

Family Circle.

APPEAL TO PARENTS.

From Parental Care.

If, by neglect of parental care and instruction, you should occasion the eternal ruin of your children, consider what awful contrasts will be present in eternity, between you and pious parents who have trained up their offspring for God. Think of them, so happy, meeting their family in heaven; and yourself, so wretched, meeting yours in hell; of them, so blessed, in the glory of the triumphant saints, that once were their helpless babes; and yourself, so miserable as the children God gave you, all lost. Contrast the state of those that were once your offspring with the state of those who once were theirs. Theirs, full of love to the glorified friends that on earth led them to Jesus, and trained them up for heaven: yours, full of infernal hatred to the wicked beings, whose neglect of parental duty undid them for ever. Their children all blessed; yours all lost. Theirs, triumphant in heaven; yours, wailing in hell. Theirs, glowing with celestial beauty: yours, scowling with hellish malignity. Theirs, with God; yours, with Satan. Theirs, with an eternity of life before them, and joy, without a single cloud; yours, with an eternity of sin, despair, and misery, without one faint gleam of hope. Oh, what a dreadful contrast in the state of beings once so alike! Perhaps your children and theirs were neighbors; you lived in the same town or village; your children, perhaps were playmates in their earliest days. Now, how dreadful is the difference between them! They brought them up for God, by instruction, and example also; while you, by neglect of instruction, and by a careless life, trained up yours for Satan. Miserable being!—What an evil to be such a parent! Oh, if your head were waters, and your eyes fountains of tears, happy would you be, if by weeping day and night for a hundred centuries, you could undo the mischief done. But fountains of water, or oceans of tears, would not wash away one guilty stain you had inflicted upon your children's souls, nor prayers nor tears then obtain one blessing. Too late, too late, too late, would be stamped on every effort in their behalf. Too late, too late, too late, would be the answer to every entreaty; and whether you wept or prayed, or used other efforts to reverse the ruin you had occasioned, still, like the cold damps of death, the sound would fall on your despairing spirit. Too late, too late, for ever too late! Shun such sorrows; it is not yet too late. Strive, watch, pray, employ every effort, to lead your children to the Saviour.

While eternity, with all its solemn weight thus enforces the importance of parental care, how deeply should you feel, that the instruction which contemplates a child's everlasting welfare, as much excels in importance all instruction besides, as eternity exceeds in duration the brief span of mortal life! You teach your children a trade, or a profession, by which support may be acquired, in future days, but perhaps those future days may never be theirs, but all their wants may be comprised in a coffin and a shroud. Yet, apprehensive of wants hereafter, you provide for years that may never come to them. Alas! of how little value is all this care, if you neglect to teach them the way to heaven! What little benefit will you confer upon them if you raise them to wealth and honor for the short day of life, but leave them untaught to grope, in darkness, their way to everlasting death! Alas! how common is conduct like this! Parents are anxious about their children's temporal welfare, but thoughtless about their eternal salvation, though the latter exceeds the former in importance, more than a world outweighs an atom. Are you, reader, a parent of this description? Such parents swim in every town and every village. You take care of your cattle or your horses or your fields, while careless about your children's souls! No carelessness is more frequent. Is it yours? No imaginable neglect can be more wicked or more aggravated. It is bad for a sovereign to neglect his subjects, for a lawyer by his carelessness to ruin his clients, for a physician by inattention to leave his patients to die. Worse than this is it for a minister of the gospel to slight his flock; but worst of all for a parent to neglect his children. Vile is the sovereign's neglect, the lawyer's carelessness, the physician's inattention, the minister's indifference; but viler than all is it for a parent to leave his children to die, his son or his daughter to die eternally, that he may act the sluggard's part, and indulge no anxious care, and use no strenuous effort, to secure their eternal salvation.

THE MOST SOLEMN THING.

