

Miscellaneous.

The Chinese. ONCE ALMOST CHRISTIANS.—A remarkable circumstance is mentioned by some of the ancient authors, which is true, is a fact which has escaped many of the antiquarians of the present day, and shows that the Chinese were almost Christians 1800 years ago.

It is related to us by Mr. T. Carter, a gentleman of the New York Bar, who has bestowed a considerable degree of study upon the subject, and who delivers a lecture upon the ancient religions of the Chinese, Egyptians, and Romans, and their mythological fables, on Monday evening next.

The celebrated Confucius, 500 years before the Christian era, predicted that at some future time a great and Holy Being should arise in the west. Little attention, however, was paid to this prediction until about the time of our Saviour, when one of the Chinese emperors resolved to act upon the prophecy and search for a new religion.

He appointed commissioners for that purpose who like magi of the Scriptures went in search of the expected God and traveled towards Judea, which lies directly westward of China, while their countrymen awaited their return. The commissioners on their way shortly arrived at Hindostan and India, and meeting there with a system of worship new to them they supposed they had found the object of their search and went no further.

After a sufficient degree of study to instruct their countrymen in the newly found religion, they returned with the strange doctrine of the metempsychosis transmigration of souls.

Had the Delegates of the Emperor gone a little further, it is possible that now the whole empire of China might have been one vast Christian nation.—Newark Daily Advertiser.

A Ceylon Love Quarrel.

I saw at Covegodde what the people called a water fight, between, as they told me, two competitors of a dark-eyed maid; one of the lovers, the challenger, being highly exasperated by the pangs which the green-eyed monster, jealousy generated in his heart. They both stood up to their knees in the lake opposite to each other; and, with their hands, constantly hashed the water in a curious and expert manner into each other's faces. I saw the combatants thus, I can scarcely say, hotly engaged, about nine in the morning; and at three in the afternoon, they were still hard at work, and the battle was then still doubtful; for according to established rules, whichever of the two warriors, no matter what may be the pretence or cause, stops first, if it be only for a moment, dashing water at his adversary, is considered to be vanquished.—Hundreds of people were looking on apparently deeply interested in the result; as he who is thus overcome, they assured me, is never known again to aspire to the hand of the lady who has caused the antifebrile combat.

VOW FOR VOW.—A clergyman took for his text the following words—"Vow and pay unto the Lord thy vows." An Indian heard him attentively, and at the conclusion, he stepped up to the parson and thus accosted him—"I vow I'll go home with you, Mr. Minister."

"You must go then," replied the parson.

The Indian afterwards vowed to have supper, and then stay all night.

"You may," replied the clergyman, "but I vow you shall go in the morning."

THE LAST PLEA.—A wag tells a funny story, albeit slightly tinged with hyperbole, of a case recently brought before the Recorder. A fellow was charged with stealing a piece of cloth from a dry good store, when his lawyer put in, as a plea, that his client did not see it.

"Not see it?" said the Recorder.

"He did not see it, sir," responded the lawyer.

"What do you mean?" queried the Recorder.

"Why, I mean, sir, that the individual charged with stealing that cloth did not see it, sir—he could not see it, sir—it's an invisible green."

RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.—"Come up here, Wm. Lounds, I want to teach you your lesson," said a pedagogue in Mississippi to a juvenile hater of knowledge as imparted by spelling books.

"I shant," said Master William.

"Why not, sir?" said the sovereign of the school.

"Cause sir, daddy says he is so opposed to the right of instruction—and so is I."

FATTENING FOWLS WITH POTATOES.—There is a great profit in feeding geese, turkeys, and fowls of every sort, with potatoes and meal mixed. They will fatten in nearly one half the time that they will on any kind of corn, or even meal itself. The potatoe must be bruised fine while hot, and the meal added when the mush is given to them.

STATE OF MATRIMONY.—"Ma," said a young lady, "whereabouts shall I find the state of Matrimony?"

"Oh," replied the mother, "you will find it to be one of the united states."

A Fish Story.

Showing how circumstances alter cases.

