

tered into the contest. The ruling sovereign of France sends also one of his own blood, in the person of the heir-presumptive of the Imperial throne; a prince who, in the splendor of his newly-recovered rank, has not forgotten the liberal opinions or the personal BONHOMMIE of his earlier life; and who has thus been afforded, by the confiding choice of his cousin, a field on which he may aspire to show that he inherits something more than the mere name of the first Napoleon. He too plays his part as a moral agent in this drama; for our troops not only go to battle shoulder to shoulder with their ancient enemies, but also with the nephew of their illustrious chief who commanded in the final field. His name alone is a gage to peace and amity.

Glorious "Charley" blazes out at the head of the naval commanders. He is just the terrier to hunt that Russian rat, and crush him in his hole. By a happy disposition of parts, the gallant Admiral and his compeer Dundas find themselves in the position suited to their several characters and capacities. Napier was once refused the command of the Mediterranean fleet because in the opinion of the minister of the day, he lacked "discretion;" he has now received a commission in which the vexed question raised by Lord John Russell is scarcely, if at all, involved. Whatever may be his precise instructions, it is probable that they afford full scope for that daring but not reckless bravery, of which his brilliant career has afforded such memorable examples. Entrusted with a command of an importance unparalleled in the history of his country, his mission also is one for which we must almost vainly seek a precedent. Nelson, at Copenhagen, held in some respect the destinies of Europe in his hand; how much more awful the responsibility resting on Napier at Cronstadt and St. Petersburg! His very name sufficed to scare the phantom fleet of Russia. His character as a seaman and commander is precisely that required by the exigencies of the crisis; and he as completely represents the realism of the English naval force by comparison with the vamped up and fictitious system of Russia, as the straightforward policy of the English and French statesmen contrasts with the fraudulent finesse of the Emperor Nicholas. Admiral Dundas has equally fulfilled the exigencies of his position in the southern point of attack on Russia. Where "discretion" and calculating courage are required there they were found personified in the gallant Scotchman to whom our Black Sea fleet is confided; and if it had been intended beforehand in a kind of prophetic spirit, to fit the man for the mission, a more happy choice could not have been made.

Of Russian admirals we hear nothing;—a fact which is sufficiently significant of the part they have hitherto played, and will probably play hereafter, in this war;—a war which commenced with the sending of the Russian Minister of Marine on a bullying mission to Constantinople, and which seems like to end in his having no marine to administer. The two French admirals, Hamelin and Parseval Deschênes, have, like the navy to which they belong, their laurels to win; but Turkey possesses a sort of naval Omer Pacha in the Englishman Slade, who has organized the navy as Omer Pacha organized the army. Report speaks so highly of the courage and discipline of the Turkish sailors, that their commander may reasonable hope to win, on his own element, laurels corresponding with those gained by the gallant Croat on land.

Remote from the seats of war, on which the eyes of Europe are fixed with the intensity of expectation but not the less representative men, and exercising a vast influence over the present and future of Russia, are three personages, with whom we will complete our tableau.

The Prince Woronzoff is said to have been disgraced by his Imperial master; if so, Nicholas showed himself at once unwise and unjust. Wounded by the ill-success of successive generals—of Yermoloff, of Paskiewitch, of Rosen, or Golovin, of Niedhardt, he at last, some ten years since, resolved on nominating the Prince Woronzoff to a dictatorial command over the whole of the territory abutting on Circassia, in addition to the government of Bessarabia, and New Russia, which he had already enjoyed. Never had any Russian subject been entrusted with such authority; and the leading principle of his instructions appears to have been the thorough purification and reintegration of the corrupt military and administrative system, in order to infuse vigour and force enough therein for the conquest of the brave tribes of the Caucasus.

