

# The American Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1889.

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## TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this column should be addressed to D. H. RUSSELL, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

James M. Sims' colored school in Brushy Creek is considerably above the average colored school, and the neighbors speak well of him and his influence for good upon his race. Such teachers are to be encouraged and commended.

We call attention to the fact that the next meeting of the Teachers' Association of the County will be held at Anderson. These meetings are very important, and we hope to see every teacher there who is in reach of Anderson. Let us do all we can to dignify and elevate the profession, and thus raise the schools to a higher standard.

At Saluda school we found a comfortable house, "lots" of children and a live, earnest teacher in Miss Nellie Stenhouse. We spent two hours here enjoyably with her classes, and came away feeling good about that school. There is an air of gentleness and refinement about the teacher that is exercising a moulding influence upon the children that will tell in the future.

The Shiloh school is in charge of Miss Carrie Brown. The teacher, impressed upon us being in earnest about her work. Her classes made a creditable showing in their studies, and the teacher thought engaged in her before her, and deserves the encouragement and support of her patrons. A store would add greatly to the comfort of the pupils.

Recently a teacher sent an order to the book store here for "Murray's" Geography, and we have noticed that nearly all the colored teachers pronounce it so. Another teacher sent an order for "Bond's" History, and wrote it with a little "h." And still another sent an order for "Sanford's" 2d Step Common School Arithmetic. It is inexcusable that a teacher should not know the difference unless arithmetics have been a scarce article in their schools.

The colored school at St. Peter's is taught by Henry Hurd. Some complaint was lodged against this teacher, but not by whites. It is the plain duty of the School Commissioner to visit these schools and see that they give value received for the public money. The great complaint is failure to make time, and we hereby forewarn this teacher that a school should not know the difference unless arithmetics have been a scarce article in their schools.

Having spent a pleasant night with friend Richardson, we wended our way early the next morning in the teeth of a biting wind to the Central school, in charge of P. J. Vermillion, assisted by Miss Mattie Hammond, a former pupil of ours. We found here some seventy pupils in a comfortable building, heated by a stove and a chimney. The teacher is doing thorough, conscientious work, and we wish to say that we examined here the best history class yet seen so far in the County, and we desire thus publicly to compliment the young ladies of this class. They stood an examination of over a half hour that was very creditable indeed, and showed a ready knowledge of the history of our country from its discovery down to the settlement of the colonies. May great success crown the efforts of the teacher.

The school at Friendship is in good hands. Miss Mattie Brown, though a stranger to us, soon made us feel at ease, and also showed us that she felt at home in the school room. She has the school well in hand, and makes constant use of the blackboard and chart, and it was a positive pleasure to look into the eager little faces as they went through the chart drill. But it was impossible for the teacher to maintain the order that she would like to have, and ought to have, owing to the broken panes of glass. The day was there the icy wind whistled through them at a terrible rate, and we could but pity the children as they sat shivering in the cold. Not a single one of the fathers of these children would endure such discomfort in his home for an hour, and yet they will send their children day after day to endure it, when a trifling expense would cure it.

## A DIALOGUE.

Young Trustee—"Good morning Mr. O. T. I have called, Sir, to get some information as to how our Board of School Trustees shall conduct the Free Public Schools of our District."

Old Trustee—"Well, what do you want to know. Haven't you the School Laws of South Carolina?"

Y. T.—"Yes, Sir, for 1884. Are they the latest?"

O. T.—"Yes. They are the laws our old board acted by."

Y. T.—"I that so? Please be kind enough then to tell me how you divided out the funds placed in your hands for the Free Public Schools?"

O. T.—"Well, we pay to all 1st Grade Teachers \$25 per month for an average of twenty five pupils up to forty. After that we allow the teacher an assistant if the attendance gets above forty."

Y. T.—"Where do you get that way of distribution?"

O. T.—"Oh, well, all the Trustees do it that way, and I suppose custom makes it law."

Y. T.—"But, my dear Sir, ought not the Trustees be governed by the same law as the School Commissioner, where it says that 'He shall apportion to each District the funds for the Free Public Schools according to the average attendance the past school term?'"

O. T.—"No, because that would give to the colored schools more than they ought to have."

Y. T.—"Why should it do that? Are there not as many white children attending the Free Public Schools as there are colored?"

## THE USE OF THE ROD.

Some Mothers whip their Children, others do Not.

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To spank or not to spank? That is a question that would be answered in the negative by two-thirds of the mothers in America.

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Children are no longer seen and not heard, but are heard incessantly when visible or invisible. They call their grandmothers slang names and pull their grandfathers' noses without being got by the "gobble uns." They bite their gentle preceptors and run away from their mothers without fear of punishment.

Happy, fearless, little to-day American children, who can go in swimming without having to lie about it afterwards and can romp at parties in their best gowns without being spanked for spilling them!

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If the princes in the tower had been American boys they would have beaten their Uncle Richard black and blue, carried him before the court and had him sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Yes, the day of sitting down on children is over, and though the bump of reverence on the craniums of American children might improve them slightly by a greater development, still the present day is a bright and better one for the little folks than the days of old.

