

Family Circle.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

"We dare not question the truth of the Bible," say some, "but how can we get along with that assurance. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' A great many children," they say, "are brought up by excellent parents, and taught everything that is good, and yet are not at all what they should be. The assertion of the proverb does not hold good." But pause a moment, good friends in your judgment—How much real training is there in families? Are children trained, as men or beasts are trained, for specific purposes? Men are trained for military operations, for naval service, for athletic feats, and for innumerable kinds of handicraft. Instrumental music and dancing are taught by unwearied training. The amount and severity of training to which the limbs and muscles and entire frame of professed female dancers are subjected, from their childhood, are incredible. Horses and dogs are carefully trained to the kinds of service expected of them. Many other animals are trained to useful or amusing performances, or to terrible conflict. To effect thoroughly any of these purposes, there is active, continued effort, bent in one direction, aimed at the one object desired. No counteracting or impeding influences are permitted to spend themselves upon the subjects to be trained. The process of training cannot be performed by a few spasmodic attempts. Irregular, random efforts to form a certain mould of either physical or intellectual nature, will not produce such uniform results. Now compare the unremitting, undeviating course, by which men are trained to be soldiers, or girls to be adepts at the piano, or birds to be carriers of letters, with the desultory efforts and conflicting influences under which the character of children are formed. Not that a man who is to be a soldier is always engaged in military exercises, or actually undergoing military discipline.—But all efforts that have a bearing upon the one object for which he is trained, are shaped with a view to its attainment, and no counter influences are tolerated. In all that relates to his duty as a soldier, he is the subject of military precision. And so in relation to training for any other specific object—it is not literally unremitting, but it is so far as that object is regarded.

But the business of parents in training children relates to the perfect formation of their entire character. They are therefore to be always training them—not always laying down rules, nor giving lectures, nor inflicting punishment—too much of some of these things may be just that by which the training is oftentimes spoiled. The great defect by which children are deprived of training is not lack of teaching by words, it is the absence of a pervading surrounding influence, formed by example and circumstances favorable to the character it is wished they should bear.

A child is formally told that he ought not to be selfish, that he must consider the interests of the others as well as his own. Such words, however, will have no effect, if he sees them not practically operative in those from whose lips they fall. If his father habitually pursues his own ends, regardless who suffers in consequence, and by his conduct says, "I shall take care of myself—others may do the same, if they can"—if the mother is exacting of those about her, and is seldom seen to take their comfort into account,—if no favor which costs his parents a sacrifice is ever cheerfully conferred upon him,—who can expect that he will be free from selfishness?

A child is taught in set lessons that it is very wicked to tell lies, or to practise deception.—Yet while the lesson is warm upon the parents lips, the young learner sees it practically disregarded. Tricks and falsehood are some of the means used in governing their children, or they are practised to keep up appearances among neighbors, or to conceal their own and gain a knowledge of other people's affairs.

A little girl came from her school one afternoon, earlier than its regular hour for dismissal. "Why did you come home now?" inquired the mother. "Miss — gave me leave," said the little girl. "Did you tell your teacher that I said you might be excused?" "No mother." But the mother was not satisfied. Her daughter had asked before she went from home, for leave to get excused earlier than school would close, on the plea of not being well, but the mother refused. On the child's appearance at that hour, she suspected that she had obtained her release by falsehood, and was not convinced by her assurance to the contrary, she proceeded to accuse her of having told an untruth, and then to reprove and admonish her for her great wickedness. "You thought," continued the mother, "that I should not know you told a lie to your teacher; but I do know. A little bird was there and heard you, and came and told me all about it." Was that child trained to speak truth? I did not witness this occurrence, but a very sensible young lady did, and related it to me the same week, not betraying the name of the mother, but stating her to be a Christian professor, well esteemed and considered intelligent.

