

Miscellaneous

Poetical Recollections of the City of London.

In St. Giles' church lies Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer, and Andrew Marvell, the wit, the poet, and patriot, whose poverty Charles II. could not bribe. Who would suppose the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis? and yet it undoubtedly is so. The Globe theatre was there for which Shakespeare wrote his plays. On the Borough side of the river, still called Bankside in the same lodgings and having the same wardrobe, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough, also, at St. Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger in one grave. In the same church lies Chancer's cotemporary, Gower; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, Chancer and his pilgrims set out on their famous route to Canterbury. Who would expect to find any thing poetical in East Smithfield? Yet there was born the most poetical of poets, Spencer. Pope was born in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard street, and so was Grey in Cornhill; Milton was born in Bread street. Cheapside, and the presence of this great poet and patriot has given happy memories to many parts of London. He lived in Fleet street, in Aldegate st., in Jewin street, in Barbican street, in Holborn, and in Scotland yard, and he died in the Artillery-walk, and was buried at St. Giles's, Cripple-gate. Ben Johnson was born in Harshorn lane, Charing Cross. In Brook street, Holborn, died by poison, Thomas Chatterton, "the sleepless boy, who perished in his pride." He was buried in the work-house, in Shoe-lane. In Southampton-row, Holborn, Cowper was a fellow clerk to an attorney, with the future Lord Chancellour Thurlow. In Bull-court lived Dr. Johnson. Butler lived in Rose-street, Covent-garden church-yard, where Peter Pindar followed him. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard street, Soho; and Voltaire lodged while in London at the sign of the white Peruke, in Maiden-lane, Covent-garden. Thus it is seen that let our footsteps wander where they may in this great city, the memory of the "illustrious dead" is around us.—London Weekly Despatch.

A Curious Dream Story.

Miss H. B. was on a visit to Miss Andre, and being very intimate with the latter, shared her bed. One night she was awakened by the violent sobs of her companion, and upon entreating to know the cause, she said, "I have seen my brother, and he has been taken prisoner." It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that Andre was then with the British army, during the heat of the American war. Miss B. soothed her friend, and both fell asleep, when Miss Andre once more started up, exclaiming, "They are trying him as a spy, and she described the nature of the court, the proceedings, and the appearance of the judge and prisoner, with the greatest exactness. Once more the poor sister's terrors were calmed by her friend's tender representations, but a third time she awoke screaming that they were hanging him as a spy, on a tree, and in his regimentals, with many other circumstances! There was no more sleep for the friends; they got up and entered each in her own pocket-book the particulars stated by the terror-stricken sister, with the dates, and both agreed to keep the source of their own presentiment and fears from the poor mother, fondly hoping they were indeed built solely on "the baseless fabric of a vision." But alas! soon as news, in those days, could cross the Atlantic, the fatal tidings came and to the deep awe as well as grief of the young ladies, every circumstance was exactly imparted to them as had been shadowed forth to the fond sister's sleeping fancy, and had happened on the very day preceding the night of her dream! The writer thinks this anecdote has not been related by Miss Seward, Dr. Darwin, or the Edgeworths, father and daughter, who have all given to the public many interesting events in the brilliant but brief career of Major Andre.—Edw's Story Teller.

GAMBLING.—Let every man avoid every sort of gambling as he would poison. A poor man or boy should not allow himself even to toss-up for a half-penny, for this is often the beginning of a habit of gambling; and this ruinous crime comes on by slow degrees. Whilst a man is minding his work he is playing the best game, and he is sure to win. A gambler never makes any good use of his money, even if he should win. He only gambles the more, and he is often reduced to beggary and despair. He is often tempted to commit crimes for which his life is forfeited to his country or perhaps he puts an end himself to his miserable existence. If a gambler loses, he injures himself; if he wins, he injures a companion or a friend. And could any honest man enjoy money earned in such a way?

POINTED REMARKS.—"Do you keep pins and needles?" inquired a strapping fellow the other day at a dry goods store. "Yes," replied the store keeper, "all sorts of needles and pins." "Well, then, I'll have some ten-pins and terra-pins."

An Affecting Sketch.

BY AN OLD SAILOR.

