they reached the residence of Madame DeNoel, the carriage passed in the court-yard and they left it. They entered a dimly lighted hall, and passed into a sumptuously furnished apartment brilliantly illuminated. A footman received Madame, and took charge of the cloak and hood which she laid aside. Laromie afterwards remembered that she looked at the man in a peculiar way as she bade him have supper served as soon as possible; but he thought nothing of it at the time.

Madame seated herself in a luxurious arm chair, and Laromie threw himself on a cushion at her feet. For a long while neither spoke. A strange silence had fallen over them All the while, however, the young man's head rested against the arm of her chair, and one of her hands played carelessly with his hair.

A slight noise in the apartment caused the detective to raise his head. But he could not raise it high enough to see anything. Madame's hand rested on it heavily.

"Bah! it is nothing, my dear friend," she said quickly.

At the same instant he felt himself borne to the floor by an irresistible force, and before he could collect his wits, which he did not have about him this time, he was bound hand and foot and left helpless on the carpet. Glancing up, he saw the room was full of men.

"What does this mean?" he demanded sternly.

"It means, Monsieur Laromie," replied the lady, smiling sweetly, "that you will not sup with me tonight."

Laromie's coolness returned to him, now that it was too late.

"It seems that I have been a very great fool," said he bitterly.

"I agree with you, monsieur," laughed the lady.

"Stand aside," said one of the men, coming forward. "Let me speak with him. Do you know me, monsieur?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Laromie. "You are Frederick Rouler, known to the Government as the president of a socialist club, captain of a barricade, and a general promoter of disorder. These men, I suppose, are your confederates?"

"Precisely so, monsieur. You have been for a long time as anxious to capture us as we have been to secure you. Fortune has favored us this time, and you are our prisoner. Perhaps you would like to know what we intend to do with you?"

"This is a matter of indifference to me," said the detective coolly.

"Your courage is undoubtedly great," said Rouler, "but we must put it to the test. We have decided long ago, monsieur, that you must die. We would carry out the decision to-night, but all of our club are not present. To-morrow night the absent ones will return, and then we shall proceed to inflict our vengeance upon you. Your heart will be cut out out of your living body. May heaven preserve your soul," he added mockingly, "for your earthly part is doomed."

"Do not be too sure of that," exclaimed Laromie indignantly. "I was never born to die by the hands of such cowardly miscreants."

The socialist leader laughed.

"Ah, Monsieur Laromie," he said, sarcastically, "why would you not be warned by your friends? Women will be be the death of you, I fear."

"Who is this woman?" asked the detective, not heeding the taunt.

"Let me answer," said Madame de Noel. "Monsieur Laromie," she added, "I am one who has long owed you a debt of vengeance. Two years ago you arrested a woman named Marguerite. Poisson, charged with murdering a French soldier. She was tried by your courts and condemned to death. That woman was my mother."

"Well," said Laromie, calmly, "she was not executed."

"No," said Madame de Noel, fiercely; "but I owe you no thanks for that. The Emperor banished her to Algeria, to die under the burning sun of that land."

"But the Government subsequently pardoned her, and gave her permission to return to France."

"True; but the pardon was too late. When it reached Algeria my mother was dead. I swore to be revenged on you. I hate you as he who caused my mother's death, and I shall witness your execution with joy."

"What is your name?"

"Madame Desmouline."

"Then you are mistress of the chief of this club. A pretty couple, truly, and a pretty scrape you have got me into! Well then, Madame Julia de Noel, alias Madame Desmouline, if it will afford you any satisfaction, know that instead of causing your mother's death I tried to save her. In the discharge of my duty I arrested her. Although I believed her guilty of the offense charged against her, I pitied her. To oblige me the chief of the secret police interceded with the minister of justice, and procured the change in her sentence, and finally her pardon. If you doubt this, you have simply to apply to the chief of my command, and he will confirm my assertions."

The woman grew pale as death.—Calming her agitation, she turned to Rouler and said, hastily, "Spare him until I find out the truth of this."

"Stop," said the detective, quickly. "I will not allow you to intercede for me. If you would give me my freedom now, I would not accept it from you."

