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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, January 31, 1861.

### Original Poetry.

Written for the Bradford Reporter.  
GOOD-BYE.

The summer's dream is done; farewell, O Friend  
And gentle Master! If thy coming years  
Were mine to fashion, each should wear the grace  
Of a far kinder summer. Each should come  
Full handed with a wealth of golden gains  
For home and heart;—with health, and peace, and love,  
The freshest harvest—treasures—;—with fresh smiles  
On the fair English brows I have not seen.  
Even when their roses wither;—with the gush  
Of childhood's musical laughter, and the flow  
Of twilight song, what time the cares of Day  
Drowse, pinion-folded, on the breast of Eve.

Nay, each imperial Autumn, when she leads  
The captive hordes of travel toward these hills,  
Should bring these stores of fair disciples,—young  
With Albion's golden youth,—as soft of speech  
As Shakespeare's daintiest dream;—whose mellow tones  
Though smooth syllabic cadences should glide—  
Untouched with any Occident barbarisms  
To pain the fineness of your Gallic ear—  
From eldest words of English undelled!

And thou, O beautiful among the lands,  
Favored among the valleys, rare-they well!  
Thy very beauty grieves me: I have learned  
To love these foreign fields, and find delight  
In the blue glances of these alien streams;—  
Meeting, unthought, beneath whatever skies  
Arch over human hopes, from West to East,  
The same sweet answers to the same sweet needs,  
Smiles for the stranger, kisses for the young,  
Soft reverence for the aged, and what touch  
Of kindly nature makes the whole world kin.

And thou, O city, nurtured in the years  
Which saw Rome's last freedom,—from beyond  
Waves that lave your sunset;—from the depths  
Of Alpine valleys virgin to the tread  
Of all things New,—with frequent, fond recall,  
My heart shall leap to thee! Remembrance-winged,  
Oft shall recurring fancy that steep  
Shut in your south, or track the mists that climb  
Your northward slopes of Jura.

Guard ye well,  
O mountain sentinels, this sacred land,  
Beluard of ancient freedom! Keep them pure,  
O chosen city, underneath the gaze  
Of these eternal watchers of the heights  
Thy trust of ages; let no shadow, fallen  
From the black pinions of these Times,  
Stain thy fair southern whiteness.

Lo, the days  
Of terror dawn again! The East is red  
With freedom's camp-fires,—all the starry West  
Fades into blank eclipse;—it yet may fall  
To thee, Key-Bearer of your mountain holds  
By Nature vowed to Freedom, then to guard  
Humanity's last hope.

Our Eagle stoops  
From his high heights; it may be thine,  
Beneath Jura! In thy lightning beak  
To lift the White-Cross standard of these cliffs  
To liberty's last sanctuary.

Watch,  
And keep the armor of thy safety bright,  
City of Refuge! And when, thanks to all  
The powers that work for man,—the darkling night  
Of this calamity be overpast,  
City of consolation! sleep in peace,  
Beside this loveliest sea that mirrors heaven,—  
See, vision-haunted by the azure feet  
Of this, Earth's fairest river!

So, good-night,  
Beloved Land! And thou, a last good-night,  
Master and Friend! My Alpine dream is done.  
GERSVA. Switzerland, Oct. 1860.

## Mr. Woodbridge's Investment.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

The fiery crimson of the stormy November  
sunset was staining all the hills with its lurid  
fire—the wind, murmuring restlessly among  
the dead leaves that lay heaped over the wood  
piles, seemed to mourn with an almost human  
sigh. But the autumnal melancholy without  
served to brighten the cheerfulness of the  
fading wood fire, whose ruddy glow danced  
and shimmered over the rough rafters of Farmer  
Woodbridge's spacious old kitchen, sparkling  
on the polished surfaces of platters and gim-  
cring brasses sending a long stream of radi-  
ance through the uncurtained windows out upon  
the darkened road.

"Yes, as I was saying afore," observed the  
farmer, rubbing his toil-hardened hands  
together, and gazing thoughtfully into the fire,  
"it's been a capital harvest this year. I would-  
n't ask for no better. So wif you jist pick  
some of them yaller pippin apples and put  
them into Jessie's basket again she calls after  
them."

touch sounded on the door latch. Here is the  
basket, all right, and some of those golden  
pippins tucked into it. Maybe they'll tempt  
your mother's appetite."

