

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 7.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1866.

NUMBER 15.

DIRECTORY.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Office.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Carrolltown.	Charles L. Evans.	Carroll.
Cherry Springs.	Henry Nutter.	Chest.
Conowingo.	A. G. Crooks.	Taylor.
Conowingo.	J. Houston.	Washington.
Ebensburg.	John Thompson.	Ebensburg.
Easton.	C. Jeffries.	White.
Easton.	J. M. Christy.	Gallatin.
Easton.	Wm. Tiley, Jr.	Washington.
Easton.	I. E. Oandler.	Johnstown.
Easton.	M. Adesberger.	Loretto.
Easton.	A. Darbin.	Munster.
Easton.	Andrew J. Ferral.	Susquehanna.
Easton.	Stan. Wharton.	Clearfield.
Easton.	George Barkley.	Richland.
Easton.	B. M. Colgan.	Washington.
Easton.	George B. Wike.	Croyle.
Easton.	Wm. McConnell.	Washington.
Easton.	J. K. Shryock.	Sherburn.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

Presbyterian—Rev. T. M. Wilson, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. A. BARKER, Pastor.—Preaching every alternate Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Wich Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

Catholic—Rev. MORGAN ELLIS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Disciples—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID EVANS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, P. M.

Catholic—Rev. R. C. CHRISTY, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

EBENSBURG MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 8:50 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 6:25 o'clock P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Newmarket, Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRENSON STATION.

Line	Time
West-Balt. Express	9:13 A. M.
" Phila. Express	9:55 A. M.
" Fast Line	10:33 P. M.
" Mail Train	9:03 P. M.
" Pitts. & Erie Mt.	7:48 A. M.
" Altoona Accom.	4:32 P. M.

EAST STATION.

Line	Time
East-Phila. Express	8:31 P. M.
" Fast Line	2:21 A. M.
" Day Express	6:43 A. M.
" Cincinnati Ex.	1:11 P. M.
" Mail Train	5:21 P. M.
" Altoona Accom.	12:36 A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntingdon; Associates, George W. Lashley, Henry C. Devine.

Prothonotary—Geo. C. K. Zahm.

Register and Recorder—James Griffin.

Sheriff—James Myers.

District Attorney—John F. Barnes.

County Commissioners—John Campbell, Edward Glass, E. R. Dunnegan.

Clerk to Commissioners—William H. Sech.

Treasurer—Isaac Wike.

Clerk to Treasurer—John Lloyd.

Poor House Directors—George McCullough, George Orris, Joseph Dailey.

Poor House Treasurer—George C. K. Zahm.

Auditors—Fran P. Fierney, Jno. A. Kennedy, Emanuel Brallier.

County Surveyor—Henry Scanlan.

Coroner—William Flattery.

Mercantile Appraiser—John Cox.

Sup't. of Common Schools—J. F. Condon.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LARGE.
Justices of the Peace—Harrison Kinkead, Edmund J. Waters.

Burgess—C. T. Roberts.

School Directors—Philip S. Noon, Abel Lloyd, David J. Jones, Hugh Jones, Wm. M. Jones, R. Jones, Jr.

Borough Treasurer—Geo. W. Oatman.

EAST WARD.
Constable—Morris Pearl.

Ward Council—E. Hughes, Evan Griffith, Jno. J. Evans, Wm. D. Davis, Maj. John Thompson.

Inspectors—Richard R. Tibbott, Robert D. Thomas.

Judge of Election—Daniel O. Evans.

Assessor—J. A. Moore.

WEST WARD.
Constable—Thos. J. Williams.

Ward Council—Isaac Crawford, James P. Murray, Wm. Kittell, H. Kinkead, George W. Oatman.

Inspectors—Robert Evans, Jno. E. Scanlan.

Judge of Election—John D. Thomas.

Assessor—Capt. Murray.

SOCIETIES, &c.

A. Y. M.—Summit Lodge No. 312 A. Y. M. meets in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the fourth Tuesday of each month, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

O. O. F.—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O. O. F. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, every Wednesday evening.

S. of T.—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of Temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg, every Saturday evening.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TO
"THE ALLEGHANIAN."
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE,
OR
\$3.00 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Little Jerry, the Miller.

A BALLAD.

Beneath the hill you may see the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name,
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye."
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat;"
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

Always busy and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest—
"When will you grind my corn, I say?"
"Nay," quoth Jerry, "you need't scold;
Just leave your grist for half a day,
And never fear but you'll be t'colled."

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the rumor came—
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 'twas whispered mournfully
The leech had come and he was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see—
"Poor Little Jerry!" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed—
His miller's coat his only shroud—
"Dust to dust" the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

THE PURITAN OF 1863.

