# Family Circle.

## TO MY SON,

*On his leaving school to enter upon a mercantile business.*

Child of my love—my eldest—my first born,
How swift thy boyish years to me have flown!
How short the space—how like the blushing morn
Of transient, early day, just now but known
To being and to beauty, quickly then
Passed to maturer, soberer hours again.

My noble boy, how like a passing dream
Thy fifteen years of life to me have been!
To thee, perhaps, a long-spent life they seem,
Crowded with being and just touched by sin;
To me, a flitting vision, passed and gone,
Into surprising, endless mystery borne.

Thy birth thy life, thy infant loveliness,
When heaven around thee seemed to play and live,
All that love and childish tenderness,
And youthful promise too, could ever give,—
All, all, my child, combine this hour to prove
The deathless mysteries of life and love.

And now thy school-days ended! What a scene
Of untried being waits upon thee now!
May God be with thee, child, in faith serene;
And nerve thy soul fresh efforts to employ—
To venture now on seas unsailed before,
For scarce thy little bark hath left the shore.

Thou goest forth into the wide, wide world—
The busy mart of wealth, and toil, and strife,
Where thousands yearly are to ruin hurled,
And only few survive this voyage of life
Unharmed amid the storms temptation's power
Can raise and roll o'er every fearful hour.

Oh! God, I pray.—If aught a father's prayers,
A mother's love, can hence avail in heaven,—
If heaven, like earth, for us hath guardian cares,
And angel watchers o'er our paths are given,—
I pray Thee, Lord, our son to keep and save
From all the dangers he goes forth to brave.

Suffer not avarice, meanness, lust of wealth,
To taint his honor, or his heart control;
And when, by bold advances or by stealth,
The tempter whispers to his youthful soul,
Oh! Thou, Almighty, fire his conscience strong,
And ye, oh angels, help the boy along.

Thou'lt brave it all, my son, if thou but *will*,
Resolve and do. And thou shalt see, at last,
In the far future of thy life, and still
On to eternal scenes, riches more vast
Than all earth's merchants ever can have told,
Though sands were dollars, and rocks solid gold.

Go then, thy way, and trust in God and heaven;
Let justice guide thee in a path sublime;
And let thine infant innocence be given
Somewhat to youth, and some to manhood's prime,
And thou shalt prosper. Fleeter years to come
Shall waft thee riches, or shall guide thee Home.

W. F. F.

## THE NAME OF JESUS;

THE NAME NEEDED BY THE DYING.

Martha sat down on the low chair at the foot of the bed, and Rosa soon fell into a deep sleep. Nothing moved in that half-lighted room. The silence was so complete that, but for the soft, regular breathing of the little sleeper, one might have thought it was the silence of death.

Suddenly, a little after twelve o'clock, Martha thought she saw her mistress move. On rising, she perceived that she had pulled one of her arms from under the blanket, and that her lips moved as if she wished to speak. Martha bent over her, but could not distinguish anything more than a kind of inarticulate murmuring.

And yet the lips still kept moving. By giving great attention she succeeded in catching a few words, the sense of which she could not get very well. It seemed to her as if the sick one said,

"Tell me of Him? Repeat to me what he has said."

"Do you mean the doctor?" asked Martha, raising her voice in order to be better heard; "he said you would be better by to-morrow."

Madam Darcy did not answer, but her eye retained an expression of anguish and trouble, which clearly said, "It is not what I mean." Martha noticed it.

"Don't get nervous," said she, "by-and-by you will be better able to speak, and then I shall understand you."

Rosa had woke up suddenly. She drew near the bed, her eyes still blinded with sleep, and trying to remember why she was not in the bed as usual.

"She is talking to me, but I can't make it out," said Martha, in despair.

Rosa fixed her eyes on the lips of the old lady. Those lips moved all the time, as if they were pronouncing some name, but no sound escaped them.

After a moment she succeeded in catching these words:

"Tell me his name—his name."

Martha and Rosa looked at each other in gre at anguish.

"What name?" said Rosa.

"Who can tell?" said Martha, "it's no doubt delirium."

