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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 28, 1863.

## Original Poetry.

(For the Reporter.)

WAITING.

BY E. O. GOODRICH.

Waiting in the morning,  
Naught the world beside—  
Waiting at the noonday,  
Ard at eventide;  
Waiting, waiting, waiting,  
With an every flower,  
Watching at the day-break,  
At the midnight hour.

Waiting in the twilight,  
Waiting, ah! in vain—  
Waiting for some footstep,  
That ne'er will come again—  
Waiting through the long night,  
When the great world's asleep—  
Stars in yon blue ether,  
Silent vigils keep.

Waiting for the soldier,  
Lying stark and cold,  
On the field of conflict,  
Blood-stained—dearly sold!  
He heedeth not their watching,  
Through the weary day!  
Stretched upon the green sward,  
O'er hill-tops, far away.

Waiting, waiting, waiting,  
Waits the weary heart;  
For some cherished pleasure  
The future shall impart;  
Waiting for some loved one  
That cometh nevermore;  
Mourning 'er the bright hopes  
Wrecked upon the shore.

Sitting in the darkness,  
With throbbing breast—  
Waiting for the footsteps  
Of some welcome guest!  
But he never cometh,  
Through the many years,  
That the spirit watcheth  
Mingled hopes and fears.

Thus we all are waiting,  
For some cherished joy—  
Some bright hope in the future,  
Some frail, some idle toy,  
Waiting, watching, waiting,  
Some loved one gone before,  
For the bright reunion  
On the other shore.

Waiting, watching, waiting,  
Morn, and noon and even;  
Till beyond the river,  
Meeting all in heaven,  
There the storms are over,  
Toil, and trouble, pain,  
There no one complaineth,  
Weary heart or brain.

Waiting, watching, waiting,  
Waileth every heart;  
Toil and tumult over,  
Shadows all depart;  
Sitting in the sunlight,  
Troubles all are o'er,  
Kindred spirits meeting,  
On the further shore.

## Miscellaneous.

### ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE  
Superintendent of Common Schools  
OF BRADFORD COUNTY.

On many accounts the past year has been an unfortunate one for the schools of Bradford. Many of our best teachers have entered the service of the country, and are now doing battle for the support of the Constitution, or are "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking."

Disease, too, has made sad inroads in the teacher's ranks; during the year more of them have died at home than have died in any two previous years since I have been superintendent. Our scholars, too, have been swept off by scores—yes by hundreds. The financial condition of the county, has in some few instances, operated unfavorably. Thus, while God is affecting us as a nation our educational interests are to some extent suffering also.

Notwithstanding the dark and mysterious dealings of divine providence, we have much in this county to encourage us. Very many of our teachers who remain, are very faithful, more energetic, more sensible of the fearful responsibilities resting upon them, and more fully determined to meet manfully the demands that these troublous times make upon them. While a few boards have shortened their terms because of the "hard times," and some have voted to pay lower wages, most of the districts have kept their schools open the usual length of time, and have paid their teachers their ordinary wages.

In consequence of sickness in the early part of the year, I was not able to conduct the Institutes that have formerly been held in the County. This was a drawback to many of the teachers, but was made up, in part at least, by the "District Institute." The meetings of our County Association have never before been so fully attended, nor their proceedings more beneficial to the cause of education.

**SCHOOL HOUSES.**  
There have been twenty-seven school houses erected in the County during the year, they are all of wood except one, and are substantial buildings having generally tolerably good sized lots; most of them are conveniently arranged, although a few are not as much so as they should be. An asylum district has erected one of brick, being the first one of the kind in the County. When it is completed it will be

a superior school edifice. In Orwell a fine building for a graded school has been erected.

**FURNITURE.**  
We have no school houses that are supplied with the "Boston furniture," still our new ones have most of them furnished with furniture that is both convenient and uncomfortable, and as they are soon to be displaced by new ones there will, probably be no change made in their accommodations.

**APPARATUS.**  
There are maps in a majority of our houses; in our new ones, good blackboards and in some few, orthographical charts. Nearly all have blackboards, but most of them are poor.—Some of the teachers have maps, charts and globes of their own, which they use. Where these are used, pupils generally are more familiar with the principles of the subjects studied than those who have not these advantages.