It was in the early part of October, that the Rev. Mr. Allan started to walk to Farmer Owen's over the hills. He had to cross two low spurs of the Green Mountains, and as he climbed to the top of the second, the rich valley of the Otter Creek lay spread out before him. At any other time he would have stopped to admire its gentle undulations; its great flower garden of forest trees, rich in every color and hue; its silver threads winding their way to the waters of the Champlain, and the glorious autumn light which lay like a golden mantle over them all. But this afternoon he seemed oppressed by the beauty which surrounded him. He looked upon it with eyes misty from tears. There was a dull, heavy weight upon his heart—a weight which even the long, fervent prayers that he had uttered so unceasingly since noon had failed to move. Between him and that landscape, we might almost say, between him and the merry seat, there moved a slight, tall boy, with a laughing blue eye, clustering brown hair, and lips always ready with a merry, pleasant word. To-day, there was Benny, napping under the bare, brawny arms of the butternut tree; throwing his line into the little brooks, that came babbling down from the steep mountain side; driving his cows along the narrow foot-path; standing with Blossom under the bright maple, and shouting with pride and joy as she wreathed her pretty face in the gay leaves.

"Oh, Bonnie! Bonnie!" Mr. Allan hardly knew he was calling the name, until it came back to him with such an empty moaning sound, from the heartless echo; "almost"—Mr. Allan thought, startling himself by the seeming impiety of the words—"almost as if there were no great, kind Father over us all!"

As he came near Farmer Owen's house, he saw his oxen yoked to the plough. He knew they had been there since the telegraph came. Mr. Owen had read it in the field, gone to the house and forgotten them, and no one had dared to put them up. He was a man fully capable of taking care of his own affairs under any circumstances, never having been known before to forget.

Mr. Allan beckoned to an Irishman who was passing, and asked him to take care of them. The man came with an awed look upon his face, as if even there he stood in the presence of a great sorrow, and without the least noise obeyed.

Mr. Allan walked on slowly toward the house. He had known Mr. Owen for many years, and he knew him well. Indeed there was a peculiar bond of sympathy between the two men. In all his large parish, there was not one upon whom the minister relied as he did upon this

strong, sturdy farmer. Many and many an hour he had walked by his side when he was upturning the brown earth, and had discoursed with him on topics which would have sounded harsh and repulsive to common ears, but which were fraught with deep and vital interest to them. Mr. Owen was a direct descendant of the Puritans, and every drop of blood in his veins was tinged with as strong and true a "blue," as if he himself had landed in the Mayflower. He took naturally to the sterner doctrines of religion, while Mr. Allan, versed in all the modern lore, questioned and doubted. The key-stone of Mr. Owen's theology was the sovereignty of God:—"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" This was the man upon whom God had now laid his hand so heavily; and Mr. Allan felt that if the trial brought no murmur, no rebellion against that mighty Sovereign, the stern old faith were indeed a rich one in which to live and die. He knew that one element in this war was Puritan. Sons of the Roundheads filled up the ranks of the Northern army. They marched to battle to strains of the old tunes that had lingered in the nursery and the sanctuary from the day that Cromwell and his soldiers chanted them on Marston Moor. All down the aisles of Time came tramping to the music mailed men, bearing on their shields the two words, Liberty and Equality. They trembled on Mr. Owen's lips with his parting blessing to his boy. Would he remember them, and would they comfort and give him strength now?

Where there is affliction in a house, the minister is at home. Mr. Allan entered without knocking, and made his way to the large, old-fashioned kitchen in which he was sure of finding the family. There, by a table, with his arms folded and laid heavily upon it, sat Mr. Owen. His wife was in a small rocking-chair by the fire, and Blossom, a young girl, sat between them.

Mr. Owen rose to welcome him: so did Blossom; but the wife did not notice him,—she sat still, rocking herself to and fro, looking at the blazing wood.

Mr. Allan put a hand in the brawny one that was held toward him, and laid the other on Mr. Owen's great heaving breast. "My friend," he said, "how is it with the decrees of God?"

"Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints," faltered out the man.

There was something strange in his voice,—a thin, womanly sound, so unlike the deep, stentorian tones in which he had always spoken before. Mr. Allan, when he heard it, almost felt as if it had dealt him a blow.

"Thank Gok! He has not, then, forsaken you, and from the depths of this deep trouble you can still say, 'The Maker of all doeth well!'"

"Yes, yes,"—and for an instant there glimmered from his dull eye a spark of the old, controversial fire—"you don't suppose I have held on to that anohor when the skies were cloudless, and the little waves just rocked my bark, to let alone of it now—now, when the great waves and billows are going over me, do you? I've planted it firm, and it don't yield; no it don't yield, but the strain is terrible. God send it may carry me into port; oh, Mr. Allan, say it will. It has seemed to me to-day so dark, so wonderful, so inscrutable, that he—my Bennie! Mr. Allan, there is a good, wise purpose behind it all. Can you see it?"