Honesty is held up in words to be one of the cardinal virtues; but oh, what sad, though it may be comparatively small, departures from

its practice do many children witness in their parents! The father concealing a defect in what he sells, or depreciating below the truth what he buys—the mother exulting in having obtained a piece of goods below its real worth—the glee and implied approval with which senior members of the family relate some underhanded or over-reaching measures of a neighbor, in obtaining another's goods—all these had far greater effect upon the child than the solemnly repeated line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," or that sagacious proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

Good temper and patience are pronounced great excellencies; but do children always see them exemplified in their own homes, under all the petty vexations of household affairs? Is the mother never ruffled in temper when a favorite dish is broken? Is the father patient when his quiet is invaded or his time demanded by some domestic mischance?

Children are told that they must not be of too much consequence in their own eyes, deference to others, modesty and humility are recommended to them. Yet they have perception enough to be aware that their parents have a very exalted opinion of their abilities and merits. The practical language of these parents is—"My children are unequalled—my children are not to be overlooked,"—and the young people grow up with the same view of themselves.

But the great cause of perplexity in this matter to Christian parents is the failure of effort to give children a religious training. Children of the most pious people, it is said, are often among the most irreligious. It is possible, however, that but little real religious training is to be found.

CRYING NOT ALWAYS THE SIGN OF HUNGER.

From Combe's Infancy.

It is a great mistake to treat crying children as an infallible sign of an empty stomach.—New as the infant is to the surrounding world, it shrinks instinctively from every strong sensation, whether of heat or of cold, of pressure or of hardness, of hunger or of repletion. Its only way of expressing all disagreeable feelings is by crying. If it is hungry, it cries; if it is overfed it cries; if it suffers from the prick of a pin, it cries; if it lies too long in the same position so as to cause undue pressure on any one part, it cries; if it is exposed to cold, or any part of its dress is too tight, or it is held in an awkward position, or is exposed to too bright a light or too loud a sound, it can indicate its discomfort only by its cries; and yet the one remedy used against so many different evils is not to find out and remove the true cause of offence—but to offer it the breast! No doubt, silence is sometimes obtained by apoplectic oppression of a stomach thus distended; but no sane being will seriously contend that such quiet is really beneficial, or is such as any mother ought to content herself with procuring.

It is, indeed, no less a mistake to be over-anxious always to put an immediate stop to crying. To a considerable extent, crying is an intentional provision of nature, and is called into play by every new sensation of any force.—It is only when often repeated long continued and evidently caused by suffering, that it is detrimental. As a passing and occasional occurrence, it serves to excite and develop the lungs, to promote equality of circulation and to excite due intestinal action; and it stands in the place of that bodily activity which is afterwards essential to the maintenance of health. In general, the two kinds of crying are easily distinguished, and very few mothers will long confound and treat them as identical. As the infant has no other means of expressing any disagreeable sensation plainly enough to enforce immediate attention, crying ought to be considered simply as a signal of distress; and instead of ascribing all its varieties to hunger alone and sometimes billing to repletion a stomach already overburdened with food, we should endeavor to discover the real exciting cause, and seek the surest means of relief in its immediate removal. So constantly, however, is a beneficial purpose conjoined even with suffering, that instances are not rare of delicate children being benefitted by the bodily activity and deeper respiration involved in occasional crying. When active disease is not the cause, such children sometimes turn out more robust than others whose original constitution promised greater strength and more vigorous health. But this kind of crying must never be confounded with the constant plaintive wail which characterizes infantile disease, and which betokens both suffering and danger.

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

One cold winter when the ground was covered with snow that the little birds could not find any thing to eat the little daughter of a miserly rich man gathered up all the crumbs she could find, and was going to carry them out and scatter them on the snow. Her father saw her, and asked her what she was going to do. She told him, and he said, "What good will it do? the crumbs will not be enough to feed one in a hundred of the birds." "I know it, dear father," said she, "but I shall be glad to save even one in a hundred of them, if I cannot save them all." The father thought a moment—he knew that many poor persons were suffering in his village and he had refused to help any, because he

could not help them all. His conscience struck him, and he told his little daughter to break a loaf of bread, while he went to scatter a purse of money among the poor villagers.

Geographic and Historic.

THE MAGNITUDE OF LITTLE.

