

that of the body. What is the consequence? The intellect, from such premature and excessive exertion, and the body, from an opposite cause—a want of exertion—are both injured. The mind should never be forced on, but allowed to acquire strength with the growth of the body; and the invigoration of the latter, above all, ought to be encouraged, as upon it depends most materially the future health of the individual. Education should be made a pastime with children, and not a task. The young mind, when forcibly exerted, becomes weakened, and a premature decay of its energies takes place. It is scandalous, as well as absurd, to see the manner in which children are confined several hours together within the walls of a schoolhouse. Some parents declare that they cannot bear to see their offspring idle; but when a child is enjoying itself in the open air, and acquiring health, it cannot be said to be idle. With health comes strength of body, and with strength of body strength of mind.

There are some people upon whom it is impossible to affix a nickname: there is a propriety or force of mind about them, which repels the *sobriquet*, and makes it recoil with shame upon the contriver. There is an essential want about a man upon whom a nickname is easily fastened; he is either very weak, or has some very absurd point in his character.

Never praise or talk of your children to other people, for, depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a single farthing about them.

IRELAND.

THE FACTION FIGHT.—A SKETCH BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Ireland is still the one topic of general discussion, and now that a jury of Irishmen have pronounced Mr. O'Connell and his confederates guilty of sedition, the question, "What can be done with Ireland?" becomes additionally important. Every line which conveys information enabling Englishmen to form a sound opinion of the true character of our Hibernian brethren—every hint or illustration calculated to assist those who have hitherto paid little attention to the question towards a correct understanding of Irish politics—will hasten the final settlement of the painful and dangerous differences which have too long made a large body of Irishmen regard the English as their natural enemies, and led a large proportion of Englishmen to look upon the Emerald Isle as little better than a hotbed of seditious discontent. In the present instance we select for illustration an occurrence happily less frequent than of old—*A Faction Fight*—and we turn to the work upon Ireland, by Mrs. Hall, for the best description hitherto given of those fierce, and too often fatal, manifestations of national feeling.

"Quarrels (says Mrs. Hall) descended from father to son. There was scarcely a district in Ireland that did not recognize some hereditary dispute; and it became a sort of duty for a member of one family to insult the member of another family, whenever they chanced to meet. Every relation of each, no matter how distant, was expected to "stand by his faction;" and times and places were regularly appointed where they might meet to "fight it out;" the majority of the combatants, in nine cases out of ten, being utterly ignorant what they were fighting for, and the leaders being very seldom acquainted with the original cause of the quarrel. Many years have passed since we witnessed one of those disgusting scenes. Unhappily, with their brutality and cruelty was frequently mixed up so much fun and humour, and physical courage, that their revolting character was not immediately perceptible, although generosity was a rare ingredient in a fight, and women too frequently mingled in it. We must observe, however, that in the most ferocious encounter, a woman was seldom struck—we might almost go the length of saying, never—except by accident. We recollect seeing one of "the gentler sex" striking right and left with a terrific weapon—a huge stone in a stocking-foot—and noting several men knocked down by her blows without either of them aiming at her a single one in return. It used to amaze us that more lives were not lost in such contests; but a man was frequently saved in consequence of the number of his adversaries, all beating at him with their sticks, which generally interfered so much with each other, that few of the blows reached him. We call to mind one fair in particular; it took place in the vicinity of Ballydehob, about thirty miles west of the county of Cork, and at a time when there was little dread of interruption. We shall endeavour to describe it—briefly, however, for the subject is not pleasant, and, now, cannot be useful—with the "introductory scene" which the artist has pictured from our description. Towards the afternoon of a fine spring day, the rival factions began to assemble—each armed with his stout shillalah. The leaders parleyed somewhat before they began—not a very frequent course; they were surrounded by women and children; and an old hag seemed determined there should be no chance of peace, for she rated one of them with the term "coward." Actual hostilities were, however, commenced by a huge fellow running through the crowd and stopping before each man of the opposite party, whom he greeted with the foul phrase "liar;" his purpose was soon answered; one, less patient than the rest, struck him a blow; their sticks were crossed, and in a moment hundreds had joined the mêlée. They fought for above an hour—and, at length, one party was beaten off the field. But, in truth, we can do little good by entering into minute explanations of a scene so revolting; and we shall prefer leaving them to the reader's fancy; communicating the attendant consequences in the less disagreeable form of a story; telling it, however, as nearly as we can call them to mind, in the very words in which we heard it; and so carrying out our plan of varying dry details by the introduction of matter more attractive.

