

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI

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NUMBER 1

## TOWANDA: WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1845.

The Great of Anzocco.—We commence this week, an admirable tale under this title, written by the late Tyrone Power. It was his contribution to the "Club Book," a collection of original tales by a number of distinguished writers, published in London several years since. It will probably be new to most of our readers; although it was copied by the New Mirror in 1813, and title changed into that of the "Gypsy's Star." A harmless little scheme of some one, we suppose, to give it an air of originality in this paper.

At all events, it will bear a re-perusal, even should it have heretofore met the eye of any of our readers; being strongly imbued with the genius of its gifted author.

Power! He was on board the ill-fated *President* on her last voyage for England; and shared the mysterious fate of the eloquent Cookman, and many others, his fellow-passengers in the steamer.

Many of Power's productions have been deservedly popular. "The King's Secret," and the "Last Heir of America," is the best book of Travels in this country we have ever seen. It did not pay, and was not published, (as was well remarked at the time) it was insufficiently abate the American people and their opinions. Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, know better, and make more out of what they write about us, than other projects of the day. Iron is abundant, but not developed; and indications of copper have been discovered. There are sulphur springs at Rome, eight miles from Towanda. Considerable pine and other lumber is still prepared and sent to market from this county; more perhaps than is for the real interest of the population, who would derive a surer profit from the cultivation and export of agricultural produce.

The Berwick and Newtown, or Susquehanna and Tioga turnpike road, which passes through the county, was projected at the early settlement of the county about the year 1802 or '04, and was driven through the then wilderness by the exertions of Philadelphians and others interested in the trade. It was not fully completed until subsequent to 1820. The Williamsport and Enira railroad is completed from Williamsport to the southwestern corner of the county, but has been suspended for the present.

The north branch division of the Pennsylvania canal follows the windings of the Susquehanna to the north line of the state, forming a connection with the canals of New York. Most of the heavy work has been done upon the line; and a company has been chartered to take the unfinished work from the state, and complete it. When this opening is made, a profitable exchange will take place between the salt, plaster and lime of New York, and the coal and iron of Pennsylvania.

Previous to the rival of the whites in this region, the valley of the Susquehanna was under the special jurisdiction of the Cayuga tribe of Indians, one of the great confederacy of the Six Nations. To such of that confederacy was confided the charge of a door of their "long house," as they termed their residence in the state of New York. The Senecas kept the southwestern door in the Allegheny, the Mohawks the eastern at Schenectady, &c. The Cayugas themselves did not reside in the region now Bradford county. It was, with the Susquehanna valley; lower down, assigned as the asylum for scattered tribes of Mohicans, Wampanoags, Pawlos, Monseys, and other tribes who had retired from the encroachments of the whites. It was also on the great war-path between the Six Nations and the southern tribes; and it was by the Moravian Indians, that these more peaceful valleys have been the scene of many a bloody encounter. Tradition states that Wyandottewah was occupied by a tribe of that name who had two imaginary battles with the Towanda Indians, at the mouth of the Towanda creek. Many relics have been found of these former races. About two miles above Towanda, at the "Bark-neck narrows," on the left bank of the Susquehanna, is the residence of a squaw's head and face carved in the perpendicular rock. It is now much obliterated by the ice freshets. It is said that the name of *Bark-neck* was given to these narrows by Sullivan's army, who lost some cattle there; but whether there is any connection between the name and the sculpture does not distinctly appear.

The culture of pipe of peace was found a few years since on the Sheshequin flats, and is now in possession of Mr. Silas Gore. It is curiously wrought of red-stone, as perfect as when new; and the material corresponds with the description given of the red pipe of the Rocky Mountains, by George Catlin Esq. In Burlington township, the skeletons of two human beings were lately found in excavating a cellar. They were uncommonly large, and had apparently been deposited with much ceremony and care. Their heads were laid eastward, and their bodies enclosed with large flat stones. The bones were in a state of perfect preservation.

To whom, to what date may be ascribed what are called the Spanish fortifications above Athens on the Tioga, it is not easy to ascertain. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld ascribes them to the French in the time of Denonville, about 1688.