Many years ago when Gov. Gore sat in the Executive chair of Massachusetts, Mr. B. a substantial farmer in the good old town of Dracut, was chosen a member of the Council.—While attending to his duties in that capacity, he was frequently invited to dine with the Governor, who always treated him with much hospitality and urbanity. As some return for the Governor's politeness, Mr. B. had long meditated making him a present. But what should it be? Governors are not common men, and no common present would do. Many and long were the confabs, between Mr. and Mrs. B. on this important subject, but no satisfactory result was arrived at until one day, early in the Spring, it was announced in the village that a fine salmon the first of that season, had been caught by the Dracut fisherman. Here was a God send for Mr. B. indeed! the very thing to present to the Governor, and lost no time in securing it, never heeding the enormous price demanded by the captors. It was a noble fish, a full "twenty pounder," and in the language of Mrs. B. as she swathed it in snow white linen, "it was the beautifullest fish you ever saw."

The salmon was carefully tied up in a new bag, the horse was harnessed to the wagon, and the worthy councilman and his present trotted briskly away down the Boston road. Now, in those days, tea-total societies were unknown, consequently Mr. B. was not a tea-totaller, if he had been he never would have stopped three times between Dracut and Tewsbury, to "wood up."—Nor when he arrived at Tewsbury, would he have tarried at "Wilders Tavern," where, according to a black sign with white letters, "Entertainment for Man and Beast" was always ready. We will consider it decided then, that he was not a temperance man in the modern acceptance of the term, and following him at once to "Wilders" under the influence of three cocktails already taken he drove up to the door of that ancient hostelry with a mighty clatter and throwing the reins to the hostler requested him carefully to guard the wagon, as there was a precious freight in the box, and then walking into the house in a majestic manner as become a member of the council, was soon deep in that now forbidden luxury, flip. The landlord grinned and hopped hastily about, the hot poker hissed and sputtered as it was thrust into the "reaming mugs," and Squire B., installed into the best room and the best chair, quaffed largely of the generous beverage, and reflected upon the pleasant reception he should meet at the Governor's.

But "the best laid schemes of men and mice oft gang astray." While the worthy adviser of His Excellency was thus noting in anticipations of the effect of his present some evil spirit flying over Tewsbury at the time, seeking for chance to do mischief cast its eyes upon the hostler, and seeing at a glance that he was a proper instrument wherewith, to work; entered into his heart, and instigated him to do that which was to make those anticipations vain as an idle dream. Prompted by curiosity to see what the "precious freight" was, and influenced by the spirit aforesaid, he untied the bag and drew out the scaly occupant. Standing at the door, sent there no doubt by some evil spirit, was a fish cart from which the possessed hostler speedily procured an enormous Pollock, which he carefully tied up in the bag and hid the salmon in the hay-mow.

Having finished his flip Mr. B. called for his horse, paid the reckoning and was soon once more on his route to Boston. The grey mare felt her oats, the Squire felt the flip, and right gaily they speed along, through the ancient towns of Wilmington, Woburn Medford over the pavement of Boston. Gov. Gore was sitting down to dinner when the door-bell rang and a servant announced Mr. B. of Dracut and the governor repairing to the parlor, found that worthy citizen dusty and flushed, his nose fairly shining with excitement and flip. With a low bow he advanced, seized the Governor's hand and commenced a set speech which he had been conning since he left home.

"May it please your Excellency," he said "it is a duty incumbent upon all good citizens to remember those placed in authority over them." Here he paused, for he had lost the thread,—"and to—" another pause, he had evidently pitched his tune too high—"and to—Governor, I am a man of few words but if you will send yer hired man out to my wagon you'll find tied up in a bag as will speak louder than words and make you stare, I reckon."

Gov. Gore smiled and ordered a servant to carry the bag to the kitchen, and repairing thither himself, found the servants staring with wonder at a large and by no means prepossessing Pollock laid out on the table! For a single moment the Governor felt indignant but recollecting the character of the donor he concluded that some one had played him a trick; and walking back to the visitor, whom he found waiting with eager expectation, remarking in a cool, indifferent tone;—

"I am much obliged Mr. B. for your kind intention, though your present is no real rarity here in Boston we can get the same any day at the Fish Market for two cents a pound."

