

The Forest Flower.

brother, but not for the cold heartless world will I write that parting scene. He wore himself from her, and the next moment he and his comrade were riding away over the plain, and were soon lost in the gloom of the forest. Months rolled away, and never did the prospect of the American colonies appear more gloomy. Lieutenant Howard was promoted to the command of a regiment, and despatched to a distant Southern frontier; but Captain De Clifford was still struggling with a handful of soldiers against a much superior force of the British army in the north, when he never heard tidings from the Howard family. It was near the close of a beautiful day, as Olive was returning from a ramble in the forest; winding her way through a lonely wood-path, she was startled by the rustling of the leaves in the glen, and beheld approaching her the tall form of an Indian, wrapped in a wolfish robe, and with a plume of black feathers braided in his locks. She knew at a glance that it was "Eagle-Eye," a famed warrior, whose military prowess struck terror and dread throughout the English colonies. He had after a long series of hostilities, concluded a treaty with the colonies; but like the renowned Phillip of Mount Hope, he remained in mysterious concealment, ingeniously and successfully revenging himself on his enemies. Fearful tales of the chief's bravery came thronging to the memory of Olive, and she involuntarily shuddered as the savage warrior stood before her. "The Eagle-Eye hath come through the forest to tell the maiden a strange tale," said the Indian, in a low, meaning tone. "What tidings has the chieftan bro't? inquired Olive, with anxiety. "Maiden, said the warrior, in a voice solemn with emotion, "it is not a light thing for the Eagle-Eye, the last sachem of the once powerful Wampanoags, to dwell on the soil of his ancestors with the pale faces!" and for a moment the wild, untamed spirit of the native American flashed from the eye of the savage. But the kindled eye slowly resumed its usual haughty coldness as he continued, "Listen, maiden, the foe have snared a cunning warrior—even thy father's guest. He is a captive in the British fortress, and he dies ere the sun hath risen thrice upon the forest trees." At these words Olive Howard leaned motionless against a large rock. "He hath been a brave warrior," added the chief, after a pause, "and methinks he should not yet be laid low—that lightning in his eye should not yet be quenched—but the shadows are lengthening in the valley," said he, "and the Eagle-Eye must away." So saying, he disappeared in the forest. It was even—and the broad light of the moon fell upon many a proud tower and lowly cot, while the boughs of the tall oak trees caved to and fro in the breeze in silent grandeur, and the twinkling of the stars lent a magic lustre to the night. The broad lake in the distance, as it reflected the light of the moon seemed like a vast sheet of foam, and the observer might have fancied that he saw there the fantastic form of the mermaid, and at times heard the low melody of her song on the night breeze. A rich, balmy odor came forth from the thousand blossoms that adorned the earth, the breath of the flowers was borne on the air, and there was a music in the gentle breeze which sent a soothing influence over the soul. Oh!—what had sadness or sorrow to do with that hour? But, ah! in a sylvan bowyer a high heart may grieve; and high hopes, the gems of the heart, may perish on their altar-shrine. Yes! there was one whose heart was sad even in that of beauty. One to whom all this beauty and loveliness seemed but mockery. It was Olive Howard. She sat in her father's dwelling, and her soul had no share in the gladness of that hour. It was night—the stars were pale, and the crescent moon shed for a flickering light, that but faintly revealed the dim outline of a lone black building, whose massive turrets and rudely hewn pillars showed it to be an embattled fortification of grandeur and strength. It was situated on a cleared open lawn, surrounded by an unobscured and almost impenetrable wilderness. There was a spell of silence breathed around the walls of that spacious mansion, and nought was heard except the shrill cry of the sentinel, as he hurriedly trod his monotonous round, or the moaning of the breezy groves, or at times the shriek of the screech-owl. But there was one who shrank not from the dangers of the forest even in that dread hour, but glided silently along like a shadow, treading swiftly the weary path through the forest, over hill and dale, until he emerged out into the plain before the enemy's fort. What would not a brave heart dare at such a crisis, when about to do a high and manly deed? O! it needs but a touch at times to flash forth the lofty and bright imaginings and develop into action the might of a high heart. There was military festivity and revelry that resounded through the British fortress, for the English had that day won the victory, and captured one of their deadliest foes; one whom

they had long feared, and sought to get in their power. It was Captain De Clifford. He was their prisoner, and death was to be his. He sat alone in a remote cell in that lordly mansion; his countenance was deadly pale, but the language of high deeds was stamped upon his bold, high forehead, and the rigidly compressed lips wore an expression of firmness and determination. Ah! it needed not the haughty frown on the captive's brow, nor the strange light of triumph in his eye, to tell that he was one who had wrought out his own destiny, and that he was of that race whose deeds have won a name among heroes;—whose high hopes have soared to the skies and sought their spirit-land among the stars. The hero reclined on his mat, and soft winds gently fanned the classic brow of that mighty one, and a smile relaxed his lip; but, oh! ask not its meaning, for it would reveal a tale of agony and suffering that heart scorned to unfold. Oh! had the dreams of hope perished and blighted that noble heart, and the flowers that brightened his pathway, had they faded away? Alas! why