Opposed to this administrator and general, who was sustained by the whole military resources of Russia, stood, and still stands, the man who, single handed as it were, has resisted the immense power of that empire. For some nine or ten years the unequal contest has been sustained. Schamyl, one of those rare men who combine with military prowess and resources the gift at once to fascinate and govern a people, has baffled and worn out one of the ablest and most loyal men in the Russian service. At the end of the conflict he finds himself the chief of a victorious people, and able to think henceforth of relationship. Ready to support his movement, and to complete the destruction of Russian prestige on the Black Sea and the Caspian, is another European in the Turkish service, Guyon, who, after having achieved a brilliant

reputation in the Hungarian war, is entrusted with a command which may result in changing the aspect of Asiatic politics.

We have here singled out, from the vast number of distinguished persons on whom the attention of the world has so long been fixed, those whose past career or whose position renders them the living embodiments of the various conditions of the Russia-European Question. We believe that it would be difficult to point to any great epoch in history, when principles or interests more important, or men of more distinguished antecedents, have been ranged in opposition. The antagonism of the principles dates from a period almost contemporaneous with the commencement of the political career of some of the men.

We have endeavoured to point out the kind of relation existing between those representative men and the several parts they have played or are to play; to indicated rather than demonstrate this mysterious harmony of cause and effect, which invests with attributes of a dramatic fatalism the men and the incidents with which each day makes us more familiar. That on either side there are reputations yet to be developed, and men yet to be drawn from their comparative obscurity, no one will for a moment doubt. Who those persons may be in the secret which time alone will disclose. We are probably, as our fathers were half a century ago, on the eve of one of those harvest-times of human genius which are concurrent with great and stirring political events. We possess, however, this great anticipatory consolation—that the side on which we are arrayed is that of unimpeachable justice, and that if new political, diplomatic, or military reputations emerge from the excitements of the period, they are not likely to be of that rank and rapid growth which characterized the fruits of the last great convulsion, but of a strong and healthy nature, founded in true virtue and respect for the moral laws of society, and so destined to illustrate by their example the sacred cause of human progress.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal

A LIVING PICTURE.

'Her children arise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her.'

No, I'll not say your name.—I have said it now—As you, mine—first in childish treble tuned, Up through a score of dear familiar years, Till baby-voices mock us. Time may come When your tall sons look down on our white hair, Smiling to hear us call each other thus, And, curious, ask about the old, old days, The marvellous days—days when we too were young.

How far off seems that time, and yet how near! Now, as I lie and watch you come and go With handfuls of spring greenery, in soft robe Just girdled, and brown curls that girl-like fall, And straw-hat flapping in the April wind—I could forget these many years—start up, Crying: 'Come, let's go play!'

Well-a-day, friend, Our playing is all done!

Still, let us smile; For as you sit about with these same flowers, You look like a spring morning, thrilled with light, And on your lips a bright invisible bird Sits, singing its gay heart out in old tunes; While, an embodied music, moves your step, Your free, wild springy step, like corn in the wind. Gazing on you, I see young Atala. Or Pocahontas, noble child of the sun, Or Lady Geraldine, her 'Courtship' o'er, Moves through the dark aisles.

But I'll not prate: Fair seemeth fairest, ignorant 'tis fair; That light incredulous laugh is worth a world! That laugh—with soft child-echoes—

Nay then, fade, Vague dream! Come, true and pure reality; Come, dewy dawn of wifehood, motherhood, Broadening to golden day. Come silent round Of simple joys, sweet duties, happy cares, When each full hour drops bliss with liberal hand, Yet leaves to-morrow richer than to-day.

Will you sit here! The grass is summer warm; Look, how those children love the daisy-stars; So did we too, do you mind? That eldest lad, He has your very mouth. Yet, you will have't, His eyes are like his father's! Well; even so; They could not be more dear, and deep, and kind.

Do you know, this hour I have been fancying you A poet's dream, and almost sighed to think There was no poet to praise you—

Way, you're down After those wild elves in the flower-bed there! Ha, ha! you're human now.

So best—so best: Mine eyelids drop, content, o'er moistened eyes—I would not have you other than you are.

FASHION.