"Mother," inquired a little girl a few days since, "why is it that people say it is a solemn thing to die? It appears to me it is more solemn to live." "Why, my child?" "Because it is only while we live that we do wrong! and to do wrong, I should think the most solemn of all things." How far was that child from being right? Ought not people to be more careful how they live than when they shall cease to live?—*American paper.*

CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

A KIND BROTHER—TOUCHING SCENE.

A French paper says, Lucilla Romee, a pretty little girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clothed, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under a charge of vagrancy. "Does any one claim you?" said the magistrate. "Ah! my good sir," she replied, "I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead. I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. O dear! what could he do for me?" "Here I am, sister. Here I am; do not fear," cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant, a little boy, with a sprightly countenance, started forth from the midst of the crowd, and stood before the magistrate. "Who are you?" said he. "James Romee, the brother of this poor little girl." "Your age?" "Thirteen." "And what do you want?" "I come to claim Lucilla." "But have you then the means of providing for her?" "Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucilla."

Lucilla.—"Oh how good you are, James!" Magistrate, to James—"But let us see, my boy; the court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. However, you must give us some explanation." James—"About a fortnight ago my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in a great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an artisan, and when I know a trade I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry half my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my blouse. But it appeared the poor little thing had not enough to eat, for one day she unfortunately begged on the boulevard. When I heard she was taken up, I said to myself, come my boy, things cannot last so, you must find something better.

"I very much wished to become an artisan, but at length I decided to look for a place; and I have found a very good one, where I am lodged, led, and clothed, and have 20 francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these 20 francs, will take care of Lucilla, and teach her needle work. I claim my sister."—Lucilla clasping her hands; "O, how good you are, James!" Magistrate to James: "My boy, your conduct is very honorable. The court encourages you to persevere in this course and you will prosper." The court then decided to render up Lucilla to James, and she was going from the bar to join her brother, when the magistrate, smiling, said: "You cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow." James: "Never mind; Lucilla, I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." To the magistrate: "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?" He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

DOMESTIC FAULTS.

It has been the fashion, may we not say is to a nauseating excess, to direct counsel on the domestic virtues to women only. Dean Swift complains that young ladies make nets instead of cages; and the whole phalanx of writers on such subjects have ever treated women as if she alone, of the whole creation, was not to live for her own happiness, but for the happiness of others—as if she was a sort of moral moon, to shine only by reflected light, and have only a reversionary interest in the grand estate of universal good. But the time is coming when as it will be demanded of all to be workers, so will it be not uncommon. We will not enquire on which side the amount of insolency is heaviest; let us rather essay the readiest mode of retrieving the past, and giving security for the future. Homes are more often darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude; yet it is easier to grapple with the one than the other. The Eastern traveller can combine his forces, and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path; but he finds it scarcely possible to escape the mosquitoes that infest the air he breathes, or the fleas that swarm in the sand he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice—the slave to dress and extravagance, her besetting sin; but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, the rude dogmatic manner, and the hundred nameless negligences, that spoil the beauty of association, have rarely done other than proceed, till the action of disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the currents of affection from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track, over which the mere skeleton of companionship stalks alone.

PARENTS.

Parents must never put away their youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only government, firm and mild, but sympathy, warm and tender. So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

Geographic and Historic.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

First of all (to give precedence to our countrymen) there is the class of rich yacht-travellers, who journey in large cutters and schooners, with enormous quantities of luggage, fat men servants, pretty nursery maids and chubby children. Their yachts are crammed as full of materials for a voyage as Noah's Ark. They travel partly to escape *enfer*, and partly because it is "proper" to do so. They bring hosts of introductions to unfortunate ambassadors, and condemn everything that does not resemble what they saw in England. They live in the most expensive manner, in the finest hotels, which, however, they look down upon. They receive you in the most splendid style of luxury, but apologize for it, and remind you that "they are not in London now." If they encounter a foul wind, they run into the nearest port. They go mechanically to see antiquities, but are too dignified to be enthusiastic. They patronize the Parthenon, and say that "it's a pity it's in such a ruinous condition." They smile approvingly on the finest Claudes in the gallery in the Bourbon Museum, at Naples; and think it "proper," to look very solemn at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. In short, though they should travel a thousand miles, they are never out of England—a characteristic of very many travellers of all ranks. They look at nature through an opera glass. Sometimes they write large books of travels, in which they try to be very fine in describing storms.—They quote—

atra nubes,
Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent,
Sidera nautis.

