

Disquisitions.

Individual Peculiarities of Insane Persons.

Dr. A. Brigham, in his report of the condition of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, of which he is the superintendent and physician, gives the following interesting synopsis of the varied and peculiar fancies of the inmates, showing how singularly insane many of them are on one point or subject:—

"In addition to Emperors, Queens, Prophets and Priests, we have one that says he is nobody, a nonentity. One that was never born, and one that was born was born of her grandmother, and another dropped by the devil flying over the world. One has had his throat cut and put in wrong, so that what is swallowed passes into the head, and another has had his head cut off and replaced every night—one thinks himself a child, and talks and acts like a child. Many appear as if constantly intoxicated. One has the gift of tongues, another deals in magic, several in animal magnetism.— One thinks he is a white polar bear. A number have hallucinations of sight, others of hearing. One repeats whatever is said to him, another repeats constantly words of the same sound, as door, floor. One is pursued by the sheriff, another by the devil. One has invented perpetual motion and is soon to be rich; others have already acquired vast fortunes; scraps of paper, buttons and chips are to them large amounts of money. Many pilfer continually and without any apparent motive, while others secrete every thing they can find, their own articles as well as those of others. A majority are disposed to hoard up trifling and useless articles, as scraps of tin, leather, strings nails, buttons, &c. and are much grieved to part with them. One will not eat unless alone, some never wish to eat, while others are always starving. One with a few sticks and straws fills his room with officers and soldiers, ships and sailors, carriages and horses, the management of which occupies all his time and thoughts. Some have good memory as regards most things, and singularly defective to others.

One does not recollect the names of his associates, which he hears every hour, yet his memory is good in other respects, one says he is THOMAS PAINE, author of the "Age of Reason," a work which he has never read; another calls himself GENERAL WASHINGTON; and one old lady of diminutive size calls herself GENERAL SCOTT, and is never so good natured as when thus addressed.— One is always in court attending a trial, and wondering and asking when the court is to rise. Another is to eat up the building, drink dry the canal, and swallow the Little Falls village, and is continually telling of the difficulty of the task."

Life in Vicksburg.

A western paper has the following account of life in Vicksburg:

A duel took place the other day between two editors in Vicksburg, which opened a field for betting, equal to the race of Eclipse and Henry. The whole town seemed to be alive to the interest of the scene; and those who could not go over the river to witness the deadly combat, arranged themselves on the bank, where a boat continues crossing and recrossing, as a kind of courier, to bring the news. At the first fire a long bank looking genius said, "I'll bet a bale of cotton Hammet is hit." "Done," said his companion. The skiff soon arrived with news that neither was hurt, and that they were preparing another shot. "Double or quits that Ryan is killed this shot," said his weasel-looking companion. "Done," said the long genius. Pop went the pistols and again there was a long pause, while the courier boat was crossing to give intelligence of the fate of the life and death of a human being, in whose fate numerous bets would be decided. All was eagerness and anxiety; for some had money staked; others cotton—and in one instance we overheard a bet offered, when the reply was, "I haven't any money, but I'll bet you a race horse that Hammet kills him." At length these unnatural bets were decided by the fall of Ryan at the fourth round. When the body was brought over mortally wounded, and poor Ryan in the last agonies of death, the long genius wanted his weasel looking friend to fork over; but it was no go—he declared "he would not give up till the last breath was out of his body; and," says he, "if you bet me five to one, I'll bet you he don't die at all."

It must add considerably to the dignity of the duello and to the chivalry of the whole thing, to know that they stand in the position of a race horse or game cock, for blacklegs to bet upon, and that their dying groans are unheeded except far as they effect the wager—dead for a duet."

QUICK ANSWER.—"How long have you been gone?" inquired a master of a young apprentice, lately, upon his return from an errand.

"About as long as I went, sir, about four feet six!" was the fearfully short reply.

WOUNDS ON CATTLE.—The most aggravated wounds of domestic animals are easily cured with a portion of the yolk of eggs mixed in the spirit of turpentine. The part affected must be bathed several times with the mixture, when a perfect cure will be effected in 48 hours.

The Rattle Snake's Bite.

A FOREST ADVENTURE.