"The faction fights, plaze your honours," said an intelligent countryman to Mrs. Hall, when spoken to on the subject, "the faction fights are 'most, and maybe more than 'most, gone off the face of the country. The boys are beginning to talk about them as things they have seen—like a show or a giant. We ask each other how we were ever drawn into them, what brought them about; and the one answer to that is—whiskey! No gun will go off until it is primed, and sure whiskey was the priming. That made more orphans and widows than the fever or starvation. Thanks be to God, if death come upon us now, it is by the Lord's will, and not our own act." It was encouraging to hear such a remark from one of "the people;" and this was by no means a solitary instance. The man had, he confessed, many a time, when a mere child, incited by the example of the faction to whom his parents belonged, nerved his little arms to cast heavy stones into the mêlée, not caring how or where they fell. "We weren't to mind a bit of a shindy in those times: if a boy was killed, why we said it was 'his luck,' and that couldn't be helped; if a fellow trailed his coat over the fair green and dared any one to stand a foot on it, we enjoyed the fight that was sure to follow, and never thought or cared how it would end. Sure I remember my own brother—and now since he's been a Temperance man he hasn't raised a finger in anger to any living creature—sure I mind him well, feeling the tents for heads, and when he'd got one to his liking, giving it first a good rap, and then calling on the owner to come out and fight him; sure he'd never have done that but for the whiskey." "Ah," he continued, "that was a foolish divarshin, but there was no heart bitterness with it; nothing to lay heavy to the end of one's days. But the faction fights war the bitterest of all—black hatred descending from father to son against the opposite faction, as if poor Ireland hadn't enough enemies without turning—worse than a wild beast—to murder and destroy her own flesh and blood. Now there's a poor woman," he said, pointing to a pale patient-looking person who sat knitting at her cottage door, "there's a poor creature! Mrs. Lawler knows what factions come to, and so she ought; she'll tell the lady her story, and welcome, if she has any curiosity to hear it. Good morrow-morning to you, Mrs. Lawler, and how's your girlman ma'am? The lady would be glad to rest while the gentleman and I get up the far hill; and you have always a welcome, like your people before you, for the stranger." "Kindly welcome," said the widow. "Mary, dust