The pieces or joints of which these plants (*Diatomaceous*) are composed, are called *frustules* and each frustule consists of a single cell, whose coat is composed of a very delicate membrane made of organised silic. That these plants have thus the power of withdrawing silic, or flint earth, in some manner from the waters of the sea, and fixing it in their tissues is certain, but the exact method in which this is effected has not been ascertained. A remarkable point in their history results from this power of feeding on flint. It is this, their bodies are indestructible. Thus, their constantly accumulating remains are gradually deposited in strata, under the waters of the sea as well as in lakes and ponds. At first the effect produced by things so small—thousands of which might be contained in a drop, and millions packed together in a cubic inch, may appear of trifling moment, when speaking of so grand an operation, as the deposition of submarine strata. But as each moment has its value in the measurement of time, to whatever extent of ages the succession may be prolonged, so each of these atoms has a definite relation to space, and their constant production and deposition will at length result in mountains. The examination of the most ancient of the stratified rocks, and of all others in the ascending scale, and the investigation of deposits now in course of formation, teach us that from the first dawn of animated nature up to the present hour this prolific family has never ceased its activity. England may boast that the sun never sets upon her empire, but here is an ocean realm whose subjects are literally more numerous than the sand of the sea. We cannot count them by millions simply, but by hundreds of thousands of millions. Indeed it is futile to speak of numbers in relation to things so uncountable. Extensive rocky strata, habits of hills, beds of marl, almost every description of soil, whether superficial or raised from a great depth, contain the remains of this little plant in greater or less abundance. Some great tracts of country are literally built up of their skeleton. No country is destitute of such monuments, and in some they constitute the leading features in the structure of the soil. The world is a vast catacomb of *Diatomaceous*; nor is the growth of those old dwellers on our earth diminished in its latter days.—*Ill.*

ASCENT OF MOUNT BLANC BY A LADY.

One of the guides named Mitchell, described to us, with great zest, the adventure of a French lady, called by him a demoiseille, and supposed to be nearly forty years of age, who, about five years ago, came to Chamouni with a determination to ascend Mont Blanc. The difficulties were represented to her as much too great for encounter, and especially by one who did not appear strong and robust, though in good health. She persisted, however, at all hazards, and an unusually strong and numerous party of guides and attendants were accordingly provided to accompany her. It was in the month of August, the weather was remarkably favorable, and there were two other parties, one of a Polish gentleman with five guides, another of an English gentleman with six, and the French lady with eight. They all kept distinct and separate from each other, the Pole first, the Englishman next, and the French lady in the rear of all. Long before they reached the Grand Mulets, the first halting-place in the ascent, and where it is usual to sleep out in the open air or in a tent on the first night, the lady lapsed repeatedly from fatigue and dizziness, and could only be restored with great difficulty by repose, and an occasional draught of wine. Whenever she recovered, her only answer to the remonstrances of the guides was, that she must be got to the summit with all hazards. They would then proceed a little further, and, seeing her drop, they would urge her again not to proceed, as in all probability she would die, and they would have to answer for her life. Still she persisted in being taken to the top of the mountain—dead or alive. They accordingly fastened a rope round her waist, and a man holding her on each side, she was literally dragged up a portion of the way. On reaching the summit she swooned again; but on recovering, she asked for wine, and first drank a bumper to the health of the young Count of Paris, and then another to the health of her guides; after which she requested them to form a square, and caused herself to be lifted on their shoulders, where she remained for some minutes, and waving her handkerchief in the air, exclaimed, "Vive la Belle France," boasting that she had now been higher up above the earth, than the native of any other country in Europe at least! The descent was of course less fatiguing than the ascent; but the lady became at length so helpless by excitement and exhaustion, that it was necessary to take the greatest care to prevent her falling asleep, and the anxiety of her guides, for her safety, continued to increase all the way till they landed her once more on bed at the hotel in Chamouni.—*Belgium and the Rhine.*

LONDON IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE I.