**THE SCHOOL.**  
There are no more properly graded schools in operation in this county now than there were at the date of my last report, although there has been one house erected for that purpose, but it is not yet occupied. In several of the small villages of the county, schools of this kind are needed, but the citizens of the townships are opposed to appropriate a sufficient amount of tax to erect houses for that purpose. To obviate this difficulty, some of these villages have made applications to the courts to be set off as independent districts, and some to be incorporated as boroughs.

I believe that all the schools in the county are classified, but not as well as they should be in some cases. Hardly a teacher can be found in the county who would be willing to attempt to teach an unclassified school.

**TEACHERS.**  
Our teachers have, as a general thing, given satisfaction, although some have failed entirely to gain the confidence of either parents or pupils, and in a few instances, the schools have been discontinued either by the voluntary act of the teachers, or by their dismissal by the directors. In every case where this has been done, the complaint was want of capacity to govern. We have had a greater number of inexperienced teachers this year than formerly, and in some schools such persons did not succeed as well as could be wished.

There were examined this year sixty-nine less male teachers than were inspected the year before. The females have been as successful in teaching and governing their respective schools as have the male teachers, and I believe that the instances of entire failure have been more generally with the males. The prevailing opinion, however, is in many of our districts, that for large winter schools male teachers are to be preferred.

**VISITATIONS.**  
With few exceptions, all the schools in the county have been visited either by myself or by O. J. Clubbuck, an experienced teacher who acted as deputy during my illness. The average duration of my visits was about one and one-third hour. A longer time for each school is desirable, but the number of schools is so great, and the terms are so short, that it is not practicable; if the schools are all visited each year.

Parents in this county, as in most others, neglect their schools too much, seldom visiting them. It is not owing, in most cases, to a lack of interest in the welfare of their children, or a desire for their improvement; but to want of information upon the subject. They are not aware how much their presence will benefit the school, and encourage their own children. When parents have been in the habit of frequently calling upon their schools, the good effect has been almost immediately perceptible. Directors quite generally visit their respective schools once during each term.

**DISTRICT SECRETARIES.**  
The secretaries of eleven boards have visited the schools in their respective districts once each month, and their visits have been of great benefit to their schools.

**DISTRICT INSTITUTES.**  
District Institutes have been held during the winter term in all of our townships except three. In a few instances the experiment proved a failure, but as a general thing they were successful. In some districts they started off well, but soon all interest in them was lost. In some of our districts we have but four or five schools, and it being extremely difficult for the teachers to unite with those of other districts, it made the institutes rather dull, in some instances, also, there was no person of experience to go forward in the matter.

Early in the season I published a programme for the exercises of the institute, which was generally followed, by those having charge of them. Until further trial of this new feature of our school system, I do not feel prepared to decide as to its utility, or the good that may result. This, as well as every thing else, connected with our schools, should have a fair trial and be judged by its fruits. The sanguine friends of the law should not be too urgent to declare it a success, nor should its willing enemies be over anxious to condemn it until it has been further tested.

**MORAL INSTRUCTION.**  
The Bible was read in about three-fourths of our schools, either by the teachers or the pupils. I am not aware that any marked effect was perceptible in the deportment of the pupils as a general rule, still in some instances the good influence was to be seen through the day. No other mode of communicating moral instructions was adopted, than to incidentally call up such subjects while making remarks to all the school.

**PUBLIC SENTIMENT.**  
There is a gradual change going on in the public mind, in relation to our school system; the strong opposition is giving way, and men are settling down upon the system as a fixed fact, which is now, and will continue to be the settled policy of the Commonwealth. It is

not pretended that all are pleased or satisfied with the law, for that is not the case. There are men in every district who would be glad to have all the school laws in the State repealed, but they have become convinced that the policy of educating the children of the State at the public expense will not be changed, and have concluded to make the best of it. The very strong opposition that was quite common, a few years since to the building tax, has very much subsided.

**SUGGESTIONS AND REMARKS.**  
Since I was elected Superintendent, on the first of May, 1857, several important changes have taken place in the schools of this county. At each annual examination the standard of qualifications required of teachers, has been raised, consequently teachers have very much improved in a knowledge of the sciences to be taught, and in the method of teaching them; also, in their modes of arranging, classifying and governing their schools. Teachers are beginning to feel, to some extent, at least, the importance of their position and their responsibilities. About one hundred and fifty new school houses have been erected, most of which are far better than the buildings formerly in use.

I have conducted twenty five County Institutes, which were attended by over two thousand teachers, who have, in this way, been brought together, and formed educational acquaintances which have done much to secure uniformity in their methods of teaching and conducting schools. Public opinion has also, in this way, been directed more particularly to the cause of education, and many unfounded prejudices have been removed from the minds of the people.