the chair, avourneen." The cabin was clean and neat, and bearing no evidence of the presence of that sad poverty which we had so frequently seen, though it did not dim the smile or lessen the welcome; nor was it difficult to lead the widow to the story of sorrows, which, however softened by time, were ever uppermost in her mind. "My mother and myself were widowed by factions—plaze God, my little girl won't have the same tale to tell, for the Connells and the Lawlers might put salt to each other's potatoes without fear of fighting now. It was a shocking thing to see the arm of brother raised against brother, only because as battle and murder war in the hearts of their forefathers, they must be continued in their own. I was born a Connell, and almost the first thing I learned was to hate a Lawler from the lip out; and yet hard fortune was before me, for the very first passion my heart felt was the same love it feels still for a Lawler; it has known no change; though it has known sorrow; the first knowledge I had of the wild beatings of my own heart was when I saw that girl's father. Ah yah! it has beat with joy and terror often; but the love for my first love, and my last, was always one; and now, when all is past and gone, and that you, Mark Lawler, are in your green, quiet grave, I am prouder to have been the choice of your own fine noble spirit, than if I was made this moment the queen of all Ireland's ground. O, lady! if you could have seen him! 'Norah,' said my father to me, and I winnowing at our barn-door with the servant-maid, 'Norah, keep your eyes on the grain, and not after the chaff, and don't raise them above the hedge, for there's many a Lawler will be passing the road this day on account of the fair, and I don't wish a child of mine to notice them, or to be noticed by them.' I intended to do his bidding, and whenever I heard a horse, or the voices of strangers coming down the boreen, I kept my eyes on the grain, and let the chaff fly at its pleasure, until a dog broke through the hedge, and attacked a little beast of my own; so as soon as that came to pass, I let the seave fall, to catch my own little dog in my arms; there was no need for that, for he was over the hedge, lighter and brighter than a sunbeam. Ah, then, I wonder, is love as quick at taking in all countries as it is here? Mark Lawler didn't speak ten words, nor I two; and yet from that out—under the bames of the moon, or the sun, in the open field, or in the crowd, it was all one; no one but Mark Lawler was in my mind. I knew he was a Lawler by his eyes, and well he knew I was a Connell, but the love would have little of boy and girl love in it, that would heed a faction. We, who had never met till that moment, could never go astray in the fields without meeting after. Ah! Mary," she continued, addressing her daughter, and yet, in her simplicity, quite forgetting she had been proving the uselessness of precept by her own confession—"Ah, Mary, dear, if you feel your heart soften towards a young man, keep out of his way infirely, avourneen; have nothing to say to him; don't drive your cow the same road he walks, nor draw water from the same well, nor go to the same chapel, Mary, barrin you have no other to go to; there's a deal of mischief in the chapel, dear, because you think in your innocence you're giving your thoughts to God, and all the time, maybe, it's to an idol of your own making, my darling child, they'd be going; sure your mother's sorrow ought to be a warning, avourneen!" "Yes, mother," replied the blue-eyed girl, meekly. "Well, lady, my poor father thought I grew very attentive intirely to the young lams, and watchful over the fax; but at last some of the Connells whispered how it was, that Mark Lawler met his child unknowing; and he questioned me, and I told the truth, how I had given my heart out of my bosom, and I fell at his feet, and cried salt and bitter tears until they dropped upon the ground he stood on; and seeing his heart was turning to iron, I who had never been like a willow in his hand, roused myself, and challenged him to say a word to Mark's disadvantage. I said he was sober, honest, industrious; and my father was struck with the strength of the heart I took, and listened, until at last he made answer, that if a saint from heaven came down, and was a Lawler, he would not give him a drop of water to wet his lips. He threatened me with his curse if I kept true in my love, and thought to settle the thing out of hand by marrying me to my own second cousin; but that I wouldn't hear to; God knows I did not mean to cross him, but what could I do? Mark sent to ask me to bid him farewell, or his heart would break; I thought there could be no harm in blessing him, and telling him to think of me no more. Mary, avourneen," she said, again addressing her daughter, "if ye really want to break off at once with a young man, take warning by me." "Yes, mother," was again Mary's gentle reply. "At that meeting we agreed to meet again; and so we did, until we got a priest to make us one. At first I was happy as a young bird; but soon my heart felt crushed, for I had to carry two faces. My father was more bitter than ever against the Lawlers, and