

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XXI.—NO. 13.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 30, 1866.

Selected Poetry.

YE CANNOT BAR THE SUNLIGHT.

BY SOPHIA W. FLOYD.

Ye cannot bar the sunlight
From the dwellings of the poor;
It will shine in all its splendor
O'er the humble cottage door;
And the stars will shine as clearly,
The moonlight sweetly fall,
O'er the patched roof of the peasant,
As o'er the lordly hall.

Ye cannot veil the landscape,
Outspread and varied still—
The shadows rest in every vale,
The sunlight on the hill,
The mountain in its grandeur—
The foaming cataract's fall—
The beauties of the changing year,
As free alike to all.

Ye cannot quench the light of love
Within the poor man's breast—
Nor rob him of his sympathy
That makes his pathway blest.
Ye cannot bid the hue of health
Withdraw its checks go out—
Nor shroud the sunlight of his home
In ignorance and doubt.

Ye cannot still the throbbing
Of the good and generous heart,
Nor bid the faintest germ of thought
From out the mind depart.
Ye cannot bar the glorious light
Of truth within the soul;
O'er all the real good of life
Ye cannot hold control.

Miscellaneous.

MY COUSIN MAY.

It was in the early part of August, 1857, that I, John Richards, a law student, residing in the lively town of S., took my seat in the dusty cars with the purpose of visiting old Cousin Tom.

I was not in the most pleasant mood that day, as I had previously intended to pass my summer vacation at Newport. A number of my city friends, including two or three very flirtatious young ladies, were going to call upon the old city and I was expecting to be their favored attendant while there; besides, I was rather a good looking fellow, and flattered myself particularly upon my fine manners, and very naturally thought I should make quite a sensation among the blooming belles and match-making mammas who throng that fashionable resort. Accordingly, I made a forcible attack upon my purse, and beautifully supplied myself with all kinds of summer clothing. No wonder I used some very decided expressions one day, when, as I stood before the mirror, surveying myself in the last purchased suit, feeling very satisfied at my appearance, a letter from my father was handed me, which on being opened was found to contain a wish, and, in fact, a command, that I should immediately visit my Cousin Tom.

It seems that Tom, who was many years older than your humble servant, was quite indignant that I had never accepted his many invitations to visit his country home, and had at last in despair given up urging me, and had written to my father telling him to "send the scamp down." I had not seen him since his wedding-day, eighteen years before, when I had reached the dignity of six years, and remembered him only as he stood, with as long a face as the solemnity of the occasion could draw from him, by the side of a pleasant, quiet little think, who seemed to think nobody equal to "him." I remember receiving a very condescending pat on the head, the only thing his newly acquired dignity for the moment permitted—seeing him jump into the waiting sleigh, and with a careful hand the buffalo robes round his little bride, wave his hand to us, and then drive off at an astonishing rate. That was the last I had seen of him.

We had heard, however, of his purchasing a farm in the western part of the State, thriving bodily, mentally, and last but not least, pecuniarily, finding the excellences of his worldly wife increasing with years, and being blessed with a goodly number of "troublesome comforts." I occasionally received a few affectionate lines from him, always pressing me to take a peep at his country home, but my enthusiasm had never been sufficient to get me started. Now, however, my father was determined that we should be strangers no longer, and I was informed that Tom would expect me next week. I tried to plead off, but he grew more decided when he discovered my discomfiture, and as I remembered the unhappy condition of my purse, and the necessity of its being replenished by his usually indulgent hand, I felt forced to yield the point, and accordingly dispatched a note to Tom, telling him that he might see me next Thursday.

Of course, I thought my new clothes would be of no use in a country place, still my vanity would assign them a place in my trunk, in hopes that something might be going on, so that I could display them, though I could not help sighing as I packed them, at the thought that they would have no chance to "take the eye" of those rich southern belles. "Cousin Sarah and her daughters," I said to myself, "never can appreciate them. However, I shall not have to trouble myself about the daughters, for doubtless all of them who have reached their teens, are provided with beaux, who will make their appearance every evening at sundown, and in the daytime, of course, they will be at work about the house. I hope, by the way, they are good cooks. That May ought to be old enough by this time to make good bread," so with this hope, I dismissed the women from my mind.