Notwithstanding these improvements, it is not claimed that our houses are all good, or that our teachers or directors are all of them what they should be, or that any of them have made all the improvements that can be made. Far from it. There is yet much work to be done, yet many things to learn, yet much improvement to be made. Far too many of our teachers think but little of the influence they exert, or the good or evil they are to do; far too many of our directors feel but little interest in their schools; far too many of our citizens are still, at heart, opposed to the School law; far too many of our school houses are old, dilapidated and without the necessary accommodations.

While, therefore, there is much to encourage, there is also much to stimulate the friends of the system to energetic and persistent action. My labors and anxieties as County Superintendent are ended. Whatever of good or ill I have accomplished is registered against my name in the book of God's remembrance, and my account is sealed up for the judgment of the great day.

In looking back six years, I call to mind many pleasures past, many happy hours spent, many, very many friendly acquaintances formed. There are also many duties undischarged, many wrong things done, many unpleasant anxious days, that crowd up before me as I review the years gone.

By the citizens of this county I have been treated with unmerited kindness and hospitality. In my associations with the school officers and proprietors, I have received cordial invitations to their homes, and when there have been welcomed and most hospitably entertained by the members of their families.—Teachers, with one exception, have shown me nothing but kindness and respect. They, with directors, have at all times heartily acquiesced in my plans, and evinced a readiness to assist in carrying them out.

When visiting their schools, all proper facilities have been freely afforded to collect the required information. I have associated familiarly with them in their schools, at the Institutes and Associations, and at their homes, and have always been received with cordiality. The editors of our local papers have shown me many favors, and have rendered important service to the cause of education.

For these many kind acts, this freely rendered respect, these unmerited hospitalities, I most gladly avail myself of this opportunity to present my grateful acknowledgments.—While, in looking back, I find many things to regret, it is with feelings of sorrow that I reflect that I shall never again meet those friendly directors, hospitable families, kind and respectful teachers, active, restless, yet ever inquiring, ever confiding pupils.

In closing this, my last report, let me bespeak for my successor the same kind consideration and regard, the same confiding respect, the same charitable forgiveness of faults, the same hearty co-operation in labor, the same cheerful acquiescence in decisions, that have been on all occasions, so freely extended to me.

Towanda, May 29, 1863.  
C. R. COBURN.

**A GOOD STOMACH.**—A country youth, having an uncle living in town, resolved to pay him a visit. He accordingly started off one morning, and arrived at his uncle's house just as supper was ready. Being very hungry, from his long walk, he no sooner got seated at the table than he commenced a furious onslaught on the eatables, at right and left.

"Hold on, sir," said his uncle, who was a pious man, "we always say something here before we eat."  
"Say what you've a mind to," answered the boy, between two mouthfuls, "you can't turn my stomach!"

## Death in a School-Room.

**A FACT.**  
Ting-a-ling-ling ling!—went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well understood that this was a command for silence and attention: and when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low thick-set man, and his name was Lagare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichol's garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight, fair-looking boy of about fourteen; and his face had a laughing, good humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy, however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had, notwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within—

As the stripling stood before that place of judgment, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Lagare looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier and more philosophical system is proving to men that schools can be better governed, than by lashes and tears and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation when one of the old-fashioned school-masters, with his cowhide, his heavy birch rod, and his ingenious methods of child torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed that day!

"Were you by Mr. Nichol's garden fence last night?" said Lagare.

"Yes, Sir," answered the boy: "I was."

"Well, sir, I'm glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell.—"And I did not do anything last night, that I am ashamed to own."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long heavy ratan:—"give me one of your sharp speeches or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little: his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray sir," continued Lagare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features;—"what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way because it is on my road home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance; and—ah—but I did not go into the garden, nor take anything away from it. I would not steal,—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come under Mr. Nichol's garden fence a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something or other, over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon-beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in the bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain-drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lagare, with a loud stroke of his ratan on the desk.

The boy looked as though he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the meantime, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Lagare; and his hand, grasping his ratan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow faintly. His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you so—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't well."