doth joy ever gladden the human heart, then leave it to sigh o'er its blighted parterre of bright hopes perishing? Or was it higher and nobler feelings that thrilled the soul of the captive, and lit up his dark eye with unearthly brilliancy? Oh! did there breathe over the richest chords of his heart an Eolian strain of the soul's sweet memories of other hours. Oh! it is a sad, sad thing to die even when the heart is blighted; when the high hopes graven upon it are withered and faded like the leaves of Autumn; and when the soul hath turned away from earth, and bath no fellowship but with the bright and lovely things of nature! Yes! when the golden dream of the heart hath perished. But how much sadder to die in the blooming freshness of life, ere decay hath fixed its signet upon the youthful form, and before a shade had fallen upon the deep and fervent feelings of a heart filled with hope! Can aught that is moral wholly resist ambition's siren voice? And what heart hath not dreamed of glory, or wealth, or fame. De Clifford sat some time in deep thought, when he drew a miniature from his girdle, and the look he cast upon it was more than the idle gaze of curiosity. Suddenly he was aroused from his reverie. "Methinks that miniature might be thy 'lady love's,'" said a low, musical voice, and De Clifford raised his eyes, and a stranger stood by his side, enveloped in a dark, military cloak; and though his face was concealed by a soldier's cap, he was apparently very young. "Who art thou?" said De Clifford fiercely, springing to his feet, and clenching his hand fiercely on his sword sheath; but it fell quickly, and he sighted for the weapon was not there. The stranger saw the movement, and smiled sadly. "Spare thy sword, noble De Clifford," said he; "for I thy friend and a few hours shall prove an assertion." "Alas!" said De Clifford, mournfully, "I am the victim of treachery, and perjury hath made me distrustful." "But!" he added, casting a keen glance at the stranger; "What have I to do with you? What is your mission?" "Captive, would'st thou be free?" replied the stranger, in a low, meaning tone. "If thou would'st, I can effect your escape." "How? How? exclaimed De Clifford, eagerly. "I have bribed the sentinel!" said the stranger, again lowering his voice; "and the echoing corridors speak well for the revellers. But we have no time to lose!" said the stranger, hastily. "Trifle not, but follow me!" And so saying he glided out of the cell, and De Clifford, gathering up his mantle, followed him. They stole noiselessly along the margin of a broad stream behind the fort some time, until they struck into a narrow foot-path, and soon plunged into the depths of the forest. They pursued their toilsome way until they came to an angle in the wood where was tied to the trunk of an old tree a noble steed. The stranger then paused and was about to depart. "Thank heaven!" said he, emphatically, "you are free! take that steed and fly, and may you reach the American camp in safety." "Hold! brave stranger," said De Clifford; "I have no nobler gift than gratitude, but here is gold for thee!" said he, presenting him a piece of gold and jewels; "and I would fain know the name of my generous deliverer ere we part!" "No, no; take back thy gems," said the stranger, scornfully. "I was not for gold Deburgo rescued thee;—some valueless bauble would be as rich a remembrance to me; that miniature, for instance," said he carelessly. "That miniature is inestimable to me! but you know it not," replied De Clifford, in a tone of regret. "Farewell, then!" said Deburgo, after a short pause. "We may meet again! God bless you, De Clifford!" De Clifford wrung his hand, and there were words of strange eloquence on his lips, but Deburgo lingered not to hear them, but wrapped his cloak about him and disappeared in the forest. And ere the sun had risen on that

bold English fortress, Captain De Clifford was welcomed to the American camp. Three years write strange revolutions upon the sybillic pages of human destiny. So thought De Clifford, as he stood leaning over the parapet of an old, ruined English fortress where he had once been captive; and scenes of the past came vividly crowding to his memory. That era in the annals of American history, when the colonies won their freedom, had arrived, and peace smiled on the land. Yes!—three years had wrought sad changes in the family of Howard—for General Howard and his sister Judith were both dead, and Olive Howard was an orphan. Prostrate that proud fabric lay, where so lately its high columns towered in imposing majesty and fearful strength, and the fragments of that British fort strewn the ground. The sun's declining rays flickered across the earth, but the soldier still lingered among the ruins. Associations were revived and re-awakened, and his thoughts wandered back to other days, and thus he soliloquized, leaning thoughtfully against a pillar. "There have been long days of sorrow in my lot but no lapse of time or estrangement can efface from memory one I loved, perhaps in vain!" and he gazed upon the miniature that was Olive Howard's gift long before. "I too have felt sorrow!" "And I, too, might speak of the heart's unchanging constancy," said a low, sweet voice, and De Clifford beheld a young and beautiful girl, clad in deep mourning, leaning against a broken column near his side. De Clifford started; for a single glance at her face of exquisite beauty told him it was Olive Howard, "Lady, Heaven only knows how anxiously I have sought you, but could hear nothing of you or your family," said he. "Adversity has been my lot since last we met, and three years has orphaned Olive Howard," said she, mournfully. "But I doubt not we have both experienced afflictions," said she looking up sadly but ingeniously. De Clifford was silent with astonishment, for the bright being before him was a desolate orphan in the wide world. De Clifford took the hand of Olive, and, with a lover's eloquence declared his love to the blushing girl, and it was returned. "I have strayed," said De Clifford, "on the vine-clad hills of La Belle France, and wandered on the classic shore of Greece, and roamed beneath an Italian sky, where the Music hath sung to her sweetest lyre, and when the myrtle bough hangs in the olive's shade, but my heart was brightened an image of more radiant beauty than they can boast. See!