

voices we soon found that we were in the vicinity of a ferry and a picket station. We could hear conversation all day, and lay quiet until dark, when taking our boat into the centre of the stream we proposed to float quietly past the ferry, but just as we got to it, our boat struck a snag, making a noise which alarmed the sentinel on shore. "Who's in that boat?" came ringing across to us. We made no reply, and after challenging us three times, the alarm was given, and boats put out, going each side of the river down the stream. We could see them by their torches, but they could not see us. We felt that our time was come, but making a desperate effort we released our boat and paddled to the shore, retracing our steps up the river, until we came to the woods, where we put on our "ointment." By this time, both sides of the river were alive with our pursuers, carrying torches and bringing out their dogs. We struck across an open lot to a large cornfield where we concealed ourselves. Our pursuers came near us and all around us. The dogs could not get the trail but would continually return to the place where we landed, and follow our track to the place where we creased up, when they would lose the scent. This was a great puzzle to the rebels, and we could plainly hear their wonders at the unusual conduct of their dogs. Finally they moved away from the vicinity of our hiding place, when we quickly took to our heels, and did not rest until we gained an elevation of ground half a mile from them, where we encamped. We could see them most all night, scouring the country with their torches, and the deep baying of the hounds was anything but pleasant music to us. Finally becoming tired of the pursuit, they gave it up.

The next night we struck off into the country several miles from the river, and for two days traveled as nearly parallel to it as we could.

On the 30th we came to an old plantation which after carefully reconnoitering we found was only inhabited by negroes. We made our situation known to them, and one old darkey took us to his hut and baked us up nine loaves of corn bread, of which, although we were nearly famished, we did not allow ourselves to consume but one of these a day. We paid the darkey \$15 for the bread, five dollars for a double handful of salt, and five dollars for a plug of tobacco. He also gave us directions which way to travel, and told us that the confederate cavalry were around that vicinity with packs of hound, looking for deserters &c. His wife was a white woman, and chowd snuff. He was a free negro, and had charge of the plantation, the owner of which was at the North, with his wife, having made his escape to our lines some time previous.

The next day we discovered a canoe on the opposite shore of the river, and near the plantation. We concluded to swim the river which was very wide, and secure it, having cast lots to see who should make the attempt. While waiting for the evening to cover our undertaking, we were delighted to see the overseer come down to the river and cross over to our side, hitching his skiff within a few feet of our ambush. As soon as he was at a respectable distance we took possession of the skiff and pushed down the river. In this way we traveled for three nights, hiding our boat and ourselves in the daytime.

On the morning of the 3d of November, we found ourselves at the head of the Choctawhatchie bay, and here we expected to have found our gunboats, but in this we were disappointed. Both shores of the bay were lined with an impenetrable swamp, and the water was very rough, so much so that our boat was in danger of being swamped. We pulled our boat into shore, and being entirely out of provisions, we tried to catch some fish. But not a bite could we get. Determined to have some food we started into the country, and by good luck came across a deserted plantation. Not a soul could we find, so we took possession. We soon found a guinea hen, whose days were numbered. We made up a fire in the house, hunted up a Dutch oven and put the fowl roasting. We continued our search and found a barrel of corn, and also a coffee mill. In this we cracked up about a peck of corn and made some Johnny cakes. Famed as we were, this coarse food was delicious. About dark a flock of goats came to the house. We were not long in securing a fine kid, and his carcass was soon roasting before the fire. As soon as he was in any way in an eatable condition we commenced our attacks upon him, and did not desist until we had nearly devoured one third of him. Finding some cotton in the house we strewed it on the floor and for the first time for many months enjoyed sleep beneath a roof. We were so much exhausted by our previous travels that we laid by here two days, when fearing to remain longer, we abandoned our boat and started for Lagrange, once a flourishing town, but now almost deserted. We came in sight of the town, but before reaching it, we came across three contrabands, who informed us that the gunboats were at East Pass, nearly 60 miles distant. We continued our travels and came to a bayou Sunday afternoon, on the banks of which we found a plantation of sweet potatoes. Securing some we went into the woods and built up a roasting fire. It had been raining very hard all day, and we were completely soaked. Drying our clothes, and cooking our potatoes we passed a miserable night in the swamp. The next morning we started to go around the bayou, and had not traveled far before we came plump upon a white man.