The woman turned away and left the room. Rouler directed two of his men to lift the detective, who was bound so securely as to be helpless, and convey him to the dungeon. The order was obeyed. Rouler led the way, carrying a large lamp, and the rest of the men followed, bearing the detective with them. They passed through the hall, descended a stone staircase to a large cellar, and paused before a heavy closed door. This Rouler opened, and the party passed into the room.

The detective was set down on the floor, and Rouler, elevating the light, said:

"Look around you, Monsieur Laromie. This room is very large and strong. The walls, floor and ceiling are all stone, and there is no outlet save through this heavy doorway by which we have entered. Some years before you became connected with the police of Paris, this building was occupied by one of its principal officers for professional purposes. It is within one quarter of a mile of the Hotel de Ville, so that you are almost within hearing of your friends though powerless to aid you. To-morrow evening at nine o'clock our sentence will be executed upon you. Until then we leave you to your own thoughts, Monsieur Laromie."

The men passed out of the cell, and the heavy door closed. Laromie heard the bolts slide into the hasp, and then all was silent. The dungeon in which he lay was perfectly dark, and he was securely bound so that he could not move a limb.

He had no hope of escape. He was in the hands of his most inveterate enemies, and he could expect no mercy from them. They had long threatened him with vengeance for the injuries he had inflicted upon them by detecting their plots; and now that they had him in their power, he felt sure that they would carry out their diabolical threat Though he was without hope, he was not deserted by his courage.

He was a brave man, and he resolved to meet his fate with fortitude. Still he cursed his folly bitterly, and was almost-though not quite—ready to swear that if he could escape this time, he would not look at another woman.

He had been in the cell little over an hour when he heard a noise as if part of the floor was being moved.—He listened intently. The sound continued to be heard.

Then some one spoke his name in a whisper. "Laromie! are you here?" asked a voice. "Yes," said the detective; "but who in the fiend's name are you?"

The voice repeated the watchword of the secret police; and then Laromie was conscious of the presence of another person in the cell.

"Reguard, is it you?" asked Laromie, who recognized the voice as one of his fellow detectives. "How did you get in here?"

Reguard drew back the shade of a dark lantern, and showed Laromie a square opening in the floor.

"Through that hole," he replied. "But stay! let me commence at the beginning. What you said to the chief about your little affair made him anxious for your safety. He set me to watch you so that we might assist you if you got into trouble. I followed you to the opera, and rode behind the carriage which brought you here. The name of the lady, which you recollect you gave to the chief, did not correspond with that of the woman who resides here. I reported your presence to the chief.—It seems that they once used this building for Government purposes. There are secret passages leading from this prison chamber to the upper part of the house. He is well acquainted with them, having used them years ago. The secret was never imparted to any one out of the employ of state, and no one else could have discovered it. The chief instructed me how to use this passage, and directed me to gain admittance to the house by means of it and learn what I could concerning you. I had no idea of finding you here. Tell me what is the meaning of your being here in this way?"

"First cut these cords and I will," said Laromie.

He was soon free from his bonds after which he related all that had happened to him.

"A plan suggests itself to me," he added. He quickly explained to his companion the design which had at that instant presented itself to his mind. Reguard shook his head.—"It involves great risk," he added gravely. "It may be fatal to you."

"Nevertheless," said Laromie, "I shall try it. First show me how to escape from this place, in case I find such a step necessary, and then do as I tell you."

Reguard showed him how to work the opening in the floor, and then arranged the cords so that it would seem that Laromie was still bound by them; but fixed them in such a way that he could free himself at a moment's warning.

He left his lantern and some matches with Laromie, and then, entering the secret passage, closing the opening after him and Laromie was alone once more.

He placed himself over the stone and then fell asleep. The next day passed away slowly, and the night came at last.

Precisely at nine o'clock Laromie heard the door of his cell unlocked. It swung open and Rouelier appeared bearing a large lamp. As he entered the room the light suddenly went out.

"Let us close the door and stop the draft, and then we'll light the lamp again, I have matches."

In response to this summons, about thirty men entered the room and the door was closed.

