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TOWANDA:
Thursday Morning, September 26, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

A HUMAN SKULL.

A human skull! I bought it passing cheap—
Of course 'twas dearer to its first employer;
I thought mortality did well to keep
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.
It is a ghastly monitor, and most
Experienced our wasting sand in summing;
It is a grave domestic finger-post
Of Life—an emblem of the shadows coming.
Time was some may have prized its blooming skin;
Here lips were woo'd perhaps in transport tender;
Some may have chuckled what was a dimpled chin,
And never had my doubt about its gender!
Did she live yesterday, or ages back?
What color were the eyes when bright and waking?
And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or black?
Poor little head! that long has done with aching?
It may have held (to shoot some random shot)
The brains, ELIZA FAY, or BARON BYRON'S,
The wits of NELLY GWYNNE, or DOCTOR WATTS,
Two quoted bards! two philanthropic sires!
By this I surely knew before I closed
The bargain on the morning that I bought it—
It was not half so bad as some supposed,
Nor quite as good as many may have thought it.
Who love, can need no special type of Death;
He bares his awful face too soon, too often;
"Immortelles" bloom in Beauty's bridal wreath;
And does not your green elm conceal a coffin?
Whose mine, what lines of care are these?
The hair still lingers with the golden hours,
An autumn tint is on the chestnut tress,
And where is all that boasted wealth of flowers?
Life no more can yield us what it gave,
It still is lined with much that calls for praise—
A very worthless rogue may dig the grave,
But hands unseen will dress the turf with daisies.

Selected Tale.

The Grave of the Hungarian Girl.

There was a time when the countries now so unaccountably conglomered in the grasp of the double-headed Austrian eagle, each formed an independent and happy realm, under its own native prince; when the dukes of Austria, although the emperors of Germany, possessed but a small strip on either bank of the Danube, bounded by Passau and Presburg; when unable to defend themselves against their neighbors, they lost even their hereditary possessions by being living as fugitives on the bounty of one or other of their vassals in Germany.
The latter was particularly the case during the second moiety of the fifteenth century, Emperor Frederick IV., Duke of Austria, by repeated invasion of the border-lands of Hungary, whilst their sovereign, Matthias Corvinus, was engaged in a severe contest with Turkey, provoked the resentment of that renowned king. Matthias not only routed the Austrian forces, but in a few months conquered Steiermark, and Upper Austria, with all their fortresses, extending the boundaries of Austria to Tyrol and Bavaria; and taking his residence at Vienna, whose inhabitants, established with their duke for continually imposing new taxes on them, gladly submitted to the liberal and just sway of the Hungarian prince.
In order effectually to protect the borders against any further inroads of the Austrians, Matthias gave the adjacent countries a military organization, distributing the woodlands along the frontiers amongst the most deserving veterans of his invincible Black Legion, and bestowing on them the rights and privileges of noblemen, for which they, in time of emergency, were to lead the borders of their districts against the invading enemy.
The portion of the western frontier of Hungary where Matthias put this salutary measure into effect is intersected by several low ridges of the Syrian Alps, abounding in gorges as well as in gentle scenery, and their points covered with primitive forests. Besides the charming views, that vary at every step in feature and beauty, the traveler is struck by the many ruins of castles and towers which crown the isolated mountain peaks. Most of these fortresses played an important part during the endless wars of the middle ages, and of them, as if reflecting a portion of those barbarian times, possessing its tradition of a more or less melancholy nature.
There is, for example, the castle of Lockenhausen, in the lovely Ginez Valley, once the property of the mighty Knights Templars, and, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, in the order of King Charles Robert, were extinguished in Hungary as well as in other countries. To the visitor of that ancient, but still substantial building, is shown, amongst other curiosities, and the great hall, commonly called the "Hall of Blood," where the assembled brethren of the Temple were surprised and massacred by the troops of the king. The large dark spots on the stone pavement are said to be the innocent blood of the chevaliers, which, in spite of every effort to efface them, retain their redish hue, as if to bear eternal witness of the cruelty perpetrated on them. Higher up in the mountains, the castle of Landsee rises above the surrounding country. One of its former possessors, in consequence of a fit of jealousy, caused his young and beautiful wife to be murdered here. A few days afterwards, being convinced of her innocence, he broke the walls of her prison. But his repentance came too late. Overwhelmed by incessant remorse for his foul deed, the husband made a grave for the remainder of his days as a hermit, in the very cell in which his wife had endured all the horrors of a death by starvation.

