

REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS.

TO THE HONORABLE, THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE TERRITORY OF UTAH:

GENTLEMEN: I have the pleasure herewith to submit my statistical report. I would have been more pleased had it been in my power to present a complete report; but in a few instances I have no returns whatever and am unable to make even an approximate report.

Some of the County Superintendents have never received a copy of the laws of the Session of 1859-60, containing the school bill.

It has been a question with me whether the trouble of procuring school statistics in Utah was not greater than the benefits that would accrue therefrom, but as many regard it as an axiom, that statistics are the foundation of improvement, it may be deemed wisdom to persevere and endeavor to overcome the difficulties consequent upon their introduction. I feel confident, however, that unless the County Superintendents are indefatigable and thorough in their labors we will never arrive at anything like correct or reliable reports.

The great difficulty in school matters here is a lack of uniformity in text books, which renders the labors of the teacher very arduous, without corresponding benefits to the pupil. The time has arrived, in my opinion, when we should compile and publish our own school books; this would produce that uniformity which teachers so much desire. The lack of paper, hitherto, has debarred us of this privilege; but I do not know of anything that would facilitate the collection of material for the manufacture of paper equal to furnishing school-books in exchange for the same.

While I am pleased to witness the aid and attention bestowed upon the varied interests of this thriving Territory, I hope that the educational interests may not be neglected, but that they shall be fostered in that manner which becomes a people who realize the magnitude and importance of the subject. Permit me to endorse the sentiment and suggestions contained in Gov. Brigham Young's message, Dec. 11, 1854; from which I extract the following:

"Hitherto the cause of education has been entrusted with the Board [of Regents] by the Legislature who probably conceived they had sufficiently discharged their duties, by having invested the Regents with full power and authority to act in relation to that subject. But

ANNUAL STATISTICAL REPORT OF TERRITORIAL SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS, DEC., 1862.

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Beaver	5	1	1	1	2	53	29	28	18	50	40	5									Amount paid to teachers, and amounts expended on buildings, etc., are reported so irregularly that they are omitted in this report.
Box Elder	13	13	5	8	535	607	210	253	289												
Cedar	3	25	25	18	29	1461	1371	812	878	593	1040	37	8	5 1/2							
Delta	5	3	3	2	1	143	121	52	43												
Great Salt Lake	6	4	6	2	4	193	14	128	91	128											
Iron	3	6	6	2	4	264	201	103	88	110											
Juniata	1	1	1	1	1	176	146	32	41												
Millard	7	12	8	9	664	656	308	305	331												
Morgan	1	1	1	1	1	176	146	32	41												
San Pete	14	5	5	4	2	369	312	126	140	152											
Summit																					
Toule																					
Utah																					
Wasatch																					
Washington																					
Webster																					
Total.	43	59	3956	3662	1906	1918	50	291	315	62											

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†No official report; but through the Representative, Mr. Maughan, I have learned that there are 12 School districts; a good substantial School-house in each, and schools taught in every district through the winter, and in several districts for nine months in the year.

‡No schools kept within the meaning of "Common School Act;" but the County Superintendent reports that there are four schools now, where formerly one, with about 120 scholars of various ages.

POSTMASTER AND EMPEROR.

The career of Napoleon inspired a degree of enthusiasm in the breasts of the people of France, which had never been known to exist before under any—the most fortunate circumstances. From the peer to the peasant, all idolized their hero, and Napoleon never discouraged the manifestations of affection with which he was greeted wherever he went; indeed, he gave such license to his people, even after he had become emperor, that their familiarities often became unpleasant and inconvenient. Among the most enthusiastic of his admirers was the postmaster of a small place in Burgundy, bearing the name of Rouvray, who upon two or three occasions had the honor personally of driving the emperor's carriage, and had been spoken to by him familiarly. His first meeting with Napoleon was under circumstances calculated to awaken a lively feeling in the breast of the emperor, for the postillions who were driving his carriage to Rouvray had fallen asleep, and his horses, instead of going direct to the post-house, had wheeled round, and the night being dark, they had nearly precipitated the carriage, emperor and all from a bridge. As it was, the carriage was nearly overturned, and the postmaster happening at that moment to be returning with two of his men from the next town, perceived the danger, rushed

it is a subject of vast importance, and involves trusts of too weighty consideration to be neglected for any reasons at present existing. It is a subject fraught with momentous interest to us, and our youth, who are soon to become our representatives upon the earth, and will, if neglected, recoil with bitterness upon our own heads, when too late to remedy.

As a Territory, we have peace, and extensive ability exists with the people, to establish and sustain good common schools in every ward and district, not only three, or six months in a year, as appears at present most common; but ten, or eleven, wherein every child, no matter how poor, may find admittance. Schools for teachers, mathematical schools, and schools wherein the higher branches are taught, should also be kept in successful operation, in all of the principal towns.

The machinery of a good school system for Utah has been constructed by the Legislature, and should all the parts act with vigor and harmony, our educational matters would present a phasis which would reflect credit on your honorable body, and be of intrinsic worth to the commonwealth.