"Get it for two cents a pound at the Fish Market!" roared the confounded Councilman, "Why Governor, there's not another Salmon out of water in New England!"

"I was not speaking of Salmon," replied the Governor in the same provokingly calm tone, "I merely intended to say that I can get in the market for that price a better and fresher Pollock than the one which you have brought me."

"Pollock be darned!" screamed Mr. B. "d'ye mean to say the fish I brought you jest now is Pollock?"

"Walk this way Mr. B.," said the Governor, leading the way to the kitchen, and pointing to the stripped sides of the fish, "is that a Salmon?"

"It was when I started this morning," said Mr. B. in a low reflecting tone—"and a fine one too, as ever swam the Merrimack. But, he continued, turning it over as if to be sure there was mistake, but no is a Pollock now sure enough."

The pride and spirit of the good old farmer were completely broken. He felt mortified and ashamed he could not bear to look the Governor in the face and steadfastly declined all his invitations to stay and dine. Slowly and mournfully he rebagged the Pollock, and sorrowfully commenced his homeward journey. If there was no occasion in the morning to "wood up" at the numerous taverns on the road, there certainly was now when returning under such mortifying circumstances, and when Mr. B. last reached the tavern at Tewsbury, he was just in that state of mind which he thought demanded a strong mug of "Wilders best flip," and so he had it. But while he was drinking it the mischievous hostler was again at the bag. Finding the Pollock still there, he withdrew it and replaced the Salmon.

Mr. B. reached home about dark, tired, vexed and—we must say it, a little drunk. At first he was sullen and silent, but at last wearied with his wife's ceaseless inquiries as to what was the matter and why he was so cross and snarly like,—he threw his hat at the "Dresser" with such violence and fatal aim that he brought down the milk pot family picher and a small host of cups, saucers and plates. He smiled grimly at the havoc he had wrought and then turning fiercely to his astonished lady demanded—

"What do yer think! That d—d Salmon turned into a Pollock before I got to Boston?"

"Turned into a Pollock?" said Mrs. B. Why, Izik don't make yourself a natural born fool. What on airth do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say," said the Councilman, with indignity,—an if yer don't believe me, go and look behind the door."

Mrs. B. hauled out the bag, cut the string, and shook the contents on the floor. Her spouse looked on with much nonchalance during the first part of the operation, but when the Salmon, looking as hale and fresh as he did when placed there in the morning, rolled out and flopped quietly down on the floor it was too much. "Darnation seize the crittur!" he cried as with one kick of his heavy foot, he sent the unfortunate fish into blazing fire, and then laying hold of the tongs he punched him and crowded him down under the coal, exclaiming, as he danced about in his frantic efforts—

"How d'ye like that, you tarna crittur? Oh, you are a nice fish, you are d—n—You're a Salmon in Dracut, but Pollock in Boston!"—Portland Transcript.

England and the English. The Rev. C. C. Pinckney has delivered a very interesting course of lectures in the Lyceum Hall at Greenville, S. C., descriptive of a European tour he made a few years since. We extract the following sketch of these lectures from the Greenville "Mountaineer."

Queen Victoria.—Mr. Pinckney saw her first as she was riding out, plainly dressed in mourning. Her bonnet was as plain as any lady's there that evening—her face was pale and thoughtful, and she seemed oppressed with the heavy care of her mighty Empire.—She looked very different from the likeness which we see of her, much older, and not so smiling and cheerful as they represent her to be. He was favorably impressed with her appearance, and what he had heard of her character.—She devotes herself most assiduously to the discharge of all her duties, both public and private; she rose early in the morning, met her ministers, transacted public business, visited her children, and spent an hour or two in the nursery. Her dinners were taken in private, and she and Prince Albert enjoyed quite a tete a tete at those meals—the servants being dismissed, even from attending on the table.