"You were with Nelson, then?" said I to a prisoner with whom I had entered into conversation. "I was, your honor," he replied. "But, my friend, what can you say for the treatment poor Caraccioli experienced? You remember that, I suppose?" "I do, indeed!" he replied. "Poor old man! how earnestly he pleaded for the few short days which nature at her utmost could have allowed him! But, sir," added he, grasping my arm, "do you know what it is to have a fiend at the helm, who when humanity cries 'Port!' will clap it hard a-starboard in spite of you?—one who, in loveliness and fascination, is like an angel of light, but whose heart resembles an infernal machine, ready to explode whenever passion touches the secret spring of vengeance?"

I had merely put the question to him by way of joke, little expecting the result; but I had to listen to a tale of horror.

"You give a pretty picture, truly, old friend," said I. "And pray, who may this fiend be?"

"A woman, your honor! one full of smiles and sweetness, but she could gaze with indifference on a deed of blood, and exult over the victim her perfidy betrayed. It is a long story, but I must tell it to you, that you may not think Nelson was cruel or unjust. His generous heart was deceived, and brought a stain upon the British flag, which he afterwards washed out with his blood, at the time when there was a mutiny among the people at Naples, and Prince Caraccioli joined one of the parties against the Court, but afterwards a sort of amnesty was passed, by way of pardon to the rebels, many of whom surrendered, but they were all made prisoners, and numbers of them were executed."

"Well, one day I was standing at the gangway, getting the barge's sails ready, when a short-boat came alongside, full of people, who were making a terrible noise. At last they brought a venerable old man up the side, he was dressed as a peasant, and his arms were pinioned so tight behind, that he seemed to be suffering considerable pain. As soon as they had all reached the deck, the rabble gathered round him, some cursing, others buffeting and one wretch, unmindful of his gray hairs, spat upon him. This was too much to see and not speak about—the man was their prisoner, and they had him secure—the very nature of his situation should have been sufficient protection—so I gave the unmannerly fellow a tap with this little fist"—holding up a hand like a sledge-hammer—"and sent him flying into the boat again without the aid of a rope."

"Well done, Jack!" exclaimed a young midshipman, who is now a post-captain. "Well done, I owe you a glass of grog for that—it was the best Somerset I ever saw in my life." "Thank you for your glass of grog, sir," said I—you see I've made a timbler already." And, indeed, your honor he spun head over heels, heels over head, astonishingly clever. I was brought up to the quarter-deck for it, to be sure, because they said I had used the why-hit-arms; but I soon convinced them that I had only used my fist, and the young officer who saw the transaction, stood my friend, and so I got off.

"Well, there stood the old man as firm as the rock of Gibraltar, not a single feature betraying the anguish he must have felt. His face was turned away from the quarter-deck, and his head was uncovered in the presence of his enemies. The Neapolitans still kept up an incessant din, which brought the first lieutenant to the gang-way; he advanced behind the prisoner, and pushing aside the abusive rabble, swore at them pretty fiercely for their inhumanity, although at the same time seizing the old man roughly, he brought him in his front.

"What traitor have we here?" exclaimed the lieutenant; but checking himself on viewing the mild countenance of the prisoner, he gazed more intently upon him. "Eh, no—it surely cannot be—and yet it is!" his hat was instantly removed with every token of respect, as he continued—"it is the Prince."

"The old man with calm dignity bowed his hoary head to the sailors, and at this moment Nelson himself, who had been disturbed by the shouting of the captors, came from his cabin to the deck. He advanced quickly to the scene, and called out in his hasty way when vexed, "Am I to be eternally annoyed by the noise these fellows create! What is the matter here?" But when his eye had caught the time-and-tail-worn features of the prisoner, he sprang forward, and, with his own hands, commenced unbinding the cords.

"Monsters!" said he, "is it thus that ego should be treated? Towards! do ye fear a weak and unarmed old man! Honored Prince, I grieve to see you degraded and injured by such baseness; and now," he added, as the last turn released his arms; "dear Caraccioli, you are free!" I thought a tear rolled down Nelson's cheek, as he cast loose the lashing, which, having finished, he

took the Prince's hand, and they both walked aft together.

"They say the devil knows precisely the nick of time when the most mischief is to be done, and so it happened now, for a certain lady followed Nelson to the deck, and approached him with her usual bewitching smile. But oh! your honor, how was that smile changed to the black scowl of a demon when she pierced the disguise of the peasant, and recognised the Prince, who, on some particular occasions at court had thwarted her views and created her with indignity. "It had never been forgiven—and now, he was in her power. Forcibly she grasped Nelson by the arm, and led him to the cabin."

