Bradford Reporter.

EDITORS:
E. O. GOODRICH, S. W. ALVORD.

Towanda, Pa., Thursday, Oct. 21, 1875.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
GEN. JOHN F. HARTRANFT,
Of Montgomery.
FOR STATE TREASURER,
HENRY RAWLE,
Of Erie County.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SHERIFF,
ANDREW J. LAYTON,
Of Litchfield.
FOR PROTHONOTARY,
CAPT. BENJAMIN M. PECK,
Of Towanda Borough.
FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
CEPHAS E. ANDRUS,
Of Canton Borough.
FOR TREASURER,
MAJ. J. C. ROBINSON,
Of Ridgbury.
FOR COMMISSIONERS,
CAPT. GEORGE W. KILMER,
Of Asylum.
MORRIS J. COOLBAUGH,
Of Wysox.
FOR AUDITORS,
DANVERSE BOURNE,
Of West Burlington.
J. R. BRASTED,
Of Wells.
FOR CORONER,
D. B. WALKER,
Of Ulster.

Republican Mass Meetings.

Republican Meetings will be held at the following places, on the dates indicated. The meetings will be addressed by able speakers, whose names will be announced on posters previous to the day of each meeting:

THURSDAY EVENING, Oct. 21.
Herrick, Ballyaoy School House.
Warren Center.

FRIDAY EVENING, Oct. 22.
West Franklin.
Ghent.
Standing Stone.
Litchfield.
Centerville, Ridgbury twp.
Green's Landing, Athens twp.

SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 23
Sheshequin.

MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 25.
Burlington Boro.
Towner Hill.
Tuscarora.

TUESDAY EVENING, Oct. 26.
West Burlington.
Neath.
Overton.
Potterville.
Springfield Center.
Ulster.
Wilmot.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Oct. 27
Sylvania.
South Creek.
West Granville.

THURSDAY EVENING, Oct. 28.
Austinville.
Herrickville.
Wyalusing.
LeRoy.
Cardwell School House, Springfield twp.

FRIDAY EVENING, Oct. 29.
Granville Center.
Welles.
Grover.

SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 30.
Bentley Creek.
Wysox.
M. E. Church near Stones LeRoy.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 1st.
Barclay.

BE CAREFUL

To examine your tickets before depositing them in the ballot-box. Every species of trickery will be resorted to by the Democrats in order to secure votes for STORRS and CHUBBUCK.

IT IS not an agreeable task for us to point out the faults of others, as we are conscious of our own imperfections, and realize as keenly as any the truth of the maxim, "To err is human;" but when men ask for public support, and base their claims on certain specific acts or virtues, it is only justice to the people that they should be informed whether their claims are founded in fact. Mr. CHUBBUCK demands a re-election to the office of Register and Recorder because he has been honest and adhered strictly to the fee-bill in his charges. If his claim is true, he has only done his duty—the fact that some of his predecessors had taken illegal fees did not justify him in following the example. *But we charge, and defy Mr.* CHUBBUCK *to disprove the allegation, that he has taken illegal fees during the whole of his term.*

By his own admission he charges $1.55 for appointment of guardian. *The fee bill allows but one dollar.*

For final accounts, &c., Mr. CHUBBUCK invariably charges $9.50. *The fee bill only allows him for the services performed $7.50.* As an evidence that Mr. CHUBBUCK has not done this ignorantly, we are informed that for the first day or two he charged but $7.50, and that he *now* adheres to the fee bill again.

On deeds he has charged illegal fees on two out of every three he has ever recorded.

We do not ask readers to rely upon our allegations in this matter, but ask them to examine the records. We charge, furthermore, that Mr. CHUBBUCK has been for years cognizant of the fact that illegal fees were taken in the Register's Office, and that he said to gentlemen in Orwell, previous to the Republican Convention, that "the party could not afford to leave him off the ticket, because if they did he would divulge matters in connection with that office, which would be kept secret if he succeeded."

We make these statements not willingly, but out of honest convictions of duty. As Mr. CHUBBUCK stated in his letter recently published in the REPORTER, "the issue has been forced upon us," and if Mr. C. finds his real character exposed to public view, and suffers thereby, he will have no one to reproach but himself. He has deliberately chosen to place himself in opposition to the party which has honored him with office for nine years, and has maliciously traduced his opponent, who is, in point of ability, moral character and real worth, the equal of Mr. CHUBBUCK; and if we in refuting his dishonorable attacks upon a brave soldier and the party have used plain words, we have no apology to offer.

THE MASK OFF.

As we have several times intimated, the *Journal* has all along displayed decided Democratic tendencies. One indication was an article just after the election last fall, when the Republican ticket was defeated; this independent (?) journal said, "We told you so. The Republican party has been taught a lesson by this defeat; it will know hereafter that honest men must be nominated,"—or language to this effect. Such language sounded a little strange to those who knew that both the senior and junior of the *Journal* had favored the nomination and election of Hon. B. LAPORTE. But we were charitable enough to think the article referred to the result in the country generally, and that the *Journal* editor had paid more attention to the diatribes of his Democratic exchanges than personal knowledge. On sundry occasions since, the columns of the *Journal* have quite clearly indicated that the early political education and teachings of the senior were not entirely ignored, although they have for years been denied, especially when that gentleman has sought political advancement from the Republican party. And now the thin mask is thrown aside, and the *Journal* of last week comes boldly to the defense of the Democratic ticket. It sees nothing but calumny and detraction in the opposition to STORRS, but has not a single word of rebuke or condemnation of the black and calumnious falsehoods STORRS and his friends are retailing all over the county against Mr. LAYTON, or the base misrepresentations of our brave soldier candidate by Mr. CHUBBUCK. If the *Journal* were honestly what it professes—independent and unbiased,—it would hardly advocate the election of so bitter a partisan as Mr. STORRS. We believe the paper would have had more real friends had it to come out manfully and advocated the Democratic party and principles from the beginning, instead of spending its energies in the negative effort of breaking up the Republican party.

"I DON'T want it, I don't want it, but you may put it in my hood," is an old Russian proverb, which exactly illustrates the position of STORRS before the Democratic Convention. He was continually asserting in public that he did not want the nomination for Sheriff, but (secretly) was intriguing for it for months. Several worthy gentlemen in the Democratic party would have been pleased to receive the nomination, and Mr. STORRS encouraged them by positive assurance that he was not an aspirant but he expects W. H. RUSSELL, and other men whom he so shamefully deceived, to support him, notwithstanding his oft-repeated declaration that he had money enough without.