my brother, 'Dark Connell,' as he was called, more cruel than my father. At last I was forced to own that I was married. I watched the time when my brother was away, for one storm was as much as I could bear. My father cast me like a dog from the hearth I had played on when a child; in his fury he knelt to curse me, but my mother held a gospel against his lips, so I was saved his curse. The arms of a loving husband were of use for me, and until the Midsummer fair I thought my happiness was sure; I worked hard to keep Mark from it, for the factions were sure to meet there; he swore to me that he would not raise a finger against my father or brother, nor let a drop of spirits pass his lips. I walked with him a piece of the way, and I thought all pleasure in sight left my eyes when he waved the last wave of his hat on the top of the hill. As I was turning into our own field, a lark was rising above its nest, singing its glory to the heavens in its sweet voice, when a shot from the gun of one of those *squireens* who are thick among the leaves as spiders' webs, struck the bird, and it fell quivering and bleeding close to where I knew its nest was in the corn. I opened the bending grain to see if I could find it; it was lying quite dead, and his poor mate standing close by. The lark is a timid thing, but she never minded me, and my heart felt so sick, that I went into my house crying bitterly. I could not rest; I thought in a few hours I might be like that innocent bird; and taking my cloak about me, I walked on, and, until I came in sight of the fair green. It was a woeful sight to me—the shouts of the showmen, the scream of the sellers, the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, were all mixed together—while the yell of the factions, every now and again, drowned every thing in its horrid sound. I knew my father's voice as he shouted 'Hurroo for the Connells—down with the Lawlers.' I saw him standing before Mark, aggravating him. My husband's hands were clenched, and he kept his arms close by his side that he might not strike. I prayed that God might keep him in that mind, and flew towards them. Just as I dropped on my knees by his side, he had raised his arm—not against my father, but against my brother, who had drawn the old man back; and there they stood face to face—the two young heads of the old factions—blows were exchanged, for Mark had been aggravated beyond all bearing; and I was trying to force myself between them, when I saw my father stretched upon the green, in the very hour and act of revenge and sin. It was by a blow from a Lawler—the old man never spoke another word—and the suddenness of his death (for he was liked by the one and hated by the other) struck a terror in them all—the sticks fell to their sides—and the great storm of oaths and voices sunk into a murmur while they looked on the dying man. Oh! bitter, heart bitter, was my sorrow. I shrouded my father with my arms, but he didn't feel me; the feeling had left his limbs, and the light his eyes; however hard his words had been, the knowledge that I was fatherless, and my mother a widow, made me forget them all! While some of the neighbours ran for a priest, and others raised the cry, my brother—darker than ever I had seen him—fell upon his knees, and dipping his hand in the warm blood that poured from the old man's wounds, held it up in the sight of the Connells. 'Boys,' he shouted, and his voice was like the howl of a wild beast—'Boys! by this blood I swear never to make peace till the hour of my death with one of the name who have done this, but to hackle and rive, and destroy all belonging to the Lawlers! And the women who war about me cried out at my brother, and said, sure his sister was a Connell; but he looked at me worse than if I was a serpent, and resting his hand—wet as it was—upon my head, turned away, saying, 'She is marked with her father's blood in the sight of the people.' I thought I should have died, and when I came to myself I found I was in a poor woman's cabin, as good as half-way home, with two or three of the neighbours about me; and my husband, the very moral of a broken heart, by my side. 'Avourneen gra!' he said, striving to keep down the workings of his heart; 'Avourneen gra! I had no hand in it at all. God knows I wouldn't have hurt a hair of his white head.' I knew it was the truth he was telling, yet somehow the words of my brother clung about me—I was marked with my father's blood. And the Connells put the old man's corpse upon a cart, and laid a clean white cloth over it; and carried him past my own little place—keeping over it and cursing the hand that gave him his death: hundreds of the neighbours mixed with my own people, my widowed mother and my dark brother following; and so they passed by our door; for miles along the road I could hear the loud scream of the mother that bore me, high above the voices of all the rest. Oh! it was a horrid sound and a horrid sight! His death was talked of far and near; the magistrates set to putting down the factions, and the priest gave out from the altar, Sunday after Sunday, such commands, that, without flying in his reverence's face, they could not keep on at the fights in