In one of my hunting excursions abroad on a fine morning, I was accompanied by my wife. I left my companion for a short time, in pursuit of game; and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself, as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me, and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if retreating from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright fiery eye directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him—or, at least it sounded in my ear—a strange sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming bird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed, and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope—green purple, and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild curiously woven circles of strange colors quivering around me like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prison—a world of mysterious colors—and the tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing until my brain reeled, and fear for the first time, came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—all definite ideas of peril were vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terror of a dream—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to bear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred, and I stood still, as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the templer in my ear, and the baneful colorings of his enchantment before me.

Suddenly a new sound came upon my ear—it was a human voice, but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again but I stirred not—and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrid spell was at once broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The Rattle snake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes, & uplifted fangs; and my wife clinging in terror before me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand, and her screams of agony as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work of death, reckless of danger. I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him in pieces upon the rugged. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her hand, and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time, the pain of the wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I had yet strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet and bathe her brow in the cold water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there in the great wilderness she died!

THE VAIN MAN.—The great characteristic of a vain man, in contradistinction to an ambitious man, and his eternal obstacles to a high and honorable fame, is this: he requires for any expenditure of trouble too speedy a reward; he cannot wait for years, and climb, step by step, to a lofty object; whatever he attempts, he must seize at a single grasp. Added to time, he is incapable of an exclusive attention to one end; the universality of his cravings is not contented, unless it devours all; and thus he is perpetually doomed to fritter away his energies by grasping at the trifling baubles within his reach, and in gathering the worthless fruit which a single sun can mature.

TO CURE THE TOOTHACHE.—We have never tried either of the following recipes, but the cotemporary from whom we extract them thinks that either would prove infallible. For a raging toothache, throw a Somerset through a window and light on a pitchfork. If that don't do, get somebody to pound you on the head till it drops out.

SEVERE.—During a late procession in New York a Yankee was mounted on a pony, which stubbornly refused to go. He whipped him, at which the crowd huzzed loudly. "Don't, said he, 'don't good folks, don't make such a noise; the critter will think he's got among a lot of donkeys, and a fellow feeling will induce him to stay in spite of all that I can do."

Passage of the Bosphorus.

In a winding course, and with continual walls, this sea-way stretches between mountain walls and rocks.—Right and left, at every bend, rears itself a fortress, encircled by the dashing waves. Between these, stupendous batteries extend; and thus for a long time you see nothing on either the European or Asiatic side but castles, walls, towers, spires, and farther off, mountains, green hills, meads, and leafy woods. I counted ten fortresses up to within two hours of Constantinople, where they cease. When we had sailed through the canal an hour, the scenery on the shores of both continents, became continually more beautiful and varied, and the amazed eye had a view, such as probably has not its equal in any part of the world. Every moment there presented themselves new shapes in the magnificent country. Castles, villages, and towers, alternated rapidly. One dwelling, one place, linked itself to another. The Bosphorus like a broad and splendid street, ran through a city of many miles in extent, the half of which lay in Europe, the other half in Asia. Huge imperial palaces, swept before us, now near, now retiring in the distance behind the mountains (two on the Asiatic shore), (summer palaces of the Sultan, and two on the European,) innumerable country houses, fountains mosques, with gilt cupolas and crescents, and tall slender minarets, and on all hands eastern looking houses, red in color, and with flat roofs.—Amongst them are scattered the most beautiful groups of trees, and a multitude of splendid and strange productions. You see mighty plane-trees, especially many cypresses, out of whose dark black-green the heaven high white minarets reared themselves aloft in wonderful beauty; while on the heights whole forests of cypresses extended.—On every side, coming close down to the shore, on the precipices and on lofty terraces, were magnificent gardens, with numerous garden-houses, called kiosks, whose windows were closed with strong jealousies. Here the finest roses bloomed, and lofty trees gave shade and coolness in the burning heat of the sun. The Heaven itself had a totally different character. At once a balmy air blew upon us; clear and warm, from this cheerful expanse.—The air was so soft and pure, and every thing had a peculiar and brilliant appearance.

Attachment of a Dog to a Child.