He accosted us, and taking us for confederate soldiers entered into conversation with us. We soon found out that in consequence of a visit to his plantation by our gunboats he had taken an oath of neutrality, and cared very little which side prospered, providing he remained undisturbed in the possession of his property. We finally made known our situation to him, and importuned him to assist us. This he said he was afraid to do as the rebel cavalry made frequent visits to his plantation, and if they should find it out, would take summary vengeance upon him. He finally told us of a Union man who lived across the bayou, one Eli Wright, who would, if we could reach his house, afford us protection and assistance, and consented to let his son take us across the bayou in his boat, which was concealed near by, which he did, and we gave him six dollars in greenbacks. About a mile and a half of travel brought us to the house of Mr. Wright. We went boldly into his yard, where we found him at work cooping an old pail. He was nearly 70 years old. Ascending him by his name, we informed him that we were Yankees, fleeing to the Union lines. With tears in his eyes he welcomed us, shaking each one of us by the hand, and saying "God bless you!" He said "I was born a Union man. I have always lived a Union man and by the blessing of God I will die a Union man." Taking us into the house, he introduced us to his wife, who was a singular woman. "Be you surely Union boys? If you are, the best I have in the house shall be yours. I have about a quart of a pound of coffee which I will get, and if you are blamed rebels, I hope it will poison every pecky one of ye!"

We assured her that we were Yankees, and she soon set herself to work to provide us with a good supper, the choicest luxury of which was the coffee. And no wonder, for we had hardly tasted this article since we were taken prisoners. We narrated our adventures to the old couple, who seemed to take as much interest in us as if they had been their own children. Shortly after our meal the old man's son returned home. He had been to a village some twenty miles away, and had learned that rebel cavalry were in that vicinity, and liable to make him a visit at any moment. So the old man hurried us off down to the bayou, where he had a barn filled with corn husks. He furnished us with blankets and we made ourselves safe and comfortable. He told us that he was expecting a visit every day from a Yankee schooner, which frequently communicated between him and the Yankee fleet, and said he would secrete us until it came. He brought us our meals regularly. After laying here four days, the schooner did not come, and the old man began to grow alarmed for our safety and his own. Surrounded by secession neighbors and liable to visits from rebel cavalry, he thought it imprudent to remain longer concealed at his barn. But where to go was the perplexing question. The Union fleet was 65 miles down the bay, and the only practicable means of reaching it was by boat. There was only one in this neighborhood, and this belonged to an old Secech, one Brown, who was so jealous of it that he was in the habit of lying in wait by its side, with his rifle cocked. Besides if we could surprise him in his absence and take his boat, he would retaliate on Mr. Wright, and probably shoot him, as he had often threatened to do. After cogitating on the subject some time, we concluded that the greatest good, for the greatest number, demanded that the old fellow must die, besides we thought it would be only proper punishment for his many sins, and even murders. So armed with a rifle containing a ball and three buck shot, and a musket loaded with 13 balls, we crept cautiously to the place where his boat was concealed. Fortunately for him he was not there. We might have taken the boat, but this would not do, as it would compromise Wright. Again we held a council of war, and decided to take old Brown a prisoner, and make him carry us to the fleet. So at midnight we marched to his house, and entered without knocking, with rifle and musket presented. He was in his shirt sleeves lying on the floor, with a crowd of children around him, but although armed with a revolver and bowie knife, he saw that resistance would be useless. We told him our purpose and offered him the alternative of taking him to the fleet, with the privilege of returning or going with us as a prisoner. At first he demurred and plead all manner of excuses, but finding us firm, put on his coat and went with us to the boat. After we had him fairly under way we put our guns which we had borrowed of Wright on shore. It was about two o'clock when we got under way, and we made directly for the fleet, and arrived at the Gunboat Bloomer, Capt. Cresie, about 11 o'clock the next day. We were welcomed on board by Capt. C. who took us to his cabin, and listened to our story. When he recognized our boatman he exclaimed "You have got the very rascal I want." It seemed that Brown had made himself particularly obnoxious to our officers. At first he was inclined to retain him, but as we had promised him his safety if he took us safely there, Capt. C. gave him some hard tack and let him go.