Before the men of Connecticut had asserted their claim to the fair valley of Bradford county, the holy pioneers of the Moravian mission had penetrated the wilderness along the Susquehanna, and made settlements at various points.

As early as 1750, Bishop Comberford and Rev. David Zeisberger, guided by an Indian of the Cayuga tribe, passed up the Susquehanna on a visit to Conopaga. To each night's encampment they gave a name, the first letter of which was cut into a tree by the Indians. They started at Titga, which is described as "a considerable Indian town." The same year, it is said, there was a great awakening, which extended over the whole Indian country, especially on the Susquehanna. There appears to have been an Indian village, in 1750 at Machwiltusung, (Wyalusing) where one Pa-

panhunk, an Indian moralist, had been zealously propagating his doctrines, with little success, however, for his hearers were addicted to the most abominable vices, and he himself was but little better. On a visit to the missionary station, Nain, on the Lehigh, he heard for the first time the great doctrine of the Cross, and such an impression did it make upon him, that the following year he took down his wife and 33 of his followers, to hear this new doctrine; at the same time endeavoring, without success, to persuade the Christian Indians of Nain to remove to the Susquehanna.

[We feel unwilling to divide the following interesting account of the early missionary operations in this region. The ruins of the Moravian church at Wyalusing, are familiar to the old settlers of the neighborhood. The building was much more complete than the ordinary Indian structures—being covered with shingles, and otherwise comfortably finished.]

In May, 1763, Zeisberger, with the Indian brother Anthony, came to Wyalusing, having heard of a remarkable awakening there, and that the Indians desired some one who could point them to the true way of obtaining rest and peace in their consciences. Papanhunk had lost his credit by the inefficiency of his doctrines. Zeisberger was met, before he arrived, by Job Gilfloway, an inhabitant of Wyalusing, who spoke English well, and told him that their council had met six days successively to consider how they might procure a teacher of the truth. Zeisberger was invited to become a resident missionary among them, which, after a visit to Bethlehem, he consented to do. It appears that about this time "some well-meaning people of a different persuasion arrived at Wyalusing;" but the Indians having already given a preference to the Moravians, would listen to no other sect. [Con. this has been Bradford.] The first fruit of Zeisberger's pious efforts in his new congregation, was Papanhunk himself, who confessed his sins, and desired to be baptized. He received the Christian name of John; and another Indian, who had been Papanhunk's opponent, was baptized after him, and called Peter.

In the midst of these encouraging prospects, consternation spread through the frontier settlements, on receipt of the news of the Indian war of 1763, which had just broken out along the lakes and the Ohio. Occasional parties of Indians from the west skulked into the Moravian Indian settlements to persuade them to withdraw, that they might make a descent upon the whites. This became known to the Irish settlement in the Kattunaw valley, whose jealousy was aroused that the Moravian Indians were in collusion with their hostile brethren, and the missionary settlements were thus placed between two fires. This animosity of the Irish at length wreaked itself upon the poor Indians on the Conestoga; and the other Christian Indians were taken by the missionaries to Philadelphia for protection. Peace at length arrived at the close of 1761, and in 1763 the whole body of Indian brethren returned to the deserted huts at Wyalusing. Devoting themselves anew to Him who had given them rest for the soles of their feet, they began their labors with renewed courage, and pitching upon a convenient spot on the banks of the Susquehanna, a few miles below Wyalusing, they built a regular settlement, which they called Friedenshueten, (*Tents of Peace*). It consisted of 13 Indian huts, and upwards of 40 frame houses, shingled, and provided with chimneys and windows. A convenient house was erected for the missionaries, and in the middle of the broad street stood the chapel, neatly built, and covered with shingles. Gardens surrounded the village, and near the river about 250 acres were divided into regular plantations of Indian corn. Each family had their own boat. The burying-ground was at some distance in the rear. During the progress of building the town, the aged, infirm, and children, lodged in the old cottages bound on the spot; the rest in bark huts. In fine weather they lifted up their voices in prayer and praise under the open firmament. It was a pleasure to observe them, like a swarm of bees, at their work; some were building, some clearing land, some hunting and fishing to provide for the others, and some cared for householding. The town being completed, the usual regulations and orders of the Moravian stations were adopted; and order and peace prevailed, and the good work went gloriously on. As one of the great confederacy of the Six Nations, the Cayugas kept that door of their "long house," which they permitted to reside within their jurisdiction. With all the solemnity of Indian diplomacy, the Christian Indians gave notice to the chief of the Cayugas, that they had settled on the Susquehanna, where they intended to build and live in peace with their families, if their approval of it; and they likewise desired leave for their teachers to live with them. The chief, after consultation with the great council of Onondaga, replied, in a friendly manner, "that the place they had chosen was not proper, all that country having been stained with blood; therefore he would take them up and place them in a better situation, near the upper end of Cayuga lake. They might take their teachers with them, and be unmolested in their worship."