MR. CHUBBUCK's pretensions to honesty in the discharge of his official duty, reminds us very much of the old darkey who experienced religion and was very zealous in recommending his colored fellow-citizens to follow his example. "Kase," said the colored proselyte, "'ligun is such a great shield against temptation. It saved me todder night." "How so?" inquired the sable listener. "Well, you see, I went into BROWN's store and was tempted to take a pair of nine-dollar boots, but I jes' lef' 'em, and only stole a pair of common two-dollar shoes!"

So Mr. CHUBBUCK, while he has not taken as large fees as he charges upon his predecessors, admits taking the smaller amounts.

WE KNOW that many of the Republican subscribers to the *Journal* will feel aggrieved while perusing the paper during the present campaign. Its covert advocacy of the Democratic party, and open attacks upon prominent members of the Republican organization, are weekly becoming more apparent. We have no disposition to dictate or interfere with the conduct of the paper, but in the name of honesty and fair dealing, we do protest against the *Journal*'s sailing under false colors—professing to be non-partisan, and at the same time insidiously laboring to create distrust and disssension among Republicans in the *professed* interest of reform.

IF MR. CHUBBUCK intended to accept the Prohibition nomination, why did he not (like Mr. ROCKWELL) do so at the time? Instead of coming out manfully he skulked, and left the matter of manipulating the committee to his clerk. The ward in which Mr. CHUBBUCK lives was not represented in the Temperance Convention, and he lacked the courage to either act or allow his clerk to do so in that capacity. And yet he has the impudence to report that the junior editor of the REPORTER is not a temperance man.

MR. TURNER, editor of the *Journal*, and OTIS J. CHUBBUCK both participated in the Republican caucus in the Third Ward of this borough, and both voted for the LAYTON delegates. It may be the province of an independent voter to aid in the nomination of a ticket and then vote against it, but to us such a proceeding appears very unfair.

WE HAVE the best of authority for stating that a Republican of Rome township, who is electioneering for Mr. STORRS, reports to his relatives that he has been promised a Deputyship if the Democratic candidate is elected. He isn't the only man who has been promised the same position by Mr. STORRS.

DID MR. CHUBBUCK accept the Prohibition nomination prior to his endorsement by the Democrats?

ONEROUS TAXES.

PIOLLET's great hobby while haranguing the people is "onerous taxation," and the great injustice done the farming community in compelling them to pay exhorbitant taxes. It may be of interest to the people who are not acquainted with the old demagogue to know something of his circumstances, and how much of the "great burthen" he bears. PIOLLET and his brother are assessed with 1644 acres of land; 1 brick store, 1 saw-mill, 36 cows, 15 horses and 6 oxen. The land is mostly under the best state of cultivation; the store is a large brick structure, and the cattle are the best breeds. Their whole property is assessed at $24,000, upon which they pay *four mills*, or *ninety-six dollars*, for county and State purposes. *A quarter of a million* is a low estimate of the real value of their property, and yet PIOLLET has the effrontery to go about the country complaining of the tax-ridden farmers. During the war, when an income tax was deemed necessary in order to raise means to carry on the war, and lighten the burthen of the poor, the PIOLLETS, with all their property, paid *five dollars*, and that only occurred by a little miscalculation on the part of PIOLLET, and a thorough understanding of the law by the officer, Deputy-Assessor FARBER. The PIOLLETS had made their figures in this wise: The receipts of the farm exceeded the expenses just one hundred dollars, while the debit column of the store account showed a balance of just the same amount. (Singular coincidence.) But the faithful revenue officer informed the wily PIOLLET that his calculation was not well made, and that the farm and store were two distinct branches of business, and each must stand by itself, so the firm were compelled to contribute *five dollars* toward supporting the government in its hour of trial. And now comes the sequal. While PIOLLET professed to have no income during the war, he managed to save enough to purchase several thousand dollars of railroad stock, and put by enough cash to build a forty thousand dollar mansion and furnish it elaborately, from the *wine cellar* to the garret. These are facts which we presume the honest(?) old granger forgets to mention, while descanting on the rough fare and plain apparel, of the toiling farmer. Were one of the honest, hard-fisted grangers who listen with so much interest to PIOLLET's honeyed words, to visit him in the interim of a political campaign, instead of the working farmer, he would find himself in the presence of a most arrant autocrat, before whom the modest laborer must bow as abjectly as a slave.

MANLY WORDS.

An acquaintance of President WHITE of Cornell University, residing in this place, wrote that gentleman inviting him to be present at the Republican mass meeting here on Tuesday evening last. In declining the invitation, on account of pressing business engagements, the Professor took occasion to indite the following manly and patriotic sentiment:

CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
PRESIDENT'S ROOM,
ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR: Accept my thanks for your kind invitation, and with my thanks my regrets that it is utterly impossible for me to take part in any political campaign at present. Both my duties here and the present state of my voice, oblige me to decline all invitations to speak in large halls, or in the open air.

But I assure you that I am none the less doubly interested in your approaching election. No political contests within my memory seem to me more important than the two elections this year in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The choice seems fairly and squarely put before us between the same long course of financial folly that has disgraced and crippled several other countries on the one hand, and upright dealing, leading through some exertion and sacrifice to lasting prosperity and an honored place among the great nations of the world, on the other.

You are certainly fighting the battle of right against wrong, and light against darkness. With you are the vast majority of the thoughtful men of this and other countries: you are fighting the battle not for capitalists alone, but still more for the poor man against financial tricksters and speculators, the laboring man being always the main sufferer from a currency of a doubtful value. Although I do not agree in most things with HORATIO SEYMOUR, of this State, I think he showed himself a statesman when he said: "Of all the machinery for robbing the laboring man, an inflated currency is the worst." * * * Very truly yours,

A. D. WHITE.

L. ELSBREE, Esq.,

"IN THE interest of labor," hypocritically writes the editor of the *Journal* as an apology for advocating the election of STORRS, while *professing* to be a Republican. Mr. STORRS is a gentleman of large means, realized mostly from successtul business ventures, while his opponent is a poor man, who has always toiled with his hands, and who has been more than generous to his neighbors and friends. Mr. STORRS knows but little of the hardships and privations incideent to manual labor; it has been his good fortune, rather, to reap the profits of other men's toil. Mr. LAYTON, with his own hands, has felled the forests, tilled the land, and garnered the crops. Which deserves the most encouragement from the laboring men? We do not depreciate the worth of intellectual labor or businezs enterprise, but it is sheer demagogism for the *Journal* editor to pretend that his attempt to defeat the Republican party is made "in the interest of labor." The *Journal* does not deny that Mr. LAYTON is a worthy, intelligent and capable gentleman, whose claim to the sympathy and support of laboring men is founded in genuine merit.