Jessie Morton was a slender, graceful girl  
about seventeen, with satin-smooth bands of  
hair, parted above a low, sunny forehead, large  
liquid eyes, and cheeks which Farmer Wood-  
bridge always declared "soot him to thinking o'  
them velvet-lookin' Jarsey peaches that grew  
on the tree down in the south meadow!" She  
took up the basket with a grateful smile that  
went even to the flinty heart of Keturah.

"Oh, Mr. Woodbridge, how kind you always  
are to us. If I were only rich—if I could  
only make you some return—"

"Don't you say a word about that," said the  
farmer, rubbing his nose very hard, "jist you  
run home as fast as ever you can, for it's  
getting most dark, and the November wind  
ain't no ways healthy as I ever heard on. And  
I say Jessie, if it rains to-morrow so you can't  
go to school handy jist you stop here, and  
I'll give you a lift in a wagon."

"Dear old Mr. Woodbridge," soliloquized  
Jessie Morton to herself as her light footsteps  
pattered along on the fallen leaves, "how many  
times I have had cause to thank his generous  
heart. And think he should be so distressed  
about that mortgage by the agent at Hard-  
wiche Hall!"

She paused for a moment to look up to  
where the stately roofs and gables of the hall  
rose darkly outlined against the crimson that  
still burned stormily in the sky. On a com-  
manding height and nearly hidden in trees  
many of which still retained their autumnal  
foliage, it seemed almost like an old baronial  
castle.

"There it stands," she mused, shut up and  
silent, year after year, its magnificent rooms  
untenanted, the flowers ungathered in its con-  
servatories. Since Mrs. Hardwiche died—  
twenty years since, mamma says—the family  
have been abroad, and now the only surviving  
member is travelling, no one knows where, I  
wonder if he knows how grasping and cruel  
his agent is?" "Oh, dear," she added softly,  
"money does not always come where it is most  
needed. If I were the mistress of Hardwiche  
Hall!"

She started with a slight scream, the next  
instant as a tall figure rose up from the mossy  
boulder by the roadside directly in front of  
her.

sisted the stranger, still presenting the half  
contemptuous smile that had from the begin-  
ning of the interview made the agent so uncom-  
fortable.

Talcott grew not exactly pale, but yellow  
with consternation.

"Mr. Hardwiche—sir, I did not know—I  
did not expect—"

"No—I know you didn't, my good man.—  
Be so kind as to step aside, and allow me to  
pass with the lady. Miss Jessie, don't forget  
that I need your services a few minutes yet.—  
When we reach the house I will prolong my  
visit to the cottage. Nay, don't shrink away  
from me—are we not to be very good friends?"

"The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life,"  
was his internal comment, as heat length parted  
from her at the little gate, where "burning  
bushes" and dark green ivy were trained to-  
gether with all a woman's taste.

The Christmas snow lay white and deep on  
the farmhouse eaves—the Christmas logs crackled  
on the hearth, where Mr. Woodbridge still  
gazed dreamingly into the glowing cinders,  
and Mrs. Keturah's knitting needles clicked  
with electric speed.

"That mortgage bothers me—it bothers me,"  
he murmured, almost plaintively. "Well, I  
suppose it ain't no use frettin'; but I had always  
hoped to live and die on the old place where  
my father died before me. The Lord's will be  
done though. Somehow, things ain't prospered  
with me—I don't seem to get along."

"You'd got along well enough, I guess," re-  
sponded Keturah, who belonged super-eminently  
to that class of people known as Job's com-  
forters. "If you'd only looked after your p's and  
q's as I told you. You always was too free-  
handed, and now you see what it has brought  
you to."

## The Dead.

The dead are the only people that never  
grow old. There was something typical in the  
arrestment of time in the case of the youthful  
miner, of whom we have already spoken. Your  
little brother or sister that died long ago re-  
mains in death and in remembrance the same  
young thing forever. It is fourteen years this  
evening since the writer's sister left this world.  
She was fifteen years old then—she is fifteen  
years old yet. I have grown older since by  
fourteen years, but she has never changed  
as they advanced; and if God spares me to  
four-score, I never shall think of her as other  
than the youthful creature she faded. The  
other day I listened as a poor woman told  
of the death of her first born child. He was two  
years old. She had a small washing-green,  
across which was stretched a rope that came  
in the middle close to the ground. The boy  
was leaning on the rope, swinging backwards  
and forwards, and shouting with delight. The  
mother went into her cottage and lost sight  
of him for a minute; and when she returned the  
little man was lying across the rope, dead. It  
had got under his chin; he had not sense to  
push it away; and he was suffocated.