After staying on board the Gunboat two days, Capt. C. sent us by sloop to Pensacola, where we were hospitably received by the Provost Marshal, Capt. Manufog. Having examined us to his satisfaction he sent us to Gen. Harburt's headquarters, where we were examined very minutely by the General as to our knowledge of the country through which we had passed. We were most pitiable

looking objects. Our clothes were so badly torn that they barely clung to us, and to add to our discomfort we were covered with sand fleas, and vermin. We were supplied with new clothing, and soon made ourselves comfortable.

From Pensacola we were forwarded to the Provost Marshal at New Orleans, who forwarded us to New York.

No one who has never been in a similar situation can imagine the joy we experienced on once more finding ourselves within the Union lines, and once more beneath the protecting folds of the starry flag. Since we made our escape, we had traveled over 800 miles, through the rebel territory, mostly by night, with no compass but the stars, and no chart save a small map of the United States, thro' the swamps of Florida, dependent on the meager food we could steal, for our support. For thirty-five days we were thus exposed to greater hardships than we ever before endured. Nothing sustained us but our longing desire to once more breathe the free air of heaven, and once more greet the dear friends from whom we had so long been separated.

The verdict of 1865.

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut held their State elections prior to Tuesday of last week, and the Union men gained in Congressmen and swept every State.

Pennsylvania elected a Union Auditor General, Surveyor General and about 37 majority on joint ballot in the legislature. The State ticket is chosen by from 15,000 to 20,000 with a very light vote.

In Ohio the vote is very light and the Democratic candidate, Gen. Morgan, being much less objectionable than Vallandigham, the Union majority is reduced to about 30,000. The Democrats made an exhausting effort, and elect as near nothing as possible.

In Iowa the Democrats nominated a General also and endorsed President Johnson, hoping thereby to deceive many Union voters, but they are defeated by from 20,000 to 25,000.

In California there was no State ticket to elect, but two-thirds of the members of the Legislature chosen are Union thus settling another coppery as Senator—Mr. McDougal.

In old Virginia the rebel Democracy have elected several members of Congress, but as they won't get in, its no odds, as Toots would say. No where out of rebellion has Democracy vegetated this year!

There seems to be no limit to the fatality that follows the ambition of the Woodwards. Chief Justice Woodward was defeated for U. S. Senator when regularly nominated and his party in power; was subsequently rejected by the United States Senate when nominated by President Polk as Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and again rejected by the people in 1863 when presented for Governor. Weary of defeats with the father, and desiring in some measure to retrieve his memory, the Democracy of Luzerne, his home, nominated his son Stanley for the Senate this fall, and the people of that strong Democratic county have rejected him by 235 majority, while the rest of the Democratic ticket is elected. Verily the sour grapes which the father has taken has set his children's teeth on edge.

In spite of the most unscrupulous efforts to defeat him, Morton McMichael is chosen Mayor of Philadelphia by over 5,000 majority. Although he has given the best energies of his life to defend the great industrial interests of Philadelphia and the country on all occasions, he was assailed persistently and bitterly as the foe of the laboring classes, and while most of them disregarded these falsehoods, still a few were deluded to vote against their best and ablest friend. It will be a matter of congratulation among the Union men of the State that Mr. McMichael is chosen to the Chief Magistracy of the great emporium of the State. He will discharge the grave duties assigned him with dignity, ability and fidelity, and maintain the high character of Philadelphia for devotion to order and law.