THE STORY OF TWO TEACHERS.

A gentleman whose childhood was twenty-five years before the war, tells of two school teachers, and his stories are fine arguments against physical punishment. He says:

"When I was about nine or ten years old I was a poor, sickly little freckle-faced boy, stubborn, sensitive and curious to a sad degree. My mother used to whip me frequently to no purpose, so she concluded to send me to a very severe school-teacher that my spirit might be conquered. I was sent away from home to board in the house with and go to school to a hard and terrible master as Dickens ever depicted. Well, I was conquered in a way—albeit I was cowed and terrified so that I wondered my very heart's blood didn't turn white and freeze. The man never struck me a lick, but I hated him with all my soul. My life was one of abject terror, and the good that was in me was as silent as a tomb. I seemed to have no emotions, to be a mere machine working through the fear of the terrible beatings. I had seen administered to other boys. Seeing was nothing to me. We all died, if we disobeyed we'd swear ourselves black before we'd own it. I was taken home from this horrible school after many months of what I now know was hell on earth. A new teacher from the north had come to our town. I was sent to him. The first day, I was whispering and he looked at me and said, 'John, are you talking?' 'No, Sir.' I perky replied, lying as was my wont.

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Atlanta Constitution.

To spank or not to spank? That is a question that would be answered in the negative by two-thirds of the mothers in America.

Our grand brass eagle spreads her protecting wings over women and children in this country so that the former can wear trousers and swallow-tail coats untroubled, and the latter can make game of bald-headed gentlemen of mature age without being eaten up by bears or chased by the aforementioned gentlemen. If wild beasts were let loose in America for the purpose of swallowing irrelevant small boys, the country would be depopulated of future presidents and millionaires.

Children are no longer seen and not heard, but are heard incessantly when visible or invisible. They call their grandmothers slang names and pull their grandfathers' noses without being got by the "gobble uns." They bite their gentle preceptors and run away from their mothers without fear of punishment.

Happy, fearless, little to-day American children, who can go in swimming without having to lie about it afterwards and can romp at parties in their best gowns without being spanked for spilling them!

They can eat as much as they want too, without being accused of greediness and stuffing, and when they ask for more will not receive the sarcastic expressions of astonishment which came from Mrs. Corney and Mr. Bumble in regard to Oliver Twist's appetite.

The schools where brimstone and treacle formed the chief articles of diet have died out since Dickens wrote against them. Flogging has died out, too, and persuasion is substituted.

If the princes in the tower had been American boys they would have beaten their Uncle Richard black and blue, carried him before the court and had him sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Yes, the day of sitting down on children is over, and though the bump of reverence on the craniums of American children might improve them slightly by a greater development, still the present day is a bright and better one for the little folks than the days of old.

THE STORY OF TWO TEACHERS.

A gentleman whose childhood was twenty-five years before the war, tells of two school teachers, and his stories are fine arguments against physical punishment. He says:

"When I was about nine or ten years old I was a poor, sickly little freckle-faced boy, stubborn, sensitive and curious to a sad degree. My mother used to whip me frequently to no purpose, so she concluded to send me to a very severe school-teacher that my spirit might be conquered. I was sent away from home to board in the house with and go to school to a hard and terrible master as Dickens ever depicted. Well, I was conquered in a way—albeit I was cowed and terrified so that I wondered my very heart's blood didn't turn white and freeze. The man never struck me a lick, but I hated him with all my soul. My life was one of abject terror, and the good that was in me was as silent as a tomb. I seemed to have no emotions, to be a mere machine working through the fear of the terrible beatings. I had seen administered to other boys. Seeing was nothing to me. We all died, if we disobeyed we'd swear ourselves black before we'd own it. I was taken home from this horrible school after many months of what I now know was hell on earth. A new teacher from the north had come to our town. I was sent to him. The first day, I was whispering and he looked at me and said, 'John, are you talking?' 'No, Sir.' I perky replied, lying as was my wont.

He smiled pleasantly.

"That's all right," he said, 'I hope you'll excuse me. I thought you were talking and am sorry to find I suspected you unjustly.'

"Mean, why I felt as mean as any poor, guilty wretch could feel. I said to myself: 'This is the first and it shall be the last I hear you ever tell that man.' And the last line you ever tell that man."

"I was never troubled as and I studied well, and grew to love my teacher, a thing I had hitherto thought impossible. He never used a whip. He treated his scholars like gentlemen, and they were proud of it, and proved they deserved his regard. There's nothing like treating boys and girls like gentlemen and ladies from the time they are born."

SHE DOESN'T USE THE ROD.

"Do I whip my child? Of course I don't," said a beautiful young mother. "I think it's brutal to the child and brutalizing to one's own nature. I make him obey without touching him. I've never given him a whipping."

"Then what do you do when he is obstreperous?"

"If just scare him to death. He thinks I'm going to whip him, and I tell you what he minds. I tell the nurse to bring me my big whip.