In the vicinity of Landsee, upon a steep rocky summit, is the fortress of Forchtenstein, still in good preservation, wherein the vast family treasures of the Princes of Eszterhazy are guarded by grenadiers kept in their pay.
The most picturesque of all castles in that neighborhood are the stately ruins of Kirschschiag, encircling the brow of a conical mountain projection, and overlooking a magnificent valley and a borough of the same name.
About half an hour distant from that place, in easterly direction, stands an isolated tower on a granite block, its mossy walls partly hidden by lofty fir trees. It was in former times one of the fortifications erected at the command of Matthias for the protection of the borders, and is situated at the left bank of a mountain rivulet, which at that point, for several miles, forms the boundary between Hungary and Austria. The secluded nook is known as the "Grave of the Hungarian Girl," a name well adapted to its loneliness and solemn stillness. But the melancholy place inspires in changed into painful sympathy, when recalling the traditions attached to it, the touching as well as soul-stirring episodes which invest that otherwise unimportant ruin with an unending interest, and at the same time connects its fate with that of the castle of Kirschschiag.
The facts, as they were narrated to us, ran thus: When Matthias established his line of defence, the land in the vicinity of the "Grave of the Hungarian Girl," fell to the share of Karol, a gallant officer in the Black Legion, who, after building his stronghold, settled with his family and a dozen men-at-arms, clearing from the woodland as much ground for agricultural purposes as was necessary for their subsistence.
At that period, the castle of Kirschschiag belonged to a powerful and wealthy Austrian, Magnate, the Count of Puchheim, who besides possessed several other castles and seigniories throughout the land. He was of the new favorites of Frederick IV., hating the Hungarians most heartily, and ravaging their country on every plausible opportunity. As he however, plundered not only Hungarians, but also his own countrymen, the people bestowed on him the expressive denomination of the Knight of Evil.
Puchheim was a widower, with an only son, Rudolph, a youth of noble disposition, who quite the reverse of his father, abhorred his nightly revels and predatory excursions. He therefore, so often as he could, withdrew from the banqueting at Kirschschiag, and taking his bow and arrows, rode out to hunt in the forests of his father's dominions, which even now-a-days have an inexhaustible supply of game.
One evening, as he bent his way homewards along the winding course of a rivulet, his ears caught the tones of a female voice, singing the "Ave Maria," with touching sweetness, whilst the evening bell tolled from the castle. With mingled feelings of pleasant surprise and curiosity, Rudolph followed the sound, and after a short walk, at a sudden turn of the path, behind the overhanging cliff, he discovered a scene of peculiar interest. On the deep bank of the sparkling streamlet, which there formed a clear bay, a maiden of uncommon loveliness knelt on the green turf, teaching her little sister the melody of that evening prayer, her countenance lighted up with an expression of childlike piety. The group was charming, but still more so the songstress, who, in the first bloom of youth, looked the very picture of innocence and beauty. No wonder that the scene produced a marvellous effect upon the young count, and he unconsciously tarried, lost in contemplation, until he was accosted by a warrior of imposing appearance who, on learning the name of the stranger, introduced him to his daughter Gizeka, inviting him at the same time as a good neighbor to his house.
Karol led his guest and children up a flight of stairs, rudely hewn into the rock, to a spacious clearing, where, round a massive watch-tower, stood several huts, surrounded by a rampart and ditch. There, on Hungarian ground, Rudolph enjoyed the hospitality of the simple but true-hearted inhabitants, giving himself up wholly to the uncontrollable emotions which the presence of the commander's eldest daughter awoke in him. The host's friendly visit, that the young count should repeat his visit was a welcome pretext for his coming again and again to the Hungarian settlement, till at last he felt that he could not exist one day without listening to that voice which thrilled through his very nerve—with out seeing those features that reminded him of a picture of a guardian angel in the castle chapel of Kirschschiag. When unable any longer to resist the force of his love, he avowed the state of his heart Gizeka, whose affections he already possessed. They mutually plighted their faith, and the father of the maiden blessed their happiness with a feeling of perfect content, caring little within their own fairy circle for the egotistical scheme of the outer world, where, however the storm was already gathering round their heads, that would so soon break upon their bliss with an annihilating power.
A month the garrison at the watch tower was a young, by birth, a German whom Karol, when a boy, had rescued from destruction, at the storming of an Austrian fortress. From that time, the warrior kept him in his family as a playmate for Gizeka. The youth conceived a violent passion for the maiden his child, however, having been rejected, his love changed into hatred to which the success of the young count added fresh aliment. His keen, jealous eye detected without much difficulty, the cause of Rudolph's daily visits, and on remarking the progress he made in the maiden's favor, the ungrateful miscreant, forgetting the numerous marks of kindness bestowed upon him, by the family of his benefactor resolved on betraying the secret of the lovers to Rudolph's father. He accordingly hastened to the castle, and informed Count Puchheim how affairs were going on in the Hungarian watch-tower. The wrath of the haughty magnate was terrible. Besides his hatred against Hungary, he felt his aristocratic pride and prejudices deeply wounded by

