

doubt, more confident to-day than ever that I will yield; but that is settled forever. I will yield; but that is settled forever. I will work with this hand till it is dust, but he shall never touch it, not so much as with the tip of his finger.'

She was magnificently beautiful as she stood there. Had I been a young man I would have told her so; as it was, I only looked it.

'Very good, Ellen!' exclaimed a gentleman I had not hitherto noticed, advancing from a recess in which he had been seated. 'Very good indeed. You are now as poor as I, and not half as proud. I may claim a right to be your protector. I beg your pardon, Sir. I must introduce myself, I see. Debray is my name. Miss Debray is my cousin by several removes.'

He was a good looking man, with the unmistakable cut of a sailor. His profession explained why I had not before met him. His eye was intelligent and full of life. I liked him at a glance, and in three minutes he had won his way to my heart, as I doubt he had long since to the heart of Miss Debray. She smiled pleasantly and frankly in his face, and held her hand out to him. I spoke.

'This is the gentleman, is it not, Miss Debray, of whom we spoke the day you left the old place? Have no fear. I am your confidential professional adviser you know.'

'It is he, Sir, and no other; I will be frank since I have no motive for concealment. John, you are free to leave me. You have heard how poor we are. What say you?'

She laughed as she asked him. As if she did not know what his answer was to be! Blessed be pure trusting woman's love; love that oversteps all barriers of false shame, that treads under foot all manner of doubt and distrust, that triumphs over all misfortunes. He made no reply, but with his eyes and his outstretched hand, and they too were one thenceforth and forever. I was a delighted witness of the scene. It was one of those professional episodes that we sometimes have and none enjoy them more keenly than do lawyers, from the very contrast they present to the usual routine of business.

And now about this Stephen, our most detestable cousin. Don't let us give it up this way. I must break his neck, or at least horsewhip him before I have done with him.

'Hush, John, he is sickly and deformed? Poor Devil—is he? I never saw him yet. Do you know I have now known Ellen for three years, and though I have visited her at the old place a dozen times, I never met that hound of a cousin. It is true I can't horsewhip a deformed wretch—poor fellow—I wish he was well and strong. What a comfort it would be to thrash him.'

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

MEN'S rights! Women's rights! I throw down the gauntlet for children's rights. Yes, little pets, Fanny Fern's about 'takin' notes, and she'll 'print 'em,' too, if you don't get your dues. She has seen you seated by a pleasant window in a railroad-car, with your bright eyes dancing with the prospect of all the pretty things you were going to see, forcibly ejected by some overgrown Napoleon who fancied your place, and thought in his wisdom, that children had no taste for anything but sugar-candy. Fanny Fern knew better. She knew that the pretty trees and flowers, and bright blue sky, gave your little souls a thrill of delight, though you could not tell why; and she knew that great big man's soul was a great deal smaller than yours, to sit there and read a stupid political paper, when such a glowing landscape was before him that he might have feasted his eyes upon. And she longed to wipe away the big tear that you didn't dare to let fall; and she understood how a little girl or boy, that didn't get a ride every day in the year, should not be quite able to swallow that great big lump in the throat, as he or she sat jammed down in a dark, crowded corner of the car, instead of sitting by that pleasant window.

Yes; and Fanny has seen you sometimes, when you have been muffled up to the tip of your little nose in woollen wrappers, in a close, crowded church, nodding your little drowsy heads, and keeping time to the sixth- and seventh- lie of some pompous theologian whose preaching would have been high Dutch to you had you been wide awake.

And she has seen you sitting like little automatons, in a badly-ventilated school-room, with your nervous little toes at just such an angle, for hours; under the tuition of a Miss Nipper, who didn't care a rushlight whether your spine was as crooked as the letter S or not, if the Great Mongol Committee, who marched in once a month to make the 'grand tour,' voted her a 'model school-marm.'

Yes, and that ain't all! She has seen you sent off to bed, just at the witching hour of candle-light, when some entertaining guest was in the middle of a delightful story, that you, poor, miserable 'little pitcher,' was doomed never to hear the end of it. Yes, and she has seen 'the line and plummet' laid to

you so rigidly, that you were driven to deceit and evasion; and then seen you punished for the very sin your tormenters helped you to commit. And she has seen your ears boxed just as hard for tearing a hole in your best pinafore, or breaking a china cup, as for telling as big a lie as Ananias and Sapphira did.

And when, by patient labor, you have reared an edifice of tiny blocks, fairer in its architectural proportions, to your infantile eye, than any palace in ancient Rome, she has seen it ruthlessly kicked into a shattered ruin by somebody in the house whose dinner had not digested!

Never mind! I wish I was mother to the whole of you. Such glorious times as we'd have! Reading pretty books, that had no big words in 'em; going to school where you could sneeze without getting a rap on the head for not asking leave first; and going to church on the quiet, blessed Sabbath, where the minister—like our dear Saviour—sometimes remembered to 'take little children in his arms, and blessed him.'

