THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XXI.—NO. 35

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY R. W. STURROCK.

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 kindlier summer. Each should come Full handed with a wealth of golden gains For home and heart ;--with health, and peace, and love, The fireside's 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 thee store of fair disciples, -young With Albion's " golden youth," -as soft of speech As Shakspeare'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 wells of " English undefiled!"

And thou, O beautiful among the lands. Favored among the valleys, tare-thee-well! Thy very beauty grieves me : I have learned To love these foreign fields, and find delight In the blue gladness of these alien streams ;-Meeting, unsought, beneath whatever skies Arch over haman homes, 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.

nd thus .- O city, nurtured in the years hat saw Rome's last freedom .- from beyond Waters that lave your sunset ; from the depths Alpine valleys virgin to the tread all things New .- with frequent, fond recoil, heart shall leap to thee! Remembrance-winged, 't shall recurring fancy scale what steeps Shut in your south, or track the mists that climb Your northward slopes of Jura.

Guard ve well, mountain sentinels, this sacred land. ulwark of ancient freedom! Keep thou pure, chosen city, underneath the gaze of these eternal watchers of the heights Thy trust of ages ; let no shadow, fallen rom the black pinions of these Times, Stain thy fair 'scutcheon's whiteness.

f terror dawn again! The East is red ith freedom's camp-fires,-all the starry West des into blank eclipse ; it yet may fall thee, Key-Bearer of your mountain holds x Nature vowed to Freedom, there to guard manity's last hope.

Our Eagle stoops ranied from his heights; it may be thine, e of Jura! in thy lightning beak the White-Cross standard of these c'iffs liberty's last sanctuary.

keep the armor of thy safety bright, of Refuge! And when, thanks to all powers that work for man,-the darkling night is calamity be over-past, of consolation! sleep in peace, his loveliest sea that m , vision-haunted by the azure feet his. Earth's fairest river!

So, good-night, ved Land! And thou, a last good-night, ter and Friend! My Alpine dream is done GENEVA. Switzerland, Oct. 1860.

Mr. Woodbridge's Investment.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

The fiery crimson of the stormy November e-the wind, murmuring restlessly among s, seemed to mourn with an almost human served to brighten the cheerfulness of the e polished surfaces of platters and glimg brasses sending a long stream of radi- verse had caused her mother to descend. brough the uncurtained windows out up-

ther, and gazing, thoughtfully into the fire quarter of a mile round." been a capital harvest this year I woulask for no better. So wife you jist pick ome of them yaller pippin apples and put n into Jessie's basket again she calls after

ulated to keep them pippins for market ire Benson says they're worth -Idon't keer what they're worth," intered the farmer, as his he pmate, a square whim." plar woman, with a face plowed with innuable little lines of care, fingered the yellow eeked apples dubiuosly "I tell you what it is, kind thing. I never could make you believe unless the pay came right in, in hard

Now here's Jessie Morton, as likely a as ever breathed, teachin' school day in and fare.' out, and her marm sewin' to home, earnga living by the hardest toil-born ladies, on 'em. Don't you 'spose these apples will worth more to them, if you give them with a word, than they would be to that pesky

at-fisted agent up to Hardwiche Hall, if he e a dollar a bushel." "Charity begins to hum," said Keturah jerk-

EX.

out the supper table with an odd twist of face. "Not but that Jessie's well enough but you had better scratch your pennies toand pay up that mortgage, if you don't the Hardwiche agent foreclosing on you. d then the pippins are just as good as so money. "One of my investments, then, if you like as well as yourself?"
eall it so, Keturah," said the farmer with a "Can't help their ssion, which had overspread his face when in the path. "I forbid all passing here." alluded to the mortgage. "Come Mong in

basket, all right, and some of those golden contemptuous smile that had from the beginnpippins 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 cheees which Farmer Woodbridge always declared "sot 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 Ketural

"Oh, Mr. Woodbridge, how kind you always are to us. If I were only rich-if I could from me-are we not to be very good friends?" 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 cut, for it's bushes" and dark green ivy were trained togetting most dark, and the November wind gether with all a woman's taste. ain't no ways healthy as I ever heard on. And I say Jessie, if it rains to morrow so you can't the farmhouse eaves-the Christmas logs crack-

Jessie Morton to herself as her light footsteps with electric speed. pattered along on the fallen leaves, "how many times I have had cause to thank his generous heart. about that mortgage by the agent at Hardwiche Hall."

She paused for a moment to look up to where the stately roofs and gables of the hall ered with me-I don't seem to get along. rose darkly outlined against the crimson that still burned stormily in the sky. On a commanding height and nearly hidden in trees many of which still retained their autumal foilage, it seemed almost like an old baronial

"There it stands," she mused, shut up and silent, year after year, its magnificent rooms untenated, the flowers ungathered in its conservatories. Since Mrs. Hardwiche died Let us talk about a pleasanter subject. What twenty years since, mamma says--the family have been abroad, and now the only surviving their 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 If I were the mistress of Hardwiche

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

"Pardon me," said a voice that instantly along and direct me."