I spent my journey in the reading, sleeping, and occasional grunt at my change of prospects for the summer. I was punished for reading by a terrible headache, which grew

worse every moment, and by the time I had reached my destination, I thought only of finding a bed to tumble into, and could not help congratulating myself upon the possession of an airy farm-house chamber, much better suited to my comfort than, than a small one in the crowded hotels at Newport. After a cup of strong tea, I concluded to try my quarters, and see if a nap would not revive me sufficiently to have a good chat with Tom in the evening. Four of his "hopefuls" were present at the tea-table, the eldest, May, I was told was "gone berrying." "Ah," I thought, as I threw myself on the bed, "May must be an active obliging girl. I hope she will select good, plump berries. How much better to know whose hands they have been through. The clean, stout fingers of a country cousin are just the thing."

I awoke about eight o'clock, with my headache quite gone and after a hasty toilet went below. I was about to open the door of the room in which we took tea, when the maid-of-all-work who was passing through the hall, stopped me and said:

"Mr. and Mrs. Warren are in this room," opening an opposite door. "Miss May is in the dining room with a gentleman."

"So the beau is on hand," I said in an undertone. "Well, I suppose he met her in the fields, brought her basket home for her, and is now paying himself for it by a chat with his sweetheart. Well, I won't interrupt proceedings, even to get an introduction to the dandelion."

So I spent the evening with the old folks, and so pleasantly did it pass with Tom's lively talk and our cigars, that the clock struck eleven before we thought it hardly ten, and Tom hurried off to bed, with a wonder how he should feel for laying on the morrow. Sarah provided me with a good candle, and I followed his example. As I passed the dining room door, a low murmur informed me that the lovers were all busy with each other, and with a yawn, I wondered how he would feel for laying on the morrow.

The next morning I was up early, and as it was yet some little time before breakfast, I accompanied Tom on a ramble over his farm, and listened with a really wonderful interest to the many remarks he made about what he had already done, and his plans for future improvement. I returned to the house with a sharpened appetite, and was just entering the long hall when a voice said:

"Good morning, cousin John. Aren't you going to speak to me? I am your Cousin, May Warren."

Turning, I saw a girl who looked as if about sweet sixteen, sitting on a low seat under the shade of a noble elm which stood near the house. I returned her greeting, appropriated to myself a part of the seat, and took a good view of my young relative. She was dressed in a light calico, with a long apron, but they could not conceal the petite form. Quite a little body, I thought, and lifted my eyes to her face. Nothing very handsome there; but the bright eyes, roguish smile and soft folds of shining hair, might look very pretty if they belonged to a person in society. Her cheeks were blooming, but then they were not of that peony style which I expected to see. In a word, I thought May's appearance quite acceptable, and concluded that after I had fully impressed her with a sense of my dignity and importance, I would steal an hour or two from my fishing, hunting and sleeping, and "draw her out." In fact I expected to have quite a spicy flirtation with the lady, (she looked as if she had the matter), perhaps awaken her lover's jealousy, then I could very easily settle affairs, pretend I had only been playing the part of an affectionate and attentive cousin, and in the end present her with some handsome bridal presents—that is, if she were tractable, but it was foolish to think otherwise. Of course she could not resist my fascinations.

I proposed that I should help her "pick over" the berries, and receiving a laughing permission, my fingers were soon busy, though I often took very small handfuls, so that I might often help myself, but it always happened that mine were finished about the time hers were, so our fingers often met in the friendly basket. Her slender digits flew faster than mine, much faster in fact than I liked, so that the basket was soon emptied, and we had to adjourn to the house. Didn't I do justice to the berries that meal!

After the eatables were disposed of, I betook myself with my gun to the woods, leaving May to superintend the pots and kettles. I thought it must be warm work, but then she was used to it, and of course wouldn't mind, so I went to work also and shot the partridges with as sure an aim as I thought I should assail May's heart. I returned laden with spoil, which, she charmingly promised, should be cooked with her own hands.

That afternoon Tom handed me a note. It was from a friend of mine lately married, who it seems owned a country seat in the vicinity, and it was now filled with visitors, many of whom I knew. He had heard, that I was visiting there, and accordingly sent me an invitation to a party which they were to give that evening. This was just the thing; my most fashionable suit could once more see the light, and I could vary the monotony of a visit to the country relatives by calls upon the fair ones there congregated.