"His doom is sealed, said one of the lieutenants, conversing in an undertone with a brother officer; no power on earth can save him."

"Well, your honor, the old man was given up to his bitter foes, who went through the mockery of a court-martial—for they condemned him first and tried him afterwards. In vain he implored for mercy—in vain he pleaded the proclamation, and pointed to his hoary head—in vain he solicited the meditation of Nelson, for a revengeful fury had taken possession of his better purpose and damned the rising tide of generosity in the hero's soul—in vain he implored the pardon and intercession of the officers, and placed my finger to my lip. "A few hours more and the brave old man, the veteran Prince, in his eightieth year, hung suspended from the fore-yard-arm of a ship he had once commanded. Never shall I forget the burst of indignation with which the signal gun was heard by our crew, and a simultaneous execration was uttered fore and aft."

"A few days afterwards, a pleasure was made up amongst the nobility, for an excursion on the water, and barge with Nelson and his mistress took the lead. It was a beautiful sight to see the gilded galleys, with their silken canopies flashing in the sun and reflecting their glittering beauties on the smooth surface of the clear blue waters, whilst the measured awago of the oars kept time with the sweet sound of music. Not a cloud veiled the sky, not a breath curled the transparent crest of the gentle billows—all was gaiety and mirth."

"After pulling for some miles to the entrance of bay, we were returning towards the shore, when a dark object, resembling a bale of goods, appeared floating ahead of the barge. The bowmen were directed to lay in their oars and see what it was. They obeyed, and stood ready with their hooks, which the moment they were near enough, were used in grappling the supposed prize. But in an instant they were loosened again, and "A dead body! a dead body!" was uttered in a suppressed tone by both. The boat held on her way, and, as the corpse passed astern, the face turned upwards, and showed the well-remembered countenance of Poor Caraccioli. Yes! as the lieutenant has said, he met his death in the air, and the ocean had been his grave; but that grave had given up his dead, and the lady seldom smiled afterwards."

"Nelson hailed one of the cutters that were in attendance, and directed that the body should be taken on board, and receive the funeral ceremonies suitable to the rank which the unfortunate Prince had held whilst living. The music ceased its joyous sounds for notes of melancholy wailing, and the voice of mirth was changed to lamentation and sadness."

"Years passed away, and Nelson fell in the hour of victory; but the lady!—ah! her end was terrible. The murdered Prince was ever present in her mind; and as she lay upon her death bed, like a stranded wreck that would never more spread canvass to the breeze her groans, her shrieks, were still on Caraccioli. "I see him!" she would cry, "there, there!—look at his white locks and his straining eye-balls!" "But she is gone, your honor, to give in her dead reckoning to the Judge of all, she died in foreign land, without one real friend to close her eyes—and she was buried in a stranger's grave without one mourner to weep upon the turf which covered her remains."

DANCING.—The following is the way they call out a reel! in Georgia:— "Dance to the gal with the yellow shawl on—now down outside and up the middle—turn to your partner, Isaac Smash—and now to that entire stranger—sachaz to the right and left—ra, de dan, da da de—now to Peter Schwichel's daughter—turn to your partner every one—set to the gal with the flaring frill—balance one and spin about to the gal with the hole in the heel of her stocking!"

A GENTLEMAN once said he should like to see a boat full of ladies on the ocean to see what course they would steer. A lady in the room replied, "That's easy told—they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure."

A GREAT DOUBTER.—Cranston is a great doubter—he compresses his lips—looks wise—shakes his head—twirls upon his foot, shrugs his shoulders, and says not a word. Write him down an ass.

BEN'S LAST.—It is said that a jackass has more brains than any other of the animal creation.

A Shark.

