

Miscellaneous.

The Golden Ringlet.

BY ANIELLA E. WELBY.

Here is a little golden tress
Of soft unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet the time hath dimm'd its sheen,
Tho' all beside hath fled,
I hold it here a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Thro' all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years like sunshine slept
This golden tress of hair.

Oh sunny tress! the joyous brow,
Where thou didst lightly wave
With all thy sister tresses, now
Lies cold within the grave.
That cheek is of its bloom bereft;
The eye no more is gay;
Of all her beauties thou art left,
A solitary ray.

Four years have past this very June,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years! and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget—
Too soon to let thy lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power,
It is the perfume left behind
To whisper of the flower.
Each blossom that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the look, the form, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets flung;
Her voice the prelude to a strain
Before the song is sung:
Her life, 't was like a half-blown flower,
Closed at the shade of even;
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour,
'T hat opens the gates to Heaven.

A single tress! how slight a thing
'T w'ay such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart!
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pelucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflow'd with song.

Since then, I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers;
Yet when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears.
I could not bear amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start!
But tears are on its lustre—there,
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in Death's cold arms I sink,
Who then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair?

Night whisper to the Lonely Heart.

Linger fond mourner, still,
Oh! linger yet within the vale of gloom,
Nor let the storms that sweep thy spirit, chill
Hope's tender bloom.
Still upward turn thine eyes,
When in thy pathway sorrow thou dost meet,
Faith's kindly beams in danger will arise,
And guide thy feet.

I bear thy memory yet,
Oh! gentle being, wearied and oppressed
In worlds remote, where pleasures never set—
Amid the blest.
Yes, from the rolling spheres,
Where bands seraphic join in anthems free;
Daughter of sorrow, gentle child of tears,
I turn to thee.

When from thy slumbers waking,
In supplication thy bowed soul to cheer,
Know, 'mid the effluence o'er thy spirit
That I am near. (breaking,
Breathing soft numbers o'er thee—
And singing light, I whisper to thee rest,
Weaving fond dreams, I cast thy charms be-
My earthly blest. (fore thee

Turn from thy sad emotions,
Hush the wild storms that o'er thy spirit move;
The voiceless yearnings of thy soul's devotion
Is heard above.
Linger, unwearied still,
Fleet is the hour, the dawn of thy release,
There is a balm for every earthly ill—
For mourners, peace.

Frog Soup.—A new era in the science of gastronomy, says a New York paper, has arrived. Frog soup is now served up at various tonyish eating houses, and is eagerly devoured by those who fancy themselves epicures. Some of them eat so heartily that, unable to walk, they hop to bed. These are wonderful times, and there is no imagining to what perfection every science will soon be brought.

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.—To swing yourself up by the neck, because a pretty girl won't marry you.

If my Husband were to Do so.

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

"Poor woman! What a thousand pities it is for her!" said Miss Grimes, with feeling; "I wonder how she stands it? If my husband were to act so, it would kill me."

"I could never stand it in the world," added Mrs. Pitts. "It is a dreadful situation for a woman to be placed in, Mr. Larken used to be one of the best of men, and took the best possible care of his family. For years there was not a happier woman in town than his wife, but now it makes one's heart ache to look at her. Oh it must be one of the most heart rending things in the world to have a drunken husband."

"Well, all I've got to say," spoke up Mrs. Peters, with warmth, "is, that I don't pity her much."

"Why, Mrs. Peters! How can you talk so?"

"Well, I don't. Any woman who will live with a drunken husband don't deserve pity. Why don't she leave him?"

"That is easier said than done, Mrs. Peters."

"I should think it a great deal easier to leave than to live with a drunken brute, and have her life tormented out of her. If my husband were to do so, I reckon he and I would part before twenty-four hours."

Now Mrs. Peters' husband was a most excellent man—and a sober man, withal. And his wife was tenderly attached to him. I regard to his ever becoming a drunkard, she had as little fear as of his running off and leaving her. Still, when she made the last remark, she looked towards him (for he was present,) with a stern and significant expression on her countenance.

"This was not really meant for him, but for the imaginary individual she had supposed as bearing the relation towards her of a drunken husband."

"You would, would you?" Mr. Peters replied to the warmly expressed resolution uttered by his wife.