THE people of the county who have been bored by Mr. STORRS' oily tongue, have made up their minds that he is the chap BILL SHAKESPEARE referred to when he spoke of the man "who could say more in a minute than he could stand to in five."

WHAT ARE THE ISSUES?

"Old issues are dead," say the Democrats, and forthwith endeavor to put the Republican party on the defensive, by charging corruption in the National and State Administrations. This base slander needs no denial before the intelligent readers of this country. The Republican party has a record for honesty and unswerving integrity which has no parallel in the annals of any nation. Coming into power at a time when through the mismanagement and profligacy of the Democratic party the treasury was depleted, the credit of the Nation destroyed, and the navy scattered to the four winds; the Departments filled with disloyal men, and treason stalking abroad all over the land, culminating in open rebellion on the part of the large portion of the Democratic party. Did ever a party come into power under more unfavorable circumstances? For four years the Southern States fought to overthrow the government, while their Northern allies of the Democratic party afforded them aid and comfort by throwing every embarrassment in the way of a successful prosecution of the war for the Union; and yet, under all these unfavorable circumstances, the rebellion was conquered, the credit of the government sustained, and the Nation set forward on a course of prosperity unequaled in any epoch in our history. All this has been accomplished under Republican rule. That dishonest men have held positions, we do not deny; but we assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that no party has ever been so faithful in punishing corrupt officials of its political creed as the Republican party. It is a matter of history that under the old Democratic regime, corrupt officers were the rule and not the exception, and who ever heard of a dishonest Democratic official being brought to justice by his own party?

The Democratic papers and orators persistently charge that there is a large defalcation in our State Treasury, entirely ignoring the fact *that their Democratic Auditor General has stated, under oath, that the accounts of the State Treasurer are all correct.* But we did not intend to pay any attention to these silly charges made aginst our Republican rulers, because we know that the people of this county are intelligent, and know their falsity.

THEN AND NOW.

In the last Congress, while the amended National Currency Bill was under consideration in the House of Representatives, the following amendment was offered:

> "That from and after the 4th of July, in the year 1876, nothing but gold and silver coin of the United State shall be legal tender for the payment of any debts thereafter contracted."

Here—to quote the language of the Eric platform—was a "further contraction proposed, with a view to the forced resumption of specie payments." It will be interesting to see how this proposition was regarded and what action was taken on it by the Democratic members from Pennsylvania. Consulting the Congressional Record, we find that not a single Democrat lifted up his voice against this measure, and that, with the exception of Mr. Storm, who is recorded as not voting, the Democratic delegation from Pennsylvania voted solidly in its favor. But the Republican House rejected the amendment; the only Republican member from Pennsylvania who voted for it being Mr. Scofield.

And now we have the diverting spectacle of Messrs. Randall, Clymer, and Speer,—Democratic Congressmen who voted for the foregoing amendment,—leading the Convention at Erie and complaining of "the further contraction proposed by the Republican party, with a view to the forced resumption of specie payments."

TRUE TO DEMOCRATIC INSTINCTS.

Why should there be a new issue of greenbacks? Perhaps the true motive in the minds of such old-time Democrats as Allen, Wallace, Pershing, Voorhes, Piollet, Pendleton & Co., lies in the fact that it would be a deliberate violation of the pledge made in the Act of Congress of June 30, 1864, that "the total amount of United States notes, (greenbacks,) issued, or to be issued, should never exceed $400,000,000."

In the past, these men, and their deluded followers, have sworn themselves ready to violate any pledges, or principles, the application and consummation of which would prove disadvantageous to their party and They were the eager traffickers, with their pro-Southern associates, before rebellion began, in the violation of compromises; in the passage of infamous laws to belittle the free sentiments of the North; and in murderous efforts to force slavery into and over free territories. They were, when rebellion began, and red-handed war progressed, the more or less ooragеous allies of the rebel in arms. *Then*, they opposed the issuance of greenbacks, as a war measure, knowing that to defeat the policy was to cripple the army in the field. After rebellion was defeated, they impeded maliciously, and not as bold and brave statesmen, every step taken to prevent, by the creation of republican institutions, the posibility of a new one ever occuring. They are true to their worst selves, when they seek again to destroy our credit.

VOTE THE WHOLE TICKET.

No conscientious Republican will scratch a single name on our ticket. Our candidates are all excellent men, worthy the hearty and unanimous support of all Republicans. Let us give them an old-fashioned majority.

"THE MOUNTAIN LABORED AND BROUGHT FORTH A MOUSE."

Mr. Storrs has finally found himself in such straits that, he has put his story in a very much modified form, into an affidavit. It will be seen however that the statement does not in the least affect Mr. Layton. It only purports to be the report of several consultations between Storrs and William Griffis, and if entirely true, in no manner whatever affects Mr. Layton, or any other candidate on the Republican ticket. But it strikes us that according to his own version of the matter, Storrs is as "deep in the mud as Griffis is in the mire." Because he confesses to having several conversations with Griffis in regard to "political affairs," and putting the most charitable construction upon the matter, when it is taken into account that Storrs was himself an aspirant for the office, it does not place him in a very enviable position.

Mr. Storrs, however, is contradicted in every material point by Mr. Griffis, who is corroborated by John F. Sanderson. Which is to be believed the public must judge. The fact, however, that Storrs actually gave Griffis money, as the latter swears, for the purpose of procuring his influence to defeat the Republican party, seems undeniable. Griffis says no note was demanded for the $250 until after the Republican Convention and nomination of Layton. In addition to Mr. Griffis' affidavit, we will next week publish affidavits of Mr. Smith and Mr. Layton, that, so far as they are concerned, there is not an iota of truth in Storrs' story (?). As to the credibility of Storrs and Griffis, the public must judge. From their affidavits, it is evident one or the other has sworn falsely. There are indications, which we shall more fully develop next week, which go far toward corroborating Mr. Griffis. But admitting, for argument sake, that Griffis really said all to Storrs which the affidavit sets forth, no one is weak enough to believe that he had authority to speak for the persons referred to, or influence to control the action of the Repbblican Convention.

