

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, August 25, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

THE CARELESS WORD.

BY MRS. NORTON.

A word is ringing through my brain,
It was not meant to give me pain;
I had no time to bid it stay,
When other things had passed away;
It had a meaning more than all,
Which in an idle hour I fall;
It was when first the word I heard,
A lightly uttered, careless word.

That word—O, it doth haunt me now,
In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe;
By night, by day, in sun or shade,
With half-smile that gently play'd
Reproachfully, and gave the sound
Eternal power through life to wound.
There is no voice I ever heard
So deeply fixed as that one word.

When in the laughing crowd some tone,
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,
Strikes on my ear, I shrink—'tis then
The careless word comes back again.
When all alone I sit and gaze
Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,
Lo! freshly, as when first 't was heard,
Returns that lightly uttered word.

When dreams bring back the days of old,
With all that wishes could not hold;
And from my feverish couch I start
To press a shadow to my heart—
And its beating echoes clear,
That little word I seem to hear;
In vain I say, while it is heard,
Why weep?—'twas but a foolish word.

It comes—and with it comes the tears,
The hopes, the joys of former years;
Forgotten smiles, forgotten looks,
That as dead leaves on autumn brooks,
And all as joyless, though they were
The brightest things life's spring could share.
O! would to God I ne'er had heard
That lightly uttered, careless word.

Miscellaneous.

THE JUGGLER'S DUEL.

A NAVAL SCENE.

While the old Frigate *Bradwin* lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul, Mr. Strong, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and, after some consultation, so man was received by the captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board, and some slight consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of the strolling Yankee; but he dressed well, and was remarkably good looking, though there was in his face a peculiar look which indicated that he preferred to sound sense, allowing, however, that the fun had some sense in it. The moment I placed my eyes upon the man I knew I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak with him, I found that he had been a performer of legerdemain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. He had travelled through England, France, and a part of Spain with his implements of deception, and had just brought up at Gibraltar when our ship came in. He brought his whole kit on board in a large chest, which he got permission to stow in the bed room, where it would be kept perfectly dry. He had quite a "pile" of money, which he placed in the purser's hands for safe keeping, but he would tell none of us how much. But he was very liberal and open-hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him on board, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At length our ship went to Port Mahon, and here our Yankee tars were at home. One pleasant morning a party of us went on shore, and Joe Lattit was among our number. Joe was dressed in a perfect shore-going rig, and appeared a gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe or drinking saloon, and the only occupant, besides the keeper, was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain, from his dress. We called for wine, and lo! it is a goodly table next to the one at which the officer was seated himself so that his back came against the back of the Spaniard; but he did not notice when he sat down, how close he would be.

Our laugh and jest ran high, and just as Joe said something more than usually funny, he threw himself back, and thereby hit the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet, but before Joe could begin upon the unintentional mislay, he commenced a torrent of oaths and imprecations, partly in Spanish and partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and instead of asking pardon as he had intended, he surveyed the raving man from head to foot, and then said:

"Go on, sir. Your language is beautiful—very beautiful for a gentleman."
"Ah! you call me no gentleman, eh?" said the officer, in a towering passion.
"If I were going to call you, I should call you a jackass," calmly and contemptuously uttered Joe.

"Aha, a-ha!" half growled the Spaniard, rolling his black eyes wildly and furiously. "Now, by Santa Marie, you shall answer for that. I am gentleman! But you—you—one little cursed puppy! Aha-a-ha! Now you shall fight!"

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he found that the captain was determined to fight, and at length he resolved to accommodate him. The keeper of the cafe called me one side, and informed me that the officer was Captain Antonio Bizar, one of the most notorious duelists in the place—that he was a quarrelsome when under the influence of

liquor—and that his companions always left him alone, rather than have a fuss with him. "Not five minutes before you came in," added the keeper, "four of his fellow officers left him because they saw he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend away."

I pulled Joe away, and told him all that had just been told me, but he only smiled, and assured me that there was nothing to fear. I felt sure at once, from his very manner, that he had some safe fun in his head, and I let him go.

