

Miscellaneous.

The Battle Field.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah, never shall the land forget
How gushed the life blood of her brave,
Gushed, warm with hope and valor yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of the wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain,
Men start not at the battle cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought—but thou
Who mingled in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare duly ends with life.

And friendless warfare lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
And wild and many weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blanch not at the chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not!

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn,
For with thy side shall dwell at last,
The victory of endurance borne.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among its worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When those who helped thee flee in fear,
The full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand thy standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

I Will.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You look sober, Laura. What has thrown a veil over your happy face?" said Mrs. Cleveland to her niece, one morning on finding her alone, and with a very thoughtful countenance.

"Do I really look sober?" and Laura smiled as she spoke.

"You did just now. But the sunshine has already dispelled the transient cloud. I am glad that a storm was not pretended."

"I felt sober, aunt," Laura said after a few moments—her face again becoming serious.

"So I supposed, from your looks."

"And I feel sober still."

"Why?"

"I am really discouraged, aunt."

"About what?"

The Maiden's cheek deepened its hue, but she did not reply.

"You and Harry have not fallen out like a pair of foolish lovers, I hope?"

"Oh, no!" was the quick and emphatic answer.

"Then what has troubled the quiet waters of your spirit? About what are you discouraged?"

"I will tell you," the maiden replied. "It was only about a week after my engagement with Harry that I called upon Alice Stacy and found her quite unhappy. She had not been married over a few months. I asked what troubled her, and she said 'I feel as miserable as I can be.' 'But what makes you miserable, Alice?' I inquired. 'Because, William and I have quarrelled—that's the reason,' she said, with some levity, tossing her head and compressing her lips with a kind of defiance. I was shocked—so much so, that I could not speak.

"The fact is," she resumed, before I could reply, "all men are arbitrary and unreasonable. They think women inferior to them, and their wives as a high order of slaves. But I am not one to be put under any man's feet—William has tried that trick with me, and failed. Of course to be foiled by a woman is no very pleasant thing for one of your lords of creation. A tempest in a teapot was the consequence. But I did not yield the point in dispute; and what is more, have no idea of doing so. He will have to find out, sooner or later, that I am his equal in every way, and the quicker he can be made conscious of this, the better for us both. Don't you think so?" I made no answer. I was so much surprised and shocked. "All men," she continued, have to be taught this. There never was a husband who did not, at first attempt to lord it over his wife. And there never was a woman, whose condition as a wife was at all above that of a passive slave, who did not find it necessary to oppose herself at first with unflinching perseverance."

"To all this, and a great deal more I could say nothing. It choked me up. Since then, I have met her frequently, at home and elsewhere, but she has never looked happy. Several times she has said to me in company when I have taken a seat beside her and re-

marked that she seemed dull. "Yes I am dull; but Mr. Stacy there you see enjoys himself. Men always enjoy themselves in company—apart from their wives, of course." I would sometimes oppose to this a sentiment palliative of her husband; as that in company, a man very naturally wished to add his mite to the general joyousness or something of a like nature. But it only excited her, and drew forth remarks that shocked my feelings. Up to this day they do not appear to be on any better terms. Then, there is Frances Glen—married only three months, and as fond of carping at her husband for his arbitrary domineering spirit, as Mrs. Stacy. I could name two or three others who have been married, some a shorter and some a longer period, that do not seem to be united by any closer bonds.

"It is the condition of these young friends, aunt, that causes me to feel serious. I am to be married in a few weeks. Can it be impossible that my union with Henry Armour will be no happier, no more perfect than theirs? This I cannot believe. And yet, the relation that Alice and Frances hold to their husbands, troubles me whenever I think of it. Henry, as far as I have been able to understand him, has strong points in his character. From a right course of action that he thinks right—no consideration, I am sure would turn him. I, too, have mental characteristics somewhat similar. There is, likewise a leaven of stubbornness. I tremble when the thought of opposition between us, upon any subject, crosses my mind. I would rather die—so I feel about it—than ever have a misunderstanding with my husband."

Laura ceased, and her aunt, who was now perceived, much agitated, arose and left the room without speaking. The reason of this to Laura was altogether unaccountable. Her aunt Cleveland, always so mild, so calm, to be thus strongly disturbed. What could it mean? What could there be in her maidenly fears to excite the feeling of one so good, and wise and gentle? An hour afterwards and while she sat sober and perplexed in mind, in the same place where Mrs. Cleveland had left her, a domestic came in and said that her aunt wished to see her in her room. Laura attended her immediately. She found her calm and self-possessed, but paler than usual.

"Sit down beside me, dear," Mrs. Cleveland said, smiling faintly, as her niece came in.