Mr. Layton in his frank and manly letter published last week, solemnly denies all the charges made by Storrs, so far as they relate to himself, and his reputation for truth and veracity has never been questioned Taking any view we may, then, Mr. Storrs stands convicted of traducing the character of his opponant in the reports he has so industriously circulated through the county, during the past month, *as he has entirely failed in his affidavit to implicate* Mr. Layton in the transaction he refers to:

William Griffis came to my house Saturday, Apr. 3d, 1875, and remained all night. In conversation he spoke of his financial condition; did not know what he was to do in the future to raise money to meet his obligations. I asked him why he did not come forward and take the second nomination for Sheriff and make money enough to pay his liabilities; I had held conversation with him previous to this about his asking for the nomination again. He replied to me that Monroe Smith had been nominated and elected the second time against the will of the people, and retaining Perry VanFleet as his deputy, had killed all his prospects for re-election. We had considerable convarsation on this subject.

Griffis said that Monroe Smith and himself did not expect any more office from the Republican party; that Smith himself expected to make some money out of the nominations next fall; that they were going to control the nominations and make some money; that *no man* would be nominated for Sheriff unless he could make $1,000 out of it, and Monroe Smith wanted to make $2,500; and if any nominations were made unless through them the candidate would need their assistance before he was elected; I asked why Smith should get more than him; Griffis said he was "rafted" deeper; he said they did not know who the man would be, but when they found the man who would agree to pay to them the above amount, and the matter was put in shape, then they would go to work and secure his nomination.

On the 30th of last April William Griffis came to my house and stayed all night again. During our conversation at that time the subject of nominating Sheriff was brought up; he said they had agreed to nominate A. J. Layton; I asked him who A. J. Layton was, and he said he lived in Litchfield; I asked him if they had made the agreement as he had talked to me, and he replied "that matter is all understood and we intend to nominate nim.

On August 1st, William Griffis, wife and daughter came to my house and took dinner. At this time Mr. Griffis told me that he felt very confident that Layton would be nominated. I told him I thought Layton was the weakest man they could put in the field. He thought he could be nominate and elected:

On Monday, the 30th of August, I went to Towanda; this was the day of the Temperance Convention; that evening at 8 o'clock, I was at the Means House; John F. Sanderson, Esq., a son-in-law of William Griffis, came to me and wished me to go to his office, saying he had important business with me; I said it is impossible for me to go with you, for I have a business matter to attend that will take me about an hour; he said I have important business with you; I said just step into this room, pointing to a room adjoining the hall; he said it was important for me to go to the office; I said, John, I have got to go home to-night; it is late and I have no time to go with you, but will call at your office to-morrow morning; he said that will not answer; I went up stairs with some gentlemen and was there about an hour; when I came down, John F. Sanderson was sitting in the office; he came to me and said you must go to my office on importrnt business. I went with him to his office; he said, when we got to the office, I have no business with you, but sit down and wait till I go to the Ward House and get William Griffis; he wants an interview with you. There was no light burning, but the the light from the gas post on the opposite street corner reflected upon the windows and made light enough so I could discern objects; Mr. Sanderson went out of the room for a few minutes and returned with Mr. Griffis; I said: Will there ain't much light here; he said light enough for our business; Mr. Griffis took a chair and sat down by the side of me, and said they had been very busy this afternoon and evening, in shaping the nominations to be made to-morrow.

He said Monroe Smith weakened this afternoon but I have stiffened him up, and the nomination will be made to-morrow, and the nomination will be made to-morrow at the turn of *that* hand, and Andrew Layton will be nominated, but I have a question to ask you: Do you wish or intend to come into the field as a candidate for Sheriff? If you do, I will not make the proposition; I said I do not propose or wish to come into the field as a candidate; he then said if *you people* will leave the field open and make no nomination for Sheriff, I will come in as an independent candidate, and I feel sure that sufficient Republicans will vote for me to elect me, providing you men will vote for me. If you and your party will do this I will bring five hundred Republicans to vote your State ticket, which *will make a thousand difference in the election*; I said I object to enter into any arrangement of that kind; that I would do anything for you as a friend, or assist you pecuniarily, but our delegates will probably come to our convention uninstructed, and if we should attempt any thing of that kind they will say we have a new Ring started in Towanda. He then asked me to go to Col. Means, Jos. Powell, W. W. Kingsbury, and that class of men and prepose to them what could be added to their State ticket if they would leave the office of Sheriff open; I objected to do this, but told him he could do so if he wished. I asked, will you place in nomination any man that may be named for Sheriff to-morrow and then turn in to defeat him? He said I will any one that may be named but one, and that is Andrew Layton; I said in the event that Andrew Layton shall be nominated, what will you do? He says I tell you the nomination will be made to-morrow at the turn of the hand, and we will defeat Layton's nomination; then nominate the weakest man that may be named for Sheriff, and make *my* election sure; he then said if I go in as an independent candidate I shall loose some by it; we are to have from $7,000 to $10,000, in this county for this campaign, the parties in power are to have this to distribute, and if I am an independent candidate none of that will come into my hands; I said you have made arrangements and agreed to nominate Andrew J. Layton, and you had better go on and carry out your agreement to nominate him; he said, we will unless you leave the field open for me to run for Sheriff.

I will further state that a report has reached me that Mr. William C. Griffis represents that some arrangement was entered into between himself and me, in relation to which he was to procure one or two certain men to be nominated for Sheriff by the Republican Convention, and that Mr. Griffis claimed I gave him my check, dated 2nd August, 1875, on the National Bank, Towanda, for $250 as an installment on such arrangement, which I pronounce a pure fabrication, and without any foundation in truth, except that Mr. Griffis came to me and desired to borrow *some* money of me to meet an urgent demand; I told Mr. Griffis I had not the money to spare at that time, but as he urged it I did draw my check for him at said Bank for $250, simply to do him a favor as a friend, for which I took his judgment note for that amount on interest at six months, which note I still hold against Mr. Griffis, and have the same in my pocket.