"This is Eldon road," said Jessie, all unconscions that the last gleam of the fading sunan almost angelic beauty as she stood there again. Mr. Hardwiche will send you the paamong the fallen leaves.

to Hardwiche Hall? I have not been in this en pippins, nor all the other kinduess." neighborhood since I was a little boy, and now I am completely at fault."

Jessie hesitated a moment. "I could show come, "what do you think of my investment you better than I could tell, for it is rather a now?"

uch out of my way."
"I shall very much honored," said the stranger, "Meanwhile let me carry your basket." It was a wild and lovely walk, winding among moss-garlanded trees and hollows sweet

with the aromatic incense of dying leaves .-Jessie could not help admiring the chivalric manners and polished courtsey of her companion, and he was more than pleased with the blooming loveliness and girlish dignity of his young guide. A few adroit questions about Hardwiche

set was staining all the hills with its lurid | Hall and its neighborhood sufficed to draw from Jessie a spirited abstruct of the character of dead leaves that lay heaped over the wood; the Hardwiche agent, and the impositions he was wont to pratice upon the tenants as well But the antumnal melancholy without as an arch description of the "characters" thereabouts. Then he continued to learn all mg wood fire, whose ruddy glow danced about Jessie's little school, and her ailing mothivered over the rough rafters of Farmer | er, and he smiled to himself, in the twilight to bridge's spacious old kitchen sparkling observe the pride of her mien, when she alluded the high position from which unforeseen re-

"There," she said, suddenly pausing, with a feeling as if she had been almost too communiles, as I was saying afore," observed the cative, "if we could only cross yonder lawn, the mer, rubbing his toil hardened hands gates are close by, but we shall have to go a

'Why?" asked the stranger. "Mr. Talcott will not allow strangers to cross here; he says its private property."

"I fancy I shall dare Mr. Talcott's wrath, said the gentleman, laughing, as he pushed Won't the little red ones do as well? I open the wire gate that defended the forbidden

"It is perfectly absurd to make people go a quarter of a mile out of their way for a mere

They had scarcely entered the enclosure. when an unlooked-for obstacle presented itself in the shape of the redoubtable Talcott himself urah, folks never yet lost anything by doing | who was prowling over the grounds on the quivive for trespassers.

"Halloo,here!" growled he: "just turn back if you please. This is'nt the public thorough-

The stranger held Jessie's arm under his a little tighter, as if to repress her evident inclination to beat his position. "I don't see any reasonable cause why we

shouldn't go ahead," he said, pertinaciously. live it was a ghost, as he saw it himself-"There is a path here and I suppose it was made to walk in "

"Not for you," said the agent contemptuously, "so go back as fast as you can." "Is it possible that people are made to travel a circuitous and unpleasant route, for no other reason than your caprices?" asked the gentle

man, locking down at the shriveled little man, from the altitude of his six feet with a kind of There they be, anyhow, in laughing scorn. "Did it ever occur to you, my sket—one of your investiments I guess." friend, that other had rights and conveniences

"Can't help their right-nothing to me," od humored laugh, banishing the annoyed snarled the agent, planting himself obstinately

"But I suppose Everard Hardwiche may s my gai!" he added cheerily, as a light have privilege of crossing his own land?" per- low

touch sounded on the door latch. Here is the sisted the stranger, still presenting the half ing of the interview made the agent so uncomfortable.

Talcott grew not exactly pale, but yellow with consternation. "Mr. Hardwiche-sir, I did not know-we

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 "The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life," was his internal comment, as he at length parted from her at the little gate, where "burning

The Christmas snow lay white and deep on go to school handy jest you stop here, and led on the hearth, where Mr. Woodbridge still I'll give you a lift in a wagon." gazed dreamingly into the glowing cinders, gazed dreamingly into the glowing cinders, "Dear old Mr. Woodbridge," soliloquized and Mrs. Keturah's knitting needles clicked

"That mortgage bothers me_it bothers me. he murmured, almost plaintively. "Well, I And think he should be so distressed s'pose 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 hain't prosp-

> "You'd got along well enough, I guess," responded Keturah, who belonged super-eminently to that class of people known as Job's comforters, "if you'd only looked after your p's and q's as I told you. You always was too freehanded, and now you see what it has brought

> "Well, well, Keturah, we never did think alike on some things," returned the old man. do you think about our school-mam's marrying yeur Mr. Hardwiche to-morrow? Didn't I always tell you that Jessie Moreton was born to be a lady? I may be unlucky myself, but, anyhow, I'm glad to hear of little's Jessie's luck.