"Monsieur Laromie," exclaimed Roulier, "are you here?"

"To be sure I am," replied the detective. "How could I get away?"

"True," muttered the socialist.—"Now for a light."

At that moment the lamp was dashed from his hand by a blow.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed quickly.

"It means," exclaimed Laromie, in a loud voice, "that you are all my pris ners!"

As he spoke the room was lit up by the glare of a dozen lanterns from which the dark slides were drawn suddenly back, and the astonished socialists found themselves in the presence of forty strong and well armed *gens d'armes*. The *denouement* was so sudden and startling that they could not speak at first.—The police were prompt, and secured their prisoners before they had recovered from their surprise. "Well, Monsieur Roulier," said the detective, smiling, "the tables have been turned this time."

The socialist glared at him, and muttered between his teeth:

"You must be in league with the devil."

"Perhaps I am," said Laromie, with a laugh. "At all events, Monsieur, I was not ready to have my heart cut out."

The prisoners were conducted to the upper part of the house, so that they did not learn the secret of the subterranean passage by which the police had entered the cell, and to the last regarded their presence there as a piece of diabolism on Laromie's part. The woman who ensnared the detective was also arrested.

As he passed her, Laromie said, sarcastically, "I hope you will have a pleasant visit to Algeria."

She lowered her eyes and replied in a low tone, "I deserve this Monsieur, for betraying my mother's only friend."

The prisoners, being old offenders, were all convicted, and transported to the penal colony.

The story soon became known throught Paris, and the old house in which the detective had been, became an object of great curiosity to the citizens. The prisoners themselves, however never learned the solution of the mystery. If they ever return to France, perhaps they may hear it.

A SHEEP STORY.

Once on a time, there lived in good old Connecticut a certain deacon of a church, who made a great profession of religion—always attended church on the Sabbath day—never smiled or uttered a jest, or allowed trifling or vain conversation in his presence—and who invariably, morning and evening, repeated his prayers in presence of his family; alw ys leaning heavily over the back of a chair in one particular corner of the kitchen, with his face towards the cellar-door, which fastened, as was usual in the good old times, with a hook affixed to a staple in the door, and falling into another in the door-post.

Now, with his outward piety, the deacon was a hard man and an exacting master. He said that he required only what was right; but then you know, he was his own judge in all matters, and never allowed trial by jury. His poor wife lived and moved in deadly fear of his reprimand, and his children never dared to laugh or speak above a whisper in his presence. With his hired men he was exacting to the last degree—requiring them to toil without any intermission from sunrise to noon, when he allowed the men an hour to dine and rest—just an hour, to the minute; and woe to Mrs. Deacon if the dinner was not on the table precisely at twelve, as in that case the men had to "stand round and wait." From one they were obliged to work till six, and if one lost an hour it was deducted from his wages. Of course, his hired men hated him, and embraced every opportunity of defrauding and deriding him, and played little tricks upon him.

Now, the deacon had a fine flock of sheep, and the "patriarch of the flock" was a big lusty, fun-loving old fellow, always willing to try the hardness of his head with any and every opponent. The "boys" had taught him to attack any object towards which they pointed significantly, and so made for themselves a world of amusement at his expense.

Well, it so happened that the deacon had been unusually morose and exacting one day—had reprimanded the hired men, lectured his wife, scolded his girls, and given the boys a taste of the rawhide, and finally assembled the family "to prayers." It was in haying time, and the hour for prayer, which was eight o'clock came just at early twilight.

The deacon had just got earnestly engaged, when one of the hired men perceived the old ram looking inquisitively in at the door, with a wonderful devout knowing air. Some evil genius put the mischief into the man's head, and he beckoned the ram to him, and just as the deacon was calling most fervently upon his Master, pointed him out to the old beligerent, as an object of attack. The brute gave a knowing wink, fixed his head with the great curling horns, and rushed on with the impetuosity and force of his namesake—the battering ram—struck the stooping deacon square in the rear, driving him violently against the door, the hook of which sprung from its staple, and down jumped the deacon astride of his chair, while the ram threw an elegant somersault and went down after him. There was a terrible clattering down the stairs, with the crashing of the chair, which broke in its descent, and a heavy concussion of man and beast at the bottom of the cellar.