—and remark how singular it is, "that these phenomena are the same now as when Horace wrote!" They take care, also, to tell you in their quartos what they had for dinner, and how much they enjoyed the society of Lord X, the Marquis of Y, and Baron Z. Besides these, there is the retired tradesman class, who, all the time they are abroad are not only virtually in England, but in a shop, or a villa near London. When they meet you at a *table d'hôte*, they express their joy to "see an Englishman once more," as if they were in the Desert of Sahara. They grumble at the bills and the bed-rooms, and think that, after all, "there's no place like home." They live in the closest, most densely furnished rooms they can get, which they say "are in the good old comfortable English style." They order up huge teapots of tea, at the same hour as they did when in Clapham, on system, but take a little brandy in it, "just because they're abroad." They walk up Vesuvius—the father with a cotton umbrella, the mother in pattens. The son John (whom they have great difficulty in keeping in order) goes about the town to see if there's no place like Evans's, where he can have a lark. On their return to England, they only remember that it was very hot abroad. I must not forget the pedagogical class of travellers. The pedagogue "carries a satchel of school books on the crupper of his horse," as Sterne said of Addison. He wanders about Athens with a pair of spectacles and a copy of Pausanias, quotes Homer at dinner at the Hotel, and is going to start to-morrow for Thermopylae, to see if any local investigation will throw a light on an obscure passage in Herodotus that has troubled him a long time. And then there is the aspiring young architect, who walks through the ruins of the ancient world, armed with a measuring tape, and judges of sublimity by inches. You ask him what he thought of a certain temple, and he tells you the diameter and circumference of its columns. But of the soul, or spiritual meaning, of such structure—the motive that animated its builders, or the idea which was its archetype.—Of these he knows no more than the lizards that play about its ruins. How different from all these the philosophical wanderer that, every now and then, it is your lot, in happy hour, to meet! How different the man who walks through the world in a spirit of catholic sympathy with all around him, anxious to learn, ready to communicate, open to every impulse—bent only on the study of the book and the admiration of the beautiful."—Biscuits and Grog—by Edward Plug, R. N.

MEXICO DESCRIBED BY CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Mexico extends from about latitude 16 North to 42 deg. from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific; and was in extent, before the loss of Texas, about as large as the United States. It embraces all the climates of the world, and rises in temperature, from the tropical plains of Vera Cruz and Acapulco to regions of perpetual snow. The Rocky Mountains which separated us from Oregon extends through all Mexico, and her whole surface is composed of table-lands and mountains, which rise in steps from the Gulf and the Rio Grande to the highest level, and then descend in regular gradations once more to the Pacific. She has no navigable streams, and the mountains and arid plains compose, I shall imagine, seven-eighths of the whole territory.—It is now 300 years since the Spanish Conquest, and her population has long since reached that barrier where Nature imposes eternal obstacles to farther progress, where the whole products of the earth are economically consumed by "he

people. No doubt, better modes of agriculture would increase her population, but at present, to use the language of Malthus, she has reached the *point of subsistence*. It is true that the remote provinces of California and New Mexico, and those bordering upon the Rio Grande, and subject to Indian invasion, contain some uncultivated lands; but the proposition as above stated applies to the mass of Mexico. For in the greater portion of the whole Republic, women and children may be seen picking up grains of corn in the highways, and the rinds of fruit thrown in the street are immediately seized and consumed.