BRADFORD COUNTY, SS.

Personally appeared before the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace at Towanda, Pa., in and for the said County. William R. Storrs, who being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say the foregoing statements are true and correct, as occurred in a conversation between me and William Griffis as therein stated.

WM. R. TORRS.

Swarn and subscriber defore me this 19th day of October, A. D. 1875.

W. J. YOUNG, J. P.

MR. GRIFFIS' LETTER.

Towanda, Pa., Oct. 20, 1875.

Editor Reporter: Having noticed in the *Argus* a letter purporting to have been written by Wm. R. Storrs, in regard to certain alleged conversations between him and me, I deem it but justice to myself to say that every material allegation contained in that letter is false, except as stated below. True it is I visited his house during the past season,—as he and his family have visited at mine,—and true it is also that I had a conversation with him on Sunday, August 1, last. In that conversation, he asked me if he could not afford to pay me $2,000 if I could get Monroe Smith to keep quiet this fall, and keep quiet myself. I replied I was not "rafted" deep enough; that Smith was a strong Republican, and would be for whoever was nominated. He said: "I can get Lon. Thomas to help you work at Smith." I told him I did n't believe he could. True it is also that at the same time, he asked me, "Can I not afford to pay you $500, if you get one of two men nominated?"—neither of whom was Mr. Layton. I told him I could not do it.

True it is also that he loaned me $250 before the nominations had been made, but refused to take my note at that time. After the nominations he asked me for the note, and I gave it. When he gave me the money, I offered him my note.

I dont know what occurred between Sanderson and Storrs at the Means House. The account which Storrs gives of the conversation at Sanderson's office is in many respects untrue; in that he charges me with making statements which he made himself. Following his gift in that respect, he did most of the talking. I did not say I could control the nominations to be made the next day. The most I gathered from the loose talk upon that occasion, was, that while he was protesting his intention not to be a candidate, he was doing all his power to be the Democratic nominee for Sheriff. I may have done some talking for the purpose of seeing what Storrs was driving at. I had heard he was talking all over that he wouldn't be a candidate—couldn't afford it—wouldn't have the office. In fact he said that night, "Bill you and I are getting old, we should give our attention to our families, it's the annoyance of the thing I dread." I coalesed, but couldn't see the reason. I am sure Bill went away thinking I wanted to be a candidate. And I went away knowing he would be one.

WILLIAM GRIFFIS.

P. S. When I spoke of not being "rafted" deep enough, I didn't refer to the raft sold at Little York, and he *knew* I didn't.

W. G.

Bradford County, S. S.

Personally came before the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for said county, Wm. Griffis, who being duly sworn, says that the facts set forth in his letter to Bradford Reporter, in answer to the affidavit of Wm. R. Storrs, Democratic candidate for Sheriff, are true and correct.

Wm. Griffis.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 20th day of October, 1875.

W. J. Youngs, J. P.

THE GRAND RALLY IN TOWANDA.

The Republican rally in this place on Tuesday last, was a success in every respect. The number of people in attendance was not so great as on some former occasions, but the Court House was densely packed both afternoon and evening by an intelligent, appreciative audience, who listened to the able speakers with almost breathless interest. The meeting was organized by the election of Gen. H. J. Madill as President. The entrance of Gov. Hartranft met with deafening applause from the assembled multitude. His speech was received in a manner which must have satisfied him that the people of Bradford county were prepared on the 2nd Tuesday of November to again say to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant." The Governor was followed by Hon. G. A. Grow, who spoke at considerable length with his old-time eloquence and vigor. His effort was one of the ablest ever listened to in this section, and elicited frequent and hearty rounds of applause.

In the evening the Court House was again crowded with ladies and gentlemen. The Governor made a short address, and was followed by H. W. Palmer in a speech of great power and eloquence. Mr. P. is one of the most effective speakers in the country, and handles the political questions of the day in a manner to carry conviction to unprejudiced minds. Hon. W. W. Ketchum was next introduced, and spoke for over an hour. He contrasted the two parties and candidates, showing conclusively that the interests of the country demand the continuation in power of the Republican party. His speech was attentively listened to and heartily applauded.

The Naiad Band furnished most excellent music, and serenaded the Governor and Mr. Grow during the afternoon at the Ward House.

We learn that the Prohibitionists have nominated a very excellent young man named Lewis for Sheriff. We can hardly believe, however, that Mr. L. will accept the empty honor, or rather dishonor, of aiding the rum Democracy; for every intelligent voter is well aware that the only result of the Prohibitory movement is to give aid and comfort to the party admitted on all hands to be deadly hostile to the temperance cause, which we know Mr. Lewis and a large circle of relatives have at heart.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the fourteenth amendment to the constitution does not confer the right to vote upon women in the States. The case came before the court on an appeal taken in the case of Virginia L. Minor and Francis Minor, her husband, vs. Reese Happersett, from the decision of the Superior Court of the State of Missouri in favor of the defendant. The decision was read by Chief Justice Waite.

A Joke.—The Democratic Committee are posting in the southern part of the State large bills containing a representation of Piollet in the act of holding a plow and driving a pair of oxen. The Colonel's hands have not touched a plow in the past thirty years. To be sure, he sometimes makes "rail fence" when returning to his home from town; but otherwise, his farming is done by proxy.

REMEMBER!

Fellow-Republicans, that we have a wily, unscroupulous foe to contend with. Let us therefore be on our guard, and see that no advantage is taken of us. Two or three active, intelligent men should remain at each voting place in the county during the entire day of election, and prevent any trickery or fraud.

HARTRANFT AND TEMPERANCE.

The article published by us, a few days since, detailing the actual relations of the Republican party to the Temperance question, has stirred a number of honest-minded temperance people to the careful consideration of the subject. They see that it is entirely possible to be right in principle, but to erroneously apply the principle, because of lack of full or accurate information. One such communicates to us that he had pledged himself to work for Brown, but that he is "under conviction" and wishes two questions solved. 1. Should he not vote for the *professed* temperance ticket; 2. How can we satisfactorily explain Governor Hartranft's course, in signing the repeal of the Local Option law.—We will try to explicitly answer these questions.

