

human freedom. In this sense, whatever may be the veneer of civilization over the coarse bulk of Russian society, the triumph of Russia would be the triumph of a species of barbarism. On the other hand, whatever the past history of Turkish Mohammedanism, it is incontestable that it is at present struggling into a species of civilization. Its vices belong to the past, its virtues advance into the future. Uprightness and honor in public and private dealings, religious toleration, and internal administration daily strengthening in health and integrity brave troops inspired by loyalty and nationality; and accomplished commanders, devoted to the Sultan's interest though not his native-born subjects, by sympathy with his character and fortunes—these are the tendencies and characteristics of the Turkey of to-day, of which the Sultan stands forth as the representative. The sympathies of Europe have been declared in advance, and a balance of moral claims between him and his arch-enemy.

From the East let us turn to the West; from the two sovereigns who are the principals, to the two sovereigns who have been compelled to interfere in the contest. The Emperor of the French is our ally, and in that capacity demands a suspension at least of the controversy his career has provoked. In our tableau he fills a conspicuous place. He, like the Emperor of Russia, personifies an idea of military force; but unlike the Emperor of Russia, he does not use it to oppress or conquer his neighbours. While the Emperor of Russia has the tempter and the conspirator, the Emperor of the French has been the loyal upholder of the honor of his country, and the steady advocate of justice. Claiming inheritance from the greatest conquerors of modern times he uses his heritage on the solemn pledge that the age of conquest is past. The last Emperor of Russia helped in raising Europe to crush and punish the last Emperor of the French; now the nephew of that vanquished conqueror steps forward to check the rapacity of the Emperor of Russia. In one respect, there is too much resemblance between the two monarchs; that is to say, in the despotic character of their rule, and in the suppression of opinion by which it is accompanied. For the Emperor of the French is urged the plea of necessity; while the omnipotence of the Emperor of Russia argues choice. At all events, the despotism of the one is employed for good, while that of the other is devoted to evil. The Emperor of the French seeks apparently to represent a sort of midway state between the heaven-derived patriarchalism of Russian theory, and the anarchy of democracy which resulted from French practice. The genius of Liberty presides at least over his councils, if it does not direct his domestic government; and while the Emperor of Russia is the puffed puppet of a rotten social organization, the Emperor of the French directs with a firm and vigorous hand an administrative system which, for unity and complex simplicity has perhaps no parallel in the world. The Emperor of Russia has proclaimed himself arrogant, haughty, passionate, vindictive at baffled treachery; the Emperor of the French has shown himself dignified, calm, reasonable, and temperate in the consciousness of loyal purposes. The one embodies despotism in its most the other in its least odious aspect.

Our own beloved sovereign but speaks and acts through her Ministers; yet the mild influence of her personal virtues, and the special bent of her consort's mind, go not for nothing in this drama. Queen Victoria represents the genius of peace or of industry, whose well-being are imperilled in the outrage offered to civilization by the Emperor of Russia. It is the benign spirit so embodied that has converted the French nation from sanguinary purposes to gentler pursuits, and that has enabled their astute ruler to proclaim peace as the source of a glory greater than that derived from the brilliant but costly triumphs of war. It is this spirit, of which our Queen stands forth the representative that has sanctified the resistance of Europe to the threatened Russian irruption. So that she, too, takes her place in this our tableau.

Among the diplomatists who have figured in this question, some stand forth with peculiar prominence. We speak not of Menschikoff who was a mere weapon in the hands of his master; or of Lord de Redclyffe, who though an important, was only a secondary personage, inasmuch as he was but carrying out instructions; but of men such as Nesselrode, Palmerston, Aberdeen, Redshid Pacha, and Drouyn de L'Huys, by whom, more or less, the initiative has been taken. Buol Schauenstein, Manteuffel, Sir Hamilton Seymour, and Lord Westmorland can only be regarded as intermediaries.

In Nesselrode, we see personified the diplomacy which Nicholas has dishonored. If the Russia of 1851, the conservator and restorer, and the champion of order against revolution—if this Russia has ceased to exist, it is not the fault of Nesselrode; for this statesman has always advocated the policy which was consecrated and renewed by the settlement of 1815, and which, some deviations excepted, had been so followed by Russia, that Lord Aberdeen joined with the rest of conservative Europe in the respect and confidence entertained for the Emperor. Himself an actor in most of the great events that have characterized the policy of Russia since that period, the continuance of Nesselrode at the head of affairs might reasonably be regarded by the Western nations as a guaranty of Rus-

sian good faith and to a certain extent he was so regarded.

