

through its walls. Yet Balbec raised, in less than a century, a more glorious pile of structures, devoted to religion and lofty objects, than London, Paris, and St. Petersburg united can now boast. The Decapolis was a small remote district of Palestine, not larger in proportion to the Roman, than Morayshire is in proportion to the British empire; yet it contained, as its name indicates, and as the remains still attest ten cities, the least considerable of which Geborn, contains, as Buckingham tells us in his "Travels beyond the Jordan," the ruins of more sumptuous edifices than any city in the British islands, London itself not expected, can now boast. It was the same all over the East and in all the southern provinces of the Roman empire. Whence has arisen the great disproportion between the great things done by the citizens in ancient and modern times, when in the latter enlarged in cultivation has been so immeasurably extended? It is in vain to say it is because we have more social and domestic happiness, and our wealth devoted to those objects not external embellishment. Social and domestic happiness are in the direct, not in the inverse ratio of general refinement and the spread of intellectual intelligence. The domestic duties are better nourished in the temple than in the gin-shop; the admirers of sculpture will make better fathers and husbands than the lovers of whiskey. Is it that we want funds for such an undertaking?

Why, London is richer than ever Rome was; the commerce of the world, not in the eastern caravans, flows through its bosom. The sums annually squandered in Manchester and Glasgow on intoxicating liquors would soon make them rival the eternal structures of Tadmor and Palmyra. Is it that the great bulk of our people are unavoidably chained by their character and climate to gross and degrading enjoyments? Is it that the spreading of knowledge, and free institutions, only confirm the sway of sensual gratification, and that

a pure and spiritual religion tends only to strengthen the fetters of passion and selfishness? Is it that the inherent depravity of the human heart appears to move clearly, as man is emancipated from the fetters of authority? Must we go back to early ages for noble and elevated motives of action? Is the spread of freedom but another name for the extension of brutality? God forbid that so melancholy a doctrine should have any foundation in human nature! We mention the facts and leave it to future ages to discover their solution; contending ourselves with pointing out to our self-applauding countrymen how much they have to do before they attain the level of their advantages, or justify the boundless blessings which Providence has bestowed upon them.—*Blackwoods Magazine.*

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AUTUMN.

BY A. G.

Oh! Autumn, autumn, with thy yellow leaf,
The emblem sad of sickness pain and grief,
Thy whispering leaves by zephyrs lightly mov'd
Call back remembrances of those once lov'd.

The golden harvest blessings from above,
Which circle round us as with arms of love,
To the, oh Giver, we our voices raise;
And utter forth with thankfulness our praise.

The falling leaves! when in the "stilly night,"
Pale lunar sheds o'er all her borrow'd light;
When silently the falling verdure's cast,
We all may hear the whisperings of the past.

The closing year! 'tis passing to the tomb,
All nature mourns her fast approaching doom;
Stern Winter's terrors close around us fast,
And Autumn's sighs are heard in every blast.

LYING.—Never chase a lie. Let it alone, it will run itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than any one can lie me out of it.