the proceedings of his son. In order at once to put a stop to his youthful folly, as he deemed it, he informed his son two weeks from that day he was to wed the daughter of a neighboring cavalier.
At this intimation Rudolph felt the crisis of his fate fast approaching. Fully aware of the uselessness of openly opposing his father's will or of imploring his pity, he withdrew apparently satisfied, and rode over to Karol, to communicate the sad intelligence to him. The warrior knew of only one way to surmount the mighty obstacle, and that was to go without delay to King Matthias at Vienna, from whose justice and humanity he promised himself the most satisfactory result. When the day for their setting out was once fixed, the betrothed quickly forgot their troubles and now began to look upon their dreams of a glowing future as already realized.
Although the preparations for the journey were made with great precaution, still the Austrian traitor's suspicions were aroused, and no sooner were they confirmed, than he again sped to Kirschschiag, imparting the fresh tidings to the count, who was just then making merry with several boon companions. Heated by wine and passion, Puchheim swore, in the presence of his guests, to prepare a suitable nuptial couch for his Hungarian daughter-in-law.
It was the evening before the day of departure. Rudolph and Gizeka had visited for the last time, all the places so endeared to them by a thousand sweet remembrances. Before entering the dwelling, they lingered at a lovely spot not far from the ramparts, casting a farewell look on the glorious mountain scenery, bathed in the gray hue of approaching twilight. Lost in silent reverie, and overwhelmed by an inexplicable feeling of sadness, they did not remark that night and darkness gradually spread over valley and mountain.
As the girl leant on his shoulder, Rudolph, all on a sudden, felt her whole frame shudder violently. The next moment, with a faint shriek, she sank into his arms, her breast pierced by an arrow, and her heart's blood gushing in a warm stream over her lover, who, in a paroxysm of mingled agony and madness, sprang forward towards a thicket, from whence the deadly missile was shot. Perceiving the figure of a man moving off stealthily, Rudolph, with a bound, fell upon him, plunging his dagger, in mute rage, repeatedly into the breast of the murderer.
The catastrophe soon became known at the settlement, and Karol hastened with lighted torches to the spot, from whence two bodies were carried into the fortification; one was Rudolph's father, the count of Puchheim, and the other the victim of his vengeance, the gentle Gizeka, lovely even with the impress of death on her pallid cheeks. The former still lived, and he spent his last breath in cursing his son, who stood aghast between the corpses of those whom he most loved and venerated upon earth.
Gizeka was buried near the tower, and her untimely fate awakened so much sympathy that the people immortalized her memory by giving the place the name already mentioned.
The bereaved father left the mournful spot, and settled farther eastward in the Rabinitz Valley, where the village of Karl now stands.
Rudolph, broken-hearted, joined the war in the East against the infidels, from whence he never returned. He was the last of the direct line of the Puchheims. The castle became deserted, and left gradually to fall into ruins.
The inhabitants in the vicinity of Kirschschiag affirm, that at midnight, they distinctly heard the tramping of Rudolph's horse, as he gallops up the mountain ridge that separates the castle from the watch-tower, where he halts at the grave of his betrothed, until the cock calls him back to his distant resting-place.
THE PERIOD IN WHICH COAL WAS FORMED.—Of the lapse of time in the formation of our coal fields we cannot have the faintest conception; it is only measured by Him with whom a thousand years are as one day. But the magnitude of time is not surpassed by the boundlessness of the providential care which laid upon these terrestrial treasures in store for his children, whom he was afterwards to call into being. Let them therefore dismiss this profitless subject with one illustration.—Mr. Maclaren, by a happy train of reasoning, which I refer the reader to his "Geology of Life," arrives at the conclusion that it would require a thousand years to form a bed of coal one yard thick. Now, in the South Wales coal-field there is a thickness of coal of more than thirty yards, which would have required a period of 30,000 years for its formation. If we now assume that the 15,000 feet of sedimentary materials were deposited at the average rate of two feet in a century, corresponding to the rate of subsidence, it would have required 3,807,000 years to produce this coal-field.—*Hull's Coal Field of Great Britain.*
MENTAL EXCITEMENT.—Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke: Ghilo, Diagaros, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The door-keeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. Larrigue, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.
The doctor is often an overtaker that makes work for the undertaker.