Some minutes after the painful struggle between the suffering which choked her utterance and the thought which forced itself, the invalid closed her eyes, and appeared to fall into a doze. Martha resumed her seat, and Rosa soon sought again, in the arm chair, her peaceful slumber and its dreams. Toward morning the same scene was enacted over again by the sick one, but with still more earnestness, and a more painful tension on the part of both Martha and Rosa to comprehend its meaning.

An agitated sleep succeeded to that second crisis. But Rosa kept awake, following with her eyes the grayish light of the dawn, which was just beginning to mingle with that of the lamp. In a few moments a world of new thoughts crossed her brain. She had heard Madam Reynold say that the name of Jesus had calmed Germaine's mother on her death-bed. Could it not be that same name which her aunt needed also, to console and support her? The small New Testament which Madam Reynold had given her was lying upon the table. She took it, opened it at random, and tried to read out of it by the failing light of the lamp. She was still holding it in her hands, when a moan from her aunt called her back to the bedside.

"His name—tell me his name," again repeated Madam Darcy, more distinctly than she had done before.

"Is it the name of Jesus?" asked Rosa, in a soft but clear voice, which easily reached the invalid's ears. A look of intelligence and joy sparkled in her partially-dimmed eyes.

"I had forgotten it," she said, making an effort; "yes, Jesus—"

Jesus—yes, Jesus; it is, indeed, the name which is needed by the dying. It is, indeed the name which, with its gentle brightness, illumines the dark valley. For him who pronounces it with faith, death is deprived of its terror, and earth has no bounds which cannot be rent asunder easily; heaven becomes opened, and the things which are invisible become visible. Ah! what does it signify not to have on one's lips that blessed name, provided it lives in the heart? What does it matter, if memory fails, when the soul remembers? Jesus does not wait to be called by His name to keep by the heart which invokes Him.

The sick woman closed her eyes, and an expression of peace and contentment diffused itself over her countenance.

A long and deep silence followed this short conversation. The old lady did not sleep, however, for they saw her features agitated as if she wished to speak.

"Say over again what He said—for me," said she, with an effort.

How answer such an appeal? Oh, how Rosa regretted then not having paid greater attention to the readings she had heard at Madam Reynold's, and not having better studied by herself that Divine Book which she held in her hands, without knowing where to look in it for one of the words of life now asked of her! She again opened the New Testament, and read,—

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

She closed it, not knowing if these words were the ones, but the sick woman, who looked at her with eagerness, bade her go on. Then she read this passage,

"I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

"*Life!*" repeated the dying woman; "*life!*" and she seemed to be thinking. A little later she was heard murmuring some words. Martha bent over her, and caught these words:

"Lord Jesus, I place my spirit in thy hands."

It was a solemn scene. The first rays of daylight penetrated through the blinds, and the lamp was dying for want of oil. Rosa, who, in spite of the ignorance of her age, felt that she assisted at a very solemn scene, stood holding her little New Testament tight between both her hands. Martha was kneeling at the foot of the bed, her eyes riveted upon her who, during more than twenty years, had been the centre of her whole life. Madam Darcy folded her hands across her breast. A few sighs escaped her half-closed lips, then she remained motionless. After a moment's hesitation and anxiety, Martha approached her upon whose face death had already set its mark. She did not perceive the least breathing, and the hand she took fell back inert and cold. She did not utter one word, but closed the eyes of her mistress, and, after she had gazed at her features some moments, she covered them with a white handkerchief, still without speaking. Rosa was watching her with astonishment.

Then Martha took her by the hand and led her out of the room. She sat in the kitchen by the fireless hearth, hiding her face with her apron.

"It is all over—all over," she said, crying.

"Is she dead?" said Rosa, who could not yet believe it.

Martha answered only with a sob.

"I would not cry so," said she, when she was a little calmed. "She is so peaceful, it seems to me I might have disturbed her."

Rosa was still more frightened than she was sad.

"What! is that death?" she said. "I thought dying was a great deal worse. I should have been so afraid last night if I had been told that my aunt would be dead this morning. Now it seems to me I should not be afraid to die myself."

Rosa, or the Parisian Girl.

## AMUSEMENTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D.

Let me say, first of all, that you ought certainly to be amused. Every man ought to be. Recreations have a lawful place in every well-ordered life. There must be something wrong in that state of society which makes no room for them. There must be some great misunderstanding or abuse of them, when people become ashamed of them, or despise them. The faculty in us which demands them, and is gratified by them, is as much a part of our constitution as any other. God planted it there; and though he has taught us, in many ways, how great the danger is of being led astray by it, he has nowhere denounced or forbidden the thing itself. Those educators commit a mournful mistake, and show an absurd *want* of education in the principles of human nature, who undertake to crush it out, or fight it down, or ignore it. They aim to make ascetics, and end with making villains. What they crowd aside and condemn as unlawful, is nevertheless sought out and practised, though with the feeling that it is unlawful; and thus conscience is abused, and the heart is made worse than it need be. True Christianity nowhere pronounces sentence against amusement. What it rebukes is the excess to which it is carried, and the bad practices and passions which spring up around it, and are perpetrated in its name.

What, then, are some of the conditions, respecting amusements, which are required to be carefully observed, in order that they may not be turned from rational and innocent satisfaction in to ruinous and degrading sins?

Foremost among these conditions we should all agree, I am sure, in placing this: that they must not interfere with virtue. All the parts of our nature are made to be consistent with one another. We are never obliged to injure one to gratify another; as, for instance, to insult our conscience in order to gratify our feelings. There are ways enough of being entertained without trespassing a hair's breadth over the line of right. Nay, in the end, just so far as you go over that line, you diminish the pleasure and create a reaction of pain. And therefore I do not include vices among amusements. They are the ghastliest sort of drudgeries, before you have done with them. Recreation, according to the very etymology of the word, is something meant to renew and replenish your life, to reduplicate your power, to make you more and more capable, efficient, energetic,—to create, again and again, the worn and prostrate strength of body and spirit. Then, surely, the debauch that stupefies the brain, the feasting that reduces you from a man to a mere animal, the drunkenness that besots every nobler capacity, the uncurbed and unseasonable revelry that makes such tremendous draughts on the vital powers, the lusts that pollute and eat out the intellectual and physical vigor, —you cannot call these recreations. They recreate nothing. They waste, and consume, and rot, and kill, and curse. We may call them re-degradations, re-consumptions,—re-destructions, but not recreations.

The next condition affixed, therefore, to all real recreations, is that they be healthful.

In fact, one of their grand purposes is to promote health. What a blunder, then, if you so mismanage them, either as to kind or quantity, as to make them destroy health. Of course this must happen whenever they run into dissipation, or are connected with *sensual sins*. It must happen when you pass the bounds of temperance in eating or drinking. It must happen when your amusements require late hours, unhinging and debilitating your nervous system. A man that comes out from an evening's entertainment at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, his brain excited, his body tired, perhaps his feet damp or cold, and tumbles into bed exhausted, and sinks into a weary, unnatural sleep, is in no way to get any physical advantage from his recreation. Even if it was quite innocent in itself, the accompanying errors neutralize its benefits, or give it a character of positive damage.

Still another characteristic of the right sort of recreations is, that they stand as much as possible in contrast with the nature of your ordinary employments. This is what makes them to be amusements. The great law of intellectual life to be consulted in recreation is variety. When we recreate, we want to do what is unlike what we have to do the most of our time.

A man that has been walking, or digging, or carrying mortar till he is thoroughly fatigued, does not care to play cricket. A soldier, after being in the engagement at Inkerman, Waterloo, or Cawnpore, would hardly go out in the latter part of the day to amuse himself with shooting at a mark. A student, even where his tasks do not incline him that way, will, if he is wise, select those recreations that are farthest removed from mental application, and least sedentary. I have no doubt a man is now and then to be found who never so closely applies or concentrates his mind as in a game of chess. . . .

But in general, it is manifest that the greater part of a clerk's or of any sedentary man's recreations should involve some bodily activity. As he commonly sits, so in his amusements he should stir. As he is commonly indoors, so his amusements should take him abroad. As he is commonly fixing his eyes upon paper or minute materials, so in his amusements he should relieve them, by looking at broad objects, like natural scenery. As he is commonly receiving through that one sense —sight—so in amusing himself he should, if possible, receive otherwise, as by conversation or music. As he is commonly exercising his memory, so, in his hours of relaxation, other mental faculties should take the lead, such as come into play in the talk and laughter of social companions or athletic competitions,—like fancy, ready wit, decision, invention, self-possession, and self-control, with the cultivation of genial and agreeable sentiments. The inference is, that the very best adapted of all relaxations for this large class of young men, are of two sorts, viz.: active sports in the open air, and social intercourse with refined and intelligent persons of both sexes.