"What a pity," I thought, as I dressed myself that evening, "that May is not a little used to society. But I suppose even were she so lucky as to be invited there on my account, she would commit some outrageous breach of good manners, and cover me with mortification. No, it is best as it is; she makes a nice little girl to laugh and talk with at home, and I suppose she enjoys herself best there. I wonder if it would do for me to ask for a kiss, to-night when I go, I guess, on the whole, I won't notice her, and see if it will pierce her at all."

So I walked down the stairs, drawing on my gloves very indifferently, when my low humming was interrupted by a hand laid on my arm, and a soft voice, which I knew belonged to May, saying:

"Why, cousin John, are you going without me, after I have been ready and waiting so

long? No gentleman ever had to wait such a length of time for me, but perhaps I don't think so much of my personal appearance as you do of yours."

"But May, I did not know you were going."

"Well, I am. Perhaps they thought they must invite me," she said with an arch smile. "Any way, I am going, and I expect to have a good time."

"O dear," I sighed to myself, "I hope she will get into some corner. I do wish the evening was over. I wonder what she has on," and I looked at her dress, but it was pinned up under her shawl, and nothing was visible but a very white skirt, while from under it peeped two tiny feet encased a stout walking boots."

"Don't you think slippers would rather better for an evening party?" I ventured to ask. "Why, cousin, do you suppose I am going to walk through the dust in slippers? and it is no use to ride such a short distance. I am sure I am not ashamed of that foot," slightly raising one. "I think it looks quite dim."

The head was muffled in a thick green veil, but I was not anxious to scrutinize that, as I knew it could not help being presentable. "It must be her Sunday silk. I wonder how many seasons she has worn it. I wish I had known she was going. I would have bought a new dress and some white kids."

As we walked along, I thought I would try conversational powers a little, so I took some of the subjects which I thought most probably would be discussed during the evening,—but alas! the lady seemed to have lost the use of her tongue, could say nothing but "yes," and "no," and "I guess so," and in utter dismay I thought how much worse she would appear with those who were strangers to her.

After I had given my hair the last touch in the dressing room, I turned with a resigned air to a search for my lady, but she was not to be found; she was not in the ladies' dressing room or the hall,—where else to look for her I know not. At first I thought that feeling a little abashed at the sight of so many ladies so much more elegantly dressed, she had hidden herself with determination of not entering the parlors; but then I remembered her remark about having a good time, and the goodly amount of "spunk" with which she seemed to be endowed, and concluded that she must have had the ignorance and the boldness to enter the rooms without her attendant. My heart sank at the thought of this indecorum, and I probably could not have summoned courage to enter myself, had not one of my friends seen me, and asked why I was waiting saying that it was almost time for the dancing to commence and he knew I would not miss my favorite amusement. So I was forced to accompany him.

After saluting our host and hostess, I glanced hurriedly around the room, and was just congratulating myself on May's non-appearance, when suddenly my eye met another, a laughing, triumphant, blue one. There stood what I supposed to be my Cousin May, clad not in a worn Sunday silk, but in a delicate, white lace, with snow shoulders and arms uncovered save where they were encircled by the lovely pearls, the choicest in the room I knew at a glance. The satin hair was arranged in heavy braids, would round her head, I can't say exactly how. I only know they looked softer and smoother than ever, and the few flowers that adorned them seemed to be very proud of their resting place, and most lavishly breathed their fragrance about her. One hand, covered with the delicate glove, raised slightly the light drapery as if to let me see the dainty white slipper which pressed the carpet; the other hand (plague take it, no, not it, but him) rested on the arm of that contemptible fellow, Frank Percy, the handsomest man in the room the man whom I had always disliked from the fact that he was my rival in the affections of the fair sex.

I knew not what to do, and stood wondering what would be expected of me under such circumstances, when May called his attention to me, and they both approached me. Of course I shook hands, and talked with him as if I was delighted to see him.

"I was sorry I didn't see you last night, John, but May informed me you had a severe headache, so I thought I wouldn't make it any worse by presenting myself," said Frank, in an assured tone.