This proposal did not exactly suit the Indians of Friedenshueten, and they evaded an acquiescence, giving the chief hopes that they would reply "when the Indian corn was ripe." This was in the summer of '65. After waiting until the spring of 1776, the Cayuga chief sent a message to Friedenshueten, "that he did not know what sort of Indian corn they might plant, for their corn had been gathered long ago, and was almost consumed, and he soon intended to plant again." The chief, ultimately, and the council, gave them a larger tract of land than they had desired, extending beyond Tioga, to make use of as their own, with a promise that the heathen Indians should not come and dwell upon it. This grant, however, was forgotten at the treaty of 1768, when the whole country on the Susquehanna was sold to Pennsylvania.

The peace of the settlement was often disturbed by the introduction of rum, that universal accompaniment of civilization, introduced by struggling Indians. They ordered at length that every rum bottle should be locked up during the stay of its owner, and delivered to him on his departure. The white traders from the Irish settlements at Paxton, found the settlement a most convenient depot, and endeavored to make it a place of common resort in 1766. They staid several weeks in the place, and occasioned much levity and dissipation among the young people. The Indians at length ordered their oil, desiring that the "Tents of Peace" should not be made a place of traffic. The hospitality of the brethren often exhausted their little stock of provisions and their only resource for a new supply was in hunting, or seeking aid from the older settlements. Their numbers had increased so much in 1767, that a spacious church was erected. The locusts, which swarmed by millions, did great damage to their crops. The small-pox broke out among them in '67, and the patients were gradually removed to temporary cabins on the opposite side of the river. The station at Friedenshueten continued to prosper for several years, until the year 1772. During this period the persevering Zeisberger had several times threaded the wilderness to the waters of the Allegheny and Ohio, and planted new churches among the Delawares dwelling there. (See Beaver and Venango.)

Among the places visited by Moravian brethren of Friedenshueten, was an Indian town about thirty miles above, called Tscheschequammik in the orthography of the mission, "where a great awakening had taken place." (This was old Sheshequin on the right bank of the river, opposite and a little below the present village of that name.) Brother John Roth, after permission duly obtained from the Cayuga chief, took charge of this post as the resident missionary. The chief in granting his permission, gave encouragement that he himself would occasionally come to hear the "great word"—being convinced that was the right way. Two Indian brethren assisted Mr. Roth, and the station became a kind of "chapel of ease" to Friedenshueten. About half a mile from Sheshequin the savages used at stated times to keep their feasts of sacrifice. On these occasions they roved about in the neighborhood like so many evil spirits, making the air to resound with their hideous noises and howlings, but they never approached near enough to molest the brethren. Brother Roth had the pleasure to see many proofs of the power of the word of God, and it appeared for some time as if all the people about Sheshequin would turn to the Lord. Some time after, an enemy began to show himself; some said openly, "We cannot live according to the precepts of the brethren; if God had intended us to live like them, we should certainly have been born amongst them." Nevertheless James Davis, a chief, and several others were baptized.

The missionaries lost no opportunity of reconciling the chiefs of the Iroquois, and often invited them to dine as they passed through the settlement. These little attentions made a favorable impression, and enabled the missionaries, in familiar conversation, to remove misapprehensions, and allay unfounded prejudices which had been entertained by the chiefs against them. These chiefs noticed every thing that passed in the village, and looked with little suspicion upon the surveying instruments used at the settlement, regarding them as some mysterious contrivance to obtain the land from the Indians. The paintings in the church, of the crucifixion, and the scene at the Mount of Olives, attracted their admiration, and enabled the brethren to explain to them the history of our Lord, "which produced in some a salutary thoughtfulness."