"Yes, that I would!" half laughingly and half seriously retorted Mrs. Peters.

"You don't know what you are talking about," spoke Mrs. Grimes.

"Indeed then, I do! I consider any woman a fool who will live with a drunken husband. For my part I have not a spark of sympathy for the wives of drunkards—I mean those who live with the men who beggar and abuse them. Mere disgusting brutes—the very sight of whom ought to turn a woman's stomach."

"You were never placed in such a situation, and therefore are not competent to decide how far a woman who continues to live with a drunken husband under these circumstances, is least of two evils."

"This was said by Mrs. Pitts. 'I think you are right there,' resumed Mr. Peters.

"A woman feels towards her own husband, the father of her children, and the man who in life's spring time, won her best and purest affections, very differently from what she does towards another man. She knows all his good qualities, and remembers how tenderly he has loved her, and how he would still love her but for the mad infatuation from which he feels it impossible to break away. The hope that he will reform never leaves her. When she looks at her children, even though abused and neglected, she cannot but hope for their father. And this hope keeps her up."

"Any woman is a fool to feed herself up with such fancies. There is only one true remedy and that is separation. That's what I'll do, and every woman of sense ought to do. Don't tell me about hope of reforming. It's all nonsense. You wouldn't catch me breaking my heart after that fashion, for any man. Not I!" said Mrs. Peters.

The more Mrs. Grimes, and Mrs. Pitts, and others present, argued their side of the question, the more pertinaciously did she maintain the position she had assumed, until Mr. Peters could not help feeling somewhat vexed and some little hurt. He being her husband, and the only one who could possibly hold the relation towards whom all her indignation was directed—under the imagined possibility of his becoming a tippler.

After a while the subject was dropped, and at the close of the evening, the friends separated, and went to their homes. It was, perhaps, two months from the period at which this conversation occurred, that Mr. Peters left his home early in the evening, to attend a political meeting, politics at the time, running high, and hard cider flowing as freely as water. He was in the habit of attending such meetings, and of partaking of his portion of the cider, and at times something stronger—but as he was a sober man, too, of strong good sense and firm principle, the thought of his ever partaking too freely, never crossed the mind of his wife.

Regular in his habits, he has rarely out after ten o'clock, on any occasion. But this time, ten came, and eleven, but he was still away. This was a circumstance so unusual, that his wife could not help feeling a degree of uneasiness. She went to the door and listened for him, after the clock struck

11, and stood there for some time, expecting every moment to hear the sound of his footsteps in the distance. But she waited in vain, and at last re-entered the house with a troubled feeling.

At last the clock struck twelve, and almost at the same time she heard her husband at the door, endeavoring to open it with a dead latch key. In this he was not successful, from some cause, and thinking that she might have turned the key, Mrs. Peters went quietly and opened the door for him. She found that she had not locked it.

As she lifted the latch, the door was thrown suddenly against her, and her husband came staggering in. As he passed her, he struck against the wall in the passage, rebounded, struck the other side, and then fell heavily upon the floor.

The dreadful truth instantly flashed upon her. He was drunk. For a moment her heart ceased to beat, her head reeled, and she had then to lean against the wall to keep from falling. Then all the tender emotions of heart rushed freely into activity. It was her own husband who lay before her overcome by the master spirit of strong drink.

With almost superhuman strength, she raised him up, although a large man, and supported him with her arm, until she got him up stairs, and laid upon the bed. By this time he seemed perfectly stupid; and only mumbled incoherent replies to the frequent and tender importunities of his wife.

After some time she got him undressed, and in bed. But he grew more and more stupid every moment.

"Oh! what if he should die!" the poor wife moaned anxiously, while the tears that had at first gushed out still continued to flow freely. She also washed his face with cold water, and tried various means to arouse him from the lethargy of drunkenness. But all to no purpose.

At last, despairing of success, she laid down beside him, in tears, threw her arms around his neck, and laid her face tenderly against his. She had lain thus about five minutes, when her husband called her name in a whisper.

Oh, how eagerly did she listen, after her response to his call.

"If my husband were to do so," As he said this, still in a whisper, but a very expressive one, he looked her steadily in the face—with a roguish twinkle of the eyes, and a quivering of the lips, the muscles of which could with difficulty restrain from wreathing those expressive organs into a merry smile.