The mother told me, and I believe truly  
that she had never been the same person since  
but the thing which mainly struck me was,  
that though it is eighteen years since then, she  
thought of her child as an infant of two years  
yet; it is a little child she looks for to meet her  
at the gate of the Golden City. Had her child  
lived he would have been twenty years old  
now; he died, and he is only two; he is two  
yet; he will never be more than two. The lit-  
tle rosy face of that morning, and the little  
half-articulate voice, would have been faintly  
remembered by the mother had they gradu-  
ally died into boyhood and manhood; but that  
day stereotyped them; they remained unchang-  
ed.

Have you seen, my reader, the face that  
had grown old in life, grow young after death  
—the expression of many years since, lost for  
long come out startingly in the features, fixed  
and cold? Every one has seen it; and it is  
sometimes strange how rapidly the change  
takes place. The marks of pain fade out, and  
with them the marks of age. I once saw an  
aged lady die. She had borne sharp pain for  
many days with the endurance of martyr; she  
had to bear sharp pain to the very last. The  
features were tense and rigid with suffering;  
they remained so while life remained. It was  
a beautiful sight to see the change that took  
place in the very instant of dissolution.

The features, sharp for many days with  
pain, in that instant recovered the old aspect  
of quietude which they had borne in health;  
the tense, tight look was gone. You saw the  
signs of pain go out. You felt that all suf-  
fering was over. It was no more of course  
than the working of physical law; but in that  
case it seemed as if there was a further mean-  
ing conveyed. And so it seems to me when  
the young look comes back on the departed  
Christian's face. Gone, it seems to say, where  
the progress of time shall no longer bring age  
or decay. Gone where there are beings whose  
life may be reckoned by centuries, but in whom  
life is fresh and young, and always will be so.  
Close the aged eyes! Fold the aged hands in  
rest. Their owner is no longer old!—From  
Recollections of a Country Parson.

GROWING OLD.—It seems but a summer since  
we looked forward with eager hopes to the  
coming years. And now we are looking sadly  
back. Not that the dream has passed, but that  
it has been of no worth to those around us.  
As the glowing hopes and ambition of  
early life pass away; as friends after friends  
depart the stronger ties which hold us here  
are broken, our life seems but a bubble, glan-  
cing for a moment in the light, and then broken,  
and not a ripple left on the stream.

Forty years once seemed a long and weary  
pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step.  
And yet along the way are broken shrines  
where a thousand hopes have wasted into  
ashes; footprints sacred under their drifting  
dust; green mounds, whose grass is fresh with  
the watering of tears; shadows, even, which  
we would forget. We will garner the sunshine  
of those years, and with chastened step  
and hopes push on towards the evening whose  
signal lights will soon be seen swinging where  
the waters are still, and the storms never  
beat.—T. W. Brown.

SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.—The Springfield Re-  
publican relates the case of a polite young  
man who, during a shower, took refuge under  
the portico of a dwelling house. A young  
lady at the window espying him, sent out an  
umbrella for his acceptance. He bowed his  
thanks and departed. A few days afterwards  
he called to express his thanks and present a  
new and elegant umbrella, which he purchased  
to gracefully replace the somewhat battered  
one that had been loaned him. The young  
lady forthwith naively explained, that as he  
stood in the way of an expected visit from her  
intended, who wished to come and see her  
unobserved, that she had sent him the umbrel-  
la to get him off her front steps.