Robbery was carried on upon a fearful scale in the streets of London, even by daylight; house breaking was of frequent occurrence by night; and every road leading to the metropolis was beset by bands of reckless highwaymen who carried their depredations into the very heart of the town. Respectable women could not venture in the streets alone after night-fall, even in the city, without risk of being grossly outraged. In the beginning of 1720, we learn from the papers, that ladies of condition, when they went out in their chairs at night to the Court end of the town, were often attended by servants with loaded blunderbusses "to shoot at the rogues." This alarming increase of highwaymen about London struck every class of society with terror, for none were secure except those few who could go about strongly guarded. A poor man was stripped of his pence equally with the rich man of his gold.—In one instance, close to London, after having robbed a laborer of 1s. 4d., the highwayman broke his arm with a pistol shot, as a warning of what he might expect if he ventured to go again abroad at night with so little money in his pocket. On the 23rd of January a proclamation came out offering a reward of £100, in addition to the previous inducements, for the capture of any highwayman within five miles of London, the main effect of which was to place considerable sums of money in the pockets of the notorious Jonathan Wild, who secured several offenders in and about the metropolis within the space of two or three weeks. Of these it was observed, that several, on examination, proved to be persons moving in their class of society as honest and respectable men; among them are mentioned a tradesman of good repute in London, the valet of a "great duke," and the keeper of a boxing school.—*Wright's England under the House of Hanover.*

CIRCASSIA.

Circassia is a mountainous, but very fine and beautiful country, bordering upon the Black Sea at its eastern extremity. It is also contiguous to the Russian territory lying toward this extremity of the Euxine and interposes its lofty mountains and fertile valleys between the clutch of Russia and those more level and less wild countries toward the Euphrates and the Tigris. It is the aim of this ambitious power, Russia, to become possessed, if it can, of all the realms contiguous to the Black Sea, on all sides. On one side "the Wolf" has already laid his paws on the Danubian Provinces, on Moldavia, Bulgaria, Wallachia, and is, on this side, therefore, fast advancing toward Constantinople. But before it can enslave the tracts lying on the southern coast of this sea, it must subdue and pass the true people who hold Circassia—a race in physical requisites, the finest specimen of men now to be found on this globe, and of courage and activity unsurpassable. Against these noble but unoffending people the Muscovite serfs have now, for many years, been carrying on cruel, bloody, but fruitless war. No quarter is given; and the amount of lives lost is not known, excepting that generally it is very great. It is believed that, taking battle, sickness, fatigue, altogether in to account, not less than 200,000 Russian serfs have left their bones among the wild passes, and this without gaining any ground that is tenable. The Czar, in furtherance of this murderous conflict, tries to stop all access by sea to Circassia.—*London Standard of Freedom.*

THE RACES IN IRELAND.

In Ireland there have been, and there still are, many other races (primitive races, perhaps, of whom we know little or nothing,) not yet extinct; developed occasionally and unexpectedly amongst the subsequent waves of other races which have swept over or sojourned on the soil of Ireland; primitive races connected with these Lathuanian and Wendes races of the Black Forest, sources of the Danube and shores of the Baltic, not yet extinct in these countries, but influencing by their presence the blood of Central Germany, of Belgium, and the Rhine.—The Phœnician exists in south Ireland, with his fine oval face, black hair, large expressive eyes, and oriental feelings. That distinguished student, Mr. Percival Lord, who rose so rapidly to reputation in India, was a native, I think, of Cork, but evidently of the Phœnician race.—The Dane, that is the Saxon, seized on Eastern Ireland; the Basque probably had a share in the population of South Ireland: the Celt of the north-western parts of Ireland has, it is said, his peculiarities. It is in Ireland also, and in one tract only of Scotland, where we meet those mysterious remains, the round towers; "monuments coeval perhaps with the pyramids."—What an antiquity, no doubt, could we but trace it, belongs incontestably to Ireland; at all events, to its race! But may it not be that other races are just as ancient?—*Medical Times.*

PER CAMBRIA.—Prussia.—The King is rapidly recovering. Large military preparations are said to be in progress, and are supposed to have reference more to international than to external defence.

AUSTRIA.—Late advices from Vienna give assurance that there is not the slightest prospect of a rupture between Austria and Prussia. The Emperor of Russia has declined to interfere between them.