"What you said, this morning, Laura," she began, after a few moments, "recalled my own early years so vividly, that could not keep down emotions I had deemed long since powerless. The cause of those emotions it is now, I clearly see, my duty to reveal—that is, to you. For years I have carefully avoided permitting my mind to go back to the past in vain musings over scenes that bring no pleasant thoughts, no glad feelings. I have rather looked into the future with a steady hope, a calm reliance. But for your sake I will draw aside the veil. May the relation I am now about to give you have the effect I desire.

"Then shall I not suffer in vain. How vividly, at this moment do I remember the joyful feelings that pervaded my bosom when, like you a maiden, I looked forward to my wedding day. Mr. Cleveland was a man in many respects, like Henry Armour. Proud firm, yet gentle and amiable when not opposed—a man with whom I might have been supremely happy—a man whose faults I might have corrected—not by open opposition to them—not by seeming to notice them—but by leading him to see them himself.—But this course I did not pursue. I was proud, I was self-willed; I was unyielding Elements like these can never come into opposition without a victory on either side being as disastrous as the defeat.—We were married. Oh, how sweet was the promise of my wedding day! Of my husband I was very fond.—Handsome, educated, and with talents of a high order there was every thing about him to make the heart of a young wife proud. Like days in Elysium passed the first few months of our wedded life. Our thoughts and wishes were one. After that, gradually a change appeared to come over my husband. He deferred less readily to my wishes. His own will was more frequently opposed to mine, and his contentions for victory longer and longer continued. This surprised and pained me. But it did not occur to me, that my tenaciousness of opinion might seem as strange to him as did his to me. It did not occur to me, that there would be a propriety in my deferring to him—at least so far as to give up opposition. I never for a moment reflected that a proud, firm-spirited man, might be driven off from an opposing wife, rather than drawn closer, and united in tender bonds. I only perceived my rights as an equal assailed. And from that point of view, saw his conduct as dogmatical and overbearing, whenever he resolutely set himself against me, as was far too frequently the case.

"One day—we had been married about six months—he said to me a little seriously, yet smilingly as he spoke, 'Jane, did I not see you on the street this morning?' 'You did,' I replied. 'And with Mrs. Corbin?' 'Yes,' My answer to this last question was

not given in a very pleasant tone.—The reason was this, Mrs. Corbin, a recent acquaintance was no favorite with my husband; and he had more than once mildly suggested that she was not, in his view, a fit associate for me.—This rather touched my pride. It occurred to me, that I ought to be the best judge of my female associates, and that for my husband to make any objections was an assumption on his part, that as a wife, I was called upon to resist. I did not, on previous occasions say anything very decided, contenting myself with parrying his objections by laughing. This time, however, I was in a less forbearing mood. "I wish you would not make that woman your friend," he said, after I had admitted that he was right in his own observation. "And why not, pray?" I asked looking at him quite steadily. "For reasons before given, Jane," he replied, mildly, but firmly. "There are reports in circulation touching her character that I fear are—'They are false!' I interrupted him. 'I know they are false!' I spoke with a sudden excitement. My voice trembled, my cheek burned, and I was conscious that my eye shot forth no mild light. "They are true—I know they are true!" Mr. Cleveland said sternly, but apparently untroubled. "I know her far better. She is an injured woman."

"Jane," my husband now said, his voice slightly trembling, "you are my wife. As such, your reputation is dear to me as the apple of my eye. Suspicion has been cast upon Mrs. Corbin, and that suspicion I have good reason for believing well founded. If you associate with her—if you are seen upon the street with her, your fair fame will receive a taint. This I cannot permit."

"There was, to my mind, a threat of authoritative intervention. At this my pride took fire.

"Cannot permit," I said, drawing myself up. "What do you mean, Mr. Cleveland?"

"The brow of my husband instantly flashed. He was silent for a moment or two. Then he said with forced calmness yet in a resolute, meaning tone.

"Jane, I do not wish you to keep company with Mrs. Corbin."

"I will!" was my indignant reply.

"His face grew deadly pale. For a moment his whole frame trembled as if some fearful struggle were going on within. Then he quietly arose, and without looking at me, left the room.—Oh! how deeply did I regret uttering those unhappy words the instant they were spoken! But repentance came too late. For about the space of ten minutes, pride struggled with affection and duty. At the end of that time the latter triumphed, and I hastened after my husband to ask his forgiveness for what I had said. But he was not in the parlors. He was not in the house! I asked a servant if she had seen him, and received for reply that he had gone out.