FASHION rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconsistent things imaginable, for fashion's sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or kes us with a tight handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing; she makes people set up by night when they ought

to be in bed. She makes it vulgar to wait on one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless.

She makes people visit when they would rather be at home; eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty.

She invades our pleasures and interrupts our business.

She compels the people to dress gaily either with their own property or that of others, whether agreeably to the word of God or the dictates of pride.

She ruins health and produces sickness—destroys life and occasions premature death.

HISTORICAL KNOWLEDGE.

'A little learning is a dangerous thing,' says the poet, and darfur, saith Mr James Johnsoning, 'a great deal of learning must be a possitib ebil.' People who are much addicted to personalities, of ten find that a little learning is dangerous, especially when united with malicious feeling; and such as are ambitious of fame for historical knowledge, and have not the proper qualifications for such a controversy, "get fits" of the worse kind when they show their colors. Every body has heard of the fellow who announced in his seat in the legislature, the death of "colleague S. Higgins, Esq;," but every body has not heard of the subjoined effort of eloquent historical erudition:

'If it hadn't been for Mr Christopher Columbus,' said Snubb, 'General Washington wouldn't have been born; but suppose he had, what then? What did Washington ever do that was a great benefit to his country?'

'There is much said about his talents for war. To be sure he performed several masterly retreats, but what's that evidence of? Sir, it is that he was a coward.'

'General Washington a coward!' screamed Foster, the village doctor, in a voice of thunder. 'General Washington a coward! Who so base as dare say it? Look at him at the battle of the Nile, look at him at Waterloo, the cowpens, and the plains of Marathon, at the Pyramids, at Stillman's defeat at Bad Axe, and sir, look at him at the battle of New Orleans!'

General Washington at the battle of New Orleans exclaimed a huge backwoodsman gesticulating violently.—Mr Speaker, is there such an ignominious in the house Sir, any school-boy knows that the battle of New Orleans was fit before General Washington was born. Let gentlemen read Plutarch's lives, the lives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, or let him read Arkwright's history of the Black Hawk war, and he'll find that General Henry Dodge fit at the battle of New Orleans!

WIVES AND CARPETS.

In the selection of a carpet, you should always prefer one with small figures, because the two webs of which the fabrics consist are always more closely interwoven than in carpeting where large figures are wrought.

There is a great deal of true philosophy in this, that will apply to matters widely different from the selection of carpets.

A man commits a sad mistake when he selects a wife that cuts too large a figure on the green carpet of life—in other words, makes much display. The attractions fade out—the web of life becomes wore and weak, and all the gay figures that seemed so charming at first, disappear like summer flowers in autumn.

Many a man has made flimsy linseywoolsey of himself, by striving to weave too large a figure and finds himself worn out, used up, and like an old carpet hanging on the fence, before he has lived out half his allotted days of usefulness.

Many a man wears out like a carpet that is never swept, by the dust of indolence. Like that same carpet, he needs shaking or whipping—he needs activity, something to think of—something to do.

Look out then, for the large figures; and there are those now stowed away in the garret of the world, awaiting their final consignment to the cellar, who, had they practised this bit of carpet philosophy, would to-day be firm, and everybody exclaiming: 'It is wonderful how well they do!'

AT WHAT AGE?—The question is often asked what is the proper age at which to be married? Adam took Eve to his bosom before he was a year old, Parr married at the age of 120; we conclude, therefore that any where between these two points will answer!

MIRTH is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

VOLTAIRE'S RIDDLE.—What is the longest, and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and the most slow; the most divisible, and the most extended; the least valued, and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours everything, however small, and yet gives life and spirit to every object, however great? Answer—Time.

An Irishman's description of making a cannon—"take a long pole and pour brass around it,"

LIKE the colored bottles in a chemist's window is rough on the cheeks of maiden; it attracts the passers by, but all know the drugs they advertise.