Then if you asked me a question, I wouldn't pretend not to hear; or lazily tell you, I 'didn't know,' or turn you off with some fabulous evasion, for your memory to chew for a cud till you were old enough to see how you had been fooled. And I'd never wear such a fashionable gown that you couldn't climb on my lap whenever the fit took you; or refuse to kiss you for fear you'd ruffle my curls, or my collar, or my temper—not a bit of it; and then you should pay me with your merry laugh, and your little confiding hand slid ever trustingly in mine.

Oh, I tell you, my little pets, Fanny is sick of din, and strife, and envy, and anchoritableness; and she'd rather, by ten thousand lives in a little world full of fresh, guileless, loving little children, than in this great museum full for such dry, dusty, withered hearts.

A COURTSHIP IN PUNS.

A CERTAIN Mr Par being smitten with the charms of a certain Miss Ann Marr, a provincial belle, whom he met at Harrowgate, was exceedingly perplexed to contrive how he should open his heart to her. At length he met her, as it was for the last time that season, at a public breakfast; and in the dread of losing her forever, he resolved, even there, to make a desperate effort to pop the question. Fortune favored the attempt. It happened that opposite the gentleman there was a plate of Parmesan cheese, and near the lady stood a crystal dish of marmalade. 'Will you do me the honor to accept of a little Par, Miss Ann?' said the lover, with a look full of meaning, and moving his hand towards the cheese.

'Tell me first,' replied the damsel, with admirable readiness, lifting, at the same time the top of the crystal, 'whether or not you are fond of Marr, my lad?' Above all things in existence! exclaimed the enraptured youth. The offers were mutually accepted and understood as pledges of personal attachment by the parties, although nobody else comprehended the equivocal, or discovered anything in the transaction but common civility. The treaty thus opened was soon ratified, and Miss Ann Marr was invested with the title of Mrs Par.

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.

HOWEVER poetic an Englishman may get, he never allows himself to soar above comfort. If he goes to Nineveh, it is in company with a hamper of bottled ale. Meet him on the Great Pyramid, and it will be behind a mug of black tea, and a side dish of sandwiches—John never allows his reverence of the ancients to do injury to himself. Should he ever explore the internal arrangement of Atna, it would be with three pockets filled with crackers and cheese and one with London porter. John differs radically from Jonathan.

Let the former meet a native on the Great Desert, and the first thing he would inquire for would be the nearest hotel. The first thing Jonathan would ask for, would be the latest news from York, and 'What is going on in Boston?'—A friend of ours once met an Englishman and an American, on a cliff near the Falls of St Anthony. The former was imbibing a little 'alf and alf, while the latter was going it blind on the Morning Herald. John can do nothing till he eats; while Jonathan is non compos till he has imbibed the latest news.—N. Y. Dutchman.

A VERY FAT MAN, for the purpose of quizzing Dr. — of N —, ask him to prescribe for his complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open. 'Sir, said the doctor, your disease is incurable.—Your skin is too short, so that when you shut your eyes your mouth opens.'

A Lad was subpoenaed as a witness in one of the American courts. The judge said, 'Put the boy up on evidence.' Upon hearing which, young America exclaimed, 'Who are you calling boy? I have chewed bacoo these two years.'

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THE ABERDEEN CABINET.

When Russia once takes a territorial step, she does not intend to recede from it, and never will recede, unless driven back by absolute force. That in her traditional policy, and also her invariable practice, in the north of Europe she has absorbed Finland; she has advanced her frontier towards western Europe, in consequence of her seizure of Poland, by nearly seven hundred miles; she has lessened her distance from Constantinople by about five hundred miles; and her Asiatic acquisitions extend to the southern point of the Caspian Sea, in the immediate vicinity of Teheran. The extent of her influence with Persia may be gathered from the announcement, recently made, that that country has declared war with Turkey, and that the British envoy has found it his duty to retire. Such is the intelligence, correct or not, which has just reached this country from the East, and that it is of an alarming kind, no one who has directed his attention to the gradual progress and policy of Russian policy. Now that Moldavia and Wallachia are in her grasp, they will not be surrendered at all events by means of diplomatic representation. The Emperor of Russia, as his whole history proves, is eminently clear-sighted and sagacious. He knew from the very first that the occupation of the Danubian provinces was an act of aggression that must call forth the remonstrance of the Western powers; and we may rely upon it that he did not put his army into motion without having thoroughly weighed the consequences. He must have calculated what effect such a step would have upon the different Cabinets—how far they would be inclined to go in the way of remonstrance, and how far in the way of resistance. Of the German powers he considers himself at this moment perfectly sure. Neither Austria nor Prussia, though they may be ready enough with notes to swell the vast bulk of waste-paper which has been expended on this occasion, will move a finger or contribute a fathom to the aid of Turkey. He is sure of them as neutrals, and we venture to think, tolerably sure of them as allies, if he shall hereafter find it necessary to invoke their active assistance. The only two important powers that stand at all in his way—that can check, or, at all events, embarrass his career—are Great Britain and France, and they, when cordially combined, are such powerful opponents, that we do not believe even Nicholas, audacious as he is, would have ventured to make this aggression, but for the peculiar political circumstances of either country which seemed likely to prevent the possibility of a cordial understanding and co-operation.