Mrs. Peters understood the whole scene in a moment, and boxed her husband's ears soundly on the spot for very joy, while he laughed until his sides ached as bad as his ears.

In all after discussion upon the various unfortunate relations of man and wife, Mrs. Peters was very careful how she declared her course of action, were she placed under similar circumstances. If, in any case she was led unthinkingly to do so, the remark of her husband, made with a peculiar reflection of voice:

"Oh, yes! if my husband were to do so"—had the happiest effect imaginable, and instantly put an end to the unprofitable discussion.

Years.

Sweet founts of love and tenderness! There is sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotion of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and tears are gushing forth in chrysal streams. Oh! speak not harshly to the stricken one—weeping in silence. Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despair not a woman's tears—they are what makes her an angel.

Scarf not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy; they help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears; an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I would be loth to live; and if not one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

The Learned Elephant.

"That's a very knowing animal of yours," said a cockney gentleman, to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder. "He performs strange tricks and antics, does he?" inquired the cockney, eyeing the animal through his glass.

"Surprisin!" retorted the keeper, "we've learnt him to put money in that box you see way up there. Try him with a dollar." [The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough he took it in his trunk, and placed it in a box high up and out of reach.]

"Well, that is very extraordinary—hastoinishin' truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now lets see him take it out, and 'and it back."

"We never learnt him that trick," retorted the keeper with a roguish leer, and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.

LONG PRAYERS.—It is said that Whitfield once said to a brother who had made a very long prayer:—"Brother, you prayed me into a good frame, and you prayed me out of it again."

A Dam Roaring.

An amusing story, arising from the misapplication of words, is told of a couple of young bucks who started off on a beautiful night, to visit the daughter of a staid and stern old Presbyterian, and who resided in the vicinity of a Dam.

Having arrived at the mansion, and after having knocked at one of the doors for a considerable length of time without summoning any one to admit them, they concluded to try at another door. After sundry knocks and thumps, the old "Blu" himself arrayed in all the dignity which an eldership in the church could inspire him with, stood before them, when he was thus accosted by one of the youngsters:

"I s'pose, sir, you could'n't hear us for this dam roaring."

"What!" exclaimed the Presbyterian, starting back in astonishment, and flourishing his walking-stick over the head of the bewildered youth in a warlike manner. "How dare you use such language in my presence?"

"I meant to say sir," stammered the youth, "that you could not hear our knock for this dam roaring!"

"Insult upon insult," shouted the now infuriated elder, at the same time making a pass at the young blood, with his stick that would have done honor to any professor of the art of fencing.

At this crisis, the companion of the first speaker advancing, and after clearing his throat, and looking wistfully at the water as it dashed over the work that had been erected to impede its progress, said:

"My friend, I suppose sir, intended to say that you were prevented from hearing us by this Dam roaring!" emphasising the two last two words in a terrible manner.

At this last explanation the old gentleman fairly raved—and it would have fared badly for our heroes, had not the object of their visit—who had overheard the whole conversation—came to their assistance, and informed her "papa" that it was impossible for the young gentlemen to have been heard on account of the roaring of the dam.

Explanations passed on both sides—the young gentlemen were invited into the house, where they passed the evening very pleasantly, and left, "thanking their stars," for the opportune appearance of the "little lady" and for the lucky escape they had made.

Discontent.

How universal it is. We never knew the man who would say "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich or the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the daily sweat of his brow you bear the sound of murmuring and voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with an adze, round a cask. "Ah!" sighed he, "mine is a hard lot—for ever trotting round like a dog, driving away at a hoop."

"Heigho!" sighed a blacksmith, in one of the hot days, as he wiped away the perspiration from his brow, while his red hot iron glowed on his anvil, "this is life with a vengeance—melting and frying one's self over the fire." "Oh, that I was a carpenter!" ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap-stone, "here I am, day after day, working my soul away in making soles for others; cooped up in a little seven by nine room. 'I am sick of this out-door work,'" exclaims the carpenter, broiling and sweating under the sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather, "if I was only a tailor." "This is too bad," perpetually cries the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying the needle all the while—would that mine was a more active life."