Thayer's Home Monthly.

When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you bestow one, forget it.

## LITTLE GEORGIE'S PRAYER.

Little Georgie, an interesting boy of four summers, had been taught by his mother to pray, and she had often told him that to pray to God was to talk to him, and tell him just what he wanted. At night, after he had repeated the Lord's prayer, he was accustomed to make a short prayer of his own, in which his childish wants were expressed in his own words. Though Georgie was generally a very good boy, and loved his parents most tenderly, yet it sometimes happened that he needed correction; for, like all children, he liked to have his own way.

One day, being unwilling to yield to his mother's wishes, she was obliged to punish him, for she did not wish her little boy to grow up a wicked and unruly son. At night when it was time for him to repeat his prayer, he could not forget his naughty actions; and, as he had been taught, he *talked* to God about it in the following manner, feeling all the while very serious, though his language was so childish: "O Lord, bless Georgie, and make him a good boy; and don't let him be naughty again, never, no never, because you know when he is naughty *he sticks to it so!*"

Would it not be well for some of my little readers to make use of "Georgie's prayer?"

## NEEDLE WORK.

Needle work is thus gracefully eulogized by Nathaniel Hawthorn in the *Marble Faun:*

There is something extremely pleasant and touching—at least, of a very sweet, soft and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle work, distinguishing men from women. Our own sex is incapable of any such by law, aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty —have always some little handiwork ready to fill up the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasions; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory, to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have the advantage of us in this aspect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicket chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of accomplishments and high thoughts love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than when so occupied.

Chinese Etiquette.—Etiquette requires that in Chinese conversation, each should compliment the other, and everybody belonging to him, in the most laudatory style, and depreciate himself, with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration:—"My insignificant appellation is Wong." "Where is your magnificent palace?" "My contemptible hut is at Suchan." "How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile, worthless brats are five." "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good-for nothing old woman is well."

# Miscellaneous.

## PRINCIPLES OF THE NEW CONFEDERACY.

We publish, says, the New York *World*, a speech delivered last Thursday, March 21st, in Savannah, by Hon. A. H. Stephens, vice president of the Confederate States. Probably no person connected with the new government, so styled, either as legislator or executive officer, has so amply possessed the respect of the North, both as a statesman and as a man. His defection from the loyal stand he first made against the secession movement was everywhere received with heart-felt pain, and did more than any other one event to prepare our public mind for the fearful sweep of treason that so soon followed. It has been supposed that Mr. Stephens yielded because of a pressure that could hardly be resisted; but, if we are to judge him by this speech, it was conviction that constrained him quite as much as outward necessity.

The speech contains one most significant admission—an admission which, in effect, does away with every party pretext that has been used to justify the breaking up of the Union, and puts the real cause of complaint in the Constitution itself. Mr. Stephens avers that the prevailing idea of the framers of the Constitution was that "the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in *principle*, socially, morally, and politically, and that some how or other, in the order of Providence, the institution would be evanescent and pass away." True, every essential guarantee was secured to slavery while it should last, but the idea upon which the Constitution was erected, was fundamentally wrong. He goes on to say, that "Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truths that the negro is not equal to the white man—that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and moral condition! And thus our new government is the first, in the history of the world, based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth." Mr. Stephens has done civilization service in thus honestly stripping off every disguise, and presenting the matter just as it stands. The long and the short of it, as he puts it, is made plain to the dimmest perception. The fathers framed a constitution with ideas which do not now suit the extreme Southern States, and therefore these States have broken away from that Constitution, and formed another of different principles. Thus it is conceded that the North occupy the conservative ground—that they adhere to the old order—and that it is precisely because they do adhere to the old, and refuse to accept and abide by what Mr. Stephens himself denominates new discoveries, that this great secession movement has taken place.