—here is the one I worshipped!" Olive leaned forward to gaze on one so mysteriously designated; it was a bright face of youth and beauty—the miniature of Olive Howard! Her only reply was one of those heart-thrilling looks which high-souled women possess. "We have had troubles and sorrows, but we will forget them in our happiness and in our country's freedom," said De Clifford, after a short pause; "but I was once a captive, doomed to death in this British fortress, in whose mouldering possessions I now linger." "But how were you rescued?" said Olive, inquiringly, and a strange smile wreathed her lip. "By a noble stranger, Deburgo, over whom a strange mystery hangs, for I have never seen him since that hour; but he will ever have my undying gratitude." "He stands before you!" said the lady; "behold in Olive Howard—Deburgo!" But why dwell longer on a tale already told? And why tell a tale of woman's love? Is it not already written on the chivalric, thrilling pages of romance? And surely, it hath its reality. And one word, as a slight tribute to the memory of Edward Howard. He lived and died one of America's noblest defenders. America was free!—her independence was achieved, and liberty was her glory. The noble De Clifford, with the lovely Olive for his bride, dwelt with that brave little band whose deeds of glory are enrolled on the pages of history. They who, by their energy and perseverance, levelled the frowning forest, and caused the wilderness to flourish as a garden and the desert to blossom in beauty; and who have won a lasting fame, higher and brighter than the stars. A SIMPLE QUESTION.—A Western paper asks, (and the question grows appropriate in these cold days)—"Did you ever know a man that could poke the fire better than you could?" MODesty.—Jonathan Slick says that he saw a young lady in Nova Scotia, so modest that she put the legs of her piano in trousers to keep her from fainting. Pay debts promptly, and exact your dues; keep your word, take a good newspaper, and you must succeed. A WOMAN should never take a lover without the consent of her heart; nor a husband without the concurrence of her reason.

The Devoted Wife. She was a beautiful girl. When I first saw her, she was standing by the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead, and melted in to beauty on his lips. And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of heaven, and every heart blessed them as they went on their way rejoicing in their love. Years passed on, and I saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of summer's sunset stole thro' the half closed and crimsoned curtain, lending a richer tint to the carpeting and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and glorious apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had given place to perfect womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint tint of care was perceptible on her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant;—anxiety, ambition and pride had grown over a silver hue was mingled with the dark of his hair, almost to baldness. He was reclining in a splendid ottoman, with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features. "Edward, you are ill to-night," said his wife, in a low, sweet, half inquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his own. Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused it wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he seems or fears to reveal—dreadful to which the convulsive features, and gloomy brow—the indefinable shadows of hidden emotion—the involuntary sigh of sorrows in which we are forbidden to participate, whose character we cannot know. The wife essayed once more. "Edward," said she slowly, mildly and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one, who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled and refuse to tell me the cause." Something of returning tenderness softened, for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply. Time passed on, and the twin were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had mingled with the men whom his heart loathed, he had sought the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country—he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor. The door of the dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife. "Edward—my dear Edward," said she, "I have come to save you. I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God my purpose is nearly executed." Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash. "I have not merited this kindness," he murmured, in the choked tones of agony. "Edward," said his wife, in an earnest, but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be able to pass out unnoticed. Haste or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure me for any efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself." "But Margaret," said the husband, "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell." "O speak not of me dearest Edward," said the devoted woman, "I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, haste, and all will be well," and she aided, with trembling hands, to disguise the proud form of her husband, in the female garb. "Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer reminded the supposed lady the time allotted for her had expired. "Farewell! we shall meet again," responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life. They did meet again—the wife and the husband; but only as the dead may meet in the awful communion of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the last purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband; and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoners cell was opened, the guards found wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of a devoted wife.