Prince Albert.—He was the handsomest man Mr. Pinckney saw in Europe. He was neatly dressed in citizen's dress—looked much younger than the Queen, although he was some months older. In domestic life they were happy, and seemed to enjoy the society of each other. Their oldest son, the Prince of Wales, did not inherit his father's beauty; he was quite a plebeian looking child.—The carriage in which the Queen rode was not handsomer than many he had seen in South Carolina.

The City of Liverpool.—This great commercial city was compared to New York. They contain the same number of inhabitants, are about the same size sprung up at the same time,—have kept equal pace in their growth, have the same appearance, same bustling, business-like aspect, &c. In the city there was nothing wonderful nor remarkable.

Westminster Abbey.—The description given us of this wonderful place, by Mr. Pinckney, was exceedingly interesting, and in many parts feelingly eloquent, although unintentional on the part of the lecturer. I am sorry I cannot follow him in his glowing description. Westminster Abbey was built more than a thousand years since, and additions have been made to it by the Sovereigns of England, century after century. It is the burying place of England's Kings, Queens, Heroes, Statesmen, Poets, and great Writers.—In one little group lay the remains of Fox, Pitt, and Grattan, great rivals in life, now quietly sleeping side by side in death.—Truly did he say that this spot of earth was rich with the dust of England's greatest Statesmen. The monument of Scotland's beautiful, lovely, and unfortunate Queen was there by the side of her great rival and cruel oppressor Elizabeth.

Washington's Statue.—In Westminster Abbey there is also the statue of Genl. Washington.—Mr. Pinckney thought the whole world knew who Washington was. His American pride was deeply mortified on seeing a company of young gentlemen and ladies approach this statue and enquire "who Washington was."—One of the company who seemed to know more about Washington than the others, replied, "Oh, he was an American, lived somewhere in Jamaica!"—There is a similar anecdote mentioned by some European traveller of a Frenchman! in Canada; who had never heard of Napoleon Bonaparte!! How mortifying to the spirit of the French Emperor if he could look on earth and think that there was a single Frenchman in any part of the world who had never heard of his fame and glory.

The Tower of London, supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar—in old times the great prison of England, where so many tragic crimes had been perpetrated. There was to be seen the axe, which had severed the head from the neck of the beautiful Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Gray. There too was to be seen the instruments of torture used in former days for securing the thumbs, feet, tearing the flesh, &c. There too were to be seen all the crown jewels, and crowns of the different Kings and Queens of England—that of Queen Victoria costing many millions of dollars, perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars, as it contained all the crown jewels worn by other Sovereigns of England.

The General Aspect of the country.—That which most strikes a traveller in passing through England, is the superabundance of wealth. In traveling for miles and miles, he could see no houses which had the appearance of being occupied by the poor. In fact, he began to think there were no poor people in England. He at length discovered that the poor live in villages, and go forth to their daily labor, and return at night. But he saw very little poverty in England, except in the great cities. Mr. Pinckney is mistaken, however, in supposing that there are no poor, wretchedly and miserably poor, in England. The last English Reviews contain some of the most appalling accounts of poverty and ignorance in England that I have ever read or dreamed of. These accounts, too, were given under oath to the House of Commons. Several young women in the coal mines, eighteen years old, had never even heard of Christ, and did not know that there was a good God!—The accounts of their destitution and misery are too bad to be repeated.—Judge Carlton, of La., has lately visited the peasantry of England throughout the country; he says they seldom have meat to eat—in many instances wearing rags, and almost naked, and worked to death, even in the agricultural districts. The fact is, that England has two classes, as was said by Mr. Poinsett, in his last lecture last summer—the oppressed and oppressors—the rich who abound in wealth, and the poor, who are in want of every comfort of life. In passing through the country we see only the one class—the other is kept out of view.

"THE YOUNG IDEA."—Children who are not well treated in their infancy are ill tempered cross, and vindictive; they seem to wish to make others suffer the same evil they themselves endure. It may be from imitation or impulse, but it cannot be doubted that kindness begets, kindness, as hatred begets hatred.

LOVE SICKNESS.—This obstinate disease is said to be very prevalent in Brooklyn. And old widow lady there has one son and two daughters, all suffering with it. She says it is an epidemic that used to rage most awfully when she was a girl.