We have already alluded to the language used by some members of the present Government in regard to the Emperor of the French. Both Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Wood expressed themselves in terms which ought to have led to their exclusion from the Council of the State; for whatever might have been the private opinion of these right honourable gentlemen—one of them not considered as peculiarly scrupulous, or the other as remarkably sapient—they were bound, in common decency, to have observed the courtesies of speech towards a sovereign Prince whose position as such had been formerly recognized by their Sovereign. The Premier, Lord Aberdeen either had not the power, the ability, or the wish to restrain his imprudent colleagues; and that portion of the press which was understood to be ministerial in its views, exerted itself most vigorously in abusing Napoleon III. Such things do not pass unnoticed. Even the most intelligent foreigners attribute far more weight to such diatribes than they really deserve; but in this instance it is no wonder if they conceived that no cordiality could exist between Britain and France, when they saw that the State Ministers of the one power were virulently attacking the elected Sovereign of the other. Besides this, it is rather generally believed on the Continent that the Orleansists have fast and powerful friends in England; and even at home here is a growing impression that the King of the Belgians has made himself unnecessarily busy in matters with which he ought not to have more than a remote connection. This is a delicate subject, and as such we have approached it. We are never willing to attach much importance to rumours, and do not so now; at the same time, we may remark this, that in Britain, family considerations ought to have no weight in comparison with those that are national; and that interference in the affairs of State, by those who are not responsible statesmen, is what no wise man would deeply deplore.

The accession of Lord Aberdeen to the Premiership of Great Britain appeared to the Emperor of Russia one of those fortunate accidents which a skillful, daring, and unscrupulous potentate can turn to his own advantage. The new Premier was known to have no sympathy with the Emperor of the French, who, moreover, had just obtained the Imperial dignity. Lord Aberdeen had connections of old standing with the despotic courts, and his character, strength, and weakness were perfectly well known to the veteran diplomatists of Europe. Some of his colleagues had committed themselves by openly attacking the new Emperor. Lord Palmerston, whose act and determination were well known, and who was the only man in the Cabinet capable of conducting foreign affairs, had been removed to another of fice, and a mere tyro was intrusted with the charge of our European policy. The Court of St James's, as a Court, was not supposed to be very favourable to that of the Tuileries, occupied by a man who, whatever might be his talent and abilities, had certainly appeared during the greater part of his life as an adventurer. There had been, undoubtedly, some symptoms of alarm exhibited in Great Britain regarding the defenceless state of her shores, which hardly could be attributed to any thing else than a mistrust of our nearest neighbour. All these circumstances combined led the Czar to the conclusion that no more favourable opportunity could occur for commencing his aggression upon Turkey, with less risk of drawing upon himself the combined hostility of the two great Western powers.

We say of commencing his aggression, because we do not believe that Nicholas had the deliberate and settled intention, when he began to advance, of pushing forwards at this time so far as Constantinople. The military moves of Russia are made with the precision and deliberation of a game of chess. The Emperor, for the time being, identifies himself with the state, and does not seek the dazzling personal honours of a rapid conqueror. There is the kind of ambition, though, of course, upon a much larger scale, which we sometimes see exhibited by private families in our own country. In each successive generation, estates are added by purchase to the hereditary property, perhaps already too large for enjoyment,

until a whole country passes into the proprietary of the existing representative of the race. All this is gradual, but the design is made traditional. This progressive method of acquisition which Russia pursues, is unquestionable the most likely in the long run to prove successful. If she had announced broadly that her intentions were to drive the Turks out of Europe, and to take possession of Constantinople—if it had been even supposed probable that such would be the speedy result of her late aggression—she would certainly have been compelled to encounter Great Britain and France in open arms; and the conflict would not have been postponed. But that is not, by any means, the game of Russia. Give her what she wants—or, as in the present instance, what she has occupied—and she will become wonderfully compliant and tractable. Let her keep an army in Moldavia and Wallachia, and a dozen years, or even more, may elapse, before the Sultan receives another visit from a diplomatist of the stamp of Menschikoff. When that ill-omened event happens—as happens is assuredly will, unless the only capable powers of Europe are resolute to send her back to her boundaries, and unless the affair of Sinope becomes the prelude to serious hostilities—Russia will cross the Balkan as readily and as easily as she has crossed the Pruth, and her ensign at last will wave over the dome of St. Sophia.