In 1771, there was an immense flood in the Susquehanna, and all the inhabitants at Sheshequin were obliged to save themselves in boats, and retire to the woods, where they were detained four days.

The Six Nations having, by the treaty of 1768, sold their land "from under their feet," the brethren were compelled to seek a new grant from the governor of Pennsylvania, who kindly ordered that they should not be disturbed, and that he had ordered the surveyors to make up and land within five miles of Friedenshueten.

The brethren had received many pressing invitations from the Delawares on the Ohio to leave the Susquehanna, and the dangerous vicinity of the whites, and settle among them. These invitations were declined until 1772, when the brethren became convinced that the congregations could not maintain themselves long in these parts. The Iroquois had sold their land, and various troublesome demands upon them were continually renewed; the contest between the Connecticut men and the Indians and Penninites at Wyoming had commenced, while settlers daily increased, and rum was introduced to seduce the young people. They therefore finally resolved to remove to Ohio.

Their exodus was remarkable. To transport 240 individuals of all ages, with cattle and horses, from the North Branch across the Allegheny mountains by way of Bald Eagle, to the Ohio, would be, even in these days of locomotive facilities, a most arduous undertaking. That must it have been through that howling wilderness! Fortunately most of the company were natives of the forest. The scene is given in the language of Laskiel, the antagonist of the missionaries.

June 6th, 1772. The congregation partook of the holy communion for the last time in Friedenshueten.

June 11th, all being ready for the journey, the congregation met for the last time at F., when the missionary reminded them of the great favors and blessings received from God in this place, and offered up praises and thanksgivings to him, with fervent supplications for his peace and protection on the journey. The company consisted of 241 persons from Friedenshueten and proceeded with great cheerfulness in reliance upon the Lord.

Brother Ettwein conducted those who went by land, and brother Roth, those by water, who were the greater number. "This journey was a practical school of patience for the missionaries. The fatigue attending the migration of a whole congregation, with all their goods and cattle, in a country like North America, can hardly be conceived by any one who has not experienced it; much less can it be properly described. The land travellers had 70 head of oxen, and a still greater number of horses, to care for, and

sustained incredible hardships in forcing a way for themselves and their beasts through very thick woods and swamps of a great extent, being directed only by a small path, and that barely discernible in some places; so that it appears almost impossible to conceive how one man could work his way and mark a path that such close thickets and immense woods, one of which he computed to be about 60 miles long. While passing through these woods it rained almost incessantly. In one part of the country they were obliged to wade 36 times through the windings of the river Muncsey, besides suffering other hardships. However, they attended to their daily worship as regularly as circumstances would permit, and had frequently strangers among them, both Indians and white people, who were particularly attentive to the English discourses delivered by brother Ettwein. The party which went by water were every night obliged to seek a lodging on shore, and suffered much from the cold. Soon after their departure from Friedenshueten, the measles broke out among them, and many fell sick, especially the children. The attention due to the patients necessarily increased the fatigue of the journey. In some parts they were molested by inquisitive, (probably in the Wyoming valley) and in others by drunken people. The many falls and dangerous rapids in the Susquehanna occasioned immense trouble and frequent delays. However, by the mercy of God, they passed safe by Shanokin, and then upon the west arm of the river by Long Island to Great Island, when they joined the land travellers on the 20th June, and now proceeded all together by land. When they arrived at the mountains, they met with great difficulties in crossing them, for, not having horses enough to carry all the baggage, most of them were obliged to carry some part. During a considerable part of the journey the rattlesnakes kept them in constant alarm, as they lay in great numbers either in or near the road. These venomous creatures destroyed several of the horses, but the oxen were saved by being driven in the rear. The most troublesome plague in the woods was a kind of insect called by the Indians *Pank*, or *living ashes*, from their being so small that they are hardly visible, and their bite as painful as red-hot ashes. As soon as the evening fires were kindled, the cattle, in order to get rid of these insects, ran furiously towards the fire, crowding into the smoke, by which our travellers were much disturbed in their sleep and at meals. These tormenting creatures are met with in a tract of country which the Indians call "a place avoided by all men." The following circumstance gave rise to this name: About 30 years ago, an Indian hermit lived upon a rock in this neighborhood, and used to appear to travellers or hunters in different garbs, fighting some and murdering others. At length a valiant chief was so fortunate as to surprise and kill him. To this true account fabulous reports has added, that the chief, having burnt the hermit's bones to ashes, scattered them in the air throughout the forest, and they became *panks*. In another part of the forest, the fires and storms had caused such confusion among the trees, that the wood was almost impenetrable. Some persons departed this life during the journey, and among them a poor mother, 10 1/2 years old, who was carried by his mother in a basket on her back. Our travellers were sometimes compelled to stay a day or two in one place, to supply themselves with necessities of life. They shot upwards of 150 deer during the journey, and found great abundance of fish. They likewise met with a peculiar kind of turtle, about the size of a goose, with a long neck, pointed head, and eyes like a dove.