NASBY.

Mr Nasby from his Quiet Retreat at the Corners, Addresses an Epistle to Gen. Grant, in Which he Suggests Many Things.

POST OFFIS, CORNERS X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky)
Nov. 10, 1868.

To Ulysses S. Grant, General, and President Elect:

SIR: The eleckshun is o'er! The die is cast, uv wich die Dimocrisy hev the most uv it. Frankly we admit that we are beaten. I studied the eleckshun returns carefully, and I hev come to that conclusion. Hed we carried Ohio, Pennsylvania, Injiany, Illinoiy, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Californy, and hed Virginny, Texas, and Mississippi bin allowed to vote, the result would hev bin different But we didn't, therefore we submit. We mite resist, but, ez we hevn't the strength to do it, we bow cheerfully to the will uv the people, and recognize you ez our Chief Magistrate, in place of A. Johnson, decest.

Now the question wich agita'es us is wat do you intend to do? That's wat I want to know, and that's wat Deekin Pogram, Capt. McPelter and Isaaker Gavitt is demandin in thunder tones. Wat do you intend to do? Are yoo a goin to adopt the merciless policy uv the extreme Radikels, or are yoo goin to adopt a consilitory policy?

I presume that you don't understand the situation in the South. I also presoom that shood yoo visit the corners yoo ould find here two classes of people, whose tastes, habits, inclinachens and interests vary wide ly. On the one hand are the original Kentuckians, uv wich Bascom, Deekin Pogram, Capt. McPelter, and Issaker Gavitt, are brite and shinin specimens, and on the other there is Pollock, the Illinoy store-keeper, Joe Bigler, who was a Confederit sojer, but who has backslid into Ablishinism, 10 or 20 families uv Northerners who have bought land hereabouts, and the niggers wich were freed by Linkin and the Constooshnel Amendment.

These two antagonistic elements are perpetually at war, and the result is a chronic onpleasantnis wich hez seriously retarded the growth uv this seckshun. The fault is uv coarse with Pollock, Bigler, the Northern farmers, and the niggers. The original Kentuckians desire peace—they long, hunger and thirst for it. But those other cuses won't let us hev it. The Northern farmers wood come here and buy land and continyooly irritate us with their presence; they won't adopt our habits and customs, but persist in keepin up their own, and ez we know 'em to be Republikins, the site uv one on our streets perdooces a species of frenzy on our citizens wich hez at times resulted seriously to them. They hold prayer meetins at each others houses, they take Northern noospapers, wich wood pizen the minds uv our people but for the blessed fact that they don't read to any alarmin extent, and they hev established schools among the nigger children, and are teechin them to be above the speer to wich nacher and our theology assined 'em. Bascom told me that they hed never spent four dollars all told at his bar. How kin he live in peece with sich? The niggers won't work for us onless we pay 'em, and the result is our farms are running down. But little is perdosed by us, and the old original Kentucky stock is gettin to be as seedy a set as yoor eyes ever rested onto.

Now, in regard to us, wot are yoo a goin to do? Are you a goin to protect us or them? Are yoo goin to bring your power to bear on their side or ourn? Is Deekin Pogram's niggers to be protected in their insolent refoosal to submit to his guidance and direction, or are they to be left to him to be dealt with as he chooses? Is the citizens uv the Corners to hev the rite, wich is theirs, to chastise these beings in their own way—to redoos om to their nateral level ez they see fit, or are they to be hampered by soljers and sich, and be forced to the hoomiliashen uv seein em ekul in all respects? In short, shel we under yoor administrashun, hev the right to hang niggers and tar and feather northern settlers ez we hev bin doin, or not? That's the question wich our people asks, and on yoor anser depends the support uv you. The Corners is open to proposals. The Corners can be sekoored to yoor administrashen, or it kin be driven into an attitude uv defiance.