"To bring you nearer the kingdom," said the minister.

"Oh, don't tell me that; I can't bear it. God is too wise; He knows a hundred such souls as mine are not worth one of my Bennie's. I can suffer if I am too great a sinner for God's grace to save, but Bennie! Bennie!! I have sat here all day, since the news came, wondering, he was so good a son,"—and Mr. Owen's voice grew almost inarticulate in its emotion,—"^{such} a dear, precious, noble boy! I thought, when I gave him to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. God forgive me if my grief is a sin. Mr. Allan, the dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was!" and Mr. Owen's eye wandered out over the brown fields, with such a perplexed, wondering look. "I know he only fell off for one little second; he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty." Mr. Owen repeated these words very slowly, as if endeavoring to find out their true meaning:—"Twenty-four hours, the telegraph said,—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope, with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes, let us hope; God is very merciful, and Bennie was so good—I do not mean holy," he said, correcting himself sharply; "there is none holy—no, not one,—but Jesus died for sinners. Mr. Allan, tell me that. Oh, Bennie! Bennie!"

The mother raised herself as she heard his name called, and turning, said with a smile:—"Don't call so loud, father. Bennie is not far off; he will come soon."

"God laid his hand on them both, you see," said Mr. Owen, pointing to Ler,

without making any direct reply. "She has not been justly herself since. It is a merciful thing she is sort of stunned, it seems to me; she makes no wail. Poor mother! if my heart was not broken it would almost kill me to see her so. Bennie was her idol. I told her often, God had said, 'Thou shalt have no gods before me.'" Mr. Allan looked in astonishment at the bowed man as he came now and stood before him. These few hours had done the work of years. The sinewy frame was tottering, the eyes were dimmed, and the sudden sorrow had written itself in deep wrinkles all over his manly face. He recognized the power of the great, kind heart, simple and almost childlike in its innocent, clinging affection; how could this be reconciled with the stern, strong head—the head that to common observers outlined the character of the man? "God have mercy on you; He is trying you in a furnace seven times heated," he exclaimed, almost involuntary.

"I should be ashamed father!" he said "when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm,—and he held it out so proudly before me,—for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it, rather, than keep it at the plough!"

"Go, Bennie, then, go, my boy," I said, "and God keep you! God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" and the farmer repeated these words slowly, as if, in spite of his head, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom had sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear to-day, and the terror in her face had been so very still no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares, which her mother's condition devolved entirely upon her. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive a letter. "Is it from him," was all she said.

'Twas like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and, obedient to a motion from the father, read as follows:

"Dear Father!—When this reaches you, I will be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor bind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it, to die for neglect of duty!—oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me. But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and, when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I can't now."

"You know, I promised Jenny Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong, when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, beside my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too, and as for Jenny, if I had not lent him an arm, now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jenny's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place, but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if I had a gun at my head, but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked," interrupted Mr. Owen reverently, "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances, 'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me, if he could, and don't lay my death up against Jenny. The poor boy is broken hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead."

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me as they must be now. God help me, it is very hard to bear. Goodbye, father, God witness near and dear to me, not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken hearted child, and would take him to be with Him and my Saviour, in a better, better life."

A great sob burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen!" he said solemnly.—
"Amen!"

"To-night in the early twilight I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture,—Daisy, and Brindle, and Bet, old Billy, too, will bring me from his stall, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop waiting for me—but I shall never—never come. God bless you all; forgive your poor father."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly and a little figure glided out and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left; starting not, as the full moon stretched queer, fantastic shapes all around her, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer.

Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in, wondered at the sweet, tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared

more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where, and why, she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now might be a year in her brother's life.

And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital and was hurried at once to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with eyes downcast and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheery tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered out Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger.—Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," said Blossom gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jenny so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jenny's night, not his, but Jenny was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was too tired."

"What is this you say, child? come here, I don't understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale, anxious face towards his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind, passed for a moment through Blossom's mind, but she held her story now simply and straightforward, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully, then taking up his pen wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given:—"SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the girl and said:—"Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need change after he has so bravely faced death, he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request.

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon his shoulder," Mr. Lincoln said, "that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the good act so uncomplainingly." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home, and a crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back, and Farmer Owen's tall head towered above them all, and as his hand grasped that of his boy, Mr. Allan heard him say fervently, as the holiest blessing he could pronounce upon his child:—"Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints."