> "You'd a great deal better keep your sympathy for yourself," growled Keturah. "Whats other folks luck to you, I'd like to know?-There's some one knocking at the door-see who 'tis!"

> It was n little note, brought by one of the school boys, late under Jessie's care.

"Where's my glasses? I can't see as well as reassured her, for it was too gentle to come I could once. Shove the candle this way, from any but a gentleman, 'but I am not cer- will you, Keturah?" And fitting his brass-bowtain that I have lost my way. Is this the Eldon ed spectacles upon his nose, the old man unroad? I was waiting for some one to come folded the note and read in Jessie's delicate chirograph :

"Do not let that mortgage disturb your Christmas day, to-morrow, dear father Woodset was lighting up her fair, innocent face with bridge. It will never haupt your hearth-stone pers soon to destroy. This is Jessie's Christ-"And can you tell me the shortest footpath mat present; I have not forgotton those gold-

> "Ah wife!" said the old man smiling and trying to brush away the big tears that would

complicated road," she said, "and if you will Keturah's reply was neither elegant, nor accept my services as a guide, it will not be strictly speaking grammatical, but it was sig-She said simply: 'Well, I never ?"

> Parson Brownlow on Secession .- Parson Brownlow of the Knoxville Whig, is evidently not in love with the secessionists, as the following little clipping from his paper amply de-

> "This machine of government, so delicate and complex in its structure, and which cost its great architects so much labor and thought so much of the spirit of concession, and compromise, and our fathers so much of blood and treasure, is to be broken in pieces to gratify a set of corrupt, ambitious, and disappointed demagogues, who find that they can never preside over these United States, and hence they seek to build up one or more contemptible Southern Confederacies and to place themselves at the head of these. The fiddling and danc ing of Nero, while Rome was enveloped in flames, was not more brutal, hellish, stupid and wicked than is the conduct of these country destroying. God-defying, and hell-deserving traitors to their country, who write and talk thus flippantly of the most momentous event that the human mind can conceive."

> SHOEING HORSES FOR WINTER TRAVEL .- N P. Willis, of the Home Journal, in one of his recent Idlewild letters, says: "You will have discovered, of course, that you cannot have uninterrupted winter riding with a horse shod in the ordinary way. The sharp points of frozen mud will wound the frog of the foot. and with snow on the ground, the hollow hoof soon collects a hard ball, which makes the footing very insecure. But these evils are remedied by a piece of sole leather nailed on under the shoe-a protection to the hoof which makes a surprising difference in the confidence and surefootedness of the animal's

A GHOST -One of our devils says he la to get him off her front steps. saw a ghost—it was white, flew up over a fence, looked like a white woman, a white dog, or goose, or something else; thinks it might probably have been something else, but is posthough be don't believe in such trash. That boy stays off the streets after dark just about

There is this difference between hapiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest

A SMART fellow writes to the Madison Courier that the Republicans got the name of Black Republicans because they are in favor of keeping the nigger black, in contradistinc-

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 remains in death and in remembrance the same young thing forever. It is fourteen years this chant paid for them, and then took them on evening since the writer's sister left this world. his own shoulder to carry to his own store. She was fifteen years old then—she is fifteen Mr. Astor looked on in surprise, but before vears old yet. I have grown older since by the merchant had gone many steps, he called by fourteen years, but she has never changed as they advanced; and if God spares me to to any amount. I can trust you, sir. A man four-score, I never shall think of her as other who is not ashamed to do his own work is sure than the youthful creature she faded. The to succeed." Here is an another good lesson other day I listened as a poor woman told of for false pride: 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 truely that she had never been the same person since where he lived. When he heard, he said: 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 little rosy face of that morning, and the little half articulate voice, would have been faintly remembered by the mother had they gradually died into boyhood and manhood; but that day stereotyped them; they remained unchang-

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 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 has not seen so much of the practical operaa beautiful sight to see the change that took

place in the very instant of dissolution. The features, sharo for many days with the tense, light look was gone. You saw the fering was over. It was no more of course than the working of physical law; but in that pense to the State." case it seemed as if there was a further meaning 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 necticut to the west; but the gentleman last 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 Recollections of a Country Parson.

we looked forward with eager hopes to the had sent her there to get eight cents. coming years. And now we are looking sadly 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 frinds departs the stronger ties which hold us here are broken, our life seems but a bubble, glancing for a moment in the light, and than bro-

ken, 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 kick him out." ashes; footprints sacred under their drifting dnst; green mounds, whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears ; shadows, even, which we would torget. 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 Republican 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-

An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed the congregation. "My dear brethren, let me tell you that now I am just half through my sermon, but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have

AT a dinner at the President's given to the Judges of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice have constantly sougt to delude the South, and in the month of December, 1869, would make Taney remarked that he "should administer the oath of office to Mr. Lincoln, if he was obliged to go to Springfield to do it."