So he was the rustic lover, as Frank Percy, he was the person who had whispered soft-words in her ear at eleven o'clock, who now has the audacity to call her May! I looked at her to see the effect upon her, and she whispered "Poor John! I saw how annoyed you were, and as Frank was willing to take the blame, I concluded to relieve; don't be troubled any longer, for he or somebody else will consent to take care of me, and perhaps I may be able to converse a little."

Before I could answer, they had left me, and the next moment I saw them at their place in a waltz quadrille which was then forming. I have no very distinct remembrance of the rest of the evening, except that I tried to prove an agreeable partner to the young ladies, but must have wholly failed, from the fact that I could hardly keep my eyes off my "country cousin." She seemed to be the centre of attraction with the gentlemen; the ladies, as is usually the case, did not seem to be quite so unanimous, and each and all of her unoffending features were discussed and declared to be far from regular. May, however, was unconscious of all this from the fact that the gentleman gave her no opportunity to devote herself to her own sex. I suppose I might as well be included among the ladies that evening, for I also was debarred all chance of conversing with her. If I summoned resolution enough to approach and ask her hand for a dance, it was always:

"O, John, you only think you must, and I won't consent to trouble any one, especially such a considerate cousin as you; besides, I am nicely provided for. I told you I was going to have a good time, and don't you think I am?"

It was of no use for me to remonstrate, she

was determined to leave Cousin John to himself, and I felt that I deserved it.

It was not till she was again muffled in her shawl and veil that I felt as if I had any right to her, and then I should have hesitated had she not herself darted forward and taken my arm, saying: "Come, suppose we go home, now, for I am quite sleepy. You may carry my slippers," she added, laughing, "my boots are again doing duty."

"May," I answered, slipping the little bundle into my pocket, "I am a fool."

"And I suppose you think me one also."

"Now, May—"

"Ah, you mustn't try to smooth matters now. I know just what was your opinion of me.—You thought me an innocent quiet little body, very pleasant to flirt with when nobody better was round; very happy to receive the little attentions with which you might think proper to favor me, and to conclude, quite a desirable country cousin."

"But, May, whatever mistakes my vanity and—"

"O, yes, I know what you are going to say,—everything fine, no doubt; but you know I have not troubled you to-night, so please return the compliment and leave your excuse for another time. It is fortunate that we discovered the mistakes we had made in regard to each other, for I also had made wise decisions concerning you, which I am very much afraid I must now discard. I thought you were a vain, haughty, lazy dandy; now however, I have my private opinion. You find that I can superintend the household affairs, and go berrying in a calico, I can also go to parties in a suitable dress, wear slippers, and chat, and dance with those who have been your friends for years. So now we understand each other and shall prove as good cousins as any one could ask."

"Then you entirely forgive me?"

"With my whole heart, and it is a good large one, too, but here we are at home."

That night I had pleasant dreams, and many other nights, also; for after that, May and I were the best of friends. I had the good sense to pack up, and bid good-by forever to the airs which I, like many other city persons, always assumed when visiting in the country. May was always charming. The four weeks I spent there were some of the happiest in my life. To be sure, my city friends were continually about her, accompanying us on our many excursions, but then she seemed to think Cousin John's attentions quite as acceptable as any. Frank Percy seemed rather a formidable rival, but he left a week after the party, and I had the field entirely to myself.

May proved quite as "tractable" a subject for a flirtation as I could have desired; but I would not have you think I was so trifling as to merely flirt with her—O, no, I thought differently now from what I once did, and although when I returned to town I made numberless trips, and spent many hours in selecting presents suitable for such a lovely bride as May Warren, yet the bridegroom was to be no rustic lover, but the happy man who now signs himself John Richards.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT'S WIFE.—The second question in this country always is: What sort of a wife has the nominee? Nothing is more characteristic of American manners and feelings than this fact. Although, gallantry—famous as we are for it—will not always carry the day against party; for Fremont, who has a noble and charming wife, could not be President, while Buchanan, who is only an uncle, could. Probably, however, successful matrimony is a fair qualification for the Presidency although it is not the very highest. A man who can rule his wife well, or at least be well ruled by her, has made one step towards qualifying himself to govern others. And it is a matter of national credit and interest, how the graces and hospitalities of the White House are dispensed. Let the ladies and the voters look to it. The courtly sway of Mrs. Madison is remembered with enthusiasm by all who witnessed it, not to speak of latter days, wherein one might seem invidious. At present, if beauty is to carry the day, Mr. Douglas will have the best of it. His accomplished lady is said to be one of the most elegant women of the land. Mrs. Lincoln is reported to be plain but comely, of an interesting presence, and of a Christian heart and profession; enjoying with wifely pride the honors of her husband. She is a Presbyterian, while Mrs. Douglas is a Roman Catholic. Mrs. Bell, of whose religious character we are not informed, is said to be at once amiable, highspirited and ladylike.