That night, Daisy and Brindle and Bet came lowing home from pasture, for they hear a well-known voice calling them at the gate; and Bennie as he pats his old pets and looks lovingly in their great brown eyes, catches through the still evening air his Puritan father's voice as he repeats his happy mother these jubilant words:—"Fear not, for I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the East, and gather thee from the West; I will say to the North, give, and to the South, keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth, every one that is called by my name, for I have created him for my glory; I have formed him, yea, I have made him."

A Western farmer who wished to invest the accumulations of his industry in United States securities, went to Jay Cooke's office to procure the treasury notes. The clerk inquired what denomination he would have them in? Having never heard the word used excepting to distinguish the religious sects, he, after a little deliberation, replied, "Well, you may give me part in Old School Presbyterian to please the old lady, but give me the best out in Free Will Baptist."

A youngster, while perusing a chapter in Genesis, turning to his mother, inquired if the people in those days used to do sums on the ground? It was discovered that he had been reading the passage:—"And the sons of man multiplied upon the face of the earth."

Educational Department.

[Prepared for The Alleghanian.]

COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE.

By the report of the State Superintendent for the school year ending in June of the past year, it appears that the whole number of children in attendance in the various public schools of the State is 629,587, being a decrease of over 8,000 from the number attending during the preceding year.—The percentage of attendance of these 629,587 school children is 628-thousandths. In other words, nearly four of every ten pupils whose names were on the school rolls for 1865 were constantly at home. According to the United States census report for 1860, the number of persons in the State between five and twenty years of age was one million thirty-three thousand and five hundred. Subtracting from this amount one-half of those between fifteen and twenty years of age, and there remain about eight hundred and sixty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty children between five and seventeen and a half years of age, exclusive of those in the city and county of Philadelphia. The actual average attendance throughout the past school year was somewhat less than 400,000. That is, of the children over five and under seventeen and a half years of age, there were 35,000 less than one-half in attendance at our schools. The average cost of each pupil to the State, inclusive of all expenses, was sixty-eight cents, of which thirty-four cents were thrown away by the absence of one-half and more of the children of such ages as those who are usually found in school.—Four million seven hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars were last year expended in support of the schools, of which one-half was lavished on children away from school, some necessarily, some in attendance at private institutions, and others needlessly through the inattention, downright neglect, or obstinacy of parents—on girls lounging about home, on boys roaming in the street, or hanging around taverns, not to mention other places of resort incomparably worse.

This statement is made, as we have said, of the last school year, but is just as true of the one previous, and will be of the present, as of the year ending in June last. The figures are not new, but old, and familiar to those conversant with our system of instruction. It will startle no one who at all notices the annual reports of our State Superintendent to say that from one-third to one-half our labor and money are expended in vain. That to which we propose to call attention is not the waste of toil and treasure, but the remedy.

That it would be in contrast with that freedom from restraint to which we have been long used, and excite the opposition of many, does not admit of dispute, yet the question that goes to the root of the whole matter is, why it would not be the policy of wisdom to compel parents and guardians to send to school during a certain portion of each year the youth under their charge between six and sixteen years of age, stipulating at the same time for an equally certain percentage of attendance, save only in cases of sickness. It is alike the dictate of reason and law, that he who assumes the responsibility of fatherhood shall suitably provide for those to whom he has given existence a fair opportunity of leading useful and virtuous lives. Maintenance, Protection, and Education, the law has through time immemorial recognized as the three grand duties of parents to children. And we apprehend that the same authority which can rightfully require that the indentures of every apprentice shall make provision for his education, may go one step further and require the same boon on behalf of every child in the commonwealth. Not only the necessity of education, but the right of the State to demand it, is again recognized in the taxation of the property of every citizen for the support of our free-school system. As long as allegiance is claimed from every person born on the soil of our country, every person so born must be considered as belonging in part to the State, in whom the State has an interest, by whom she is to be honored or dishonored, and for whom she has an unceasing and tender regard. But if the State looks for allegiance from all her sons, for a performance of the duties of citizenship from all, then, by every dictate of reason and justice she is bound to see that every one of her children is fitted for the proper discharge of the duties imposed on him. If the law discerns that a child is destitute of necessary food, or raiment, through the cruelty of the parent, or is a sufferer from needlessly severe punishment, it will not only rescue the sufferer, but also punish the guilty. Why not have as great a care for the mind as for the body?

He who is unwilling or too negligent to see to the proper education of his own progeny, is himself totally unfit to exercise the high privileges of membership in the commonwealth, and as a penalty for his neglect, should be deprived of his voice by ballot for at least twice the years of his sin and shame. In case of his failure to give security for the performance of his duty in subsequent years, the care of his offspring should be taken from him until such time as he would faithfully discharge his duties.