"On yes, that's very likely;" and Mr. Lagare bulged out his nose and cheeks with contempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precocious a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall tan call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nichol's melons for many a month to come—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lagare in the village-school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six year old, and little Tim was left

a sickly little, emaciated boy whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor little child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country-seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease; but everything was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed on none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and honor to her old age; and the two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his elder brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares. Jones very frequently had Tim a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them, except himself and the grateful objects of his kindness. It might be too, that the widow was loath to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of "charity" as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichol's garden-fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was a little unfitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and indifferently severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lagare to give his school a joyfully received dismissal. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaped himself when he first went to his seat. Lagare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his silliness. At length the last class had been heard and the last lesson recited, and Lagare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest ratan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound to be heard, except occasionally a long drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worst for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket."

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been made of wood. Lagare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance.—That minute, passed in death like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as if slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the historic-art is tendering the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting, with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lagare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was glowing in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep! are you, my young gentleman?" "Let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flopping, for the thought of it even can't keep the little scoundrel awake."

When Lagare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the ratan dropped from his grasp; and his eyes stretched wide open glared as at some monstrous spectacle of horror, and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would momentarily fail him.—The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room, and Lagare had been whipping a corpse.

**SCENE IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL.**—First class in Philosophy—step out. John Jones, how many kingdoms in nature?  
"Four."  
"Name them."  
"England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales."  
"Pass to the next. Smith?"  
"Four—the animal, vegetable and mineral."

"Good—go up head. Hobbs, what is meant by the animal kingdom?"  
"Lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, alligators, monkeyesses, jackasses, buck drivers and schoolmasters."  
"Very well, but you'll take a lickin for your last remark."  
"Giles, what is the mineral kingdom?"  
"The hull of Caloroney."  
"Walk straight up head."  
"Johnson, what is the vegetable kingdom?"

"Garden sars, potatoes, carrots, ingyous and all kind of greens which are good for cooking."  
"And what are pines, and hemlocks, and elms—ain't they vegetables?"  
"No, sir—you can't cook 'em—them's saw logs and frammin' timber."  
"Boys, give me a piece of apple, and you can have an hour's intermission—except Hobbs."

**Class in Mathematics.**—Dawson, six times six—  
"Is thirty six."  
"Are—plural."  
"King, nine times nine?"  
"Am eighty-one."  
"Am they?"  
"Yes they be."—(referring to the book for proof of his assertion.)

"Give me your slate—I'll teach you that the English Grammar is a very important part of Mathematics (writes.) Here do this sum in Rule of three before you leave this school house. Problem:  
If Tom Iyer whipped Yankee Sullivan in seventeen rounds, who struck Billy Patterson? I had to leave.

Every country town has its fool, who is the author of all the town jokes, either actually or so attributed. The town of Wisconsin, in Maine, in the early part of the present century, possessed such an one in the person of David Bennett, a half idiot. David was a frequenter of the kitchen of Gen. W., a prominent citizen. One day he learned that a great gentleman from Boston, who was in town, would dine with the General, and as the hour approached for his arrival, David loitered about the front gate-way to get a sight of the stranger. Now it happened that the latter was gifted with an immense nose; and as he descended from the carriage, in company with his host David perceived this characteristic of the gentleman's countenance and immediately shouted,

"What a nose! Oh Lordy what a nose what a nose!"  
Gen. W.—sharply rebuked the idiot, and bade him go away, as he had often dined his guest. David being much alarmed at having given offense, determined to apologize in the only way he knew how. Accordingly he watched for the departure of the gentleman, and when he saw him come to the door, shouted as loudly as before,

"No nose at all! no nose at all!"  
An exchange says: "We are indeed a happy, elegant, moral, transcendent people. We have no masters they are all principles; no shopmen, they are all assistants; no shops, they are all establishments; no servants, they are all helps; no jailors, they are all governors; nobody is flogged in prison, he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is excited; nobody is cross he is only nervous; and lastly, nobody is drunk, the very most you can assert is, that 'he has taken his wine.'"

"But if I place my money in the saving bank," inquired one of the newly arrived, "when can I draw it out again?" "Oh," responded his Hibernian friend, "sure an' if you put it in to-day you can get it out again to-morrow by giving a fortnight's notice."

A person entering the House of Commons when Parliament was sitting, exclaimed: "These are goodly gentlemen. I could work for them all my life for nothing."  
"What trade are you, my good friend?" said one of the attendants.  
"A rope maker," was the reply.

A hospitable man is not ashamed of his dinner, when you dine with him.  
A sensible wife looks for her employment at home—a silly one abroad.