It is a remarkable and interesting fact, that a majority of the wives of the Presidents have been devotedly Christian women—a fact which has had no unimportant bearing upon the character of our Chief Magistrates, and upon the conduct of their several administrations.—The World.

New Jersey is moving steadily forward in the path of Republicanism. A convention met at Trenton on Wednesday last, over the deliberations of which Speaker William Pennington presided. An electoral ticket was nominated, and the proceedings of the convention were characterized by great harmony and enthusiasm. Resolutions were adopted, endorsing the platform of the National Republican party, and pledging their individual support to Lincoln and Hamlin. A resolution was also offered, sympathizing with the Italian patriots, who are so nobly struggling for civil and religious liberty. In the same connection they applauded the efforts and triumphs of Garibaldi.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are in a quiver till they get one.

Civility pleases all, prejudices none, adorns wit, renders humor agreeable, augments friendship, redoubles love, is the sacred charm of the society of mankind.

Giving Away a Child.

On board one of the lake steamers, bound for the far West, were an Irish family—husband, wife and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances; but the exceeding beauty of the children, two girls and a boy, was the admiration of their fellow-passengers. A lady who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travelers, and made application to the father, through a friend, who gives the following touching, and as we suppose, truthful account of the negotiation:

I proceeded, he says, immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair:

"You are very poor."

His answer was very characteristic.

"Poor sir?" said he, "ay, if there's a poorer man trouble the world, God pity both of us, for we'd be about a-squill."

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support them, sir? why I don't support them any way, they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply round.

"A what, sir?" he cried, "a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief indeed!—God be good to us, what do you mane?"

"You don't understand me," I replied. "If now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interest?"

"No, sir," said he; "the heavens know that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might be all the warmer of it; but tell us what you are drawing at."

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children, and if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of cogitation—He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said:

"O, mother, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of them; an' it w'd not be right to be giving away her children afore her face, and she to know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible."

In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success?"

"Dad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he. "But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, maybe the heavens above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well; and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix, and I don't know, sir," and he ran his eye dubiously over both.

"Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, and won't need her mother so much; but then—O, tear an' ages, it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first one that comes w'd a blessing. There, sir," and he handed over little Norah, turning back he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty father's kiss, saying through his tears:

"May God be good to him that's good to you, and them that offers you hurt or harm, may they never see St. Peter."

"Then taking the other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin, and we tho't the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye he began making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ask your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we're thinkin' that make it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talkin' to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look or me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtier far, an' as you please, sir, will you swap?"

"Certainly; whenever you like," said I.

So he snapped up little Norah, as though it was some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"What's wrong now?" I inquired.

"Be the hokey fly, sur, an' it's meself that's almost ashamed to tell ye. Ye see I've been talking to Mary, and she didn't like to part with Norah, because she has a look or me, an' be my soul, I can't part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother; but there's little Paudeen, sir. There's a lump of a Christian, for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one; for as he takes after his mother he'll have the brightest eye, an' as he takes after his father he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap again, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I; "it is all the same to me;" and so little Paudeen was left with me.

"Ha, ha," said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, "so the affair is settled at last."

But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatched up the baby, and said:

"It's no use; I've been talkin' to Mary, an'

we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest an' the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look or me, an' Biddy has a look or Mary; but be me soul, little Paudeen has the mother's eye an' my nose, an' a leetle of both of us all over. No sir; we can bare hard fortune, starvation and misery, but we can't bear to part with our children, unless it be the will of Heaven to take them from us."—National Magazine.

Educational Department.

Editors of Educational publications to whom this copy of the Reporter is sent, will please to exchange or return this to the editors of the educational column.