"My name is Joseph Lattit, sir—a citizen of the United States, and a general of the order of Sublime Darkness," said Joe very pompously, turning to the Spaniard. "Your name, sir?"

"Antonio Bizar, captain in Her Most Catholic Majesty's seventh regiment of Infantry. But your office, sir?"

"O, you wouldn't know if I should tell you. I am simply general of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentleman who burns sinners and heretics, down there." And Joe pointed most mysteriously down towards the floor as he spoke.

The Spaniard smiled a very bitter sarcastic smile, and thereupon Joe took up two large knives which lay upon the bar, and tossed them, one after the other, down his throat, making several very faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind before, for he was astounded.

"Now, sir," said Joe, making one or two more grimaces, as though he felt the knives somewhere in the region of the diaphragm, "you will wait here until I go and bring my pistols, and you shall have satisfaction. Will you wait?"

"I can procure pistols," said the officer, forgetting his astonishment, and coming back to his anger.

"I shall fight with my own. If you are a gentleman you will wait."

Joe turned to us and bade us wait for him.

"Here! here! Oh, gentlemen!" cried the keeper, "where be mine knives?"

"I'll pay you for them when I come back," said Joe, and then he beckoned for me to come out. I did so, and he took the knives—one from his bosom and the other from his sleeve and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard, and then handing him a ball, he asked him if he would mark it, so he would know him again. The fellow hesitated at first, but at length he took it with a mad gesture, and bit it between his teeth.

"I shall know that," he said, "unless, it is scattered against your bones."

"Now select your pistol," said Joe.

"The man took them and examined them, but he was satisfied that they were both alike, and both good, and he told Joe he had no choice. So our steward put the ball in, and rammed them carefully down.

The whole party now adjourned to a wide court, back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and then the combatants took their stations. I trembled for poor Joe, for I saw not yet how he would make fun of this.

"Count," cried the Spaniard, impatiently.

"One—two—three!"

The captain fired first, and with a most deliberate aim. Joe fired into the air. Then the latter walked deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a ball from between his teeth, he handed it to him.

"You can use it next time," said Joe.

The officer looked first at Joe's teeth, and then at the ball. It was surely the one he had seen put in the pistol, and now he had seen his foe make it from his mouth. He was unmistakably astounded.

"Come, let's load again," cried Joe.

"San Pablo!" exclaimed Bizar, "you use some—some—what you call him—some trick, eh?" By San Jago, I shall load the pistol myself!

"Do so," said Joe calmly, and as he spoke he handed over his powder flask.

The Spaniard poured out an extra quantity of powder, and having poured it in the pistol, he called for the rammer. He then put the same ball in that he used before. Meanwhile, Joe had been loading his own pistol.

"One moment," uttered Joe, reaching out his hand. "The caps are in the butt of your pistol. Let me get them."

The fellow passed over his pistol but kept his eyes upon it. Joe opened a little silver spring at the end of the butt, and true, there were some percussion caps there. He took out two, and having capped his own pistol, he gave it a toss into the air, catching it very adroitly as it came down, and then handed back the other to the Spaniard. I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way—and yet he had changed pistols with his foe.

"Now," said he, "I'll put a ball in my pistol, and then we'll be ready."

He slipped something in, which looked like a cartridge, but no one else saw it.

"Now," cried the Spaniard, "let's see you hold this in your mouth."

Again they took their stations, and were ready.

"One—two—three!"

And the Spaniard fired first by aim, Joe firing in the air as before. Again Joe stepped forward and took the self-same ball from his mouth and handed it to his antagonist. The fellow was completely dumfounded, and so were the rest.

"You no fire at me?" gasped the captain.

"I'll fire at you the next time," said Joe, in a tone of thunder. "Thus far I have only shown you that powder and ball can have no effect on me. Twice have you fired at me with as true a pistol as ever was made, and both times have I caught your ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I mean that you should live long enough to know that for once in your life you had seen, if not the

old fellow himself (pointing meaningly downward) at least one who is in his employ! The old gentleman will like the company of a Spanish captain of infantry, and I'll send you along. Come, load again."