A HOLE IN THE POCKET.

Jonas Slack and his wife commenced house-keeping, as many other young people do, with little means for defraying the necessary expenses; but as he was a good mechanic, he could generally find employment in his native village, and she being an industrious little woman, besides doing her house-work, earned considerable in the course of a year, by doing plain sewing. But still they did not seem to prosper as did Ned Bowen and his wife, who commenced house-keeping near them about the same time, under similar circumstances. The reason why and the way he made the discovery, we will let him tell in his own words:
"My wife said to me one evening—'Mr. Slack, I wish to get some thread and needles at the store, and want a little change.'
"I felt in my pocket, examined my wallet thoroughly, but could find nothing that would pass for currency at the store, and reported the unpleasant fact to her.
"Why," said she, "what has become of the half-dollar I gave you this morning, that I got from Mrs. Jones for sewing?" (She had always made me cashier of the firm.)
"After another unsuccessful attempt to find it, I said:
"Mrs. Slack, I think there must be a hole in my pocket, for certainly I have not got it, and I do not think of anything I have paid it out for."
"I will look at your pockets this evening," said she mildly, "and will mend them if they need it."
It was not long after this conversation that I remembered having treated myself and three friends to ice cream and oranges at a confectioner's shop, but concluded to keep the discovery to myself.
"I could not find any hole in your pocket last night," said my wife, the next morning, in a gentle tone, and with a look that my feelings prevented me from scanning closely; and all the reply I felt willing to make was, "Ah, couldn't you?"
A few days afterwards she called on me for twenty-five cents she had lately deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping.
"Really, Mrs. Slack," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "there must be some corner or seam in my pocket that is open"—though really I could not find one, any more than I could the missing quarter.
"If there is it is singular that I did not find it the other evening," she said in her usual quiet way, "but I will be sure to find it this evening if there is any."
On the way to my work after dinner, while passing the Arcade Saloon, the fate of my wife's quarter came distinctly to my mind. It had vanished in smoke in front of that institution; i. e., it had paid for five finely flavored cigars which some of my village friends had begged me to dispose of while discussing politics there the previous evening.
Mrs. Slack had never told me whether she found any hole in my pocket or not; and I did not feel disposed to push the investigation on the subject any further.
Although I was seldom entirely out of money, still it was unpleasantly scarce. In fact I spent more than I was aware of, in small items, from day to day, for the double purpose of maintaining my reputation of being a "clever fellow," and to gratify my appetite or fancy for things I could have done very well without.
The result was that I did without things at home which my wages would have enabled me to buy, and left some for charitable purposes.
One day I was presented with a subscription paper for the Orphan Asylum, which I reluctantly handed back without signing, with the remark that I really could not afford it.
My wife smiled sadly, as she said to me in an undertone:
"Ned Bowen subscribed five dollars."
"I don't see how he can afford it," I replied, "as he does not get any better wages or work more hours than I do."
A few days after the foregoing event, on an invitation from Ned Bowen and his wife, we spent an evening at their house, which we found much better furnished than our own, though there was no apparent attempt to make any needless display of furniture.
The evening passed pleasantly away, but I could not avoid some unpleasant feelings whenever I contrasted their home with the appearance of our own.
"I wonder," I said to my wife, on our way home, "if Bowen don't go in debt for some of their furniture?"
"He does not," she replied, "for his wife told me that they do not owe a dollar in the world."
"But how can they live as they are doing on his wages, if he gives five dollars at a time for charitable purposes?"
"I think I can tell you," said my wife, in a hesitating manner.
"Well, do, if you please," I replied, not a little curious to know what her ideas on the subject were.
"Well," she continued, "in the first place, she never buys for herself any unnecessary finery, and takes good care that nothing is lost or destroyed that comes into the house."
"But," said I, interrupting her, "I doubt amazingly whether she is more careful in that respect than my own model wife."
"In the second place," said she, "he is as careful in these respects as she is. He buys no ice cream, oranges, cigars, &c., neither for himself nor any of his pretended friends. In short, my dear Mr. Slack, he has no hole in his pocket."
It was the first word of suspicion my wife ever uttered on the subject, and that fact, together with the conviction that she clearly saw—and so unexpectedly—but in so kind a manner told me the real cause of the difference between our home and that of Ned Bowen and his wife, cut me to the quick—or rather, I should have said, it sewed me up, and my pockets too; they have never been in holes since that evening. Her change has always