1. We think it wise to work and vote for temperance, in a way likely to produce practical and favorable results, rather than merely follow the leading of professed but mistaken temperance men. If it be true that the Republican party has given the Commonwealth all the temperance legislation it has had, and that it has been generally faithful to this idea, and it has been further true that the Democratic party has been hostile to temperance; and if the effect of voting the Prohibition ticket is merely to help the Democratic and injure the Republican party, is not a vote for Mr. Browne practically a vote for Rum; and would not a vote for the Republican party be in the interest of temperance? We can see but one answer to this, and that, a vote for Mr. Browne, while not so intended, will really go to the liquor interest.

We subjoin the following extract from the New York *Christian Advocate*, the official organ of the M. E. Church in this country, as bearing directly on this question:

"Last of all, among the political factors of the times, comes the temperance question. A portion of the very best of our citizens have judged it expedient to make the prohibition of the liquor traffic their sole governing idea in disposing of their suffrages; and as neither of the chief parties come up to their standard, they have drawn off from both, and set up for themselves. Of course there is no rational hope that they can succeed in electing their candidates; and, therefore, the immediate result of their action is to withdraw from the election a part of the best moral and political elements of the community.

"When a party recognizes the fact that it contains a considerable temperance element, its platform and its nominations will be made with respect to that element; but if that is withdrawn and arrayed in opposition, then, since that vote is hopelessly alienated, policy may incline it to favor the anti-temperance element. But these good people seem to have made up their minds that no bread is better that a half loaf, and so that available somewhat is to be sacrificed for an idea. And here, again, the Republican party seems likely to be the loser, since nearly every prohibitionists is drawn out of that party, and, of course, its aggregate vote is diminished just to the extent that the third party shall swell its vote. The Democratic party has the confidence of the free liquor men, and will receive their undivided vote, and every temperance vote is equal to half a vote for the same party; the Republican party has not the favor of that portion of the temperance men, and will not receive their support."

2. We hold that Governor Hartranft could do nothing else than sign the bill repealing the Local Option Law. We preferred that he should not do it, but we fully recognize the compulsion that caused him to give his signature. The Governor is merely the Executive of the will of the people; and the will of the people in this country, is sure to become the law of the land. For a Governor to set up his will against a Legislature which clearly represents the views of the people, is to assume arbitrary power, which would not, for a moment be submitted to. The Lower House of last winter's Legislature was elected on the temperance issue. Some of the men elected by the aid of the temperance people, and whose names were on their tickets, voted for the new law on its final passage. In twenty-five of the forty-one Local Option counties, men were elected to the Legislature, in the interest of the repeal of the Local Option law.—What then? The popular branch of the Legislature repealed Local Option by a two-third vote, and urgently demanded its perfection into law. The Senate modified the substitute as far as possible, and the bill thus passed went to the Governor, as the views of a Legislature, the branch of which had come from the people, elected on this express issue. We hold, as do all lawyers and persons versed in the requirements of Government, that under the circumstances, the Governor had no option but to sign the bill.

The only question that can be raised, as an offset to this, is the fact that he vetoed special legislation This was done under the operation of the same rule. No one will pretend that any Legislature was ever elected to consumate special legislation. On the contrary, popular sentiment was strongly against it, and when Governor Hartranft entered upon the Gubernatorial office, the people were preparing for a Costutional Convention, the chief object of which was to utterly prohibit special legislation. The Governor, in this respected the will of the people, and at once vetoed all objectionable special legislation, and cut down the evil to very small limits. This was done, as will be seen, under this identical rule that required him to sign the repeal of Local Option. Our temperance people should remember that their interests are far more safe in the hands of a party which has always respected them, and of a Governor who respects the popular will, than of any person the Democratic party can put forward.—*Pittsburg Gazette*

The Republican meeting held at Smith & White Hall, Tuesday eve'g was attended by a large and attentive audience. A. J. Conklin was called upon to preside. The meeting being formally organized Capt. B. M. Peck, took the stand, and proceeded in his happy and vigorous manner to discuss the currency question as the important issue of the day. His arguments were pointed and convincing, containing a weight of truth that commanded the serious attention af all present. He was followed by Hon. Wm. T. Davies in a speech of remarkable ability and effect. He reviewed, searchingly, the character, qualifications, history and claims of the several candidates asking for the suffrages of the people. He paid befitting regards to the loyality, sacrifices and the claims of the nominees of the Republican party in this county, and urged with feeling, the justice to all and the welfare of the country to stand solid by the party and men that carried our nation safely and victoriously through its troubles. He was listened to with an earnestness that proved the effect made upon his hearers. We look upon this meeting as productive of much good.—*Canton Sentinel.*

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

EDITOR REPORTER; The firmness and stick-to-itiveness manifested by the Third party men of this State in throwing away Republican votes on Browne, and the apparent satisfaction with which the Democrats look upon the movement, may be strikingly illustrated by the following story:

A Democratic farmer living in the Susquehanna Valley, below Towanda, owned a little, scrawny, cantankerous, cadaverous bull, that could not be kept inside of any lot ever fenced in Pennsylvania. One day, just after the railroad was built, Mr. Bull broke out of his pasture and ran for the railroad. The old Democrat saw the tip end of his tail disappear over the fence, and "put" for him double-quick. Just as he reached the railroad along came a train at full speed, and there stood his bull on the track, with his head down and tail up, ready for a fight with the locomotive. The farmer swung his hat and shouted at the top of his voice, "Go it, Bully; I admire your pluck, but despise your judgment."

The Democrats are pleased with this movement of the Third party men, and encourage them to stand firm and vote for principles. While they admire their pluck they despise their judgment, as the farmer did that of the brave bull. Their defeat is certain, and they will find themselves after election situated about like the bull after the train had passed. R.

* * *

V. E. PIOLLET, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* In a recent issue of the REPORTER I observed a communication from Mrs. MILLER stating that you had properly adjusted her claim against you. Thinking that perhaps this would be an auspicious time to have *my* claim against you also adjusted, I take this method of informing you that whenever you shall pay me the balance you have owed me since 1857, *for labor* performed for you in the *Bradford Times* office, I will receipt it as publicly as has Mrs. MILLER; whilst your character for honesty and integrity will be considerably higher in the estimation of at least one voter. CHARLES H. ALLEN.

Towanda, Oct. 20, 1875.