"Last day of grace—the banks won't discount—customers won't pay—what shall I do?" grumbles the merchant, "I had rather be a truck-horse, a dog, anything!" "Happy fellows," groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry record, "happy fellows! I had rather hammer stone than cudgel my brains on this tedious, vexatious question." And through all the ramifications of society, all are complaining of their condition—finding fault with their peculiar calling.

"If I were only this, or that, or the other, I should be content," is the universal cry, "any thing but what I am." So it will wag.

SPELLING LESSON.—"John, come up with your lesson. What does g-l-a-s-s spell?"

"Well, I knew once—but I'm darned if I don't forget now."

"Pshaw! what is in your mother's window sashes?"

"There is so many things, that gosh darn me if I can remember 'em all. Let me see! That's the horse blanket in one place; brother Job's white hat in another; sister Patience's bonnet in another, and dad's old trousers in the smash that Zeb and I made yesterday."

"That'll do, Johnny, you may go and play a little while."

INGRATITUDE.—If there is a being on earth that we despise, it is the ungrateful man—one who has received benefits from you—one who has sought you out as almost his only refuge in adversity; yet, when prosperity once more dawned upon him, he passes you with a nod and a shrug, and forgets the debt which he is under to you.

NEW GOODS.

BURTON KINGSBURY
HAS JUST RECEIVED from New York City, a large and well selected assortment of FALL & WINTER GOODS which are offered for sale at his old stand. His stock consists in part of
DRY GOODS, CUTLERY, GROCERIES, LEATHER, HARDWARE, BOOTS, SHOES, CROCKERY, HATS & CAPS, &C. &C.

Which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or country produce. His old customers and the public generally are requested to call and examine qualities and prices.
Towanda, Nov. 11th, 1843.

THE LATEST NEWS!

D. C. & O. N. SALSBUURY
HAVE just received and are now opening at the store lately occupied by V. E. Piollet, in Wysox, an extensive and well selected assortment of

Fall & Winter Goods:
consisting of almost every variety of Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Queensware, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, &c. &c., which they offer to the public on the most favorable terms for cash or ready pay. Having purchased for ready pay at exceedingly low prices, and confidently believing that their terms and prices offer equal if not greater inducements to the purchaser than can be found elsewhere, they respectfully solicit the patronage of the community.
Lumber and produce taken in payment.
Wysox, Nov. 6, 1843.

H. MIX & SON

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

WINTER GOODS!

THE LARGEST STOCK EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET, is now opening at *Montanye's*, which they will sell at wholesale or retail at such prices as will ensure a liberal share of public patronage. Their stock consists of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Bonnets, Gentlemen's Hats & Caps, Buffalo Robes, &c.

and all the necessaries for the comfort of a cold winter, which appears to be rapidly approaching.
J. D. & E. D. MONTANYE.
Towanda, November 8, 1843.

LATE ARRIVAL!

THE subscribers have just received at their store in Monroe, a large and well selected assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, comprising almost every variety of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c.

which they now offer to the public at very low prices for ready pay.
The citizens of Monroe and the surrounding country are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are confident we can give them as good bargains as they can find at any other establishment in the county.
Lumber and Produce taken in payment.
D. C. & O. N. SALSBUURY.
Monroeton, Nov. 8, 1843.

NEW GOODS,

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

Chairs and Bedsteads.

THE subscribers still continue to manufacture and keep on hand at their old stand, all kinds of Cane and Wood Seat Chairs. Also, Sets of various kinds, and Bedsteads of every description which we will sell for cash or Country Produce.

TURNING done to order.
TOMKINS & MAKINSON.
Towanda, November 10th, 1843.

D. Vandercook—Cabinet Maker.

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

Watch and Clock Repairing.

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

Watch and Clock Repairing, will be done on short notice, and warranted to be well done. From a long experience in the business, he believes that he will be able to render perfect satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

N.B. Watches warranted to run well one year, or the money refunded; and a written agreement to that effect given to all that desire one.

CLOCKS.—A large assortment just received and for sale very low for cash.
Towanda, January 29, 1844.

HATS & CAPS, a good assortment for sale by
J. P. MEANS & CO.

MERINOS, Alpaca, Mouse, De Laines, Figured Orleans, Toggans, Printed Velvets, &c., beautiful patterns for the Ladies' for sale by
H. MIX & SON.