been safe in them ever since, and our home now will not suffer by a comparison with that of our friends, the Bowens. With good books and papers, I can spend my leisure hours more pleasantly and profitably at home than anywhere else; and the saving of small expenses more than pays for them, and is the secret of success.

Too Good to Keep.

An afflicted lady, according to her own account, had a year before, during the performance of her toilet, accidentally taken into her throat one of the bristles of her tooth-brush. This bristle had stuck in the top of the gullet, and set up an irritation, which she was convinced was killing her. She had been from one surgeon of eminence to another, and everywhere in London and in the country the faculty had assured her that she was only the victim of nervous delusion—that her throat was in a perfectly healthy condition—that the disturbance existed only in her own imagination. "And so they go on, the stupid, obstinate, perverse creatures," concluded the poor lady, "saying there is nothing the matter with me, while I am—dying—dying—dying!"
"Allow me, my dear lady," said the adroit surgeon in reply, "to inspect for myself, carefully, the state of your throat." The inspection was made gravely, and at much length. "My dear Miss—" resumed the surgeon, when he had concluded his examination, "you are quite right, and Sir Benjamin Brodie and Sir James Clark are wrong. I can see the head of the bristle low down, almost out of sight; and if you'll let me run home for my instruments, I'll forth with extract it for you."
The adroit man retired, and in a few minutes re-entered the room, armed with a delicate pair of forceps, into the teeth of which he had inserted a bristle taken from an ordinary tooth brush. The rest can be imagined. The lady threw back her head; the forceps were introduced into her mouth; a prick—a loud scream! and 'twas all over! and the surgeon, with a smiling face, was holding up to the light and inspecting with lively curiosity, the extracted bristle.
The patient was in raptures at a result which proved that she was right, and Sir Benjamin Brodie wrong. She immediately recovered her health and spirits, and went about everywhere sounding the praises of "her savior," as she persisted in calling the dexterous operator. So enthusiastic was her gratitude, she offered him her hand in marriage and her noble fortune. The fact that the young surgeon was already married, was an insuperable obstacle to this arrangement. But other proofs of gratitude she lavishly showered on him. She compelled him to accept a carriage and horses, a service of plate and a new house.
Unfortunately, the lucky fellow could not keep his own good counsel. Like foolish Samson with Delilah, he imparted the secret of his cunning to the wife of his bosom; she confided it to Louise Clarissa, her social friend who had been her bridesmaid; Louise Clarissa told it under vows of inviolable secrecy to six other particular friends; and the six other particular friends—base and unworthy girls—told it to the world. Ere long the story came round to the lady herself. Then what a storm arose! She was in a transport of fury! It was of no avail for the surgeon to remind her that he had unquestionably raised her from a pitiable condition to health and happiness.—"That mattered not. He had tricked, fooled, bamboozled her! She would not forgive him, she would pursue him with undying vengeance, she would ruin him! The writer is happy to know that the surgeon here spoken of, whose prosperous career has been adorned by much genuine benevolence, though unforgiven, was not ruined.

Educational Department.

Teachers' Examinations.