Russia, when necessary, can wait. She never takes a step without mature consideration, but, having taken it, she never recedes. It is most important that this should be understood, because in this country, owing to our peculiar constitution and perpetual political changes, we know nothing of the traditional policy, which in other lands is a motive as powerful as religion. Such a despotism as that of Russia is not to be confounded with a mere tyranny where the ruler is absolute, and may be wonton in the exercise of his power. That is a most erroneous idea. The Czar concentrates in his person the whole power of Russia, not by divine right, or on the ground of legitimate succession, but because the state wills that it shall have only one ruler, and submit to one dictation. There are no such things as parties or party rivalry in Russia. The Czar rules, directs, dictates—but he is not altogether irresponsible. The son of Paul and brother of Alexander knows that there are many thousands of eyes in his own dominions bent upon him. He may take the law into his own hands, and punish with extreme severity any abuse which he can detect in the subordinates of administration, or exhibit a fearful example in the case of attempted treason. To him implicitly are left the regulations of internal administration—but, woe to the Czar who shall dare to deviate from the traditional policy of the nation! It is a trust of which we in this country can form no adequate conception; but, at the same time, it is a trust which every Emperor of Russia knows that he must observe and fulfil. Russia does not seek enlightenment, and has no tolerance of innovation. She will accept no lessons in civilisation from surrounding countries, and she discourages familiarity with their customs. Mr Oliphant, in his recent work upon Russia, tells us that "it is with the greatest difficulty that a permission to travel, or leave of absence for two years, is obtained by a Russian, however high his rank; and then it is only granted upon payment of a sum amounting to eighty pounds a head for each member of the family." It is from deliberate purpose that Russia remains socially isolated from the rest of Europe. She has but one thought, one policy, one aim—and that is territorial aggrandisement.

All this must be perfectly well known to the diplomatists of the other states, and we presume Lord Clarendon is aware of it. If not, he is certainly a most unfit person to occupy the situation of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at the present juncture. Now, what amaze us is, that the farce of diplomatic negotiation should have been allowed to go on so long. It has been continued not only after occupation, but after repeated battles; and, what is worst of all, after Great Britain and France have despatched their fleets, we presume for some purpose, to the Bosphorus. And what is it they are now negotiating about; if on the subject of the religious protectorate claimed by Russia, they are simply wasting their time, and making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Our decided impression is, that the present crisis has arisen from the vacillating and undecided attitude of the Aberdeen Government at the time when the aggression could have been prevented by a prompt and energetic course of action.

The Emperor of Russia, as we have hinted, is both clear-sighted and sagacious. In spite of his avidity for conquest, and resolute determination to push forward, he is thoroughly alive to the disastrous consequences that might result from a violent check; and if he really had been convinced that Britain and France were determined, by force of arms and at every hazard, to maintain the integrity of the Turkish territory, we do not believe that a single Russian soldier would have been ordered to cross the Pruth. It was the duty of the Ministry, immediately on the rupture occurring between Russia and the Porte, to have decided what line of conduct they would pursue in the event of actual aggression; and, if their decision had been to support Turkey, to have warned the Czar that if, or any pretext whatever, he should invade the Turkish territory, that step would be considered by Great Britain as tantamount to a declaration of hostilities. And further, in order to show that this was no empty threat, the British squadron ought to have ordered to pass the Dardanelles, or even to enter the Black Sea, that moment that authentic intelligence was received of an aggressive Russian movement.

Such a line of conduct would have met with the cordial assent and co-operation of the French Government—would probably have stayed the Czar before he had seriously committed himself, and have prevented the effusion of blood. Had that been done, and done promptly, the other matters in dispute, might safely have been turned over to the diplomatists to lick them into shape. Of course if it was not intended that Britain should support Turkey—if Lord Aberdeen was contented to see that country dismembered, as Poland formerly was, without more than the mockery of a protest—the case is widely different. That is altogether another view, and the people of England will so consider it. They at all events, whatever Lord Aberdeen may think, are not indifferent to the violent occupation of the Danubian Provinces, and are not disposed to sit by as idle spectators, whilst Russia is extending her frontier towards coveted Dardanelles.

They will ask, and that as soon as the shrinking and irresolute Ministry are compelled to face Parliament, why it was that a British fleet was sent to the waters of the Bosphorus—was it to support Turkey?—and if so, what support was given? Does Lord Aberdeen suppose to one moment that the British people will stand the reproach of having arrayed a gallant armament, and sent out so many of our seamen, simply for the purpose of drinking success to the cause of Turkey, and remaining stationary, like automaton or pasteboard-men, while the Russian fleet was destroying Turkish vessels in the harbour of Sinope? Why was the fleet there if not to pro-