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From Wilmer & Smith's European Times, August, 5.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The profound secrecy in which all the negotiations between the Allied Powers, the German Courts and the Cabinet of Russia is veiled; defies all speculations respecting the precise cause of the delay in the occupation of the Principalities by the Austrian forces. It seems, however, placed beyond doubt, that the Russians have once more taken the resolution to retire towards the Sereth and Moldavia, as authentic information has been received that on the 27th July the Russians quitted and the Turks occupied Franceschti; that the Russians then successively fell back towards the towns south of Bucharest, and that city was finally to be evacuated on the 31st ultimo. This retreat by forced marches, was effected with the thermometer standing at 104 deg. in the shade, and must have been attended with a frightful sacrifice of human life. Under these circumstances it is scarcely necessary to notice the various reported skirmishes which have taken place between the Russians and the Turks on the left bank of the river. We have no doubt there has been great slaughter on both sides. In one encounter, three gallant English officers, as we reported last week, Captain Arnold, Lieutenant Meynell, and Lieutenant Burke were slain, but the Turks always remained masters of the field; However these partial and sanguinary struggles could have but small effect upon the ultimate issue of the war. We may here express our regret that we should have been so misled by the false reports that the gallant and lamented Captain Hyde Parker, when he met his death, was on a party of pleasure on the Danube, and was lulled into a false security that the enemy had withdrawn from the batteries at the Sulina mouth. The despatches published in the London Gazette establish beyond all cavil, except from those who originated the report, that the whole operation was deliberately concerted; that a body of boats, well armed, accompanied by the Chaplain and Surgeon, in the discharge of their dangerous duties, proceeded to the enemy's position, and that Captain Hyde Parker met his death in the performance of his duty to his Queen and his country.

The Emperor of Austria has returned to Vienna from Ischl, and has had a conference with General Hess. It is now considered certain that Austria will forthwith occupy the Principalities; but no precise period is fixed for their crossing the frontiers. The Austrian army appears to be imperceptibly moving eastwards.—Archduke Albrecht has removed his headquarters to Cronstadt, in Transylvania, which movement alone would be quite sufficient, in our opinion, to force the Russians to a retrograde step. Preparations were being made at Bucharest for the splendid reception of the Turks, who it is now said, will occupy Wallachia conjointly with the Austrians. There is a report from Constantinople, that a strong body of the allied troops had gone in fifteen ships from Balshik to Anapa; but it is certainly very strange that no further particulars are given. The Turkish commanders in Asia do not appear to be very successful in their military operations; but the dates from Kars are so old that they are not worth much attention. Journalists who have written so much about Schamyl and the Circassian begin to suspect that they live along way inland, and are not so easily to be communicated with. Nothing whatever is known of the intentions of the allied commanders with regard to Sebastopol. Every day some French or English regiments arrive at Varna, in the neighbourhood of which port the combined armies are still encamped; but it is quite conjectural whether they will march to the Danube, or be finally directed towards Sebastopol. Very heavy siege artillery is expected to arrive hourly, and we may presume from the continued reinforcements still despatched to the seat of war that great military operations are meditated before the termination of the campaign but many weeks must elapse before our armies can by any possibility come up with the enemy on land.

Omar Pacha has issued orders forbidding newspapers correspondents to remain in the fortresses and at head-quarters. The Vienna correspondent of the Times gives us this piece of information, having said the same thing of Marshal St. Arnaud more than three weeks ago, but still we find little or no interruption in these communications, which, however, are limited to the notice of trifling occurrences on the spot. Five Russian gun-boats had been sunk by two English war steamers whilst raising the engine of the Tiger. We are sorry to observe that the cholera has appeared at Smyrna and Gallipoli. We fear that the mortality has been considerable at the latter place, but the excessive heat now being past we may anticipate a more healthful season in the course of the ensuing month.—It is ludicrous to read all the various speculations respecting the retrograde movement of the Russian forces. For our parts we only wonder how they have ventured to stay in Wallachia so long. Many persons are already taking it for granted that they will now repossess the Pruth; but this