* * *

ED. REPORTER—*Dear Sir:* In conversation with O. J. CHUBBUCK, some two weeks previous to the Republican Convention, three years ago, I asked him who he preferred for Sheriff. He replied that, from the nature of his situation, he did not think it advisable to express himself upon that matter, but he said that he should oppose MONROE SMITH to the bitter end, even though he lost his own nomination and election in consequence.

S. G. ROCKWELL.

Orwell, Oct. 16, 1875.

* * *

EDITOR REPORTER: You know, Mr. Editor, that at best doubtful things are mighty uncertain: and this was exemplified here last week, as it often is during a political campaign. The very Rev. Hon. George was billed for this place last Wednesday eve., to enlighten the people as to what they must do to serve the country; but when the time came he failed to put in an appearance. Perhaps visions of the time when he was honored and respected in our own little village, and could "sway the listening multitudes, as breezes sway the beds of osiers," rose up in his mind, and like Banquo's ghost, disturbed him so much that he dare not come; but be that as it may, he did not come. But in his place came two very disinterested men in the persons of Mr. Chubbuck and "Col." Storrs, who had come along as a sort of chinking; so as the great wind instrument could not perform, the two second fiddles had to do all the playing.

Mr. Chubbuck led off by telling us what an honest man *he* was; how much he was to be commended for simply doing what his sworn duty was (and we had to take his word for that); and how everybody else was tools of some ring or other, and were only waiting for a chance to rob and spoil defenseless women and children, and much more of the same sort: but he failed to explain how he come to be so very exemplary, when he went into the office three years ago by the help of this same ring, or why, knowing what a set of vampires they were, he was so anxious to secure the nomination at their hands this fall, and only denounced them when he found he could not succeed. No, sir, Mr. Chubbuck; your story is entirely too thin; for we can see through it, and you, too. If you had denounced wrong and dishonesty in the past when first discovered, and had not tried so hard to continue in office by their help, we should have stood by you and voted for you, but now we can't see it.

"Col." Storrs next turned up his instrument. He did not come to make a speech—in fact, never made one in his life; but he just happened in the place, and just happened into the meeting, &c. In fact, the whole performance was quite a series of mishaps all the way through, but at the earnest request of the audience, &c., &c., he would speak his piece for our benefit. He did not believe in talking about his neighbors, and thought it a highly reprehensible practice, but he was compelled, in self-defense, to do it; and then he proceeded with the same tune he has played so much, and with which we are already too familiar.

The next day the "Col." spent in riding around town, interviewing voters, especially Republicans, inducing them to vote for him, but how he succeeded election day will tell. VERITAS.

Rome, Pa., Oct. 18, 1875.

* * *

"THE ONLY TRUE PRESS IN THE COUNTY."

A newspaper that boasts of having shaken off the trammels of party, and claims to have attained a higher atmosphere of thought and vision, ought not to call names so lustily; and make spiteful faces through the fence, at the unfortunate men upon whom devolves the responsibility and direction of such mundane and secular business, as goes to make legislative and govenrmental affairs.

If by tested ability, and close application to matters of state, they come in time to be looked to as leaders, it does not strike us as particularly becoming in the conductors of a liberal press, and one assuming so conscientious a regard for the "feelings of neighbors and friends" to make a regular weekly onset at what they style the "Ring;" as if they were a band of unscrupulous conspirators.

We notice however that free thinkers in politics, are as unreliable as freethinkers in religion. Their system is usually negative and disorganising, rather than reformatory. Thus, the same political writer that two or three weeks since, in the Towanda *Journal*, warned Bradford county voters out of the arena of political discussion, and away from the assemblages where men rally each other to fuller resolve and larger movement, on those vital principles that underlie national life, hastens into the discussion of public men and public measures with a tone of authority as provokingly amusing as that which clings about the skirts of the papal infallibility, whereby we infer that this worthy sheet is quite willing to give shape and tone to the politics of this righteous people.

In last weeks issue after hurrying down the three ticketed column with qualified praise of Hartranft, and despite the writers holy horror of "political hacks," he rushes into a spasm of admiration for Storrs, that sets the whole throng of "smart school teachers," and "beardless lawyers" agape with wonder at a method so marvellously suggestive of a triple mouthed capacity for "loaves and fishes.

The *Journal* has ceatainly imbibed the local democratic passion for rich men, for a more unscrupulous political huckster than Wm. R. Storrs, never peddled his marketable smiles through the constituency of Bradford County. He is thrifty. He absorbs gain as a sponge does moisture. It may be a little barron about him, but he isn't poor like the opposing candidate, and having improved his ten talents, according to the logic of the Bradford *Argus*, and the sympathetic *Journal*, he ought to have more. He is handled scientifically by the "untrammeled" organ: He serves as a fine text for some private views on labor, that would apply to no sheriff that has ever done service in the County. He has always managed to get well paid for his labor. He has a peculiar way of going into speculation that pay's. He will make the office of sheriff pay as it has never paid before. And the *Journal* says "Amen!" It gives him a proportion quite heroic. Emancipation Lincoln was no circumstance to him; Woolen socked Franklin was shabby in comparison. Even the "Editor of a newspaper" that isn't "partisan," is small fry in his commercial presence, while the gentle Piollet, with all his christian graces dwindle into insignificance at his approach.

The *Journal* looses itself in a transport of admiration, and falls into danger of running the county ticket ahead of the State. It has a fatal facility for going astray generally, which is probably due to its reverence for men, rather than the principles men are called to represent. All the aching bosoms and yearning bowells that fall off ungorged from the Republican body, come to it, claiming sweet fellowship, and the privilege of growling at the "Ring."

It is dismal with the howl of ambition, and gloomy prophecy, and is gradually identifying itself with every agency that has in view the severing of unity in Republican action. Not a sorehead at the heels of the Republican ranks, but takes heart at the keenness with which it seeks for flaws in the local and govermental fabric, and not a sharp visaged democrat but that rejoices at the eagerness with which it sharpens its wedges and drives them in at the joints of the body politic. From such indications we make bold to infer that the Lord has not laid the task of political regeneration upon "the only Free Press in the County."

Towanda, Oct. 17th.

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A WOMAN'S VIEWS OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Politics that did not Pay, and Politicians that do Pay—Different Kinds of Candidates—The Democracy Arisen—Rag Money Plenty—Why Bill Storrs Must be Sheriff—He Will Save the Country—Noble Peddler and Brave Raftist.