If a few school-houses were erected in our principal cities, sufficiently large to accommodate from 150 to 250 scholars each, with different apartments, where the more proficient school teacher would find two or three classes on which to bestow all his attention; and where other teachers of less ability would find classes to teach corresponding with their attainments and taste, a classification of labor would be attained, which would be of great advantage. Our school teachers are not classified, hence we find our ablest teachers, amongst whom are those whose abilities eminently fit them to teach the higher branches, and even the classics, laboring with juveniles, studying the alphabet, and from that up through every grade in a primary school.

Could I say anything in this report which would induce the members of the Assembly and other influential citizens, to use their influence among the people to pay school teachers liberally; also with sufficient of that kind of pay which would enable them to procure ample clothing for themselves and families, I realize the educational cause would be much benefited thereby.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

ROBT. L. CAMPBELL,

Territorial Superintendent of Common Schools.

G. S. L. City, Jan. 14, 1863.

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toward the emperor's carriage and prevented the accident from occurring. The emperor expressed himself grateful for the assistance rendered by M. Bizouard, and intimated that he would not forget the circumstance.

Bizouard never importuned the emperor; he was, indeed, delighted if he got but a nod of recognition; and as nothing pleased Napoleon so much as fanatic devotedness, he was always glad to see the postmaster and hear him give vent to his enthusiasm. M. Bizouard had access to the Tuileries, and he never visited Paris without paying a visit to "his friend, the emperor," which he did with less ceremony than when he had to wait upon the director of the post-office department.

One day, on alighting from the diligence, in his usual traveling dress, he proceeded to the palace to visit his imperial friend. His sang-froid as he inquired whether the emperor was at home, astonished the guard and officers of the court. Some laughed, others desired him to go away; and when he became importunate they swore and threatened to send him to the guard house. This aroused all that was lion-like in the disposition of M. Bizouard, and he cried:

"Ah, ye coxcombs! If you dare to threaten the postmaster of Rouvray—"

"And who's the postmaster of Rouvray?" asked one of the officers on duty.

"Let me have pen and ink and you shall see!" exclaimed M. Bizouard, in a voice of thunder; "let me have pen and ink, and I'll write to the emperor."

Pen, ink and paper was brought, and M. Bizouard wrote as follows:

"SIRE:—The postmaster of Rouvray (your best friend and most devoted subject) is about to be sent to prison, just as if I were a rioter in your palace. I don't like to waste my time any longer, and besides I wish to see you forthwith. Please to make haste."

BIZOUARD.

The emperor had no sooner read this strange note than he laughed heartily, and to record his enthusiastic adherence to the ultimatum that had been offered him, he dispatched one of his chamberlains to have him released; and, to the astonishment of the officers, M. Bizouard was conducted into the presence of "his friend, the emperor."

His business with Napoleon was of some consequence. He had a daughter, a young and delicate girl, who had given her heart to one who was far above her; but who returned her love and would have married her but that his parents opposed his union with one so humble. Julie, who, encouraged by the hopes of her lover, had believed that his parents would at length be induced to consent to their union, was nearly broken-hearted when she learned that they had desired him to pay his addresses to the only daughter of a wealthy merchant. The postmaster had for some time observed that his daughter's health was declining, and he did all that lay in his power to make her happy. Never lived a kinder parent than M. Bizouard. Rough as he was in his manner, yet he possessed such a warmth of feeling that in the contemplation of his good qualities everything else was not forgotten. He beheld the suffering of his daughter with dismay. The color had forsaken her cheek, her eyes had become lustreless, and he thought that she was dying.

Moved by his constant kindness, and the tears which fell from his old eyes upon her pale cheeks as she reclined upon his bosom, Julie disclosed to him the secret of her grief.

The old man was a few minutes speechless; and then the only words he uttered were "my friend, the emperor!" He pressed his poor child fondly to his bosom, and the next morning at daybreak set out for Paris, where he obtained an interview as already stated.

The postmaster's business was explained in a few words, and the emperor's reply was equally laconic.

"Go home, postmaster," said Napoleon, "and if Julie's tears be not dried within three days, come hither again."

M. Bizouard traveled quick, but the emperor's wishes had gone faster; for on the former riding into the post yard of Rouvray, who should come out to meet him but Julie and François; and both were looking so happy, and both were so eager to tell him what had come to pass, that they were both unintelligible; but by their looks M. Bizouard knew that they were happy, and his heart instinctively said—"This is the work of the emperor."

And his heart spoke truly. The emperor had sent Julie a marriage portion and François a commission in the army; and now the parents of the youth no longer oppose the nuptials. No doubt that night the post-house of Rouvray resounded with the cries of *Vive l'Empereur*.

Time passed on, and the idol of M. Bizouard fell into misfortune; his "friend" was no longer emperor of France, but a captive. Who can describe the postmaster's sorrow and despair?

But soon after, all France was aware that Napoleon had escaped from Elba; and again were the spirits of M. Bizouard excited. Early one morning in March, before the sun had risen, the postmaster of Rouvray was awakened by loud shouts at his chamber window, and on popping out his head to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, who should he see but "his friend the emperor?"