C. R. COBURN,
OLIVER S. DEAN.

The Teachers' Institutes for Bradford County, for the fall of 1866, will be holden at the following times and places, viz:—

For the towns of Windham, Warren, Orwell, Rome and Litchfield, at the Union Church in Windham, on Monday, September 10.

For the towns of Smithfield, Athens, Ulster, the two Burlingtons, Springfield, and Ridgbury, on Monday, September 24, at Smithfield Center.

For the towns of South Creek, Wells, Columbia, Troy, Armenia, Canton, LeRoy, and Granville, Monday, October 1, at Albs.

For the towns of Franklin, Overton, Albany, Asylum, Monroe, the two Towandas, Wysox, and Sheshequin, on Monday, October 8, at Monroeton Borough.

For the towns of Wyalusing, Pike, Herick, Standing Stone, Tuscarora, Terry, and Wilmot, on Monday, October 15, at Merryll.

Each Institute will commence at 9 o'clock, p. m., and close on Saturday, at 12 noon.

It is expected that the teachers of the county, will attend at least one of these gatherings. All interested in our schools, are invited to meet with us as frequently as possible.—Teachers will bring with them Readers, Spellers, Intellectual and Written Arithmetics, Music Books, and paper and pencils.

C. R. COBURN.

Towanda, Aug. 14, 1866.

Education without Study.

Is this a new invention? No. The theory has been in practice for years: what is the result? *Graduated dunces*. Is it a scheme of parents or children? Both. Do explain—what is it? The parent thinks, as he pays high tuition, he ought not to concern himself about his children's education, and the child is very glad not to be examined and have his acquisitions tested: so gets along smoothly—studies as much as he pleases and plays the remainder of his time, which is the larger portion. But where is the education? The teacher will impart that any how—he is so learned a man. Without the efforts of the pupil? Certainly; what is he good for, if our children have to endure all the drudgery of study? That is the idea, the invention, to imbibe knowledge from the instructor as plants imbibe moisture from humid ground. If this is the plan, why not make a scholar out of a piece of sponge which has very strong imbibing powers? Fit up the machinery to hold the books, and see what a scholar would be produced.

But the plauter knows that unless the grass and weeds are kept under and the soil cultivated, the crop will be very small and the grain immature: so if you depend upon the imbibing process, you will be but a *scholar* at best. Study stands in relation to scholarship as does food to life: as he that eats little or nothing, just enough to sustain *rats or snail* existence, will reach only to pigmy size; so with study, for it alone can produce scholarship. The hungry boy asked for a breakfast, and stood by the fire while the cooking process was going on, and was satisfied by the savory odor of the dishes and refused to pay for the meal: the magistrate to whom the case was referred for adjudication, decided that the boy should jingle his money in the cook's ears as long as the other enjoyed the savor of the dishes. But the poor cook was no richer for some things, like money, have no power to impart benefits by the *tinkle*; it must be possessed or does no good. If you can enrich a man by the jingle of money, so you may store the mind with knowledge by *imbibition* without study.

But are there not *self-made men*? True, but they studied more diligently than 99-100 of your College boys: the illustration you would borrow from this fact is against you: it inculcates study, study, hard study all day, most of the night. The theory of education without study is deceptive and fallacious: it is founded in ignorance and indolence. Do you remember the little girl that was informed by another how she always recited her lessons so well, that she *prayed for aid*; the girl was pleased with the theory, but made a splendid failure and reproached the other for deceiving her. Did you study your lesson? "No, I only *prayed* that I might recite well." If you depend upon your new invention, you will fare as badly as the little girl.

This plan is a very accommodating one for lazy boys and inattentive girls, who seem to think the teacher is paid to think for them and furnish them a good education, and the pay secures the object. But it is a sad mistake—the whole is so rotten that it does not deserve the pains of exposure.

When a Railroad is constructed to run up the Hill of Science, I may give credit to the plausibility of the theory—not before; for a thorough education will be acquired by neither—the one depends upon the teacher, the other upon the *ear's*; but as only footmen ever ascend the Hill; so students, studying boys and girls, not imbibers, will have an education with the name. The *thirsty man* must drink, not depend upon imbibing moisture through the pores; he will die of thirst, and you, you passive imbibers of knowledge, will die of ignorance.—PARENTS, in *Georgia Journal of Education*.