THE ENGLISH REBELLOAN HOLDERS

The London Times indignantly denounces the list of Englishmen suffering by the rebel loan as a malicious imposture, and declares that it is a complete falsehood to assert that the editor of the Times loses ten thousand pounds or more by the loan. Several of the other gentlemen named are writing letters to the same effect. Hon. Evelyn Assley denies that he had any of the loan. Mr. Ridout, proprietor of the Morning Post, makes the same denial. Mr. Laird, of Liverpool—who we trust Americans will remember as the builder of the Alabama—authorizes the same denial. Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, telegraphs his denial to the London Star.

But why do these gentlemen deny the

charge with such fury? They applauded the rebellion. They reviled the United States Government. They sneered at the idea of ever subduing the rebel States. They extolled the rebels as high-minded patriots and honorable men, exercising an undeniable right and gallantly striking for liberty. Mr. Laird defended them in Parliament and built vessels for them. The Morning Post clung to their fortunes to the last, and refused to believe their overthrow. Mr. Gladstone declared that Jefferson Davis had created a nation.—What possible reason was there that these gentlemen should not aid by money a cause to which they gave praise so freely? There is no shame in helping honorable men gallantly striking for right and liberty. There is no disgrace in the statement that they showed their faith by their works. The gallant gentlemen have indeed come to grief. Mr. Jefferson Davis's nation died before it was born. But is it disreputable for an English gentleman to have helped the unfortunate? May he not honorably jump in to rescue a drowning man, even though his effort be in vain? Is simple humanity not estimable in England? The English gentlemen hurry to exculpate themselves from the suspicion of actually aiding the American rebels with as much alacrity and indignation as if they were Irish Fenians.

It is a painful and ridiculous spectacle. If all these gentlemen were not ashamed to countenance and encourage a rebellion waged against equal civil liberty, an insurrection to overthrow a free government and establish a slave-empire, surely they need not blush at the imputation of honestly meaning what they said, and of supporting with their purses a cause to which they devoted their tongues and pens.—Harper's Weekly.

THE CHOLERA.—There can no longer be any doubt that the Asiatic cholera has made its appearance and is spreading in England. Another fatal case has occurred at Southampton. From there it has spread to Sholing Common and Bitterne, situate about four and two miles from Southampton. The two cases at Sholing Common have proved fatal; of seven cases at Bitterne two have proved fatal, while the other patients were improving. There is also a marked diarrhea all over the district of Bitterne.

In France, the disease is likewise on the increase. A letter from Toulon states that it has broken out with startling suddenness at Soelles Post, a little town of 3,000 inhabitants. In the course of the first night in which it made its appearance there were sixty cases, and thirty-six hours later there had been 55 deaths out of a population reduced to 1,000 souls by a panic stricken people. In Toulon it has a peculiarly virulent character. It has also made its appearance at Paris, where, according to the testimony of Dr. Vacher, the condition of the stagnant water of the basin causes a serious apprehension of its rapid spread.

THE TRIAL OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—It is understood that the delay in the trial of Jeff Davis is not the fault of the Administration. It is the business of the judiciary and not of the Executive to initiate proceedings in the premises; but there is a difference of views among jurists, and the opinion has been advanced that in the present unsettled condition of the Southern States, which are still under martial law, (in one of which the trial would have to take place), and no general peace having been proclaimed, further legislation by Congress may become necessary; and, further, there would not be time enough between now and the first Monday in December to try the case, for at that period the Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States will commence their regular term at the Capitol. Whatever may be the ultimate disposition of Jefferson Davis and others, this appears to be the present condition of the important subject.

MIGRATION CHECKED.—The Copperheads, who have been unwilling sojourners, says the Reading Journal, for the last five years at the head waters of "Salt River," and who made extensive and confident preparations to return this Fall within the pale of civilization, have had their fond hopes crushed by the result of the recent election. In view of the dismal prospects that their ostracism is likely to be perpetual, they are now cogitating the erection of permanent quarters in that dismal abode. A very large number of the original "emigrants" have concluded to avail themselves of the opportunity of being pardoned for past offences, by taking the oath of allegiance to the U. S. Government. Some of the more disgraced even go so far as to declare themselves the blackest of "Black Republicans," and to aver, moreover, that as their party has been the means of setting the negroes free, they ought in justice to be considered on a par with the original Abolitionists.

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