Wright's Vegetable Indian Pills.

During the continuance of Storms and Floods, the channels of our mighty rivers become so obstructed as to afford an insufficient outlet for the superabundant waters, we can expect nothing less than that the surrounding country will be

OVERWHELMED WITH THE FLOOD. In a like manner with the human body—if the Skin, Kidneys, and Bowels, (the natural outlets for

USELESS AND CORRUPT HUMORS) become so obstructed as to fail in affording a full discharge of those impurities which are in all cases

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS: we surely can expect no other results than that the whole frame will sooner or later be

OVERWHELMED WITH DISEASE. As in the first place, if we would prevent an inundation we must remove all obstructions, to the free discharge of the superabundant waters. So, in the second place, if we would prevent and cure disease, we must open and keep open, all the Natural Drains of the body.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, Of the North American College of Health, will be found one of the best if not the very

BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD for carrying out this beautiful and simple theory; because they completely cleanse the Stomach and Bowels from all Bileous Humors and other impurities, and at the same time promote a healthy discharge from the Lungs, Skin, and Kidneys; consequently, as all the Natural Drains are opened,

Disease of every name is literally driven from the Body. Caution.—As the great popularity and consequent great demand for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, country agents and storekeepers will be on their guard against the many impostors who are travelling about the country selling to the unsuspecting a spurious article for the genuine.

It should be remembered that all authorized agents are provided a Certificate of Agency, signed by WILLIAM WRIGHT, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health. Consequently, those who offer Indian Vegetable Pills, and cannot show a Certificate, as above described, will be known as impostors.

The following highly respectable Storekeepers have been appointed Agents for the sale of WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, and of whom it is confidently believed the genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained: BRADFORD COUNTY, PA.

- F. D. & E. D. Mentanye, Towanda. D. Brink, P. M., Hornbrook. S. W. & D. F. Pomeroy, Troy. Lyman Durfee, Smithfield. J. J. & C. Warford, Monroeton. Wm. Gibson, Ulster. Ulysses Moody, Asylum. John Horton Jr., Terrytown. Corryell & Gee, Burlington corners. Benjamin Coolbaugh, Canton. L. S. Ellsworth & Co., Athens. Allen & Storms, Sheshequin. Guy Tracy, Milan. A. R. Soper, Columbia Flatts.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine wholesale and retail, 228 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and 169 Race street, Philadelphia. BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, made by one V. O. Falek, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKING.

ELKANAH SMITH & SON, HAVE commenced the manufacture of Saddles, Bridles, Harness, &c., &c., in the borough of Towanda, in the building formerly occupied by S. Hathaway, two doors west of L. H. Stephens' tavern, where they will keep constantly on hand, and manufacture to order.

Elastic Web, Common and Quilted SADDLES, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Carriage Trimming and Military Work done to order.

Carpet Bags, Trunks, Valises, &c. &c. Mattresses, Pew and Chair Cushions made on short notice and reasonable terms.

The subscribers hope by doing their work well, and by a strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. ELKANAH SMITH & SON, Towanda, May 14, 1844.

A CALL FROM THE YANKEE SHOP. Upon all whom it may interest.

THE subscriber is very much in want of money and does not feel disposed to have his own property sacrificed to accommodate those who are indebted to him, that have reasonable time to pay, consequently if they will call and settle their acts, however small they may be, they will oblige him very much, and save cost without respect to persons. Towanda, March 4th, 1844. D. C. HALL.

IN the matter of application of Stephen Krum and others to of Common be incorporated under the style of name or title of the "Free-Will Baptist Society" of Troy. Notice is hereby given that Stephen Krum, Oliver Calkins, Gardner Seaman, Roswell Dunbar and others on the 9th of May 1844, presented to the said court an instrument in writing, and the objects, articles and condition therein set forth and contained appearing to them lawful and not injurious to the community, directed the said writing to be filed, and that notice be given in one newspaper printed in said county of Bradford, for at least three weeks before the next court of Common Pleas of said county, setting forth that an application has been made to said court to grant such an incorporation according to the act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

A. CHUBBUCK, Prothonotary. Prothonotary's Office, Towanda, June 10, 1844.

BAIRD & SHERWOOD, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

W. BAIRD & J. SHERWOOD have opened an office in Troy, Bradford Co. Pa. and will attend to all business of said office, in the line of their profession as copartners. J. SHERWOOD will attend punctually at said office in Troy, and E. W. BAIRD may be consulted at any time in relation to the business of the firm, at his office in Towanda.