I had heard and read so many marvellous stories about the rapacity of the shark, that I felt somewhat desirous of an opportunity of judging of the yarns with which the sailors entertained us gaping landsmen. My curiosity was not long ungratified. We were within view of the coast of Madagascar, when it became necessary to take in water to fill empty casks. While a Portuguese seaman was employed in this duty, he unfortunately overbalanced himself and fell overboard. The sea being tolerably calm, and the man an excellent swimmer, no danger was apprehended on his account. The first mate and four of the crew prepared to descend to his assistance in the captain's gig, which hung astera; but, owing to the hurry of the moment, the boat was carelessly lowered by the run, and the whole party were immersed. No time was, of course, lost in getting out another boat; but, before it could be lowered, the man in the foretop shouted out—"A shark! a shark! make haste, men, for your lives!" A general rush was instantly made to the sides and bow of the vessel, which, by this time, had been put about, and the spare and rigging became also crowded with anxious spectators. A scene of fearful interest presented itself to our view, and almost every man's cheek became blanched with horror. Within about twenty feet of the first mate, who was swimming towards the vessel, utterly unconscious of the proximity of his dangerous neighbor, was an enormous shark, whose extended jaws were already prepared to engulf his unsuspecting victim. On seeing us point to some object behind him, (for he could not at the distance,) the latter looked round, and became paralyzed with terror. The monster was on the point of seizing him, when the second boat arrived opportunely to his assistance and picked him up. Cheated of his prey, the shark made for another of the struggling men, and succeeded in laying hold of a poor fellow named Andrew, who could not swim, and who was supporting himself on a hen-coop that had just been thrown overboard to him. An imporing look and an agonised scream, that went to the heart of every one present, told us all was over with the unfortunate man; and the next minute the calm and mirror-like surface of the water was crimsoned with his blood. The remainder of the party reached the boat in safety; but the fate of their companion, and the narrowness of their own escape, had such an effect upon them, that two of the number were confined to their hammocks for nearly ten days after. When the mate, who happened to be one of them, rose from his bed, his hair had turned as white as snow.—Life in the Banks.

The Largest Diamond.

No diamond is known to exist as large as that of the King of Portugal, found in the river Abate, about ninety two leagues to N. W. of Serro de Frio. The history of its discovery is romantic.

Three Brazilians, Antonio de Souza, Jose Felix Gomes, and Thomas de Souza, were sentenced to perpetual banishment in the wildest part of the interior. Their sentence was a cruel one; but the region of their exile was the richest in the world; ever river rolled over a bed of gold, every valley contained inexhaustible mines of diamonds. An impression of this kind enabled these men to support the horrors of their fate; they were constantly sustained by the hope of discovering some rich mine. They wandered about for nearly six years in vain, but fortune was at last propitious. An excessive draught had laid dry the bed of the river Abate, and here, while working for gold, they discovered a diamond of nearly an ounce in weight. Overwhelmed with joy, they resolved to proceed at all hazards, to Villa Rica, and trust to the mercy of the crown. The Governor on beholding the magnitude of the gem, could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. He immediately appointed a commission of the officers of the diamond district to report on its nature; and on their pronouncing it a real diamond, it was despatched to Lisbon. The sentence of the three "condannados" was immediately reversed. The value of this celebrated diamond has been estimated by Rome de l'Isle at the enormous sum of three hundred millions sterling. It is uncut, but the late King of Portugal, who had a passion for precious stones, caused a hole to be bored through it, in order to wear it suspended about his neck on gala days.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.—The wise man has his follies no less than the fool; but it has been said that herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world. A harmless hilarity, and a buoyant cheerfulness, are not unfrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived, than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

INNATE IDEAS IN THE FEMALE MIND.—Southey, in his "Omnia," relates the following:—"When I was last at a man made her escape from the Irish sunnery. The first thing for which she enquired was a looking glass. She entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face."

STOVES. The Yankee Stove 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 article of STOVES ever brought into Towanda, such as Crossed's pt. im. Cooking Stoves, elevated oven. An assortment of Parlor Dining Room Cooking Cylinder Coal, (shapes) A quantity of Six Plates, of different sizes and Which are now for sale as low as any other establishment in Towanda, or elsewhere, for ready pay. Wheat and oats received in part pay for the above named stoves, and in addition to the above bill, customers will always find Stove 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 drums, 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. 21-6m

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 Mercen's store, where they will be happy to accommodate old and new customers. CARPET BAGS, SADDLES, VALISES, BRIDLES, TRUNKS, MARTINGALS, COLLARS, HARNESS, 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. ARNOU & CULP. Nov. 13, 1843.