The Yankee Shop Revived!! NOW on the south side of the public square, in the building adjoining the Clearmont Tavern house, owned by N. Tuttle, where the subscriber does not hesitate to say that he has just received from the State of New York, the BEST articles of STOVES ever brought into Towanda, such as Crozier's pt. im. Cooking Stoves, elevated oven. An assortment of Parlor Dining Room Cookings Cylinder Cook. A quantity of Six Plates, of different sizes and shapes. Which are now for sale as low as any other establishment in Towanda, or elsewhere, for ready pay. Whist and cards received in part pay for the above named stoves, and in addition to the above bill, customers will always find Store Pipe and Elbows, of all sizes on hand, with an Assortment of Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron WARE, wholesale and retail. Eave-trough conductors, sheet iron Aquas, with all other kind of job-work, made and fitted up on short notice, and in a workmanlike manner. The undersigned would render his most sincere thanks to the public for previous patronage, and respectfully solicits a share of the same for the future. D. C. HALL. Towanda, Oct. 23, 1843. SADDLE, HARNESS & TRUNK MANUFACTORY. THE SUBSCRIBERS respectfully inform their old friends and the public generally that they are carrying on the above business in all its various branches, in the north part of the building occupied by B. Thomas, as a Hat shop, on Main street, nearly opposite Mercur's store, where they will be happy to accommodate old and new customers. SADDLES, CARPET BAGS, BRIDLES, VALISES, MARTINGALS, TRUNKS, HARNESS, COLLARS, WHIPS & C. & C. of the latest fashion and best materials will be made to order on moderate terms for ready pay. Most kinds of country produce will be taken in exchange for work. ARNOULT & CULP. Nov. 13, 1843. D. Vandercook—Cabinet Maker. Corner of Main & State streets, Towanda Pa. 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. NEW BLACKSMITHING ESTABLISHMENT. THE SUBSCRIBER has taken the Blacksmithing Shop on the west side of Main street, in the south part of the Borough, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line such as HORSESHOEING, CARRIAGE & COACH WORK and EDGE TOOLS. Having learned his trade thoroughly, and had considerable experience in the business, he is able to say that his work will bear comparison with that of any man in the country or city. He would refer to G. H. Drake, for whom he has made the iron work for carriages for the last two years. The patronage of the public is solicited. N. B. Country Produce received in payment for work. HENRY ESENWINE. Towanda, May 30, 1843. TAILORING! GEORGE H. BUNTING. WOULD respectfully inform the public that he continues at his old stand, on the west side of Main street, between Bartlett's and Kingbury's stores, up stairs, where he will be found in readiness to do all kinds of work in his line, in a style not to be surpassed by any other shop in the country. Prices to suit the times. He thanks his customers for past favors; and hopes by strict attention to business, and accommodating terms to merit a continuance of public favor. Particular attention paid to cutting, and warranted to fit if properly made. Most kinds of country produce taken in payment for work. Towanda, Nov. 14th, 1843. WATCHES, CLOCKS, & JEWELRY. THE subscriber has recently returned from New York and has just received this day a splendid assortment of goods in his line. Among his assortment may be found Gold and Silver Levers, Horizontal, Lepine and common Watches of the best quality and at reduced prices. Also, Brass eight day and twenty four hour Wood Clocks. Among his assortment of Jewelry may be found Gold & Silver Pencils, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Wrist Clasp, Silver Pins, Guard & Fob Chains, Gold & common Keys, Pocket Knives, Specks and Goggles, Silver Thimbles, Steel Pens, Wallets, Tooth Brushes, Tobacco and Snuff Boxes, Accordions, Percussion Caps, Violin Strings, Clarinet Reeds, Pencil Points, Table & Tea Spoons all of which will be sold low for Ready Pay. WAGON REPAIRING. All kinds of Watches & Clocks repaired on short notice and done well. Also Engraving in style. Call and see. J. M. GYLLSON. Next door to the Post Office. Towanda, Nov. 17th, 1843. A FEW cwt. of good old Berkshire Cheese constantly on hand by E. B. CLARK. Nov. 18th, 1843.