BOOT & SHOE MAKING.

On my own hocks again!

STEPHEN HATHAWAY informs the public generally that he is still prepared to manufacture, of the best material, and in the most substantial and elegant manner, all descriptions of Boots and Shoes. Morocco, Calf and Coarse Boots and Shoes. Ladies' shoes and gaiters; youth's do. All work made by him will be warranted to be well made. Call and try. Country Produce taken in payment for work. Towanda, February 27th, 1844.

Chairs and Bedsteads.

THE subscribers continue to manufacture and keep on hand all kinds of old stand, All kinds of Cane and Wagon Chairs. Also, Sectors of various kinds, and Bedsteads of every description, which we will sell for cash or Country Produce. TURNING done to order. TOMKINS & MARLINSO, Towanda, November 10th, 1843.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

BOOT & SHOE MAKING. WILCOX & SAGE have associated themselves in the Boot and Shoe making business, in the borough of Towanda, at the door west of the Clarence House, and are a share of public patronage. They intend a careful selection of stock, and by attending to the interests of their customers, to manufacture and durable work as can be manufactured in this portion of the country. They keep constantly on hand, and will manufacture to order, morocco, calf and cow boots and shoes; Ladies' Gaiters, shoes and slippers; children's do.; gent's gaiters and pants, &c., &c. JOHN W. WILCOX, PHILANDER SAGE, Towanda, May 6, 1844.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his old friends and the public generally that he is now carrying on the above business in all its various branches, in the north part of the building occupied by B. Thomas, at the shop, on Main street, nearly opposite Merrick store, where he will be happy to accommodate old and new customers. SADDLES, BRIDLES, CARPET BAGS, VALISES, TRUNKS, COLLARS, MARTINGALS, HARNESS, WHIPS & C. & C.

of the latest fashion and best materials made to order on moderate terms for ready payment. Most kinds of country produce will be taken in exchange for work. JERE CULP, April 17, 1844.

A Special Proclamation!

E. O. HALSTED, in duty bound returns his sincere thanks to those who have favored him with their patronage during time past, and assure all who may feel an interest in the information, that he still continues at the old stand, ready to dispense to them in all manners, kinds and conditions of Cigars, Groceries, Cigars, &c. &c., at a liberal price, and most accommodating terms, to wit—For cash only. To the Thirsty, he would say, his SODA WATER is unrivalled. Small beer and various other beverages are constantly on hand. To the Hungry, he it proclaimed, that he has established a MARKET in the basement of his establishment, where FRESH MEATS of various kinds, will be kept constantly on hand. Towanda, May 6, 1844.

Executor's Notice.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the estate of GEORGE BOWEN, late of Warren, deceased, are hereby notified to make immediate payment; and all persons having demands against said estate, are requested to present them to the executor, legally authenticated, settlement without delay. N. H. C. BOWEN, Executor. H. B. BOWEN, Warren, April 26, 1844.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of JOHN BURNS, late of Towanda, dec'd., are notified to pay the same to the subscriber; and in paying charges, will also present them for settlement, duly authenticated. LUCY BURNS, Administratrix. Towanda, May 28, 1844.

The Bradford Reporter

BY E. S. GOODRICH AND SON. TERMS: Two dollars and fifty cents per annum in advance of postage. Fifty cents deducted if paid within the year; and for cash actually in advance, one dollar will be deducted. Subscribers at liberty to discontinue at any time by paying arrears. Advertisements, not exceeding a square inserted for fifty cents; every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers. Twelve lines or less make a square. Job Printing, of every description neatly and expeditiously executed, on new and fashionable type. Letters on business pertaining to the office, must come free of postage, to ensure attention. AGENTS.

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