"Alons, Bizouard!" cried Napoleon; "my old and faithful friend! Quick—quick with my horses! I am expected at Paris!"

The postmaster was bewildered. "My friend, the emperor!" he cried, and rushed into the stable for the required horses.

The noise of preparation soon struck, and all was bustle and anxiety in the post-house at Rouvray. The horses were put to Bizouard's two sons were mounted, and the good, enthusiastic postmaster himself, who had also assumed the postilion, had not yet ascended his post of honor. He stood pensive and serious, close to the impatient Napoleon. At length the cloud passed from his countenance, and he exclaimed with a dignified smile, "*Ma foi*, if I make him angry, I shall be angry too!" and then turning toward the emperor, he said, "I have been thinking for these ten minutes how I should convey a request to your majesty—and I am not a bit the wiser after all."

"Bah!" exclaimed Napoleon, taking a pinch of snuff. "It must come out soon," said the postmaster, "though I know—that is, I am afraid—it will offend you."

"Well," said the emperor, "what is it?" "Sire, I have had the honor of driving you many times; I am no courtier, no intriguer; I love my country's preserver. I love you for yourself. That's all."

"Is that all?" echoed the emperor.

"No; I have just now a great favor—a very great favor—to beg. You will perhaps augur, perhaps be angry, but I shall be the happiest

of men if you grant it. I ask permission to embrace you!"

The emperor burst into a fit of laughter. "Is that all, my poor Bizouard?" he exclaimed. "Come; and then let us be off."

Bizouard rushed to the emperor, clasped him in his arms, hugged him, and, triumphantly bestriding his postilion, started, *ventre a terre*, and in less than an hour drove up before the post-house of Avalon, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur*!" There Bizouard took leave of his great friend—but his parting good wishes, though enthusiastic, were expressed with sadness, and tears fell from his eyes as he joined in the acclamations of the surrounding throng.

The disastrous news from Waterloo fell upon him as a thunderbolt. Soon after that fatal event the postmaster of Rouvray was dismissed from that situation, next sent to prison, and tried at the assizes for having promoted the usurpation of his imperial patron, and endeavoring to avenge his fall upon the restored government. He was acquitted, but such heavy blows impaired his health. From rich that he was, he became poor, and the revolution of 1830, found him ploughing fields that were not his own. His attachment to the memory of his departed idol long injured the success of his applications to Louis Philippe's government. At length, one afternoon, as he returned from his daily task, a letter was put into his hands, the contents of which extracted from him a "*Vive l'Empereur*!" meant to be a "*Vive l'Empereur*!" Monsieur Bizouard was informed that, through the personal interference of the Duke of Orleans, he was restored to the office of postmaster of Rouvray.

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

—Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you; for your censurers are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

—At present the Treasury notes are manufactured by the American and National Bank Note Companies, which, although they have one hundred and twenty-five presses running, cannot keep up an adequate supply.

—A little seven-year-old inquired of her mother, a few days since, if "the wind didn't whistle for the leaves to dance by."

—The New York World, quaintly say that "Mr. Chase's declarations that he will issue no more paper money are like the protestations of the maid who,

"Vowing she would never consent, consented."

If a sufficiency of green-backs will break the back of the rebellion, it will be done."

—There are some men who are only to be abashed by stricture and severity; others who become modest by eulogy and encouragement.

—The notorious Parson Brownlow has been appointed Special Agent of the Treasury Department.

—It is idle to talk of the vices as a sisterhood. There may be associations, but no affiliation. Knaves may be companions, but not friends. The vain dislike the vain; the proud hate the proud; the covetous abhor the covetous. But the virtues are never at war. The just love the just; the chaste esteem the chaste; the benevolent admire the benevolent. In short all good things harmonize; all bad things are discordant, both with the good and with each other.

—The President contributed \$650 to the sum collected by the efforts of Mrs. Smith, to provide a Christmas dinner for thirty thousand sick and wounded soldiers in Washington.

—"It's all very pretty to talk," said a recently married old bachelor, who had finished reading the Rev. Dr. Field's essay on the "Culture of Women," just as a heavy milliner's bill was presented to him. "It's all very pretty, this cultivation of women; but such a charge as this for bonnets, is rather a heavy top-dressing—in my judgment."

—The Empress of France is reported to be the most extravagant woman in the world.

—I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the wall; of all beasts, the soft, patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm, but a bush—a humble, slender, abject bush—as if He would, by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility, nothing hate like pride.—[Truth.]

—If earth were more satisfactory, Heaven would be less longed for.

A GOOD ONE.—An amusing little incident occurred during the fight at Newtonia, Mo. The fight was a fierce one while it lasted, and one of the officers became very thirsty. He repaired to a spring in the forest near by to get a draught of cool water, and, kneeling down, drank from the fountain itself, without the aid of a cup. As he arose from this refreshing toil, he sat himself fair and square upon his own heels, which were armed with a pair of tremendous Mexican spurs. The instant he left the prick of the spurs, he thought the enemy were upon him and a bayonet entering his flesh. When some of his men arrived, he was bawling, "Oh, I surrender! I surrender!" The articles of war do not admit of stating his name.