A near neighbor of mine had a little boy about four years old, who had a spaniel of which he was very fond.—One day, during the absence of the father, the child was taken ill with the croup, the mother was alarmed, and it had so happened that her servants were away and she had no one to send for a physician. The poor woman was in great tribulation, for in spite of all her efforts the child grew worse. In about an hour after the child was taken ill, her father's carriage stopped at the door and her mother made her appearance. Her father's house was about two miles distant. The grandmother said that Carolina, the sick child's dog, came running into the house all bespattered with mud, and flew about and acted so strangely that she knew something must be the matter with little Billy, her grandson, and came to see what it was." Until then the mother of the child had not noticed the absence of the dog from the room, for the boy was playing with him when he was taken sick. The child remained ill three or four days and then died; and during the whole time the dog never left his bedside; he watched by the corpse until it was buried and then took possession of the little boy's chair, which he would allow no one to touch, not even the child's mother. Every day he absented himself for three or four hours; and the father one day going to look at the child's grave, found that the dog had almost scratched his way down to the coffin. He was, after this, kept within doors; but he refused to eat, and in a short time died in the chair of his master.—Knickerbocker.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—In one of our western States there lived an old gentleman named Brown, who had a most beautiful daughter; and, as is the case generally, as regards pretty girls, she had many suitors. Among the number was one named Weller, who was so fortunate as to have gained the girl's heart; but was so unlucky as to meet with no favor from the old gentleman.—Mary, for that was her name, was taken sick, and her lover hearing of it, posted off to see his lady love. At the door he met Mr. Brown, and inquired about Miss Mary's health. "She's very sick," was the reply. "Can't I see her?" asked Weller. "No, no; what can you do for her?" "Why, I'll make her—Weller in less than an hour!" This gained him admittance; and sure enough, in the stipulated time, Mary was—Weller.

A LADY.—Every female is a lady now a days—applied to the Alms House yesterday for a load of wood. "We can only give you half a load," said the commissioner. "Half a load," exclaimed the lady in a huff, "it would not look respectable to have half a load of wood dumped down before a house!" With that, Lucretia Mac Tab, pride and poverty, bounded off.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—It is related of Dr. Payson, that once, in progress of a revival at his church, in Portland, after having repeatedly invited meetings at his house of those who wished to seek religion, he one day gave an invitation to all these young persons who did not intend to seek religion. Any one, who did not know Dr. Payson, would be surprised to hear that thirty or forty came. He had a very pleasant social interview with them, saying nothing about the subject of religion, until just as they were about to leave, he closed a very few, plain and simple remarks, in the following manner:—"Suppose you should see, coming down from heaven, a very fine thread, so fine as to be almost invisible, and it should come and very gently attach itself to you. You knew, we suppose, that it came from God. Should you dare to put your hand to brush it away?"

He dwelt a few minutes upon this idea until every one had a clear and fixed conception of it, and of the hardness which any one would manifest, who should break off, even such a tie. "Now," continued he, "just such a slender delicate thread has come from God to you this afternoon. You do not feel, you say, any interest in religion;—but by coming here this afternoon, God has fastened one little thread upon you all; it is very weak and frail and you can, in a moment, brush it away. But you certainly will not do so. Welcome it, and it will enlarge and strengthen itself, until it becomes a golden chain to bind you forever to God."—N. Y. Evangelist.

Genius and Confidence.

He who first laid down the now hackneyed maxim, that diffidence is the companion of genius, knew very little of the workings of the human heart. True, there may have been a few such instances, but it is probable that in this maxim, as in most, the exception made the rule. But what could ever reconcile genius to its sufferings, its fevered inquietudes, the intense labor which can alone produce what the shallow world deems the giant offspring of a momentary inspiration; what could ever reconcile it to these, but the haughty and unquenchable consciousness of internal power; the hope which has the fullness of certainty, that in proportion to the toil is the reward; the sanguine and impetuous anticipation of glory which bursts the boundaries of time and space, and ranges with a prophet's rapture the immeasurable regions of immortality.—Rob genius of its lofty self-esteem, and you clip the wings of the Eagle; you domesticate, it is true, the wanderer you could not hitherto comprehend in the narrow bounds of your household affections; you abuse and tame it more to the level of your ordinary judgments—the wall-in and petty circumference of your little and commonplace moralities—but you take from it the power to soar the hardihood which was content to brave the thunder cloud and build its eyrie on the rock, for the proud triumph of rising above its kind, and contemplating with a closer eye the majesty of heaven.—Butcher.

The Way Quarrels Begin.

The first germs of the majority of the dis-unions of mankind are generally sown by misconception, wrong interpretations of conduct—hazarded, very possibly, at moments of ill-humor—and the whisperings and suggestions of suspicion, aroused, perhaps, without any cause. The mutual coldness often turns at first upon paltry trifles; this feeling is then strengthened by absurd reports and statements; the effects of accident augment the evil. At last the false pride of neither party will give way; each must first see the other humbled; and thus, those, perhaps who were completely adapted to mutually esteem and treasure each other, and possessed the means of rendering to one another essential service, part from each other's company in aversion.—And does a mere trifle—for everything temporal and earthly is such—merit being the cause for rendering mutually our lives so bitter in every way?