D. Vandercok—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 K. Ingersby'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 Claps, Sleeve 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. WATCH REPAIRING. All kinds of Watches & Clocks repaired on short notice and done well. Also, Engraving in style. Call and see. J. M. GILLSON. Next door to the Post Office. Towanda, Nov. 17th, 1843.

FEW cwt. of good old Berkshire Cheese constantly on hand by E. S. CLARK.

C. BRUNCKERHOFF'S HEALTH RESTORATIVE. WERE it not for the wonderful power possessed by this invaluable compound, commencing it to the attention of the public, so many worthless, and indeed dangerous imitations have been brought forward, with all the parade of false certificates and testimonials, that even the most valuable medicine are received with distrust. The proprietor of the Health Restorative, however, with a firm foundation upon an experience of its medicinal beneficial effects, confidently recommends its raising of blood, pain in the side and chest, purifying the blood, eradicating eruptions on the skin, and all other complaints arising from a want of tone in the stomach. The medicine is not only pleasant to the taste, but requires no unusual attention to diet, nor is there any danger from attending to usual avocations. From numerous certificates in testimony of its extraordinary efficacy, the following are selected.

Letter from Samuel Neal. 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 having of your Health Restorative, I procured two bottles of Sabin Hatch, of Montrose, Susquehanna county, and I feel bound to say 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 recommended it to the public as a valuable medicine. Yours, &c. SAMUEL NEAL. Skinner's Eddy, Wyoming Co., Pa. December 10, 1842.

Letter from C. W. Dunn. Mr. C. Brunckerhoff: Dear Sir—I have troubled for a length of time with a severe cough and have tried many medicines which have commended to me, but found no relief. I was induced to try a bottle of your Health Restorative, which has cured me of my cough. It is from the knowledge I have of the efficacy of this medicine that I so cordially commend it to others; believing that any one who has a severe cough, will by the use of the Health Restorative experience the same happy result. Yours Respectfully. C. W. DUNN. 121 Penna. St. Montrose, Pa., August 6, 1842.

Letter from Daniel H. Keele. Mr. C. Brunckerhoff: Dear Sir—I was with a severe cold about the middle of May which kept increasing, and seated on my chest and threw me into a violent cough, with severe 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, until I finally obtained your Health Restorative, use of only two bottles of which I was to perfect health. Yours, &c. DANIEL H. KEELE. 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 alarming cough. I was in New York, and my friends there advised me to try your Health Restorative. I procured two bottles, and had used one of them I found my cough materially improved, and after using the whole I enjoyed as good health as I had any time within five or six years. Alas! I speak of being in New York, my friends paired of my ever reaching my home. I tried other medicine, and can attribute my present health to nothing, under God, but the use of your Health Restorative, which is an affection of the lungs or liver, or any other organ. I am, Sir, your obedient servant. S. SABIN HATCH. Montrose, Pa., August 6, 1842.

Letter from Walter Field. Mr. C. Brunckerhoff: Dear Sir—I was afflicted with an affection of the lungs in the left side and breast, attended with alarming cough. I was in New York, and my friends there advised me to try your Health Restorative. I procured two bottles, and had used one of them I found my cough materially improved, and after using the whole I enjoyed as good health as I had any time within five or six years. Alas! I speak of being in New York, my friends paired of my ever reaching my home. I tried other medicine, and can attribute my present health to nothing, under God, but the use of your Health Restorative, which is an affection of the lungs or liver, or any other organ. I am, Sir, your obedient servant. W. FIELD. Sheriff of Susquehanna County. Montrose, Pa., August 6, 1842.

The following is an extract of a letter from Hon. Stephen Strong, of Oregon, N. Y. November 4, 1842. Dear Sir:—Your Health Restorative has far proved a most invaluable medicine, and you please send me, in the same way, the other five bottles more. Yours Truly, STEPHEN STRONG. For Sale by O. R. TYLER, The

BRADFORD PORT. BY E. S. GOODRICH AND CO. Two dollars and fifty cents per barrel, delivered within the year; and for each additional year, one dollar will be deducted. Subscribers at liberty to discontinue at any time by paying arrears. Advertisements, not exceeding one insertion, twenty-five cents. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers. Twelve lines or less make a square. Job Printing, of every description, expeditiously executed, on new and improved type. Letters on business pertaining to the office, must come free of postage, to the office.

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