July 20th, they left the mountains and arrived on the banks of the Ohio (now the Allegheny) where they immediately built canoes to send the aged and infirm with the heavy baggage down the river. Two days afterwards they met brother Herkenweher and some Indian horses from Friedenshueten, (in Beaver co.) by whose assistance they arrived there on the 5th Aug., and were received with every mark of affection by the whole congregation.

[We shall give a further extract from this interesting sketch of Bradford County in our next.]

We are growing old.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise  
When a glance is backward cast,  
On some lone remembered spot that lies  
In the silence of the past;  
It may be the shadow of our early joys,  
Or the bloom of early tears;  
But it seems to us like a tar-off veil,  
In the stony sea of years,  
Oh, wide and wild are the waves that part  
Our steps from its greenness new,  
And we miss the joy of many a heart,  
And the light of many a brow;  
For deep o'er many a solitary bark  
Have the whining billows rolled,  
That stirred us from that early mark—  
Oh, friends, we are growing old.

Old in the digress and the dust  
Of our daily toil and care,  
Old in the wrecks of love and trust  
In which our hundred memory bears,  
Each form may wear to the passing gaze  
The bloom of life's freshness yet,  
And beams may brighten our latter days,  
Which the morning never met,  
But oh the changes we have seen,  
In the far and winding way;  
The graves in our path that have grown green,  
And the locks that have grown gray!  
The winters still on our own may spare  
The sabbath on the gold;  
But we see that snow upon brighter hair—  
And friends, we are growing old.

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now  
We have learned to pause and fear;  
But where are the living founts whose flow  
Was a joy of heart to hear?  
We have won the wealth of many a clime,  
And the lore of many a page;  
But where is the hope that saw in time  
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,  
And the woods their youth renew?  
Will it come again when the violet wakes,  
And the woods their youth renew?  
We have stood in the light of sunny breaks,  
Where the bloom was deep and blue;  
And our souls might joy in the spring-drops that,  
But the joy was faint and cold,  
For it never could give us youth again  
Of hearts that are growing old.

Suppose you were lost in a fog, what are you most likely to be? Mist, of course.

The Gipsy of the Abruzzo.

BY TYRONE POWER.

CHAPTER I.

The hot south east wind had prevailed all day, and east gloom and languor over the lovely valley of Abruzzo—a spot worthy of having given birth to the amiable Naso; that immortal poet, whose glowing imagination has so truly painted those "charming agonies of love, whose misery delights."

It was near to that spot still known to the peasantry as *La Bottega d'Orsido*, that the young Donna Constanza stayed her eager palfrey to let him drink of the limpid stream of *Gli Fonte d'Anore*. Notwithstanding the sickening oppression of the malaria, now fast pervading the heated breeze, the flush of hope, and happiness sat upon the maiden's brow, and the smile of youthful joy played around her parting lips. While her horse sucked up the cooling draught, a voice from beneath called out in a low but musical tone, "Gentil Donna," two several times before she could recognize whence it proceeded.