But the astonished Spaniard did not seem inclined to do so. A man who swallowed carving-knives as he would sardines, and who caught balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with. While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket, and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when these were gone, he picked up half a dozen good-sized stones, and sent them after the bullets!

"Holy Santa Maria!" ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "What a man! By my soul, 'tis the devil!"

And as he thus spoke he turned on his heel and hurried away from the place. After he was gone, Joe beckoned for me to give him the knives. I did so, and then saw him slip them up his coat sleeves. When we returned to the cafe he approached the keeper.

"You want your knives," he said.

But the poor fellow dared not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear and pulled one of the long knives. Then from the left ear he drew the other. The keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we finished our wine, and having paid for it, turned to go.

"Here," said Joe, "I haven't paid for the use of the yard yet," and as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver on the counter.

"No!—no!—no!" shrieked the poor fellow.

"Don't leave your money here—don't!"

Joe picked it up and went away laughing. When we were alone, he explained to me the secret of his pistols. They were a pair he had used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all wizards use who perform tricks of catching balls, &c. The main barrel of the pistol had no connection whatever with the nipple for the cap, but what appeared to be a socket for the rammer, was, in fact, a second barrel—to be sure, smaller than the other, but yet as large as the bore of any rifle-pistol—and with this secret barrel the priming tube connected. So the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and ball, and no harm could be done. When Joe first returned with his pistols, of course he had both these secret bores loaded with blank charges, and then the other loading was for nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading Joe had charged the second barrel of his own pistol while the Spaniard had been filling up the main barrel of his. Then, of course, it became necessary to make an exchange, else Bizar would have never got his weapon off. As soon as Joe got the other pistol into his possession, and made the exchange which we spoke of at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a secret spring on the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge, which the other had put in, emptied in his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as soon as he chose.

Ever after that, while we remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore, for an account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conceptions of the cafe keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there, wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to be sure and keep on his good-humored side.

WAYS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.—Wearing thin shoes on damp nights in rainy weather.

Building on the "air-tight" principle.

Leading a life of enfeebling stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls through all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home through the damp air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bed rooms.

Surfeiting on hot and very highly stimulating dinners.

Beginning in childhood on tea, and going on from one step to another, through coffee, chewing tobacco, smoking and drinking.

Marrying in haste, getting an uncongenial companion, and living the rest of your life in mental dissatisfaction.

Keeping children quiet by teaching them to suck candy.

Eating without time to masticate the food.

Allowing love to gain so absorb our minds, as to leave no time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceties when the stomach says no.

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring at midnight and rising at noon.

Goormandizing between meals.

Giving way to fits of anger.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

NEW FASHIONABLE COLORS.—A lady entered one of our fashionable hat and cap stores, a few days since, and asked to be shown some of the latest styles of caps. After examining quite a number, and not liking the colors, she very innocently inquired if they had any of "subdued mouse color?" The clerk was somewhat taken aback, but managed to stammer out, "No, but we have some of an 'enraged rat color.'" The lady left quickly.

An honest farmer in the southern part of Massachusetts, talking about his crops, was told that he must trust in Providence.

"I do not about that," said he, "I've been to Providence, and I have been to Bosting, and I believe I had much rather trust Bosting—takin' all things into account."

In Warren county, Mississippi, recently, a coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased died from the visitation of God or some other disease unknown to the jury.

The County Superintendent's Salary.

To the school men and tax-payers of Bradford County.

Some appear to think that the salary of the county superintendent is taken out of the county's share of the State appropriation to the schools; and others again, labor under the impression that this officer's salary causes an increase of the school or other taxes. Both of these views are wrong; and I notice these errors now, because an attempt has been made to give them currency by a gross perversion of the truth; and a desperate effort to falsify the public authorities. The recklessness of this endeavor to deceive the public mind, requires me to be plain.