I never had any high idea of politics for a steady diet, no more than I do of boiled dinner three times a day, but I have been converted this fall. Mr. REPORTER, if you have half as much curiosity as most men, you will like to know the particulars.

Firstly, let me inform you that my husband, Thomas Jefferson Jones, and I, his wife (Ann Maria Jones), live on a small farm several miles from any railroad or town, where we are never disturbed by "the busy hum of multitudes yet to be," as the poet says. Of course we have visits from agents for sewing machines, patent stove handles, soft soap, books, organs, apple trees and the like. When the leaves begin to fall and chestnuts to ripen, then the candidates for office come swarming around us like the "army worm." Just as sure as I get my sleeves rolled up and my hands in the dough mixing bread, or am steaming over the hot suds, and the boiler is running over on my newly-blacked stove, there comes a "rapping and a tapping" at my door. I look for a knot hole to crawl through, but finally smooth down my hair, shake the flour off my apron, and open the door. Oh, how meak and innocent they mostly look. Generally the first remark tells the story: "What a fine situation you have here!" and if any of the boys peak around the corner of the house, they observe: "What intelligent, sprightly children are these; do they belong to you, my dear Madame?" I know, then, that it is all up with that day's work. Thomas Jefferson has to sit and whittle and talk, and talk and whittle, while I get dinner for that candidate. I used to hate the sight of a politician, but that was when I was in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of ignorance. Now I dote on 'em. I will tell you how I came to change my mind, a thing that women so seldom do.

Last fall's occurrences are a sample of our experience during political campaigns for several years. One of our neighbors, a Mr. Simpson, wanted the office of Road Commissioner, or path master, as some call it. Well, he came to Thomas Jefferson and asked for his support, saying he would make it all right. If I do say it, my man never does anything by the halves, so he left off his fall plowing and let the corn go unhusked and the potatoes undug, and pitched into the political canvass with all his might. You better believe that I had my hands full, what with picking up apples, husking corn, drying pumpkins, digging potatoes, fattening the hogs, and my little Patrick Henry cutting teeth (we think he will be President, because he is the seventh son), and the other six boys wanting boots for winter. I kept up good courage, however, and baked, boiled, husked, patched and scrubbed, in the blissful hope of that "good time coming," when we should all get our reward for our labors: that is, after election. Jones spent about two months electioneering for Simpson, and when he got the office his wife was so stuck up, do you think she would speak to me! When reminded of his promises, Simpson said that when he butchered we might have the hog's *interiors* to make soap-grease of, and he'd call it square!

Now we see the dawn of better days. Like Micawber, we have waited for something to turn up, and something has turned up at last. The Democracy has gone forth like a roaring lion, seeking whom it may eat up, and when it gets the Republicans all devoured then we are to have greenbacks as plenty as dirt—*and as valuable*. There is no humbug about politics this time. We are going to save the country and ourselves this fall. I will tell you, Mr. REPORTER, how we are going to do it, for I want you to turn Democrat; for don't you see you can make more money that way than by sticking to principles? Principles don't go a great ways in buttering the bread for a big family of growing boys. Well, Bill Storrs is a Democrat, and we are bound to make him Sheriff this fall. He does not want any office—he feels real bad about it—but you understand, that if he is elected we shall save the country and have plenty of rag money. He says so, and he ought to know. You just ought to hear him talk: it is perfectly lovely—he is so kind and fatherly and gushing-like. Our neighbors say that we have got the meanest, homeliest, freckledest lot of harum-scarum young 'uns that ever raised Cain generally; but Mr. Storrs gave each of them a cent's worth of gum, and said it did beat all what fine boys could be raised in the rural districts. He thinks our Ali Mohammed will certainly be Governor some day, and that Napoleon III. (his hair is rather red) is cut out for a great hero. Mr. Storrs shook hands with me and the seven boys when he came and when he went away, and I think he would have given me a "paroxysmal kiss" if Jones hadn't kind o' bridled up and looked fierce-like. It is such a comfort to know that we shall get the reward of our patriotism as soon as election is over. Jones is to be Deputy Sheriff, for Storrs appears to be dreadfully attached to him, and says he wants him to lean on in the hour of trial—that is, when he is elected, for he dreads being made a public spectacle of—he is *so modest*, you know. I can tell you one thing, and that is, you don't catch me working out-doors any more and going bare-footed. I'm going to have a bottle of perfumery and *bang* my hair, and have a new delaine dress with three flounces, a pinned-back overskirt, just like them Towanda big bugs—*slim bugs*, Jones calls 'em,—and a set of dollar jewelry. You may think I'm getting extravagant, but just wait till we have a Democratic Sheriff!

Storrs is a noble son of toil, a great and glorious sweater of the brow (so the *Journal* says), and we want to make him Sheriff because he used to chop wood, and chopping wood is hard work. Besides, he is a Democrat, and will make plenty of paper money, and that will save the country somehow. Then he has peddled, and peddling is a great and lofty thing for a man to do who wants to be sheriff and save his country. He used to work the pump handle, and that is how he came to be so powerfully gifted at shaking hands. He is liberal and munificent, for he once gave a ten-cent scrip to a woman whose husband was sick. He is the poor man's friend and we want to elect him Sheriff, for somehow, though I can't rightly tell, that will be good for the poor man. The *Journal* says he used to raft lumber and run it down the river, but Jones told me the less I said about Storrs' rafts the better—they were *too thin*. Anyway, Storrs ought to be elected Sheriff, because he used to build rafts that were—no, I'm not going to tell: I'll just show Jones that there's *one* woman can keep a secret. The *Journal* says he used to sit up nights and see the fires burn the big hemlocks, and whether he went cooning or not, he ought to be made Sheriff in the interest of labor and have a chance to save the country.

We do not want Mr. Layton, because he has never peddled or run with a circus, or chopped giant oaks that from little acorns grew, or built any rafts that were—no, I'll never tell,—and he is not a Democrat, and will not make rag money to save his country. Mr. Layton did not praise our boys, and he wouldn't give my Thomas Jefferson the price of a pair of pants for his vote. Mr. Storrs says that he is a pusillanimous, fire-eating, still-tongued, dangerous, Republican-principled, anti-ragbaby-currencyist! One thing I do know: he can't be bought or sold: and if he gets to be Sheriff, I shall lose that new dress, Jones will not be Deputy, and Bill Storrs will not have a good chance to save his country.

ANN MARIA JONES.