Mr. Stephens has the utmost faith in his great principle that slavery is the corner-stone of all true government. Though, as he says, "thousands of people, who begin to understand these truths," are not yet completely out of the shell,—he it seems, is not only out of the shell, but full fledged and soaring. He not only believes that the border States will be compelled to join their fortunes to the maintenance of the great principle, but thinks it probable that "all the great States of the Northwest shall gravitate this way," and, in a different part of the speech, he avers that he cannot permit himself to doubt the ultimate success of a full recognition of this principle throughout the civilized and enlightened "world." It is melancholy to see so fine a mind possessed with such gross delusions. If there is one fact in the political economy of the nineteenth century more firmly established than any other, it is the superiority of free over slave labor in respect to everything that conduces to national wealth. If there be one social tendency of the age more decided than any other, one that is especially active in breaking down all the old subordinations, it is the moral power that treats the human race as one brotherhood, and accords to all of the same government the same rights before the law. There is no instance in modern history of such a defiance of the opinion of the world as has thus far marked this attempt to consolidate and perpetuate the slave power. It seems to be that sort of judicial blindness which, it used to be said, Providence sends to foretoken destruction.

## THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

On the 3d of March, says the *Independence Belge*, the Emperor Alexander will decree the final emancipation of the serfs. The statement reads simple enough, but for ages no event has occurred so huge at once in its proportions and its consequences. The slavery of Russia differs materially from any form of that great curse hitherto known among men, from the slavery which dried up the vitality of the Roman world as much as from the slavery which is the disgrace of North America. It was a purely Asiatic institution, the logical complement of an Asiatic theory of society, and Russia, in renouncing it, renounces Asia, and enters Europe not merely as a power—the Sultanut was once a power—but as a nation, with European objects, and a European capacity for limitless development.

The modern system of serfage commenced in 1599 with a decree of the usurper, Boris Godunoff. As he was a usurper, philosophical historians suppose he intended to conciliate the nobilesse, but there is not the slightest evidence of any such intention. At that time the agricultural classes were marked by a spirit of restlessness which seemed to Russian statesmen dangerous and unreasonable. Villages were always on the move. Every fifth or sixth year the commune, which is so to speak, the integer of Russian society, would migrate to some new locality, disappear perhaps in a night, without warning or signal, to be heard of only after a march of a hundred miles. They retained, in fact, say Western philosophers, the nomadic instincts of their ancestry. Nothing of the sort. They disliked unnecessary work just as Western philosophers dislike it, and in a country where land is valueless it is easier to break up a virgin soil than to re-invigorate an old one. Exactly the same tendency at this moment puzzles British administrators in Burmah, and American politicians in the far South. The system, of course, is exceedingly unpleasant to any government advanced beyond the stage of Tartar Khans. It very nearly destroys the possibility of conscription, and completely paralyzes the fiscal authorities. It is, moreover, injurious to civilization. A race which contemplates migration as an ordinary incident of life will neither fence, nor drain, nor build, and has a trick of preferring stock breeding to cultivation. Influenced by all these motives, the counsellors of Boris Godunoff resolved to prevent locomotion, and in a rough arbitrary way alone intelligible to Asiatics, they passed a Law of Settlement. In less civilized phrase, they bound the peasant to the soil, thus changing at once freemen into "ryots." As the soil, in their theory, belonged to the boyars, they ordered the peasant to pay three days' labor in the week for the privilege of working on the other three; and it is in the continued effort to realize this rental that the root of modern serfage must be sought. Gradually the class who held, though they did not own the land, and who could directly influence the throne, drew all privileges to themselves. The right of selecting conscripts gave them one weapon, the right of enforcing obedience to orders necessary for cultivation, another; but to this hour, the power of the Russian slave-holder is based rather on encroachment, hardened into right, than on any positive law. The throne neither felt, nor pretended any interest, in oppressing the peasant for the sake of the proprietor. It was the strain to protect the land rental which vested the landowner in Russia, as in Bengal it vests the Zemindar, with such tremendous power. The law, for example, intends that every man who shares the produce of certain land, shall pay his share of rent in service and obedience. But there is no law enabling the proprietor who permits his serf to emigrate, to follow him with a personal tax. All he can legally do, is to summon him back to the estate, though, as the summons implies to the serf of the cities utter ruin, it is amply sufficient to ensure obedience. In practice, partly through the operation of the law, partly through long-continued custom, and chiefly through the steady bias of all officials towards the proprietor and against the serf, the landowner has become absolute over individuals. He can order any man to be beaten, without limit as to the number of blows; he can, when hard pressed, evade the law prohibiting sale by letting the serf for ninety years; he can make life unendurable by petty exactions and incessant work, by insults it is impossible to resent, and demands it is difficult to evade. The actual conduct of the class is differently represented by different observers, but the evidence is heavy against the landowners. Most, if not all, of the favorable accounts have been written by foreigners. Russian writers usually admit that the system is oppressive, and the literature of the populace teems with stories of the grotesque and usually filthy tyranny of the noblesse. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was circulated in Russia with a speed which in such a country could be produced only by the sympathy arising from similarity of condition. Above all, it is a certainty that the Russian peasant detested his position, that local insurrections were incessant, and that only hope—the hope now justified by the emperor—prevented them from becoming universal. Russian slavery in its best form destroys individual interest, and therefore general progress renders a true middle class, impossible, and poisons the national mind with discontent. In its worst forms it is better than negro slavery only in the absence of race hatred, and in the peculiarity we may now describe.