WISE SAYINGS.—When you rise to make a speech, look at any thing but the audience, until your steam is up, when you may look where you please; and "look unutterable things."

When you "pop the question" to a lady, do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not, you can say, "you were only in fun."

Whenever a female friend begins to back-bite an acquaintance, run your hand behind your coat collar, and scratch with vehemence. Guess she will take the hint.

When you would borrow a sum of money, never ask an old friend. Not one in a hundred "can stand it."

NEW GOODS.

BURN KINGSBURY
HAS JUST RECEIVED from New York City, a large and well selected assortment of FALL WINTER GOODS which are offered for sale at his old stand. His stock consists in part of
DRY GOODS, CUTLERY, GROCERIES, LEATHER, HARDWARE, HATS, SHOES, CROCKERY, RATS & CAPS, &c. &c.
Which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or country produce. His old customers and the public generally are requested to call and examine quality and prices.
Towanda, Nov. 11th, 1843.

THE LATEST NEWS!

D. C. & O. N. SALSBURY
HAVE just received and are now opening at the store lately occupied by V. E. Piolet, in Wysox, an extensive well selected assortment of
Fall & Winter Goods;
consisting of almost every variety of Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Queensware, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, &c., &c., which they offer to the public on the most favorable terms for cash or ready pay. Having purchased for by pay at exceedingly low prices, and confidently believing that their terms and prices offered are not greater inducements to the purchaser than can be found elsewhere, they respectfully solicit the patronage of the community.
Lumber and produce taken in payment.
Wysox, Nov. 6, 1843.

H. MIX & SON

ARE NOW RECEIVING from New York a large and choice selection of GOODS of every description, to which they call the attention of the public, and which will be sold at a cash, produce of all kinds, and Lumber, at exceedingly low prices. Call and examine prices and qualities.
November 7, 1843.

WINTER GOODS!

THE LARGEST STOCK EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET, is now opening at Montanye's, which they will sell at wholesale or retail at such prices as will ensure a liberal share of public patronage. Their stock consists of
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Bonnets, Gentlemen's Hats & Caps, Buffalo Robes, &c.
and all the eteteras necessary for the comfort of a cold winter, which appears to be rapidly approaching.
J. D. & E. D. MONTANYE.
Towanda, November 8, 1843.

LATE ARRIVAL!

THE subscribers have just received at their store in Montroeton, a large and well selected assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, comprising almost every variety of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c.
which they now offer to the public at very low prices for ready pay.
The citizens of Montoe and the surrounding country are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are confident we can give them as good bargains as they can find at any other establishment in the country.
Lumber and Produce taken in payment.
D. C. & O. N. SALSBURY.
Montroeton, Nov. 8, 1843.

NEW GOODS,

AT O. D. BARTLETT'S.
October 23, 1843.

Chairs and Bedsteads.

THE subscribers still continue to manufacture and keep on hand at their old stand, all kinds of Cane and Wood Seat Chairs. Also, Settees of various kinds, and Bedsteads of every description which we will sell low for cash or Country Produce.
TURNING done to order.
TOMKINS & MAKINSON.
Towanda, November 10th, 1843.

D. Vanderecock—Cabinet Maker.

KEEPS constantly on hand, all kinds of Furniture, made of the best materials and of the latest fashion, which he will sell on better terms for cash than can be had at any other establishment in the world.
Towanda, Oct. 10th, 1843.

Watch and Clock Repairing.

W. A. CHAMBERLAIN, RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the above business at his old stand, one door south of Thomas Elliott's store, and newly opposite the Hay Scales.

Watch and Clock Repairing.

will be done on short notice, and warranted to be well done. From a long experience in the business, he believes that he will be able to render perfect satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.
N. B. Watches warranted to run well one year, or the money refunded; and a written agreement to that effect given to all that desire one.
CLOCKS.—A large assortment just received and for sale very low for cash.
Towanda, January 29, 1844.

HATS & CAPS,

a good assortment for sale by
J. F. MEANS & CO.
MERINOS, Alpaca, Mous. De Laines, &c., beautiful patterns for the Ladies for sale by
H. MIX & SON.