"Gentil Donna," said the voice, a third time, "sing a duet on the margin of *Gli Fonte d'Anore*, and I'll read you your fortune."

The lady now discerned the speaker where he lay stretched at full length beneath the thick alder that shaded one side of the spring. "This is no hour to have fortune read," replied the donna; "but here's a gold zecchino for thy good wishes, for truly never did fortune more here. Here, Andrea, rein up thy steed, and bear the coin to him."

"Though it not, blessed Andrea," sharply cried the first speaker, addressing the waiting servant; "will bluster thy fingers else?"

Andrea instinctively started from the proffered gold; the speaker laughed, and in a softened tone continued:—

"Pile it then upon the flowery turf, made ever verdant by the waters of *Gli Fonte d'Anore*; sing it freely down, and thy lover, lady, shall never pass cross again."

A deep suffusion passed over the cheek of Constanza.

"The baron is in sight, donna," announced Andrea.

"Then let us ride on," she replied, as, with a look that seemed to say, I would hear more if occasion suited, she flung the coin towards the prophet; and, giving her spirited palfrey the rein, she galloped lightly towards the castello.

"Your fortune is read, *molto brava*, and may your star never shine less brightly than at this hour," cried the man, springing up, and displaying the well-known equipment of the *Zingaro*—one of a race, half-bandit, half-gipsy, who were, at this period, thickly located about the wild mountain-track lying between Isernia and Popoli, and extending from the lake of Celano across the mountains of Marsico. In his hand he bore a staff full nine feet long,—this was his only apparent weapon; for his neck hung a rudely-formed guitar, a long hair-net constrained his luxuriant black locks, and a large leaved hat lay back upon his shoulders, sustained by a narrow leather strap passed across his forehead. His nether man was clad in loose breeches of dark-yellow cotton, drawn tight below the knee; a greasy-shaped leather gaiter covered his leg nearly to the ankle, where it was met by the lacing of the rude sandal, which barely projected the sole of the foot. A short closely-fitted jerkin of deer-skin, and a very large *capa* of coarse black cloth, completed the wardrobe of the very picturesque-looking youth, who, leaning on his staff, watched the receding figure of the beautiful Constanza. There was a yellowish tint in his complexion which would have given a sickly character to the countenance, but that was more than counteracted by the lustrous brightness of his large black eyes, the redness of his lips, and a set of teeth, which, from their strength and whiteness, seemed formed for eternity. In figure he was about the middle height; his limbs light and long, denoting both strength and dexterity.

As the cottage of the baron drew near, the youth thus animatedly peered round the spring, and having peered from the turf the piece of gold, rapidly darted away; and by the aid of his palfrey clearing the many streams which intersected the meadow, made for the olive-grove, which covered one side of the steep hill leading to the castello.

This was the day of the festival of the patron-saint of the monastery of the *Annunciata*, and in despite of the strokes, the Baron de Miravia had attended the ceremony in company with his niece. They had left the castle at daybreak, and were now returning from the monastery accompanied by some of the neighboring nobility. It was on this day, in the church of the *Annunciata*, Constanza had recovered the smiles stolen from her brow, ever since the hour her uncle first announced the feud which separated her from Luigi Contrani, her long-suffered and heart-chosen lord. It was from the hand of a mendicant palmer to whom she tended alms, in the gloomy aisles of the church, she received the electric touch which imparted new life to her heart. It was from beneath that pilgrim's hood the glances shot which had kindled anew the fire of joy in her eyes; and it was to read the letter of love, hidden next her beating heart, whose lines, indeed, were in tears but fate, that she now spurned Constanza so freely, heedless of the heart of the young man or.

The same day was far advanced, when the gipsy stood close before the noble gate of the Castello de Miravia, and while tuning his guitar, the wanderer's constant recommendation, disturbed the rest of the puffed port-wine who sat within its shade.

"Peace, and quit thy thrumming, rogue! thou cannot expect to steal aught here," growled the unmusical servant; "what couldst thou?"

"Something to eat, and somewhere to shelter me within these ample walls," replied the youth, sally; "see you the threatening storm?"

[SEE FOURTH PAGE.]

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

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