DEMOCRACY formerly meant that "the majority should govern." Then it was altered that by the types to call him a "battle scared vet- the teacher's month; -that is, the Lunar "the two-thirds rule should govern." And now eran." In the issue the mistake was so far month with all the Sundays and one-half of to those Democrats who are making him yel- it is gravely agued that the minority should corrected as to style him a "bottle scared ve- the Saturdays omitted. The Lunar mouth is

NOT ASHAMED OF BUNDLES .- We have of-The dead are the only people that never row old. There was something typical in the rrestment of time in the case of the youthful is ashamed of such littleness of mind. Mr. Astor the wealthy millionaire of New York, once was reluctant to sell some goods to a

> 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 be 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 turkey. Judge Marshell stept up and asked "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 ome 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 aged lady die. She had borne sharp pain for 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

tion of the system of punishment which he desires to abolish. When I lived in Connecticut, if a fellow stole a horse, or cut up any pain, in that instant recovered the old aspect other rustic, we used to tie him right up and of quietude which they had borne in health; give him a real good thrashin': and he always cleared right out, and we never saw him rouggs that ever was tried, and without ex-

Corwin rose and replied:

"Mr. Speaker, I have often been puzzled to account for the vast emigration from Conup has explained it to my entire satisfaction." The bill was passed without further dis-

A SENSIBLE LANDLORD .- An exchange rest. Their cwner is no longer old !- From says: A little incident transpired some weeks the best and most efficient teachers at the worthy of notice.

Growing Old.-It seems but a summer since pitiful tones told the keeper that her mother beyond question, the rule to be adopted. "Eight cents?' said the keeper.

'Yes, sir."

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 der the head of "Division of School Funds," 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

AN INGENIOUS EXCUSE BY A FOND MOTHER .-A goodly parson complained to an elderly lady of her congregation that her daughter appeared to be wholly taken up with trifles and worldly finery, instead of fixing her mind on things above. "You are certainly mistaken, sir; I know that the girl appears to an observer to be taken up with worldly things, but you can not judge correctly of the direction her mind really takes, as she is a little cross eyed."

SECESSION FOLLY .- The entire inadequacy of the secession leaders to guide the movement they have undertaken to lead, is shown in the fact that while prempted to disunion by the hope of battering the condition of Charleston trade, they have obstructed the channels leading to the city, in order to keep the United Saates vessels out; at the same time they have destroyed the light houses and pulled up the should supply the defect at once.

"What do you call this?" said Jones, tapping his breakfast very lightly with his fork. "Call it," snarled the landlord, "What do you call it?" "Well, really," said Jones, "I don't know. It hasn't quite hair enough in it for plaster, but I think there is a little 'oo much in it for hash !"

A GENTLEMAN writing from Europe, says he was informed early last spring, that the South would try to dissolve the American Union this Fall and Winter. Thirty and forty years, it has been the one idea of the fire eaters, who insult the North.

Two Blunders-A Southern editor some number of days in the teacher's month, and if years ago, in attempting to compliment Gen. the question be left to this Department, 22 Pillow as a "battle-scared veteran," was made days will, for the present, be decided to be

Educational Department.

WE make several extracts this week from the official department of the School Journal, not particularly for the benefit of school officers, for it is supposed that they see the Journal 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 instructions 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 information 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 pupils 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 s still, not only the right, but the duty of Directors, 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 chool 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 diectors 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 nust be the same duration, and as far as practicable, 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 the tigns of pain go out. You felt that all suf- any more. It's the best way of getting rid of 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 reuired 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 proportioning instruction to the needs of each pupil, so that each shall have what it requires in kind, while all shall have the same in duration. On the contrary, the placing of ago, at one of the Frankford hotels, which is points where the highest degree of instruction, and the greatest amount of labor are demand-A little girl entered the bar-room, and in ed, does effect the object in view, and hence is,

It is exceedingly difficult to strike the just medium ou this point, so as to give that measure of satisfaction, which ought to be arrived "What does your mother want with eight 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. Unpage 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.

OCESTION: My school house stands on the side of the public road, with little or no playground attached to it, and the scholars are in the habit of playing on the road. A neighbor is constantly annoying them by abusive language and threats, to prevent them from playing 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 thepublic; and though abusive language is unjustifiable, yet its obstruction by this or any private or different purpose, is illegal. Besides, if injury 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, Parents, 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

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. should also adopt, and as far as possible, enforce the rule, that all sports be confined to

the proper play-ground, limited though it be. QUESTION: Can a Board of Directors comnel teachers to close their schools on Saturdays, 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 teachers, they can; not otherwise. 24 days, with the Saturdays and Sundays added, would, at the shortest, make a month of 32 days, and 34 days; which is simply absurd. If nothing is said in the article of agreement, about the essentially and practically the school month.