While the master is thus absolute over the individual, he is powerless as against the community, or against a general right. No proprietor in Russia claims a right to sell children, or separate husband and wife, or breed slaves for sale. He may perform isolated acts of tyranny, tending to those results, but he performs them in the face of the law and public opinion, and not with their support. As to communities, he is powerless both in theory and practice. The Russian, like every other Asiatic, considers that the land belongs to him and his commune. He may be compelled to pay rent, or give service, but his right is wholly unimpaired. Like other Asiatics, too, he will fight for this single right with the most utter indifference to consequences. The same man who will bear insult and blows and taxation without a murmur, is a freeman the instant his land is menaced. A real assault on his village rights produces an insurrection as certainly as a cloud produces rain. His land has, therefore, been respected, and it is this remnant of citizenship, this last relic of property right, which has saved him from degradation, and which now forms the difficulty of emancipation.

It is not, perhaps necessary to examine very carefully the consequences of this great deed. There are occasions in the history of nations, as in the lives of individuals, when the act to be done is too vast for human foresight, when the single advice worth hearing is to do right, and leave the consequences to the God you have obeyed. But there are one or two results which, unless all history is valueless, may safely be predicted from the revolution.

The first is an increase in the political strength of Russia. The House of Romanoff, with all its despotic principles, has been for ages in fair accord with its people. The masses, while distrusting the "Tchin," and detesting the aristocracy, have been steadfastly loyal to the throne. A mob obeys the direct order of the czar as submissively as his soldiery. "God and the czar" is the cry of the Russian peasant, and he does not always distinguish accurately between the two Beneficences. If this has been his habitual feeling, what will it be when the emperor has conceded the freedom his nobles would have withheld? Henceforward, the man who menaces the dynasty will be regarded in Russia as he would be in England—as a dangerous, but still contemptible fool. That result alone strengthens the czars almost inconceivably. Add to this that serfage is the first cause of the poverty of the Russian fisc, that its abolition renders direct taxation on the masses possible, and must increase the customs receipts indefinitely, that half the abuses of the army have their root in serfage, and finally, that the moral weight of Russia is crippled by her adherence to slavery, and we may gain some idea of the advantages which will repay the reigning house for the enormous sacrifice they have made.

The second result is, we imagine, the temporary extinction of the Russian aristocracy. That body numbers some 100,000 slaveholders, whose properties are thus distributed:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1,424 | possess more than | 1,000 | peasants. |
| 2,273 | " | 500 | " |
| 16,740 | " | 100 | " |
| 30,417 | " | 20 | " |
| 58,457 | " less than | 20 | " |

There is talk of pecuniary compensation, and the emancipation will doubtless be accompanied by a decree authorizing the collection of rent: but both palliatives must we conceive, break down.

From the Spectator, Feb. 23d.


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