I have abundant evidence to prove, that he who says, either by words or implication, that the county superintendent's salary is taken out of the county's share of the State appropriation to the schools, or that it takes one farthing from that fund; or says that this salary adds one farthing to any tax-payer's taxes in Bradford county, asserts a positive falsehood. Here is the evidence, and I can furnish plenty more like it.

Extract of a letter written to the Convention of school directors, which met in Towanda, on the 28th ult., by the State Deputy Superintendent of common schools, a bright man and a sterling officer:—

DEPARTMENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS OF PENNA., HARRISBURG, 26th July, 1855.

The salary of the county superintendent is not paid out of the taxes of the county, nor out of the State appropriation to the schools; nor does it increase the one or lessen the other. It is a very important and laborious office, requiring the best men to fill it, and an adequate salary. Your superintendent, Mr. GUYER, has proved himself to be both a faithful and capable officer; and has one of the most difficult counties in the State to get over. In the opinion of the Department, his present salary is not half what it should be.

For the past year we pay the school districts nearly ten per cent. more money than heretofore—\$185,000 being the average annual distribution heretofore—while the amount paid out for the past year will be within a small fraction of \$200,000.

Thirty thousand dollars was set apart for the pay of county superintendents, by itself, and does not effect the county schools or county taxes.

Yours, respectfully,
H. C. HICKOK, Deputy Supt.

Does any one need plainer language, or a more definite exposition than is here given; and given too, by the right authority; and bear in mind too, that this officer declares, that for the past year the school districts have had more money paid to them than heretofore. Does that look as if the county superintendent's salary used up the school fund?

But a few ignorant persons ask what right has the superintendent of common schools, or his deputy—who is *de facto* the head of the Department—to construe the school law, or decide how the money the State appropriates for school purposes shall be divided. People should read the law. Here are a few extracts:—

Superintendent of Common Schools—His powers and duties.

II. That he shall, whenever required, give advice, explanation, construction or information to the district officers, and to citizens, relative to the common school law, the duties of common school officers, the rights and duties of parents, guardians, pupils and all others, the management of the schools, and all other questions and matters relating to the common schools.

V. He shall prepare, and submit to the Legislature, an annual report, containing a full account of the condition of the common schools in the State, the expenditure of the system during the year, estimates of the sums requisite for the ensuing year, the whole number of pupils, the cost of teaching each, the number of districts, plans for the improvement of the system, and all such matters relating to the common schools, and to the active duties of his office, as he may deem it expedient to communicate.

Thus it is made the duty of this officer to give construction to the school laws, and his decisions are as binding as those of a court.

In the fifth paragraph of the law, it is made his duty to make estimates of the sums of money that will be required to keep up the system for the ensuing year. Now, everybody should know, that up to 1853, \$200,000 was the usual amount of the appropriation to the schools of the State. Well, during last year the county superintendent was created, and the state superintendent estimated it would take \$30,000 to pay the salaries of these officers. So that in deciding that \$30,000 of the State appropriation to the schools, was intended to pay the salaries of the county superintendents, the head of the school department construed that part of the law which he caused to be created, and told the truth. Yet poor simpletons ask, what right he has to make such a decision, as if he was in as bad a quandary as ourselves, unable to explain their own acts or tell the truth.

The Hon. C. A. BLACK, a man of ability, a good lawyer, and better than all, a warm-hearted advocate of common schools, was the State superintendent when the law creating the county superintendent was enacted, and made the estimates of the cost of this office; and the \$30,000 was put into the state appropriation at his request, for the express purpose of paying the county superintendents. In Mr. B.'s very able report of last year he says:—

"The addition of thirty thousand dollars made last year, to the usual appropriation to common schools, was intended for the pay of county superintendents, although not so expressed in the act. The aggregate of the salaries is something less than this sum; some counties, as already intimated, having put down the salaries at an unjust, if not absurdly, low standard. This feature of the law should, I think, be remedied. There should be some power given to the School Department to increase such salaries, at least to a sum equal to what a particular county would be entitled to receive out of the thirty thousand dollars, or whatever sum may be appropriated, rating it according to the number of taxable, or some other mode by which a compensation would be afforded adequate to the labor and duties of the position."