"Anxiously passed the hours until nightfall. The sad twilight, as it gathered dimly around, threw a deeper gloom over my heart. My husband usually came home before dark. Now he was away beyond his accustomed hour. Instead of returning gladly to meet his young wife, he was staying away, because that young wife had thrown off the attractions of love and presented to him features harsh and repulsive. How anxiously I longed to hear the sound of his footsteps—to see his face—to hear his voice. The moment of his entrance I resolved should be the moment of my humble confession of wrong—of my faithful promise never again to set up my will determinedly in opposition to his judgment. But minutes passed after nightfall—hours succeeded minutes—and these rolled on until the whole night wore away, and he came not back to me. As the gray light of morning stole into my chamber, a terrible fear took hold of me that made my heart grow still in my bosom—the fear that he never would return—that I had driven him off from me. Alas! this fear was too nigh the truth. The whole of that day passed, and the next, and the next, without any tidings. No one had seen him since he left me. An anxious excitement spread amongst all his friends. The only account I could give of him was, that he had parted from me in good health, and in a sane mind."

"A week rolled by, and still no word came. I was nearly distracted. What I suffered no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. I have often wondered that I did not become insane. But from this sad condition I was saved. Through all, my reason, though often trembling, did not once forsake me. It was on the tenth day from that upon which he had jarred so heavily as to be driven wide asunder, that a letter came to me, post-marked New York, and endorsed "In haste." My hands trembled so that I could with difficulty break the seal. The contents were to the effect that my husband had been lying at one of the hotels there, very ill; but now passed the crisis of his disease, and thought by the physician to be out of danger. The writer urged me, from my husband, to come on immediately. In eight hours from the time that I received the letter; I was in New York. Alas! it was too late. The disease had returned with double violence, and snapped the feeble thread

of life. I never saw my husband's living face again."

The self-possession of Mrs. Cleveland at this part of her narrative, gave way. Covering her face with her hands, she sobbed violently, while the tears came trickling through her fingers.

"My dear Laura," she resumed, after the lapse of many minutes, looking up as she spoke with a clear eye, and a sober but placid countenance, "it's for your sake that I have turned my gaze resolutely back. May the painful history I have given you make a deep impression upon your heart. Let it warn you of the sunken rock upon which my bark foundered. Avoid carefully, religiously avoid setting yourself in opposition to your husband. Should he prove unreasonable or arbitrary, nothing is to be gained, and every thing lost by contention. By gentleness, by forbearance, by even suffering wrong at times, you will be able to win him over to a better spirit. An opposite course will assuredly put thorns in your pillow as you adopt it. Look at the unhappy condition of the friends you have named. Their husbands are, in their eyes, exacting, domineering tyrants. But this need not be. Let them act truly the woman's part. Let them not oppose, but yield, and they will find that their present tyrants will become their lovers. Above all, never, under any circumstances, either jestingly or in earnest, say 'I will,' when you are opposed. That declaration is never made without its robbing the wife of a portion of her husband's confidence and love. Its utterance has dimmed the fire upon many a smiling hearth-stone."

Laura could not reply. The relation of her aunt had deeply shocked her feelings. But the words she had uttered sunk into her heart; and when her trial came—when she was tempted to set her will in opposition to her husband's and resolutely to contend for what she deemed right, a thought of Mrs. Cleveland's story would put a seal upon her lips. It was well.—The character of Henry Armour too nearly resembled that of Mr. Cleveland. He could ill have brooked a wife's opposition. But her tenderness, her forbearance, her devoted love, bound her to him with cords that drew closer and closer each revolving year. She never opposed him further than to express a difference of opinion, when such a difference existed, and its utterance was deemed useful; and she carefully avoided, on all occasions, the doing of any thing he in the smallest degree disapproved. The consequence was, that her husband was always weighed by her carefully, and often referred to. A mutual confidence, and a mutual dependence upon each other, gradually took the place of early reserves, and now they sweetly draw together—now they smoothly glide along the stream of life blessed indeed in all their marriage relations. Who will say that Laura did not act a wise part? Who will say, that in sacrificing pride and self-will, she did not gain beyond all calculation? No one, surely. She is not her husband's slave, but his companion and equal. She has helped to reform, to remodel his character, and make him less arbitrary, less self-willed, less disposed to be tyrannical. In her mild forbearance, he has seen a beauty more attractive far than lip or cheek, or beaming eye. Instead of looking upon his wife as below him, Henry Armour feels that she is his superior, and as such, he tenderly regards and lovingly cherishes her. He never thinks of obedience from her, but rather studies to conform himself to her most lightly spoken wish. To be thus united, what wife will not for a time sacrifice her feelings when her young self-willed husband so far forgets himself as to become exciting?—The temporary loss will turn out in the future to be a great gain.

Wright's Vegetable Indian Pills.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Disease of every name is literally driven from the Body.

Caution—As the great popularity and consequent great demand for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, country agents and storekeepers will be on their guard against the many impostors who are travelling about the country selling to the unsuspecting a spurious article for the genuine. It should be remembered that all authorized agents are provided a Certificate of Agency, signed by WILLIAM WRIGHT, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health. Consequently, those who offer Indian Vegetable Pills, and cannot show a Certificate, as above described, will be known as impostors.