public; every innocent divarshion throughout the country was stopped on their account; but though there was outward peace, yet day after day I was followed by the spirit of my brother's words; the world wouldn't put it out of his head that Mark struck the mortal blow, and he turned his ear from me, and from his own mother, and would not believe the truth. For as good as two years, the husband, whose life was the life-beat of my worn-out heart, seldom left the cabin without my thinking he would never come back. I'd wait till he was a few yards from the door, and then steal out to watch him till he was out of sight. At ploughing, or haymaking, or reaping, his whistle would come over the little hill to me, while I sat at my wheel, as clear as a blackbird's; and if it stopped but for a minute, my heart would sink like death; and it's to the door I'd be. If I woke in the night, I could not go to sleep again without my arm across his shoulder to feel that he was safe; and my first and last prayer to the Almighty, night and morning, was for him. My brother was very fond of children, and though he had gone to live at the other side of the parish, I managed to meet him one evening and place little Mary before him; but his face darkened so over the child, that I was afraid she might be struck with an evil eye, and, making the sign of the cross on her, I covered her from his sight with my cloak; after that, I knew nothing would turn his hatred, except the grace of God; and though I wished that he might have it, whenever I tried to pray for it for him, my blood turned cold. I've often thought," she continued, after a pause, "what a blessing it is that we have no knowledge of the sorrow we're born to; for if we had, we could not bear life. I had that knowledge; Mark never smiled on me that I did not feel my flesh creep, lest it should be his last. He'd tell sometimes of how things were mending, how there was no talk of temperance then, he saw plain enough that if men would keep from whiskey, they'd forget to be angry. And every minute, even while I trembled for the life of his body, the peace and love that was in him made me easy as to the life of his soul. At last I persuaded him to leave the country; a new hope came to me, strong and bright, and I thought we might get away to America, and that, maybe, then, he'd have a chance of living all the days that were allotted at his birth. I did not tell him that, but having got his consent, I worked night and day to get off. It was all settled; the day fixed; and none of the neighbours, barring one or two of the Lawlers, knew it, and I knew my brother would not hear it from them; and then my mother lived with him. The evening before the day was come; that time to-morrow we were to be on shipboard. 'I'll go,' says my husband, 'I'll go to the priest this evening who christened, confirmed, and married me, and who knows all that was in me from the time I was born; his blessing will be a guard over us, and we'll go together to his knee.' We went; and though the parting was sad, it was sweet; we walked homewards—both our hearts full. At last Mark said, that only for me he'd never have thought of leaving the old sod; but, maybe, it would be for the best. I opened my mind to him then intirely, and owned more than I ever had done before; how the dread of the factions had disturbed me day and night; though I did not tell him how my father's blood had been laid on me by my own brother. He laughed at me—his gay wild laugh—and said he hoped my trouble was gone like the winter's snow. Now, this is a simple thing, and yet it always struck me as mighty strange intirely; we were walking through a field, and God help me it was a weak woman's fancy, but I never thought any harm could come to him when I was with him, and all of a sudden—started, maybe, at his laugh—a lark sprung up at our feet; we both watched it, stopped to watch it, about three yards from the ditch, and while it was yet clear in sight, a whizz—a flash as of lightning—the sound of death—and my husband was a corpse at my feet." The poor woman flung her apron over her face to conceal her agitation, while she sobbed bitterly. "The spirit of the factions," she continued, "was in that fatal shot. Oh that he, my blessing and my pride, should have been struck in the hour of hope! Oh, Mark! Mark! long ago you, that I loved so well, were turned into clay—many a long day ago; and still I think when I sit down upon your green grass grave, I can hear your voice telling me of your happiness; the heart of the youngest maid was not more free from spot than yours, my own darling! And to think that one of my own blood should have taken you by my side. Oh, then it was I who felt the curse of blood." "And was it—was it?" we would have asked, "was it your brother?" "Whisht!" she whispered. "Whisht, avourneen, whisht! he's in his grave, too—though I did not inform—I left him to God. When I came to myself, the place around—the very sky where the lark and his soul had mounted together—looked dismal, but not so dark as the dark-faced man who did it: he had no power to leave the spot; he was fixed there; something he said about his father and revenge. God help me! sure we war nursed at the same breast. No one knew it but me; so I left him to God—I left him to God! And he withered, lady! he withered off the face of the earth—withered, my mother told me, away, away—he was eat to death by his conscience! Oh, who would think a faction could end in such crime as that! Ah! people who live among the flowers of the earth know little of the happiness I have in taking my child, and setting beside her on her father's grave; and as month after month goes by, I can't but feel I'm all the sooner to be with him!" When she said this, it was impossible not to feel for her daughter; the poor girl cast such a piteous look upon her mother, and at last, unable to control herself, flung her arms tightly round her neck, as though she would keep her there for ever. Again and again did her mother return her caresses—murmuring, "My colleen-did will never be widowed by faction now; the spirit is all gone, praise be to the Lord; and so I tell him when I sit upon his grave."