Can anything be more explicit than the three first lines of this extract, in regard to the ob-

ject of the addition of the \$30,000 to the state appropriation? And everybody knows that this addition would not have been made had there been no county superintendents.

Besides, it was in compliance with the recommendation in the above quotation, that the Legislature of last winter passed the supplement to the school law, giving school directors the power to increase the county superintendent's salaries. After this supplement became a part of the school law, and in conformity with the spirit of Mr. BLACK—the present head of the School Department, Hon. A. G. CURTIS, eminent as a man of mind, as a jurist and common school advocate, issued a circular to the school directors last May, two months before the directors of this County met, giving notice of, and explaining the supplement, in which the following paragraph occurs:—

The 8th section authorizes an increase of the salaries of County Superintendents, and points out the mode of obtaining that object. This is a highly important duty devolving upon directors, and from the miserably inadequate compensation originally fixed in many counties, as will be seen from the accompanying list of counties, salaries and schools, the Superintendent cannot forbear to urge upon Directors, in strong terms, the propriety, and in many instances the imperative necessity, of raising the salaries of these local officers of the system to at least living wages, that shall bear some just proportion to the number of schools to be visited, the territory to be traversed, and the amount of work to be done. The State Department will see that the duties of the County Superintendency are faithfully and fully performed, or the places of incompetent and inefficient incumbents filled by those who will be both able and willing to fulfill the letter and spirit of the law, and the just expectations of the public. But Directors, owe it to themselves, and to the welfare and success of the system, as well as to the Department, to do their share in the good work, by furnishing adequate means to enable the Department to command the time and services of suitable laborers in this arduous and responsible field of duty. It should be stated in this connection, that such portions of the State appropriations as are not expended for this purpose, go into the general fund, and not to the respective counties, as has been erroneously supposed.

When a majority of the school directors of Bradford county learned, as they did through the expositions of the Department, and my explanations, that the salary of the county superintendent did not take a penny from the schools of the county, and that it did not add one farthing to any man's taxes, they concluded to follow the advice of the State superintendent and raise my salary; and I venture to assert here, that not ten directors of the county if properly advised and left to their own unbiased judgment, will object to this increase.

But some ask, where does the \$30,000, out of which our superintendents are paid, come from? It is taken out of the general fund collected into the State Treasury by the three mill state tax, canal tolls, &c.

This three mill tax &c. of the county had before they had a county superintendent; and if this officer's salary adds anything to this tax, why is it not increased? Do people not see that this tax is just what it was before? So this office does not increase it; and does any tax-payer believe that this state tax would be reduced, if the county superintendent was discontinued? If there is one such, I pity his weak credulity. Why was it not reduced before this office was created? So that, in reality, the people have the same tax they had before, and the county superintendent into the bargain. The office does not add one penny of cost to the county. Why object to it then?

No intelligent or honest man does. Those who do oppose it, are either misinformed on the subject, or actuated by unworthy motives. And what are we to think of any one who is so depraved and desperate in his opposition, that he will pervert the truth and strive to falsify the public authorities, merely to excite the prejudices of the uninformed against the new school law and its officers? Generally speaking, however, the people of Bradford are too sensible and intelligent to be deceived by such evil ones and their shallow devices; and here, as elsewhere, "the slanderer's end is the devil's pit."

I make this statement in justice to those school directors who were instrumental in raising my salary. They acted from an intelligent view of this whole subject, and under the firm conviction that it would advance the interests of the schools of the county. They are known to be right-minded, whole-souled school men, who understand themselves, the school law, and their duty to it, as citizens and officers.