So soon as you cross the Rio Grande, you feel yourself in a foreign land. Mexico has no forests. It is true that along the streams and on mountain tops there are trees, but you are struck with the great characteristic, that the land is bare of trees. The numerous varieties of the Cactus of all sizes, intermixed with the Palmetto, stunted of long grass, cover the whole land. You are a people of a novel colour, and a strange language. The very birds, and beasts, and dogs seem different. The partridge, the lark, the crow the black-bird, differ in size and plumage, and sing differently from ours. The buildings are of Moorish and Spanish style. The goat and the sheep feed together. The bricks are of clay and straw, sun-dried. The women go with earthen vessels to the well, just as Rachel was sent of old in the time of the Patriarchs of Judea. The roofs of the houses are flat and places of recreation and the people wear sandals as in the East, in olden times.

Wheat, Indian Corn, and herds, of cattle, sheep and goats, the banana and red pepper, and garlic and onions, are the principal sources. The products of the Mines are the principal articles of foreign exchange, added to woods, tallow and cochineal. The extreme dryness of Mexico makes irrigation necessary in most parts of the country, and the scarcity of water and the habits of the people collect the inhabitants into cities or villages. The land itself is owned by a few large proprietors, not the least of whom are the priests. The great mass of the people are serfs, with but few more rights than American slaves. It is true that the children of serfs are not of necessity also serfs, but debt brings slavery, and the wages allowed by law almost always perpetuate it. *Here then is the secret of the success of our arms*. I conversed freely with the tenantry and soldiers in all Mexico, and where they are not filled with religious enthusiasm against us they care not who rules them, American or Mexican masters.—If all the Mexican soldiers were freeholders and freemen, not one of all the American army could escape from her borders. The soldiers are caught up in the haciendas and the streets of the towns, by force confined in some prison or convent, there drilled, clothed, armed, and then sent on to the regular army. Such men vow their resolution to desert, or run, on the first occasion. Of near one thousand soldiers sent from Toluen, to the aid of Santa Anna at Mexico, not 100 stood the battle.

The whole people do not exceed eight millions, and of these about two millions are white and mixed bloods, the remainder are native Indians; I never in all Mexico, with the exception of foreigners in the Capital, saw a single white man at work. Wherever there is slavery, there is labor dishonourable—it is more creditable to rob than to work! Yet Mexico surpasses the Slave States of America in manufactures.—As Rome was overrun by the Barbarians so is Mexico by the Americans; the slaves will not fight, the masters are too few to defend the country. Bigotry in Religion has debased the mind—the corruptions of the Church have destroyed the morals of the people; the oppressions of the Masters have exhausted the funds. Mexico is decreasing in population and resources. Since her independence, her revenues are falling off, her villages are decaying, her public works falling to ruin. She has lived by the sword, she must perish by the sword. *The time for her to die has come!*—Yet, like South Carolina, she talks large. She whipped Spain, Spain whipped France, France whipped the world—and consequently, Mexico is the mistress of the world? Yet 50,000 Americans conquer 8,000,000 of souls! The clergy plunder the people, the army now begin to plunder the clergy, and the people. Such is the fearful retribution of Nature's violated laws. Seeing Texas, that it was a lovely land, we coveted our neighbor's good; seeing the weakness of Mexico, we took it by force.

DURABILITY OF BRICKS.

An impression exists in reference to the want of durability in bricks, as a building material, of the correctness of which a little reflection will convince us there is some doubt, provided they be properly made. So far from being the most perishable, they are the most durable substance; and the bricks of Nineveh and Babylon, in the museums, show that they were selected by the ancients as the most lasting material. Plutarch thinks them superior in durability to stone, if properly prepared; and it is admitted that the baths of Caracalla, those of Titus, and the Thermæ of Dioclesian, have withstood the effects of time and fire better than the stone of the Coliseum, or the marble of the Forum of Trajan; yet the bricks of Nineveh and Babylon were only sun-dried—not baked or burned, as the modern practice is.