But to do justice to Nesselrode, we must not weigh him as we should the minister of a constitutional monarch under similar circumstances. We must distinguish between the minister and the subject. Nesselrode, the hoary-headed counsellor, appealing to the memory of great services at a great epoch, and respectfully but firmly advising his imperial master against a suicidal policy, is not Nesselrode the able and supple chancellor, bringing to the aid of a policy he disapproves diplomatic powers which he recognizes as the absolute property of his sovereign. In a constitutional country a minister so placed would object and resign; under the peculiar despotism of Russia he advises, but obeys. A forgetfulness of these peculiarities of the Russian seems to have led the Western Powers into error for a time. The known attachment of Nesselrode to the principles of the settlement of 1815, seemed utterly irreconcilable with the perfidious scheme of which he made himself the mouthpiece, when he penned the despatches full of sinister sophistry to which his name is attached. From the hour when the Emperor finally resolved on throwing off the mask of political morality, Nesselrode ceased to be more than the instrument of his sovereign. It remains to be seen whether, in the event of greater reverses or of a change in the Emperor's views, this faithful minister will be able to exercise on him a moderating influence, so as to bring back Russia into the family of nations.

In Redshid Pacha we have another minister devoted to his sovereign and his country, but of a very different stamp. Comparatively with Nesselrode or Aberdeen, he is but a youthful actor in contemporary history, although a matured man. He represents what might be called "Young Turkey;" but the enthusiasm of his faith in the new system under which the empire of the Sultan rapidly regenerated, is tempered by an amount of common sense and practical wisdom rare in an Asiatic. The generous and liberal spirit which prevades the Ottoman system of government permits to Redshid Pacha a degree of pose, self-reliance, and independence of action, resembling the similar conditions under which a chief minister acts in a constitutional state of Europe. Those who have diplomatic dealings with him feel that they are engaged with a power whose engagements can and will be adhered to. Associated with the Sultan by marriage, he is also still more united to him by sympathy with those plans of internal reform which have occupied so much of the monarch's thoughts, and have shed so much glory on his reign. Without pretending to the reputation of the Russian chancellor, the Turkish minister holds a position far more honorable. Equally loyal to his sovereign, he is at the same time free to do what he believes to be the best for his country: nor is he condemned to the hateful task of supporting with his pen a policy which his heart and his head might alike condemn. Thus, the same singular contrast which is seen in the Emperor and the Sultan, finds itself reproduced in the relative positions of their respective ministers; and, as in the other case, the comparison is supremely favorable to Turkey. In one respect, perhaps, there may be a resemblance between them, that is to say in their secret desire to see this most anomalous war brought to a close by an honorable peace. That Nesselrode should wish this, is attested by the antecedents of his memorable career that Redshid Pacha should desire a peace is but natural, when we reflect that, in all probability, one of the secret objects of the Emperor Nicholas is to impede the progress of Turkey in domestic reform, by entraining that country in a costly external war. In Redshid Pacha, as in the Sultan his master, we see personified the nascent civilization of Mohammedanism, which the Emperor of Russia would seek to crush by a barbarian invasion.

Lord Aberdeen necessarily fills a prominent place in this our imaginary tableau. His historical position, his life-long services which are so many landmarks and his solemn engagements which Russia is violating, invest him with the attributes of a high moral agency in this drama. It is easy by a kind of legomacy to say that Lord Aberdeen is the author of the present war; but before that position can be sustained in the eye of history, there must be established a new code of morality for kings and nations. Lord Aberdeen, like Nesselrode, rests his political faith on the basis of the settlement of 1815; and as he had not the same ocular and clear proofs as his ancient contemporary of the treachery to Europe manifested by the Emperor Nicholas, he naturally refused to believe that such treachery was possible. Lord Aberdeen believed in the possibility of peace, because peace was the real want of the age. Unlike Nesselrode, he had not been in almost daily personal contact with the Emperor of Russia, so as to see that a war, at once of crusade and conquest was inevitable. Even the antagonists of Lord Aberdeen admit that it honorable to his moral nature, this clinging to the hope of peace, even on the very eve of the actual declaration of war; and it cannot be doubted that the extreme reluctance of England to believe in the criminal designs of the Emperor of Russia has profoundly impressed the public opinion of Europe with a conviction that a cause must be just in which so much power is used with so much hesitation. Thus to have stamped the conduct of Russia with a character of remorseless and eniquitous

aggression, appears to have been the part, the unobstructive but important part, played by Lord Aberdeen in the drama; and if his censorious complain that forbearance was carried to a dangerous extent, they must in justice admit that seemingly compromising delays have been compensated for in the moral support now freely given by almost the whole of combined Europe, but which might have been withheld, had England alone, or France alone, manifested an eagerness to enter on a struggle with the pretender to universal empire.