It hez bin sed that yoo are a sphinx. Wat a sphinx is I don't know, nor is ther any one in the Corners who does. But it must be suthin ojus or yoo woodent hev bin so called. The great question is, "are yoo a goin to continyoo in the groove into wich yoo hev sot yoorself, or are you agoin to flop out, and fling yoorself into our arms? That's the question that's agitatin me and the Corners ez well.

Ef I remember aright, the concloodin sentence uv yoor letter uv acceptance wuz, "let us hev peece!" I want peece, and so duz the Corners. How is this peece to be attained? Easy enuff. Let Deekin Pogram hev his niggers to manage and control in his own way, and he'll be at peece. Continyoo Elder Pennibacker—who hez a distillery—in the offices of whiskey inspector, Assessor and Collector uv Internal Revenoo, wich he now holds, and he'll continyoo at peece. Yoo kin thus pacify these classes. Don't say that these other classes mite object? Possibly they wood. It's the objection that hez made all the trouble thus far. Hed they not objected, all wood hev bin at peece now. The niggers, like the eel, hev bin yoost to bein skinned, and more uv it won't hurt em. But think uv that old man Deekin Pogram! Look at his gray hair, his furrowed cheeks, and his totterin steps! is he to be forced in his old age to stane his hands with labor for the necessary sustenance, wich sence Bascom quit trustin kin only be got with cash? Is niggers to wear the better clothes than me? Shel Issaker Gavett, who wuz never yoost to work, be brot to it in the flower of his yooth?

We don't ask you to interfere in our behalf—we only ask you to be at peece yoorself, and keep hands off. Sheathe the sword, and let us have peace. Withdraw everything in the shape of sojery—stick to the Presidency and nothing else, and we will take care uv the rest.

There are other things which you must do to restore happiness and peace to their distracted country.—There can be no peace so long az the Blairs are out uv offis. The Blairs must hev places. A government without a Blair into it is not legal.—Linkin failed to command the respect uv the Blairs, and where is Linkin? Johnson let the Blairs go, and what an Awful Example is he? Don't be afraid that they won't take offis under you. They ain't pertickeler—they'd as oon run yoor administration ez anybody's. You can git the support uv the Blairs! That boon is within your reach. And likewise you can git others which is just es necessary. Steedman is waitin. Rosso is waitin. Fuller is waitin. Ross, uv Kansas, and Doolittle—in fact, all that noble army uv marters wich followed the politikel forchoons uv A. Johnson stand ready to support you, on condition that you support them. Take them, U S. Grant—take them Don't despise my advice. Think uv havin the Blair family knockin at yoor door for four years! End it now and forever.

For myself it isn't necessary to speek. I am almost at the end uv a eventful life. Disappointment hez done its work, and in a little while I shel go hence. I am a victim uv irregular habits—wunst when in a Abilishen basteel I wuz deprived uv likker for ten days, and wunst by mistake I swallowed camphine for whisky. My constitootion wuz then undermined. I hev but a few years more at best and it don't matter I drag them out. But if my pathway to the toomb coold be smoothed by a continyooance in the Postoffice at the Corners, it wood be a favor wich I shood appreciate. I shood then be at peece. Likewise wood Bascom at whose bar I hev an uniliquidated account, and the citizens, all uv whom hold my notes of hand for small amounts, be at peece in the soothin hope uv getting suthin at some futcher day. I ekko poor sentiment—let us hev peece. I hev indicated how it kin be done—will yoo follow that path or not? It's for you to choose.

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

THE DUELLO.

The following details of the duel between Andrew Jackson and Mr. Dickerson were related by Dr. James Overton, an old resident of Tennessee, recently deceased. Gen. Jackson was never communicative upon the subject of this duel, and the doctor related it as he heard it from his own uncle, Gen. Thomas Overton, a neighbor and bosom friend, as well as second in this affair, of Old Hickory.

Gen. Jackson and Dickerson's father-in-law, named Erwin, had some misunderstanding, probably about horses and horse racing. The son-in-law (Dickerson) undertook to resent the affront. He, already a good shot, repaired to Natchez, and spent there six months, his chief employment being practice with a pistol. Returning to Nashville, Dickerson despatched one of his friends to Jackson, with a letter extremely abusive of the General, and reflecting on the virtue of his beloved wife.