MODERN EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

(By Mrs. Ellis.)

In order to ascertain what kind of Education is most effective in making woman what she ought to be, the best method is to inquire into the character, station, and peculiar duties of woman throughout the largest portion of her earthly career; and then ask, for what she is most valued, admired, and beloved? In answer to this, I have little hesitation in saying,—For her disinterested kindness. Look at all the heroines, whether of romance or reality—at all the female characters that are held up to universal admiration—at all who have gone down to honoured graves, amongst the tears and the lamentations of their survivors. Have these been the learned, the accomplished women; the women who could speak many languages; who could solve problems, and elucidate systems of philosophy? No; or if they have, they have also been women who were dignified with the majesty of moral greatness—women who regarded not themselves, their own feebleness, or their own susceptibility of pain; who, endued with an almost superhuman energy, could trample under foot every impediment that intervened between them and the accomplishment of some great object upon which their hopes were fixed, while that object was wholly unconnected with their own personal exaltation or enjoyment, and related only to some beloved object, whose suffering was their sorrow, whose good their gain. From the beginning to the end of school education, the improvement of self, so far as relates to intellectual attainments, is made the rule and the motive of all that is done. Rewards are appointed and portioned out for what has been learned, not what has been imparted. To gain is the universal order of the establishment; and those who have heaped together the greatest sum of knowledge are usually regarded as the most meritorious. Excellent discourses may be delivered by the preceptress upon the Christian duties of benevolence and disinterested love; but the whole system is one of pure selfishness, fed by accumulation, and rewarded by applause. To be at the head of the class, to gain the ticket or the prize, are the points of universal ambition; and few individuals, amongst the community of aspirants, are taught to look forward with a rational presentiment to that future, when their merit will be to give the place of honour to others, and their happiness to give it to those who are more worthy than themselves. We will not assert that no one entertains such thoughts; for there is a voice in woman's heart too strong for Education—a principle which the march of intellect is unable to overthrow. Retiring from the emulous throng, we sometimes find a little despised, neglected girl, who has won no prize, obtained no smile of approbation from her superiors. She is a dull girl, who learns slowly, and cannot be taught so as to keep up with the rest without incalculable pains. The fact wants to be loved and trusted by her teachers; and oh! how does she wish, with tears, and almost with prayers, that they would love and trust her, and give her credit for doing her best. Beyond this she is indifferent; she has no motive but that of pleasing others, for trying to be clever; and she is quite satisfied that her friend, the most ambitious girl in the school, should obtain all the honours without her competition. Indeed, she feels as though it scarcely would be de-