(To be continued.)

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HANDS.

PSALM XXXI. 15.

FATHER—I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the charges that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see:

But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
I ask Thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure for itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate;
I have a fellow-ship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of holy love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that asked, denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side:
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessings be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee:
More careful than to serve Thee much,
To please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a crook in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In a service that Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free,
And a life of self-renewing love,
Is a life of liberty.

From the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine for July.
THE OCEAN.

Few who have 'gone down to the sea in ships,' sailing day after day over its stormy waves, continually exhausting horizon after horizon, and 'still the end was not'; few, we say have done this, but will feel the force of the following eloquent extract:

"The sea is the largest of the cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All grave yards in all other lands show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are all alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all. The same requiem song by the minstrelsy of the ocean sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on, until awakened by the same trump when the sea will give up its dead. I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after a brief but brilliant career, perished in the President—over the same ill-fated vessel we may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he, and thousands of others of the noble spirits of the earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered, or where the lovers of the good or wise can go to shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the 'middle passage'? Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights as I passed the noblest of the cemeteries without a single monument."

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

THE Editor of the Knickerbocker attributes the following to Ik Marvel, and it is certainly worthy of him:

Last evening we were walking leisurely along, the music of the choirs of three churches came

floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one, and that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but awakened a train of long buried memories, that rose to us even as they were, before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

It was the sweet old "Cornith" they were singing—strains we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blanched; and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon, who sat in the pulpit, was turned to gold in its light, and the minister who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded the application and 'exhortation,' and the village choir were ringing the last hymn, and the tune was 'Cornith.'

It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and the 'prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended,' and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air—the eyes of one were like a clear June heaven at noon.

They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say that they are not singing "Cornith" still, where Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up? There they eat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column on the right of the "leader," and to our young ears, there tones were the "very soul of music." That column bears still there pencilled names, as they wrote them in those days in life's June 18—before dreams or change had overcome their spirits like a summer cloud.

Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweeter tones had died upon the air; but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet reunion of song that shall take place by and by in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors are gold, and where hair never turns silvery, and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto, and she that sang air, will be in their places once more.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Young man! keep your eye peeled when you are after the women. If you bite at the naked hook you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive? Or a pretty face even? Flounces, boys, are of no sort of consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of termagant. The neat form will be pitched into dirty calico. Another and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiled sweet smiles and eat your sugar candy.

Keep your eyes peeled, boy, when you are after the women. If the little dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the house. If she apologizes for wiping dishes, you will need a girl to fan her. If she blushes when found at the wash tub with sleeves rolled up, be sure sir, that she is of the codfish aristocracy, little breeding and less sense. If you marry a gal who knows, nothing but to commit woman slaughter, upon the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find the one whose mind is right, and then pitch in. Don't be hanging round like a sheep thief, as though afraid to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough and ask for the article like a man.

A LADY'S FEELINGS.

A lady-friend of ours says the first time she was kissed by a "feller," she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmeg and checkerberries. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little Cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, the whole spread by melted rainbows—Jerusalem, what power there is in a full-breasted kiss.

Moving for a new Trial—Courting a second Wife.

The lady who "coloured" with indignation, says it is better than rouge or vermillion.

"Hollo," says Mr. Rathergreen, "what's this?" pointing to the telegraph wires, "a clothes line?" "Yes," replied a friend who was with him, "here is where they hang the sheet lightning." Mr. Rathergreen was struck, but he thought it rather true.

Love is the great instrument and engine of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe.

Store up this truth O woman! Be charitable unto thy fallen sister. Imitate not the stags that chase from the herd their wounded companion.

Sin and punishment, like the shadow and the body, are never apart.

"Tom," said a colonel to one of his men, "how can so good and brave a soldier as you get drunk so often?" "Colonel," replied he, "how can you expect all the virtues that adorn the human character for a chilling day?"

A conceited man of the name of D'Oyley, having said that he wished to be called De Oyley, somebody at dinner addressed him thus:—"Mr De Oyley, will you have some de umpling?"