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

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

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine wholesale and retail, 228 Greenwich street, New York, No. 198 Tremont street, Boston, and 169 Race street, Philadelphia.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, made by one V. O. Falck, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase from the regular advertised agents, and in all cases be particular to ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. [no 6m.]

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 in the most substantial and elegant manner, all descriptions of Boots and Shoes. Morocco, Calf and Coarse Boots and Shoes Ladies' shoes and gaiters; youth's do. All work made by me will be warranted to be well made. Call and try. Country Produce taken in payment for work. Towanda, February 27th, 1844.

Chairs and Bedsteads.

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

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

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

BOOT & SHOE MAKING.

WILCOX & SAGE have established a business in the borough of Towanda, in the door west of the Claremont House, and a share of public patronage. They intend a careful selection of stock, and by attending to the interests of their customers, to manufacture durable work as can be manufactured in this portion of the country.

They keep constantly on hand, and will manufacture to order, morocco, calf and cow boots and shoes; Ladies' Gaiters, slippers; children's do.; gent's gaiters and trousers, &c., &c. JOHN W. WILCOX & PHILANDER SAGE. Towanda, May 6, 1844.

SADDLE, HARNESS & TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his old friends and the public generally that he is now carrying on the above business in all its various branches, in the new building occupied by B. Thomas, on Main street, nearly opposite the store, where he will be happy to accommodate new and old customers.

SADDLES, BRIDLES, MARTINGALS, HARNESS, VALISES, TRUNKS, COLLARS, WHIPS & C.

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

A Special Proclamation.

E. O. HALSTED, as in duty bound, returns his sincere thanks to those who have favored them with their patronage in the past, and assure all who may feel interested in the information, that he still continues at the old stand, ready to dispense to all manners, kinds and conditions of Groceries, Groceries, Cigars, &c. &c. at usual liberal prices, and most accommodating terms, to wit—For cash only.

To the Thirsty, he would offer his Superior WATER is unrivalled. Small beer and other beverages are constantly on hand.

To the Hungry, he proclaims that he has established a MARKET in the basement establishment, where FRESH MEATS of various kinds, will be kept constantly on hand. Towanda, May 6, 1844.

Executor's Notice.

ALL PERSONS indebted to GEORGE BOWEN, late of Warren, deceased, are hereby notified to come forward and pay the same to the undersigned, or to the subscriber, legally authorized settlement without delay.

NOAH C. BOWEN, Executor. H. B. BOWEN. Warren, April 26, 1844.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Burns, late of Towanda, deceased, are notified to pay the same to the undersigned, having charges, will also present their claim, duly authenticated.

LUCY BURNS, Administratrix. Towanda, May 28, 1844.

The Bradford Reporter.

BY E. S. GOODRICH AND OTHERS.

TERMS.

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

Advertisements, not exceeding a single insertion, 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, is executed, on new and improved type.

Letters on business pertaining to this office, must come free of postage, to the Editors.

AGENTS.

The following gentlemen are authorized to receive subscriptions for the Bradford Reporter, and to accept payments therefor: C. H. HERRICK, Esq., J. R. COOLBAUGH, Esq., Col. W. E. BRANTON, E. ASPENWALL, J. E. GOODRICH, B. COOLBAUGH, ANDERSON M'KEAN, D. JOHNSON, A. M. COE.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of a writ of Levari Facias issued from the court of common pleas of Bradford county, to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at the house of E. RAYNSFORD in the Borough of Towanda, on Saturday the 29th day of June next, at one o'clock P.M., the following described piece or parcel of land, situate in Canton township, beginning at a post the north-east corner of James Warren's land, thence north 89° west 204 8-10 perches to a post, thence by land of Josiah Warren south 10° west 64 8-10 perches to a post; thence south 89° west 147 perches to a birch; thence by lands of James Warren north 11° east 72 7-10 perches to the beginning. Containing eighty-two acres, one hundred and one perches, with allowance.

Seized and taken in execution at the suit of Gordon F. Mason, assignee of Eliphalet Mason vs. William D. Elliott.

ALSO—By virtue of a writ of vend. expo., a piece or parcel of land in Franklin township, bounded north by L. G. Brancroft, east by P. & W. Lent's land, on the south by O. W. Dodge, Jr., and west by Dodge and Roof. Containing about ninety acres, with about twenty improved, and with a log house thereon.

Seized and taken in execution at the suit of S. S. Hinman vs. Ebenzer Smith.

JOHN N. WESTON, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Towanda, June 3d, 1844.

Epigram.

There are lines in your poem (while looking it over) It struck me, I'd met with full often before, In Milton and Shakespeare. "Well, sir," muttered Pat, "I suppose you don't think them the worse, sir, for that?"

ANTICIPATION.—Many things which are thorns to our hopes, until we have attained them, become envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

TRUTH is the foundation of all real greatness.

My answer to this last question was