C. BRUNCKERHOFF'S HEALTH RESTORATIVE. WHERE is not for the wonderful power of this invaluable medicine, commencing it to the attention of the public, so many worthless, and indeed dangerous, trunks have been brought forward, with all parade of false certificates and commendations, that even the most valuable medicine of the Health Restorative, however, with a foundation upon an experience of its wide beneficial effects, confidently recommending it in cases of Coughs, Colds, Liver complaints, raising of blood, pain in the side and chest, purifying the blood, exciting general activity of skin, and all other complaints arising from want of tone in the stomach. The medicine not only prevents the taste, but it requires unusual attention to diet, not to turn away from attending to usual occupations, and to procure certificates in testimony of its extraordinary efficacy, the following are selected. Letter from Samuel Nel. Mr. C. Brunckerhoff—Sir: Having been afflicted with a disease of the lungs, attended with a severe cough and great difficulty of breathing, and compelled at times to give up my bed, I tried many medicines, but found little relief, until hearing of your Health Restorative, I procured two bottles of Sabin's Health Restorative, Susquehanna county, and I feel compelled in saying that I have not enjoyed better health in some years, and I think that God, it has been the means of prolonging my life, and most cheerfully recommend it to the public as a valuable medicine. Yours, &c. SAMUEL NEL. Skinner's Eddy, Wyoming Co., Pa. December 10, 1842. Letter from C. W. Dunn. Mr. C. Brunckerhoff: Dear Sir—I was troubled for a length of time with a severe and had tried many medicines which commended to me, but found no relief, I was induced to try a bottle of your Health Restorative, which has cured me of my ailment, it is from the knowledge I have of the efficacy of this medicine that I so cordially recommend it to others; believing that any one who is severely coughed, will by the use of the Health Restorative experience the same happy result. Yours Respectfully, C. W. DUNN. 121 Front St., Dec. 10, 1842. Letter from Daniel H. Keel. Mr. C. Brunckerhoff: Dear Sir—I was afflicted with a severe cold about the middle of May which kept increasing, and settled on my chest and threw me into a violent cough, with very pain in the side, so that I was unable any kind of business for about three weeks. I had within that time taken all kinds of medicine which I thought could be of any use to me, but still I grew worse, and finally obtained your Health Restorative, use of only two bottles of which I was able to perfect health. Yours, &c. DANIEL H. KEEL. Silver Lake, Sus. Co., Pa. October 14, 1842. Letter from Sabin Hatch. Mr. C. Brunckerhoff: Dear Sir—I was afflicted with an affection of the lungs in the left side and breast, attended with a alarming cough. I was in New York, and friends there advised me to try your Health Restorative. I procured two bottles, and it had used one of them I found my health rapidly improved, and after using the second I enjoyed as good health as I had any time within five or six years. Alas! I speak of being in New York, my friend's patient of my ever reaching my home. I other medicine, and can attribute my present health to nothing, under God, but to the use of your medicine for the Health Restorative, and recommend any one afflicted with an affection of the lungs or liver, to give every one similarly afflicted would give it a trial. SABIN HATCH. Montrose, Pa., August 6, 1842. Letter from Walter Fell. Mr. C. Brunckerhoff: Dear Sir—I was afflicted with a severe cold, and it was almost or quite beyond the possibility of recovery, and in fact did not think he would reach home. I do not know of any other medicine than your Health Restorative, and in a few weeks he appeared as good as he had done for a long time. And with Mr. Hatch; that under God he is to the use of your medicine for the Health Restorative, and recommend any one afflicted with an affection of the lungs or liver, to give every one similarly afflicted would give it a trial. Sheriff of Susquehanna County. The following is an extract of a letter from Hon. Stephen Strong, of Oswego, N. Y. Dear Sir—Your Health Restorative has proved to me most invaluable medicine, you please send me, in the same way as the other, five bottles more. Yours Truly, STEPHEN STRONG. For Sale by O. R. TYLER, Towanda. BRADFORD PORTLAND CEMENT. Two dollars and fifty cents per barrel, five of postage. Fifty cents delivered within the city; and for cash equally within, ONE DOLLAR will be deducted. Subscribers at liberty to discontinue 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, done expeditiously executed, on new and latest type. Letters on business pretermined to free, must come free of postage, to ensure attention. AGENTS. The following gentlemen are authorized to receive subscriptions for the Bradford and to receipt for payments therefor: C. H. HENRIK, Esq., J. E. COOPER, Esq., Col. W. E. 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