

come and kneel at the sacred places of Judea, was worth the whole Roman ladies, footmen, wax candles and all. Several of these were young women of pale complexion, and the monks gazed on the scene apparently quite unmoved.

FROM FOX'S CHRISTIAN MORALITY.
ESSENTIALS TO MAN'S WELLBEING.

1st. It is good for man to have physical health and agreeable sensations; to have all the faculties of his body properly developed, brought to maturity, kept in harmonious action, and made the source of all pleasurable sensation which does not involve in its consequences an overbalance of pain. Every gratuitous infliction of bodily pain is, therefore, immoral,—the blow of pain, the wanton lash on the slave, the unreforming and undetering torture of the criminal. In crowded cities the condition of thousands is so wretched that half the children born die under two years of age; for this there is no natural necessity, and its continuance marks public immorality. For every abstraction of pleasurable sensation, for every act which occasions painful sensation, there should be a valid reason in the subservience thereof to greater enjoyment, or it is immoral. 2d. Knowledge is good for man. Its communication is a virtue, its prevention is a vice. When the Apostles wrote the Scriptures, they were moral; when the Roman hierarchy prevented the circulation of those Scriptures, they were immoral. Knowledge is virtue. A perfect knowledge of a man's own interest, in the purest and highest acceptation of the term, would determine his will to perfect goodness. The relative importance of different kinds of knowledge should be accurately estimated. This would accelerate that reformation of education which has commenced, and make it the vehicle of more useful instruction. Few things are more virtuous than multiplying the facilities of all dependent upon us, and of society as far as we can act upon it, for the attainment of knowledge. Benevolence may do this in many ways, comparatively easy; as, in the hands of Christ, five loaves fed famishing thousands. 3rd. The development and exercise of our intellectual faculties is good for man: the maturity of judgment, taste, imagination, and all the 'high capacities' which in so many 'lie folded up'. Each of these is a ministry of good to the possessor: there is happiness for the man of science in his researches; for the artist in his perceptions and imitations of beauty; and for the poet in his creations. There is enjoyment, rich and large, for those who can merely appreciate what they perform. These are faculties of which the germs exist in all; it is virtue to cherish them. Professed religionists have much to answer for: they have often aimed at preventing reasoning, which is to crush the power of reasoning. Many dislike others thinking freely, because they love subserviency to their own judgments. All this is vicious. As we should bring a plant to the full growth of its stem, and expansion of its leaves, and beauty of its blossoms, so should we subserve and delight in the cherishing of every faculty of the soul, until human intelligence shall generally attain and exhibit its full proportions. 4th. The affections were implanted in man's nature for his happiness. They are his moral wealth. Rightly to be their subject and their object is his blessedness. The Roman character was vicious, for its superstructure was raised on the ruins of private affections. The Jewish character was vicious, for beyond a certain circle, instead of affections, it cherished antipathies. Every system which tends to the suppression of feeling is vicious, for affectation as well as intellect should be expanded and strengthened to its full development. Christ's fervency of feeling was a wonder to the Jews; and made them exclaim when they saw him at the tomb of Lazarus, "Behold how he loved him." False shame at emotion, the affectation of cold-heartedness, restrictions on the expression of the heartfelt appreciation of excellence, attempts that can only produce selfishness if they act on the mind, hypocrisy if they only reach the manners, tend to diminish, and to diminish without corresponding good, the happiness of which man is capable from this source, and are, therefore, vicious, as the opposite course is, therefore, that of morality. 5th. It is good for man that he should occupy his proper relative position in society. Whatever, therefore, tends to place all men according to their capacities and aptitudes is virtuous; and whatever tends to keep them where they have less enjoyment in themselves, and are less useful to others, is vicious. No man can be happy in a situation for which he is unfitted. The parent is immoral who only calculates how his child may be wealthiest, instead of studying the harmony of his character with the situation for which he destines him. An ecclesiastical system which lures into the office of teacher those who are not superior to others in the faculties of acquiring and communicating knowledge, is an immoral system. To obstruct the attainment of political rights by those who are qualified to use them, is an immoral act. We are virtuous whenever we aid men to gain the positions in society for which they are best adapted;

ed; and vicious whenever, from envy, prejudice, indolence, or any other cause, we uphold those dislocations which produce so much misery. 6th. Religion is good for man. It is the recognition of his relation to the Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor of the world. It is the source of abundant enjoyment, consolation, and hope. The tediousness or repulsiveness of its service; the artificial gloom in which it is sometimes shrouded; the dogmatism with which doctrine is asserted, and the asperity with which controversy is waged; these, and whatever tend to alienate man's feelings from religion, are, therefore, immoralities. By them we create hindrances to their possession of this exalted species of enjoyment; we interpose, it may be unintentionally, between mankind and their Father in heaven.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DIRGE AT SEA.

SLEEP!—we give thee to the wave,
Red with life-blood of the brave;
Thou shalt find a noble grave,—
Fare thee well!

Sleep!—thy billowy field is won!
Proudly may the funeral gun,
Midst the hush of set of sun,
Boom thy knell.

Lonely, lonely is thy bed!
Never there may tear be shed,
Marble rear'd, or brother's head
Bow'd to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,
Borne through battle high and free,
Long the red-cross flag shall be,—
Sleep, oh! sleep!

SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

SISTER, since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath pass'd;
In the softness of thine eyes
Deep and still a shadow lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never too thy childhood known;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved—
Gentle Sister! thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hours too bright for troubled thought;
Far along the wandering stream
Thou art followed by a dream;
In the woods and valleys lone,
Music haunts thee, not thine own—
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
Sister! thou hast lov'd in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower;—
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted,
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Bring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart be no more stirr'd!
Home alone can give thee rest,—
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast.

FAR AWAY.

FAR away!—My soul is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore;
In the woods I see my brother play;
Midst the flowers my sister sings once more—
Far away!

Far away!—My dreams are far away,
When, at midnight, stars and shadows reign;
'Gentle child,' my mother seems to say,
'Follow me where home shall smile again.'
Far away.

Far away!—My hope is far away
Where Love's voice young Gladness may restore:
O thou dove! now soaring through the day,
Lend me wings to reach that brighter shore,—
Far away!

ECHO SONG.

In thy cavern hall,
Echo art thou sleeping?
By the fountain's fall
Dreamy silence keeping?
Yet one soft note borne
From the shepherd's horn
Wakes thee, Echo, into music leaping!
Strange, sweet Echo, into music leaping!
Then the woods rejoice,
Then glad sounds are swelling,
From each sister-voice
Round thy rocky dwelling;
And their sweetness fill
All the hollow hills
With a thousand notes, of one life telling—
Softly mingled notes, of one life telling.
Echo! in my heart
These deep thoughts are lying,
Silent and apart
Buried, yet undying;
Till some gentle tone,
Wakening, haply, one,

Calls a thousand forth, like thee replying!
Strange, sweet Echo! e'en like thee replying.
MRS. HEMANS.

ST. PETERSBURG.

WHEN a foreigner arrives in St. Petersburg for the first time, he is forcibly struck with two things—the magnificence of the city, and the high degree of civilization of its inhabitants, contrasted with the wild natural state in which the greater part of the country around it still lies, and the rude uncultivated appearance of the natives. He is astonished at the high state of discipline of the troops; the extensive marine establishments of Cronstadt and Petersburg; the vigour and despatch which seem to characterize the movements every one that passes by in the uniform of the Government; the palaces of the imperial family; the churches and public buildings; the sumptuous dwellings of the nobles and foreign merchants; the great bazaar in the midst of the city, filled with the products of European and Asiatic industry; the beautiful canals, lined with granite, crowned with numerous bridges, and filled with barks laden with the produce of the interior; the branches of the river around the Exchange covered with vessels from foreign ports; the villas and gardens on the small islands formed by the mouth of the Neva; the splendid reviews, public fetes, and the various national costumes of the inhabitants—all combine to heighten his astonishment and delight: and it may truly be affirmed, that such extensive inroads on the rudeness of nature, by which the morasses and wilds of the banks of the Neva have been transformed in a single century in the most splendid city in Europe, could only have been produced by the resources of a great empire, at the command of an absolute monarch. No constitutional government, to which is intrusted the welfare of a free people, could reasonably have commanded means adequate to such an undertaking, in so short a time. The grandure and luxury of ancient Babylon, on the Euphrates, compared with its present state of desolation, may afford a fit idea of the swamps and thickets on the Neva in 1703, and the splendid metropolis of Russia, which now occupies their place in 1833: and it is only with the disposable forces of a nation like that of the ancient Nebuchadnezzars that the Tsars of Russia have been able to call into existence such a noble city in so short a time. But St. Petersburg is not a fair specimen of Russia: its inhabitants are mostly foreigners, either in their origin or in their manners. No class of the Russians, except the very lowest, is to be viewed here in their native state. We shall not therefore take, as the basis of a description of the Russians, the incorrect specimen of them which Petersburg affords; but examine the condition of the peasantry in the villages, and that of the other classes in the provincial towns.—*Pinkerton's Russia.*

A GERMAN DUEL

A couple of Germans having quarrelled about some beautiful lady, met with sabres in their hands to fight a duel. The ugly one, who was of course the most violent of the two, after many attempts to deprive his hated adversary of his life, at last aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, though it missed its object, yet fell upon and actually cut off the good-looking man's nose. It had scarcely reached the ground, when its owner, feeling that his beauty was gone, instantly threw away his sword, and with both arms extended, eagerly bent forwards with the intention to pick up his own property and replace it; but the ugly German no sooner observed the intention, than, darting forward with the malice of the devil himself, he jumped upon the nose, and before its master's face, crushed it and ground it to atoms!—*Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.*

REFLECTIONS ON THE RHINE.

FORMERLY, and until lately, a few barges, towed by horses, were occasionally seen toiling against the torrent of the Rhine, while immense rafts of timber, curiously connected together, floated indolently downwards to their market; in history, therefore, this uncommercial river was known principally for its violence, its difficulties, and its dangers. Excepting to the painter, its points most distinguished were those where armies had succeeded in crossing, or where soldiers had perished in vainly attempting to do so; but the power of steam, bringing its real character into existence, has lately developed peaceful properties which it was not known to have possessed. The stream which once relentlessly destroyed mankind, now gives to thousands their bread; that which once separated nations now brings them together; national prejudices, which, it was once impiously argued, this river was wisely intended to maintain, are, by its waters, now softened and decomposed; in short, the Rhine affords another proof that there is nothing really barren in creation but man's conceptions; nothing defective but his own judgment, and that what he looked upon as a barrier in Europe, was created to