NOT ASHAMED OF BUNDLES.—We have of-  
ten heard a half-grown boy say pettishly to  
his mother, "I don't like to be seen carrying  
a big bundle in the streets." But true pride  
is ashamed of such littleness of mind. Mr.  
Astor the wealthy millionaire of New York,  
once was reluctant to sell some goods to a  
young merchant except for cash. The mer-  
chant paid for them, and then took them on  
his own shoulder to carry to his own store.  
Mr. Astor looked on in surprise, but before  
the merchant had gone many steps, he called  
him back, saying—"You may buy on credit  
to any amount. I can trust you, sir. A man  
who is not ashamed to do his own work is sure  
to succeed." Here is another good lesson  
for false pride.

Chief Justice Marshall was a great man; but  
great men are never proud. He was not too  
proud to wait on himself. He was in the  
habit of going to market himself and carrying  
home his purchases. Often would he be  
seen going home at sunrise, with poultry in  
one hand and vegetables in the other.

On one of these occasions, a fashionable  
young man from the North, who had removed  
to Richmond, swearing, violently because he  
could not find no one to carry home his tur-  
key. Judge Marshall stepped up and asked  
where he lived. When he heard, he said:  
"That is my way; I will take your turkey  
home for you."

When they came to the house the young  
man asked:  
"What shall I pay you?"  
"Oh, nothing," said the Judge, "you are  
welcome; it was all in my way and it was  
no trouble to me."  
"Who is that polite old man who brought  
home my turkey for me?" asked the young  
man of a bystander.  
"Oh," said he, "that was Judge Marshall,  
Chief Justice of the United States."  
"Why did he bring home my turkey?"  
"I suppose he did it," said the bystander,  
"to teach you not feel above attending to  
your own business."—Monthly Casket.

TOM CORWIN'S WIT.—While this capital jo-  
ker was a member of the general assembly of  
the Ohio State, he brought in a bill for the  
abolition of public punishment at the whipping  
post. He made a speech thereon, to which an  
elderly member replied somewhat as follows:  
"The gentleman is not as old as I am, and  
has not seen so much of the practical opera-  
tion of the system of punishment which he  
desires to abolish. When I lived in Connecti-  
cut, if a fellow stole a horse, or cut up any  
other rascal, we used to tie him right up and  
give him a real good thrashing; and he always  
cleared right out, and we never saw him  
any more. It's the best way of getting rid of  
rascals that ever was tried, and without ex-  
pense to the State."

Corwin rose and replied:  
"Mr. Speaker, I have often been puzzled  
to account for the vast emigration from Con-  
necticut to the west; but the gentleman last  
up has explained it to my entire satisfaction."  
The bill was passed without further discus-  
sion.

A SENSIBLE LANDLORD.—An exchange  
says: A little incident transpired some weeks  
ago, at one of the Frankford hotels, which is  
worthy of notice.  
A little girl entered the bar-room, and in  
pitiful tones told the keeper that her mother  
had sent her there to get eight cents.  
"Eight cents?" said the keeper.  
"Yes, sir."  
"What does your mother want with eight  
cents? I don't owe her anything."  
"Well," said the child, "father spends all  
his money here for rum, and we have had  
nothing to eat to day. Mother wants to buy  
a loaf of bread."

A loafer remarked to the keeper to kick  
the brat out.  
"No," said the bar keeper, "I'll give her the  
money, and if her father comes back again I'll  
kick him out."

## Educational Department.

We make several extracts this week from  
the official department of the School Journal,  
not particularly for the benefit of school offi-  
cers, for it is supposed that they see the Jour-  
nal monthly, if they do not they certainly  
ought to. We really cannot see how any  
board of directors can get along without it.—  
If they do not take it, and thus keep them-  
selves posted as to the decisions and instruc-  
tions of the State department, they may, at  
some time find themselves in a "fix" that will  
cost them more than one dollar to get out of.  
But these extracts are for the benefit of all,  
and especially of teachers. We have almost  
monthly urged upon teachers to subscribe for  
this valuable periodical; but they have not,—  
perhaps we ought to let them get the informa-  
tion which they desire as they can, if they  
will not take the paper that contains it; but  
still we shall give them, occasionally, a few of  
the decisions to see if that will not stimulate  
them to become subscribers.

ANSWERS TO DIRECTORS, &c.  
QUESTION: Have Directors the power to  
prescribe the lines, within which alone the pu-  
pils therein residing, shall attend the school  
of that sub-district?—Tuscarora District, Ju-  
niata county.  
ANSWER: "Sub-districts" as such, were  
abolished by the school law of 1854; but it  
is still, not only the right, but the duty of Di-  
rectors, to prescribe the limits of each school;  
and any pupil attending any other school, than  
the one thus designated by the Board, violates  
the law, and should be expelled from the  
school thus intruded into.