licate, scarcely kind in her, to try so much to advance before her friend; and she gently falls back, as reproved for her neglect, and finally despaired. In making these and similar remarks, I am aware that I may bring upon myself the charge of wishing to exclude from our schools all intellectual attainments whatever; for how, it will be asked, can learning be acquired without emulation, and without rewards for the diligent, and punishments for the idle? So far, however, from wishing to cast a shade of disrespect over such attainments, I am decidedly of opinion that no human being can know too much, so long as the sphere of knowledge does not extend to what is positively evil. I am also of opinion that there is scarcely any department of art or science, still less of mental application, which is not calculated to strengthen and improve the mind; but at the same time I regard the improvement of the heart as of much greater consequence, that if time and opportunity should fail for both, I would strenuously recommend that women should be sent home from school with fewer accomplishments, and more of the will and the power to perform the various duties necessarily devolving upon them. Again, I am reminded of the serious and important fact, that religion alone can improve the heart; and to this statement no one can yield assent with more reverential belief in its truth than myself. I acknowledge, also, for I know it to be a highly creditable fact, that a large proportion of the meritorious individuals who take upon themselves the arduous task of training up the young, are conscientiously engaged in giving to religious instruction that place which it ought unquestionably to hold in every Christian school. But I would ask, is instruction all that is wanted for instilling into the minds of the rising generation the benign principles of Christian faith and practice? We all know that it is not easy to practice even the simplest rule of right, when we have not been accustomed to do so; and the longer we are before we begin to regulate our conduct by the precepts of religion, the more difficult it will be to acquire such habits as are calculated to adorn and show forth the purity and excellence of its principles. There is one important difference between the acquisition of knowledge, and the acquisition of good habits, which of itself ought to be sufficient to ensure a greater degree of attention to the latter. When the little pupil first begins her education, her mind is a total blank, as far as relates to the different branches of study into which she is about to be introduced, and there is consequently nothing to oppose. She is not prepossessed in favour of any false system of arithmetic, grammar, or geography, and the ideas presented to her on these subjects are consequently willingly received, and adopted as her own. How different is the moral state of the uneducated child! Selfishness coeval with her existence has attained an alarming growth, and all the other passions and propensities inherent in her nature, taking their natural course, have strengthened with her advance towards maturity, and are ready to assume an aspect too formidable to afford any prospect of their being easily brought into subjection. Yet, notwithstanding this difference, the whole machinery of education is brought to bear upon the intellectual part of her nature, and her moral feelings are left to the training of the play ground, where personal influence, rather than right feeling, too frequently decides her disputes, and places her either high or low in the ranks of her companions. It is true, she is very seriously and properly corrected when convicted of having done wrong, and an admirable system of morals is promulgated in the school; but the subject I would complain of is, that no means have yet been adopted for making the practice of this system the object of highest importance in our schools. No adequate means have been adopted for testing the generosity, the high-mindedness, the integrity of the children who pursue their education at school, until they leave it at the age of sixteen, when their moral faculties, either for good or for evil, must have attained considerable growth. Let us single out from any particular seminary a child who has been there from the years of ten to fifteen, and reckon, if it can be reckoned, the pains that have been spent in making that child a proficient in Latin. Have the same pains been spent in making her disinterestedly kind? And yet what man is there in existence who would not rather his wife should be free from selfishness, than be able to read Virgil without the use of a dictionary? UNITED STATES. THE BLACKGUARDS IN CONGRESS.—The House of Representatives now has so many low-lived, ill-bred blackguards in it, that it is almost impossible to comprehend the self-sacrifice of respectable men of their party, who consent to hold seats there as seeming equals. The writer of this article would not consent (surely not for the compensation of eight dollars a-day,) to fraternise with beastly drunkards like a McConnell of Alabama, and cowardly braggart blackguards like Weller; and it is a mortification, that in the duties of our profession, any one among us is obliged to breathe the same air amid such disorderly, disgraceful, and filthy proceedings,—proceedings so disreputable to the country, that it is a pity to publish them—so indescribably shameful that we cannot comprehend how decent men of any party can endure them. In the pursuit of our profession here, we are necessarily compelled to enter into the lowest resorts of vice in order to bring to light its doings,—to report Coroner's inquests, to describe scenes in Alms Houses, to enter into the Tombs and its cells,—but we no where find human nature so conspicuously degraded, even in the sinks of this great metropolis, as our unfortunate associate must find it in Washington, among the drunkards of the House of Representatives. Indeed, he will have to come, and we must take up here from the kennels of the old world, as well as the new, bullies and blacklegs, to associate with and describe the Wellers in Congress. It is a great public calamity, a matter of profound regret and sorrow, that the Federal Capitol is in so small, and so little a commercial city as Washington! Members of Congress there, without their wives, without the restraints and the public opinion of a home, without occupation for idle hours, or society sufficiently numerous and powerful, or fixed, to overawe them, often lose all the responsibilities, we will not say of gentlemen, but of men. They roam about in Washington like wild beasts in the wilderness, homeless, and houseless, with a rapacious hunger for excitement, and a ferocious enjoyment of it when it comes. They fall into the clutches of the police; they violate the ordinances of the city with impunity; they gamble from sun-set to sun-light; they howl through the streets, reeking from the midnight revels of the bawdy-house—and they do all this with impunity, for they govern the District of Columbia; and Washington, in a political sense, is theirs. The press, which in other places would drag forth to light these violators of all law and all the decencies of life, cannot do it in Washington; first, because only a political press can exist there, commerce not to any extent existing, and next, because the bowie knife, or the pistol, or the fist, is the weapon of redress with the uncivilized bullies there. Now, were such things done in a city like this, were such unmitigated blackguardism to appear in public, or such titled vice in private, the newspaper press would make the whole air ring, as the news-boys cry it—so that the ruffian would never dare again show his head in public; society would hoot him out, the populace would howl after him, a just public opinion would either terrify him into the decencies of life, or drive him out from all connection with men. The misfortune is, that in Washington, for none of these things is a member of Congress held responsible. He cares for no law. No home-feeling restrains him. No Press and no public opinion come to awe him.—N. Y. Evening Express.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN LITHUANIA.—A letter, dated Warsaw, January 22, says—"You will with difficulty credit the extent to which the persecution of the Jews of this country, by order of the Government of his Majesty the Emperor Nicholas, is extending. I shall, however, be brief in my reference to it. An Imperial ukase has been received in Lithuania directing the authorities of towns and other localities inhabited by Jews, to transport those unhappy persons, amounting to 36,000 families, to a distance of twelve leagues from their several actual places of residence. This cruel ukase was further to receive its execution before the