The messenger stated that if the General would not reply with a challenge, the letter would be published in the newspapers. The challenge was sent Col. Archibald Overton, who was a brother to the relator of these particulars, and who at that time studied law in Gen. Jackson's office, saw the letter of instruction given to the General's second, Gen. Overton. It concluded in these words: "Accept no apology; nothing but his blood will satisfy me."

Time and place were appointed, and the affair, it seems, was well known in Nashville; for, among other facts to give it publicly, Dicherson offered $500 as a bet that he would kill his antagonist. Jackson's family had no knowledge whatever of the affair. On the appointed day, Gen. Jackson and Overton, without saying a word or creating any suspicion about the aim of their journey, started for the rendezvous. Dickerson and his second, Dr. Cattal, were not on the ground, and they waited a considerable time before they arrived.—Gen. Overton, who was as imperious as Cæsar, and as stormy as a tempest, walked up to receive them: "Gentlemen, why did you let us wait so long; or is it your manners to let old men wait for young ones?"

His policy was to confuse Dickerson, but he could not succeed. "Dickerson was one of the bravest of men, and his handling of the pistol the most skilful I have ever seen," were the words of Gen. Overton, which assertion, coming from one who passed through the seven years of the Revolution without a furlough, and who, on account of the unjust attack upon his friend, forever hated the man, goes far to establish the unquestionable bravery of Jackson's opponent.

The next policy of Gen. Overton was to gain the power of giving the word, and the third to extract Dickerson's fire. To guard against Gen. Jackson's firing to soon, it was agreed that his double spring pistol should not be sprung.

Gen. Overton threw up—who, according to his own acknowledgment, could at pleasure turn up head or tail. The lot of giving command naturally fell upon him, and he ordered the two antagonists to their respective pegs. The terms were: "To stand with hands down and arms close to the body, until the word fire." While in expectation for the word, Gen. Overton saw, or imagined that Dickerson, who seemed very anxious to fire, moved his right arm; whereupon he stepped up to him, took hold of both his arms, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed: "Mr. Dickerson, keep your arms still, sir, and remember the terms of the duel!" Then he quickly gave the word Dickerson fired, and Gen. Overton knew his principal was wounded, because he saw the dust fly from his coat. Jackson, after aiming, instantly cried out, "General, I cannot spring my pistol!" Whereupon the latter, more vehement than ever, turned upon him with "Spring your trigger, G—d d—n it!" Jackson did so, and Dickerson was shot dead.

Many years after, Dr. Overton asked his uncle, Gen. Overton, whether Dickerson really moved his arm, or he only imagined it moved? The old man, upon his word of honor, declared that he could not tell. "And why did you use such language toward Gen. Jackson?" The answer of the old soldier was that, according to personal experience, a wounded man does not for a few seconds feel his hurt so much as to disable him to master his actions; but if these few seconds pass by, the chance of retaliation is over. He wanted, with his storming, to awaken all of Jackson's energies.

A few years before Gen. Jackson's death, Dr. Overton happened to ride with him in his buggy from Tyree Springs to Nashville. On the road they were conversing about this duel with Dickerson, and the old hero uncovered his bosom to show the wound received in the encounter. "Why, General, it seems to me you must have stood very badly to receive such a wound," remarked the doctor. The old man became silent, and did not recur any more to the subject.

ALCHOLIC STIMULANTS AND ATHELETIC ACHIEVEMENTS.

Rev. Theo L. Cuyler, of New York, has written to Weston, the pedestrian, to ask his experience as to the effect of alcoholic stimulants on those who aim at athletic achievements. In reply to this Mr. Weston gives a most emphatic response that the use of intoxicating liquors is not only unnecessary but wholly injurious while in the performance of any task requiring strength and nerve. The moment, he says, a man partakes of such stimulants, at such a time, he ceases to work upon his own strength of manhood, and is simply using a false power built upon a medicine. It may help him for the moment, but the effect is of short duration, and then he is worse than before. It not only weakens his body, but his nerve, and takes away his will; and that is not all