QUESTION: In our district, there are schools  
that, in the winter, average fifty, and others  
that do not average twenty scholars. The di-  
rectors divide the school money amongst all  
the districts equally—making no difference  
either for the number of pupils or the grade  
of certificate of the teacher. Is this right?—  
Citizen of Crawford county.  
ANSWER: This is really one of the most  
difficult points in the administration of the  
school system, in the rural districts; and, as  
no general rule that will square with every  
supposable case can be prescribed, the law  
wisely leaves it to the discretion of the local  
directors;—the only limitation, that there  
must be the same duration, and as far as prac-  
ticable, the same efficiency of instruction, in  
every school in the district. Apparently the  
directors in question have effected both of  
these objects, by giving equal terms and equal  
salaries to all the schools; while, in reality,  
great inequality of result may nevertheless  
exist. For instance, a medium teacher may get  
along tolerably well in a school of 15 or 20,  
but might break down in one with 50 or 60  
pupils; his failure being almost certain, if re-  
quired to teach those higher branches more  
likely to be needed in the larger school.

Absolute equality of funds to each district  
does not, therefore, seem to effect the true  
purpose of the system,—which is that of pro-  
portioning instruction to the needs of each  
pupil, so that each shall have what it re-  
quires in kind, while all shall have the same  
in duration. On the contrary, the placing of  
the best and most efficient teachers at the  
points where the highest degree of instruction,  
and the greatest amount of labor are deman-  
ded, does effect the object in view, and hence is,  
beyond question, the rule to be adopted.

It is exceedingly difficult to strike the just  
medium on this point, so as to give that measure  
of satisfaction, which ought to be arrived  
at; but it is equally certain, that the adoption  
of an arbitrary, unbending rule of equality in  
the expenditure of the funds of the district  
amongst the schools, will not effect it. Un-  
der the head of "Division of School Funds,"  
page 57 and No. 160, of S. C. School Law  
and Decisions, edition of 1857, there are some  
remarks whose appropriateness and soundness  
merit for them the attention of directors.

QUESTION: My school house stands on the  
side of the public road, with little or no play-  
ground attached to it, and the scholars are in  
the habit of playing on the road. A neighbor  
is constantly annoying them by abusive lan-  
guage and threats, to prevent them from play-  
ing there. Have they the right to play on the  
public road?—Teacher in Huntingdon co.  
ANSWER: They have not. The road is for  
the free use and passage of the public; and  
though abusive language is unjustifiable,  
yet its obstruction by this or any private or  
different purpose, is illegal. Besides, if in-  
jury occur to any one by this means—say by  
the frightening and running away of horse  
—no doubt some one would be liable in  
damages,—whether Overseers, Directors, Pa-  
rents, or Teacher, it is now unnecessary to  
decide.

A school-house without adequate play ground  
can hardly be called a school house at all,—  
wanting, as it does, one of the essentials; and  
the Directors of such an incomplete affair  
should supply the defect at once.  
In this case, the Teacher is advised to notify  
his Board of the existing difficulty, and to  
demand proper provision in this respect, for  
the health and comfort of his pupils. He  
should also adopt, and as far as possible, en-  
force the rule, that all sports be confined to  
the proper play-ground, limited though it be.  
QUESTION: Can a Board of Directors com-  
pel teachers to close their schools on Satur-  
days, and yet exact 24 days for a month?—  
Teacher in Westmoreland.  
ANSWER: If a provision to that effect is in  
the contract between the Board and the teach-  
ers, they can; not otherwise. 24 days, with  
the Saturdays and Sundays added, would, at  
the shortest, make a month of 32 days, and  
in the month of December, 1860, would make  
34 days; which is simply absurd. If nothing  
is said in the article of agreement, about the  
number of days in the teacher's month, and if  
the question be left to this Department, 22  
days will, for the present, be decided to be  
the teacher's month;—that is, the Lunar  
month with all the Sundays and one-half of  
the Saturdays omitted. The Lunar month is  
essentially and practically the school month.