

accomplish what is equally within the capacity of either sex? Have they equal presence of mind in danger, equal knowledge of passing events, equal power to seize new arts and to take advantage of opportunities? To sum up in a word, do they make as much and as good use of their faculties as boys and men?

Why not? Is it because master Bob asserts a divine right to the newspaper of mornings, so that his sister, poor little soul, is obliged to go to school to have all the philosophy thrust down her intellectual throat, without any knowledge of the real matters in life by which they are illustrated and to which they are applied? Is it because the poor child must drink in rhetoric without having read the fine periods of Seward and Everett, or the glowing eloquence and the criticism of the leading columns? Is it because she is in the maid's hands to be "fixed up," with her thoughts and aspirations directed to a new hoop-skirt, and to have her hair and her mind twisted into curls, while Bob is catching the magnetism of dutiful great deeds, by reading telegrams from California, France, England, Italy and China? "Hurrah? Garibaldi is at Naples! Hurrah! the Sardinians have whipped Lamoriciere, and the Pope is going to be kicked out of Rome," shouts Bob, as little hoop-skirt comes into the breakfast room, and simpers in her darling accent: "Ma, I want a pair of jet armlets—Evelina Louisa Sophronia Smith has a pair, and I think it's a shame that I can't have them. Won't you make Bob quit that drea-a-dful noise?" "Yes, dear, you *shall* have the armlets. Ma will go out and get them this *very* day."

Ma is going to make herself over again in her child. She never reads the papers, excepting the marriages and fashions, and the horrors, and the sickening romances, and the small gossip, and why should her daughter?

Some judicious families and circles must be excepted from this not-caricature, where we see girls equal to boys, growing into women who will not be inferior to men.

It is possible that we overrate the influence of the newspaper as an education, but we think not. It is the voice of the living world. It is history, art, philosophy, science, truth, justice, rhetoric, grammar, and everything else—not unmixed with falsehood and nonsense but not more so mixed than the home infant school for girls, from which boys break away before their bones are out of the gristle. Take Grammar, Natural History, Rhetoric and Composition. Where are these so well taught as in the carefully edited newspaper? What better lesson in Rhetoric than to see some popular writer or famous scholar roasted alive on the hot coals of criticism? Where are better examples of tasteful composition? Where is a better cabinet of natural history? What in all the world escapes the the newspaper editor? And if he commits blunders in grammar, or logic, or fact, or philosophy, is he not forthwith served upon a gridiron by another editor?

Where, but in the newspaper, will be found a running history of all the literature of the day? Where else are you told what books you may safely buy, what are not worth putting on your shelves, and what would be as hurtful to the minds of your children, as henbane to their bodies?—*N. Y. Century.*