Now, to show what I have done to deserve an increase of salary, I take the following extract from my second annual report to the Department:—

"I commenced my official labors on the 23d day of July, 1854, and have since devoted 269 days to the school service. In that time I examined 629 candidates for the profession of teaching; traveled 3741 miles—3392 of this on horseback. Got seven drenchings from heavy rains; was out in three severe snow storms, and twice "storm stayed." At the first I lost over a week—at the last two days. I visited 293 schools; gave 261 lectures; wrote 419 letters, and 399 pages of footslop; expended \$48 22."

I have paid three official visits to every township in the county, except two, and these I visited once. Some I have visited five times. Yet my labor is not much seen, and solely because the county is so large. Let any one look at its great territory, its number of schools, teachers, and the thousand-and-one other matters which come under my official notice, and he cannot fail to see the difficulty of making much impression the first year. Remember too, that all is new—that it takes time to start on a new track, such an immense machinery as our common school system. Hundreds of little things, which no one sees but the operator—and which it would take volumes to tell—hinder it movements. This exposition is made to right up a *partisan* *little* *some* *that* *broke* *loose*.

but directly all will be in order, only have a little patience.

E. GUYER, County Supt.
Highland, Pa., August 12, 1855.

H. C. HICKOK, Esq., our present talented and indefatigable Deputy Superintendent, sent to the last convention of school directors, held at Towanda, his lucid exposition of the "Duty and pay of county superintendents," which is to appear in the new edition of the School Law. Here it is, read it, every friend and enemy of the Law:—

The office of County superintendent is one of limited power, but when properly filled, of vast influence and capability for good; and is regarded by the Department, and experienced friends of education, as the right link in the chain of the State's educational system, perfect, yet, in most cases, highly servilely operated of the first year. Under the instructions of the Department and the necessities of the system, it is one of the most laborious offices in the State; none more so. The most laborious offices in the State, are the visitation of Schools, the examination of Teachers, correspondence with the Department and Districts, the gathering of a mass of statistical information not comprised in the reports of the State; the preparation of the District reports, the forming and instructing of Teachers, Institutes and Associations, arousing public interest in the cause of education by lectures and addresses, and preparing reports to the Department; the amicable settlement of local disputes, when requested; the settling and transmission of documentary and other evidence, on both sides of difficulties that can only be settled by the Department, and other miscellaneous duties, which in all but the smaller counties—the whole time and service of the Superintendent, to the exclusion of other part in the cause of education, and of other means of livelihood, and of other means of diversions. The office is, in fact, a position of great responsibility, and one which requires a man of high moral and intellectual character, and one who will be both able and willing to fulfill the letter and spirit of the law, and the just expectations of the public. But Directors, owe it to themselves, and to the welfare and success of the system, as well as to the Department, to do their share in the good work, by furnishing adequate means to enable the Department to command the time and services of suitable laborers in this arduous and responsible field of duty. It should be stated in this connection, that such portions of the State appropriations as are not expended for this purpose, go into the general fund, and not to the respective counties, as has been erroneously supposed.

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Now, to show what I have done to deserve an increase of salary, I take the following extract from my second annual report to the Department:—

"I commenced my official labors on the 23d day of July, 1854, and have since devoted 269 days to the school service. In that time I examined 629 candidates for the profession of teaching; traveled 3741 miles—3392 of this on horseback. Got seven drenchings from heavy rains; was out in three severe snow storms, and twice "storm stayed." At the first I lost over a week—at the last two days. I visited 293 schools; gave 261 lectures; wrote 419 letters, and 399 pages of footslop; expended \$48 22."

I have paid three official visits to every township in the county, except two, and these I visited once. Some I have visited five times. Yet my labor is not much seen, and solely because the county is so large. Let any one look at its great territory, its number of schools, teachers, and the thousand-and-one other matters which come under my official notice, and he cannot fail to see the difficulty of making much impression the first year. Remember too, that all is new—that it takes time to start on a new track, such an immense machinery as our common school system. Hundreds of little things, which no one sees but the operator—and which it would take volumes to tell