

reform takes place it must commence in the ranks of intelligence; but while governments continue to celebrate their victories with bonfires and illuminations, and every mark of rejoicing, instead of mourning the desolation and waste of human life, caused by ambition and false principles of honor; and while thousands of well-ordered citizens gaze delighted on military pageants, without reflection on the violation of morality and social right involved in the idleness and perversion of a soldier's life, so long will the true progress of society be retarded, and Christianity fail to perform its mission.

And still more degrading, because unmixed by one redeeming sentiment, and because it shows the utter absence of all right feeling, and the low state of public morals, is the eager curiosity, the strange, unnatural excitement which draws such crowds to witness the execution of a fellow being. Men and women throng around the gallows, and lisping children are brought to lift their young, pure eyes to a spectacle of horror, and to receive their first, indelible knowledge of crime from the struggling agony of a murdered fellow-being! If society is not yet advanced enough to permit the repeal of a sentence written in the dark ages, and if man must still expiate his sin by submitting to judicial murder—for the sake of outraged humanity, the deed should be done in silence and solitude, with no witness but the eye of heaven, and those whom necessity compels to the ungrateful office.

Nothing would more surely indicate the low and malignant passions of a multitude, than the scene of riot and excitement, the fierce exultation, the hardened feeling, the reckless levity, which universally marks a public execution. Surely, if any moral influence is expected from such a sight, if any great lesson is written on that fearful gallows, the effect is neutralized by the disorderly passions there called into exercise, and thus experience has invariably proved the inefficacy of such a mode of punishment. When society shall have reached its proper level, and just principles of Christian benevolence pervade all classes, the eye will be no longer pained with such anomalous sights, and human life, that precious gift of God, will be left at His own sovereign disposal. There are punishments more terrible than the brief pang of death for the most hardened offenders; and if justice is satisfied, why turn a deaf ear to the voice of mercy, which pleads for an opportunity to make repentance sure.

It is, after all, an ungracious task which we have undertaken—that of depreciating the value of outward show. Yet it is not the principle to

which we object, but only the abuse of it. There are occasions when Sight Seeing may become a positive advantage—a means of kindling noble enthusiasm, and of bringing into exercise the most generous and elevated emotions. Every triumph of art should awaken a nation's gratitude—every new discovery in science should be received with acclamation. National interchanges of good will, pacific treaties, the amicable relations which link all governments together, and unite them in the suppression of tyranny and wrong doing, should be hailed with loudest jubilee. And when commerce and art, and skill and labor, bring their united tributes from every quarter of the globe, and meet in one grand festival, where all classes are represented, and the lowliest may bear a part, what military triumph of the old world, or of modern times, can compare with it in grandeur and magnificence?

Individual effort must seek to hasten the time when every triumph shall be one of morality and intelligence, and Sight Seeing will then be regulated by those immutable principles of goodness, beauty and truth, which can alone elevate and refine humanity.

VERONA.

THE very name is replete with associations dear to every English heart, and the place seems like a second home, so blended is it with recollections awakened in early youth by the enchanter, whose magic wand has rendered parts of Italy, never visited before, as familiar to us as household words.

Verona is precisely the place my imagination represented it to be. Its picturesque, its classic ruins, and its gothic buildings give it an aspect so peculiar as to render it a most befitting scene for those dramas by which Shakespeare has immortalized it, and every balcony looks as if formed for some *Juliet* to lean over, proving,

'How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears,'

and every palace, like the dwelling of the loving *Julia* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* in which she exclaimed to her waiting-woman, *Lucetta*,

O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Did'st thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.'

Every street seems to prove the identity of the scenes so often perused with delight, and which no longer appear like the creations of the brain,