LIST OF JURORS

drawn for the Term and Sessions 1844.
GRAND JURORS:
Warren—W. Arnold, John Corbin, Geo. J. Herrick, Wm. Ames, Jeremiah Barnes, Romo—E. F. Barnes;
WYSON—J. R. Brown, H. N. Spalding; Smithfield—Ira C. Bullock; Ridgway—Arvine Clark 2d, Thomas Bodwell; WYSLING—Wm. Camp Jr.; Granville—Woodford Clark; Monroe—Franklin Fowler, E. Young; Standing Stone—James Gordon; South Creek—Levi Godard; Albany—Jacob Heverley; Tuscarora—Charles Johnson; Troy—V. M. Long; Leroy—H. I. Stone; Burlington—H. B. Wilhelm; Canton—Irad Wilson.

TRAVELERS JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Springfield—Charles Burgess, W. Cooper, Stockwell;
Pike—J. E. Bullock, A. Marsh, Gould; Burlington—John Bailey;
Troy—Conklin Baker, Adolphus Spalding, Monroe—G. H. Bull, Joseph Inglish, H. W. Baker;
Ulster—Andrew Burnside, Wm. Gibson; Smithfield—Christopher Child, Hiram Deane, John W. Miller, Elijah S. Tracy, C. P. Kins;
Orwell—Abel Darling;
Litchfield—S. Davidson, J. Rogers; Herick—Edmund Fairchild;
Franklin—A. Gay, H. Willey; Asylum—Elnar Horton;
Rome—J. M. Nicholas;
Towanda boro—Wm. Keeler;
Canton—J. Lindley, C. Stockwell; Ridgway—Wm. R. Buck, John Madsen; Armenia—Reuben Mason;
Wysox—Chester Pierce, G. Scott; Shebequin—Aaron Post;
Leroy—Russell Palmer;
South Creek—Benjamin Quick;
Athens tp.—Orson Kickey, Simon Spalding, Wolcutt, Henry S. Wells;
Warren—A. Rodgers, Henry Whitaker; Windham—Charles Russell, Platt Baker; Reel;
Columbia—Geo. Shivers;
Granville—S. Taylor.

SECOND WEEK.

Wyalusing—J. A. Ackley, J. B. Rler, Wm. C. Pike—L. C. Belding Jr., Daft Bailey; Towanda boro—Daniel Bartle;
Varren—C. R. Bassett, A. C. Lewis; Troy—D. V. Baines, John Post, G. P. Edington;
Ulster—J. M. Bishop, Ulysses Mady; Springfield—W. Berry, C. G. Leonard, T. Her; Herick—Issac Camp;
Rome—G. W. Eastman;
Wells—Zebr French, A. Minier, T. Athens tp.—J. P. Green, H. Murry, Oerton;
Burlington—Luther Godard;
Litchfield—G. Haddock;
Shebequin—Atanson Lovelace;
Franklin—Wm. Lyons, W. B. Spalding; Granville—S. K. Porter;
Towanda tp.—Ezra Rutty;
Tuscarora—A. Taylor;
Aylton—G. Terry;
Smithfield—V. Vincent;
Wysox—U. M. Warner.

BOOT & SHOE MAKING

On my own hooks again!



STEPHEN HATHAWAY

inter public generally that he is willing to manufacture, of the best material, the most substantial and elegant manner, descriptions of Boots and Shoes.
Morocco, Bull and Coarse Boots and Ladies' shoes and gaiters; youth's do. All work made by me will be warranted well made. Call and try.
Country Produce taken in payment.
Towanda, February 27th, 1844.

PROCLAMATION.

Emily S. Dean, by her next friend, No. 505, Myrtle Street, Libel for Defamation, vs. Richard Dean, In Bradford County.
TO RICHARD DEAN, do defend the above libel: You are hereby notified that Emily S. Dean, your wife, by her next friend, William Arden, has filed her petition for a divorce from you, from the laws of the State of New York, and that said petition has been served on you, and that you are therefore bound to appear at the Court House of Bradford County, at the May Term of common pleas, on the first Monday next, to answer said complaint, and if you fail to do so, you will be deemed to have waived your right to be heard, and you will be held to be divorced from your said wife.
JOHN N. WESTON, Sheriff's Office, Towanda, April 5, 1844.

The Bradford Reporter

BY E. S. GOODRICH AND ASSOCIATES.
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