The annual examinations of teachers for this county, will be held in accordance with the following programme. In three or four instances two townships have been put together, in order that the inspections may all be held before the winter schools commence. Examinations will commence precisely at 10 o'clock a. m., none will be inspected who do not come in before 11, unless the delay be unavoidable. Each teacher must bring Sander's fifth Reader, one sheet of fool cap paper, pen, ink and led pencil. All who intend to teach during the year must come forward and be examined.—None will be examined privately unless an attendance upon the examination was impossible, old—certificates will not be renewed.—Directors and others interested, are earnestly invited to attend.
Oct. 15—Wells & South Creek, Bowley School House,
" 16—Columbia, Au-tensville
" 17—Springfield, Centre School House,
" 18—Idgburg, Pennsylvania
" 19—Smithfield, Centre School House,
" 21—Troy & Armenia, Boro' School House,
" 22—Canton, Corners School House,
" 23—Franklin & LeRoy, Chapel's School House,
" 24—Granville, Taylor's School House,
" 25—Burlington, Boro' School House,
" 26—Monroe, Borough School House,
" 28—Wysoc, & Standing Stone, Myersburgh,
" 29—Rome, Boro' School House,
" 30—Orwell, Hill School House,
" 31—Pike, LeRoyville,
Nov. 1—Berrick, Landon School House,
" 2—Wyalusing, Merryll,
" 4—Tuscarora, Ackley School House,
" 5—Terry & Wilnot, Terrytown,
" 6—Albany & Overton, Brown's School House,
" 7—Towanda, Boro' School House,
" 11—Asylum, Frenchtown Lower House,
" 12—Sheshequin & Ulster, Kings School House,
" 13—Athens, Boro' School House,
" 14—Litchfield, Centre School House,
" 15—Winham, Kaykendall School House,
" 16—Warren, Bowen School House,
Aug. 3, 1861. C. R. COBURN, Superintendent.

Official Correspondence—Profanity.
The following letter, as will be seen, was written in reply to a question of a county Superintendent, relative to his duty toward teachers of his county, who held certificates, and were in the habit of using profane language. It is an old letter, it is true, but it involves principles that are as important now as they were twenty years ago. If any teachers who may read this letter, are accustomed to thus degrade themselves, they will do well to think upon the subject seriously:—
Phoenix, Sept. 10, 1824.
DEAR SIR:—Having expressed my conviction to a party of teachers not long since, that I should consider habitual profanity a sufficient ground for annulling a certificate, some of them considered me altogether too rigid. I therefore thought to lay the subject before you for your consideration. Your views upon this question will be read with interest by the public, exert a salutary influence on the great mass of teachers, and confer a lasting benefit on the taught.
Yours respectfully,
O. W. RANDALL,
Dept. Sup. Oswego Co.
HOB. SAMUEL YOUNG.
Albany, October 6, 1842.
DEAR SIR:—You inform me that your opinion that habitual profanity would be a sufficient ground for annulling a certificate, is deemed by some teachers "altogether too rigid," and you ask my views on this subject. In the first place, I cannot imagine under what construction of law, or code of morality, an individual addicted to habitual profanity, could ever have obtained a certificate as a qualified teacher. But such a certificate having been procured, no matter by what means, I should deem it the imperative duty of any tribunal having the power, to affix upon it at the earliest moment, the blot of annulment, and if possible of oblivion.
"Good moral character" is made by the statute, an indispensable requisite to the qualification of a teacher. "Profane cursing and swearing" is a legal offence, punishable by fine and in default of payment by imprisonment. Can ebony be mistaken for topaz? Can "good moral character" be ascribed to him, who "habitually" puts both the laws of God and man at defiance?
Most of the crimes and vices which afflict and disgrace society, can plead that they are based upon some of the animal gratifications. It is to satisfy his real or fictitious physical wants, that the thief commits larceny. The glutton, in the indulgence of his appetite, is sustained by a precedent "running on all fours" in the swine; and the gross debauchee can claim the goat and the monkey as his brothers; but profanity is a spontaneous exhibition of iniquity, a voluntary sin committed without temptation, and without reward; a bastard vice destitute of parentage—wholly disowned by nature. Phrenologists profess to find the location upon the human skull of all the animal propensities. No one, however, has yet been able to detect the "bump" of profanity. Pandora's box is full without it; and the amateurs in human mischief had human misery have superseded this as a mere gratuitous evil.
I can conceive of nothing more horrible and repulsive than to send innocent little children to a school, where they will be taught, either by precept or example, to stammer oaths and to lip profanity. This is to poison the whole stream of life at its very source.
If you know any teacher within your jurisdiction, who is addicted to the low and vulgar vice of profanity, I advise you, in conjunction with the town inspectors, to immediately annul his certificate—unless you believe that such an exercise of power will impair your usefulness, and not be sustained by public sentiment.
Should you so conclude, I direct that you send to this department the name of such teacher; on the receipt of which, I will relieve you from all responsibility on the subject.
Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL YOUNG, Sup't Com. Schools.
O. W. RANDALL, Esq. Dept. Sup't Oswego Co.