LIST OF JURORS drawn for Term and Sessions 1844.

GRAND JURORS.
Warren—W. Arnold, John Corbin, Geo. L. Herrick—Wm. Angle, Jeremiah Barnes, Rome—E. F. Barnes; Wysox—J. R. Brown, H. N. Spalding; Smithfield—Ira C. Bullock; Ridgway—Arvine Clark 2d, Thomas B. Wyalusing—Wm. Camp jr.; Granville—Woodford Clark; Monroe—Franklin Fowler, E. Young; Standing Stone—James Gordon; South Creek—Levi Godard; Albany—Jacob Heverley; Tuscarora—Charles Johnson; Troy—V. M. Long; Leroy—H. I. Stone; Burlington—H. B. Wilhelm; Canton—Irad Wilson.

TRAVELING JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Springfield—Charles Burgess, W. Cooper, Stockwell; Pike—J. E. Bullock, A. Marsh, Gould Sey; Burlington—John Bailey; Troy—Conklin Baker, Adolphus Spalding, Monroe—G. H. Dull, Joseph Ingham, H. W. aker;

Ulster—Andrew Burnside, Wm. Gibson; Smithfield—Christopher Child, Hiram De- John W. Miller, Elijah S. Tracy, C. P. kins; Orwell—Abel Darling; Litchfield—S. Davidson, J. Rogers; Herrick—Edmund Fairchild; Franklin—A. Gay, H. Willey; Asylum—Elmer Horton; Rome—J. M. Nichols;

Towanda boro—Wm. Keeler; Canton—J. Lindley, C. Stockwell; Ridgway—Wm. R. Buck, John Manderville; Arnetts—Reuben Mason, G. Scott; Wysox—Chester Pierce, G. Scott; Sheshequin—Aaron Post; South Creek—Benjamin Quick; Athens tp.—Orson Rickey, Simon Spalding; Wolcott, Henry S. Wells;

Warren—A. Rodgers, Henry Whitaker; Windham—Charles Russell, Flat Rock; Reel; Columbia—Geo. Shivers; Granville—S. Taylor.

SECOND WEEK.

Wyalusing—J. Ackley, J. Butler, Wm. C. Pike—L. C. Belding jr., Dan Bailey; Towanda boro—Daniel Bartlett; Warren—C. R. Bassett, A. C. Dewing; Troy—D. V. Barnes, John Porter, G. P. dington;

Durell—J. M. Bishop, Ulysses Moody; Springfield—W. Berry, C. G. Leonard, T. dett; Herrick—Isaac Camp; Rome—G. W. Eastman;

Wells—Zebra French, A. Minier, T. S. Athens tp.—J. P. Green, H. Murry, W. Overton;

Burlington—Luther Godard; Litchfield—G. Haddock; Sheshequin—Alonson Lovelace; Franklin—Wm. Lyons, W. B. Spalding; Granville—S. K. Porter; Towanda tp.—Ezra Rutty; Tuscarora—A. Taylor;

Asylum—G. Terry; Smithfield—V. Vincent; Wysox—U. M. Warner.

BOOT & SHOE MAKING

On my own hooks again!!

STEPHEN HATHAWAY informs the public generally that he is still prepared to manufacture, of the best material, and most substantial and elegant manner, descriptions of Boots and Shoes.

Morocco, Calf and Course Boots and Ladies' shoes and gaiters; youth's do. All work made by me will be guaranteed well made. Call and try.

Country Produce taken in payment for Towanda, February 27th, 1844.

PROCLAMATION.

EMILY S. DEAN, the defendant in the above libel: You are hereby notified that Emily S. Dean, your wife, by her friend, William Arder, has filed her petition for a divorce from you, from the bonds of matrimony, and that said petition has been proved and made that you were not to be in said county. You are therefore required to appear at the Court House, borough of Towanda, at the first Monday next, to answer said complaint, and show if any you have, why the said Emily should not be divorced from you.

JOHN N. WESTON, Sheriff's Office, Towanda, April 5, 1844.

The Bradford Reporter

BY E. S. GOODRICH and son.

Two dollars and fifty cents per annum in advance. Fifty cents deducted within the year; and for each act of advance, one dollar will be deducted. Subscribers at liberty to discontinue at any time by paying arrears.

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AGENTS.

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