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Table with 3 columns: Term (1 Year, 6 mo., 3 mo.), Price (\$20, \$15, \$10), and Additional Info (One Column, One Square, etc.).

Selected Poetry.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass He turned them into the river-lane; One after another, he led them pass, Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Miscellaneous.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

I am married, and long out of business now, but some fifteen years ago I was an assistant-matron in a prison for female convicts.

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was a brief inquiry after her health, an admonition to submit implicitly to the prison regulations, and consider them all for her good, and a declaration that they should take her back again to their service at the expiration of her sentence if she behaved well.

The dialogue was always the same, concluding with the accustomed inquiry regarding her repentance, which Jacobs continued to answer in the negative; and it appeared to me that the Josephs heard that reply with increased sorrow every day.

I was on that duty one night about the middle of December. I had made the stipulated rounds, and found every thing quiet, when it occurred to me, about three o'clock in the morning, the weariest hour of the whole watch, that all night long I had not looked into or even approached No. 49.

No. 49 was indeed a sort of forgotten or unused cell, partly because it was out of the way, and partly because it was out of the dark tradition attached to it. I must tell you that my ward formed part of what was called the old prison—a division of the building much more ancient than the rest, which in former times had been appropriated to male convicts, and a noted burglar was said to have escaped public execution by hanging himself in that very cell.

after those very diamonds. He stood out stoutly against every persécution. The Jew should get no knowledge out of him; he would make no confession; he would not be executed; so the burglar kept his word in the manner already mentioned, leaving his cell inviolably with traditional terrors for all future prisoners.

Things had been going on in that fashion for some time. It was mid-winter, and besides being unusually cold, a season of peculiar concern to us matrons and assistants. Whoever had had to do with female convict establishments will be aware that, in the dark December, or rather the Christmas and New-Year times, there is always a disposition to small riots among the inhabitants of the cells.

It appeared that she had fixed her affections on their son Samuel. And on the strength of a promise that she should be made Mrs. Samuel Josephs, if her scheme proved successful, this true daughter of Jacob (of course with the connivance of the family) stole plate and other valuables, concealed them in her box of clothes, incurred suspicion and search, was committed, tried, and sentenced to a year of penal servitude within the prison where the diamonds were believed to be hidden.

Perhaps it was weakness, perhaps it was something worse, in an assistant-matron; but, notwithstanding the gravity of that title and office, I was but a young woman at the time; moreover, I was keeping company on my Sunday's out with Mr. John Adams, my present lord and master. We were engaged in waiting only till he got a step higher in a certain city office, and could begin housekeeping with respectable prospects.

GENERATION after generation have felt as we do now, and their lives were as active as our own. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are about our paths. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION. CAMP DISTRIBUTION, Va., Feb. 22, 1865. U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION. Mr. Editor: Having had twelve weeks experience in the U. S. C. C., I propose to give in your valuable paper, (with your approval of course), to the people of Bradford county, a little account of what I have seen, hoping that I may thereby induce the good people of that county to greater exertion to do something more for the benefit of our noble, self-sacrificing soldiers, and just let me say right here that I think if ever the true spirit of christianity has been exhibited by men on earth, it is done in the Christian Commission.

God's LOVE INEXHAUSTIBLE.—Suppose a meadow in which a million of daisies open their bosoms all at one time to the sun.—On one of them, while it was yet a bud a little stone has fallen. At once crushed and ever shadowed, it still struggles bravely against all odds to expand its petals like the rest of the meadow.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SWALLOW.—One bright summer's day, as I was riding out a large, richly colored butterfly rose in the air, and kept on its way a short distance before me.

WHAT MAKES A LADY.—When Beau Brummel was asked what made the gentleman, his quick reply was, "Starch, starch, my lord." This may be true; but it takes a deal more to make a lady; and though it may to some seem singular, I am ready to maintain that no conceivable quantity of muslin, silk or satin, edging, frilling, hoopings, or flouncing or fur-bowling, can per se, or per dressmaker, constitute a real lady.

It has been said that a chatting little soul in a large body is like a swallow in a barn—the twitter takes up more room than the bird.

OIL AND SALT IN NORTHERN PENNA.

Of late there has been much light thrown upon the theory of internal veins of oil and salt by the borer, and it is acknowledged that no exact measurement of oil or salt water levels can be relied upon for the discovery of either of the substance in the basin where they are both known to exist, for each have been found upon different levels in the same basin, and without special regard to the sandstone strata, or oil rock.

REMARKABLE FOUNTAIN IN FLORIDA.—Taking a narrow path we crossed through some dense underwood, and all at once stood on the banks of the Wakulla Spring. There was a basin of water one hundred yards in diameter, almost circular. The thick bushes were almost growing to the water's edge, and bowing their heads under the unrippled surface.

WOMN grown bad are worse than men, because the corruption of the best turns to the worst.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

It is not expected that the Christian Commission is to do what the Government ought to do, but to fill the vacancy left by the Government. The soldiers in health need very much a housewife, which will contain a little thread, a needle or two, a few buttons for pants and some for shirts, as the buttons frequently drop off; they want combs, they want handkerchiefs and towels, they want pens, ink, and paper and envelopes, they want reading matter and mittens and gloves, none of which are furnished by the government, and if they are obliged to buy of the sutler or at the store, it takes most of their wages, and then their families must suffer; and then Uncle Sam does not always pay as soon as the work is done, and then they have no money to buy with.

Then when the appetite is wanting, to have a little jelly, a taste of canned peaches, or berries, or tomatoes, or something of that kind, will often induce an effort to take something, and I have often heard them say "that does taste good, let me taste again." Oh, you can hardly conceive the difference it will make in their appearance. And then in such a state of the mind, you can with great prospect of success, point them to the Saviour, recommending him as the friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Now to the christian I appeal, and to the genuine disciple of Christ especially, without regard to denomination or preferences, I appeal with confidence for aid to the Christian Commission. Our common humanity demands a little sacrifice at your hands for the benefit of those who have sacrificed so much for you.

MA Toot, coming home late one night from meeting, was met at the door by his wife. "Pretty time of night, Mr. Toot, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you, the father of a family!" "Tisn't three—it's only one; I heard it strike; committee always sits till one o'clock." "Mr. Toot, you're drunk. It's three in the morning." "I say Mrs. Toot, it's one. I heard it strike one as I came round the corner, two or three times!"

O, THE TONGUE.—The slanderer of which ever sex is a pest in any society. They are a character made up of a combination of the most prominent of which are, lying, backbiting, idleness, hatred, revenge. No single one, but altogether these vices are found in their composition which make them as miserable as they strive to make others. Idleness is burdensome, envy increases to madness, and through lying revenge is sought. This is but a faint picture ily executed of a community's greatest plague.