

readiness for the ceremony. I then departed to pursue my professional avocations.

At home I was a slave to myself, and a tyrant to those around me; in the world I was wholly different: at least my selfishness assumed a nobler character—was more indirectly gratified. I had applied, with a wisdom inconsistent with my character, to the profession I had embraced; I had a well-grounded knowledge of the law, I studied the graces of elocution, and, by an honorable and manly mode of proceeding, I procured for myself the esteem of all who knew me. I had a prepossessing appearance, my figure was tall and graceful; and in pleading the cause of my clients, I took care that my diction should be as correct and classical as my voice was full and harmonious. In justice to my own character, I must add, that many of my faults arose from my injudicious education; my errors were offered to me by indulgence; my virtues were the fruits of a vigorous mind and a clear judgment, that sometimes were powerful enough to burst through the trammels of early habit.

During my residence at Etop, I formed an intimacy with a young gentleman of good fortune and family, whose name was Lewis. Our friendship had, at first, the usual fate of school-intimacies—we were thrown into different situations in life, and saw nothing of each other for some years. In time, however, I became known as an advocate of some eminence, and I was agreeably surprised by a visit from Lewis, who came to my chambers to consult with me relative to a lawsuit, in which he was individually concerned. A lady, with whom he was on the point of marriage, found that her fortune was unjustly detained from her by her guardian, there seemed to be little doubt that the cause, if well conducted, would be determined in her favor.—I undertook to plead for her, and anxiously awaited the day of trial.

Lewis had described her to me as possessed of the greatest beauty and the highest accomplishments; I was full of enthusiasm in the cause of grace, friendship, and love; I went beyond myself in eloquence, and came off triumphant.

In a few days I was introduced to Agusta Waldwin—the praises of her lover were cold in comparison to her deserts; and from that hour I burnt with an uncontrollable desire to call her mine. She was of the first order of fine forms; but her natural charms were as nothing compared to the finished elegance of her manners, the grace of her motion, the eloquence of her language, the witchery of her eye. She could not perform the smallest action of her life without charming the beholder; if she was silent, the enraptured admiration mutely gazed upon her; if she spoke, every sense, even reason herself bowed before her power. Years have passed over me since I first beheld her, and the fire of life now burns feebly in my bosom; but, though I have drained the bitter cup of life to its very dregs, the remembrance of what Agusta then was has sweetened the most poisonous drop of that nauseous draught. But she has passed from the earth, and neither child nor kindred perpetuates her beauty on her name.

It was not, as I now think, perfectly prudent in my friend to introduce me to such a paragon of loveliness; yet he could not suppose that I should so far transgress the rules of honor as to break through my engagements with Emma Gordon, or endeavour to prevail on Agusta to become my wife. I had not myself any determination to act so basely, I did not premeditate to rob my friend of his treasure; but I was to blame in not flying from her presence the moment I became conscious of her power. I should not have staid to listen to her voice, or to gaze upon her eyes; or have endeavoured as I constantly did, to assure myself that, in everything, her sentiments were like mine. I began to encourage a hope that she preferred me to Lewis—that she admired me for my aspirations after distinction; and her smile of approbation became the chief reward of my nightly studies and my daily toil.

She was perfectly different from all women that I had ever seen before; my mother, though well-bred and lady-like in her deportment, was of the old school, somewhat stately in her ideas of etiquette, cold and reserve in her politeness. Emma, educated on the same principle, and naturally placid and passionless, became positively inane; and such females as I had elsewhere conversed with, were either modifications of the same species, or ran into the opposite extreme of levity, and appeared impertinent and trifling. Neither was I singular in my opinion of Agusta's superiority—no one would withstand the magic of her charms—as little could they describe the power they bowed to. It was unseen, indefinite, indescribable; but like the Prometheus fire, it was subtle and ethereal, and it communicated intelligence to every thing it glanced upon. The more I compared her with my affianced bride, the more strongly was I urged to break through my engagements; I was in a fever of contending passions—food and rest were alike hateful to me—I was incapable of reasoning with myself—I could not apply for advice to my friend; he, of all men, it behoved to keep in ignorance of my frenzy. The same motive estranged me from my mother; and I sought a refuge from reflection in the inebriating bowl.

(To be continued.)

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PERSONNEL OF RUSSO-EUROPEAN QUESTION.

Of the monarchs, statesmen, diplomatists and naval and military commanders, who have been or are to be, the chief actors in the Eastern question, there are few of whom the public do not know all the personal details that are necessary to gratify the ordinary appetite.—But amidst the hurrying march of events, the conflicting views of publicists, the contradictory professions of proclamations on the one side or the other, and the perplexing fecundity of doubtful news—amidst all these elements of confusion in the public mind, it is probable that few have taken the trouble to study and determine the relative positions, character, and proportions of all these various personages, so as to note the harmony that exists between their individual history and the part they have played or may be called upon to play, in the great drama in which the first act has lately passed before our eyes.

Yet most, if not all of these illustrious or notable persons do, with a singular faithfulness, embody and exemplify the conditions of the struggle, and typify their several parts; just as, in an art-novel, abstract characters are moved or fused into action and unity, like the isolate, pieces in a kaleidoscope. After great epochs, poets and painters have been accustomed to gather together in a picture the chief actors in the completed episode. All we aim at doing, is to reverse the order of time, and to offer a sketch or outline of such a grouping, in the beginning instead of at the end of the dramatic mystery.

Towering above the other actors in this great drama, like the dark spirit of evil embodied in Eastern superstition, and casting on them and their acts the shadow of his fatal policy, is the Emperor Nicholas, the representative and the renewed type of those Asiatic chiefs who in former ages overran the civilized world. Let us mount from the coarser proof this monarch has lately given of the rapacity and duplicity of his nature, to the grander picture he presents, if we contemplate him as the faithful, perhaps fanatical, instrument of a predestined fate. Thus much of extenuation may well be accorded to the Czar, without detracting from the horror of the contempt inspired by his daring impiety, his violations of right, or his base cunning and falsehood. The events of his career might well inspire him with fanatical self-reliance. Selected for the throne in violation of the hereditary right of his elder brother, and mounting that throne amidst the horrors of an unsuccessful insurrection, he has now nearly thirty years wielded a power without parallel in the history of mankind, not even of the immediate successors of Octavius Cæsar. Worshipped by the immense majority of his blinded subjects as the representative of God on earth, he must indeed have been more than human not to have contracted a habit of pride and self-reliance almost sublime, or if he had avoided that fatalism which has been the genius of all great disturbers of mankind. It is not honorable to ourselves to degrade our enemy; when we do so, we detract from the glory of combating or conquering. It is unworthy our own greatness to proclaim that we are going forth, in all the might of our armed strength on sea and on land, to fight against a madman. It is equally an error to vulgarize the contest, by expunging its religious and political elements, and cramping it within the limits of a mere everyday territory robbery.

The Emperor of Russia may be mad, in the sense of an exalted pride or fanaticism, which blinds him to the essential iniquity of his position, or the hollowness of his resources; he may look upon his grasp of the Principalities as only one more case of appropriation, such as which have added to the Russian empire Finland, Poland, the Crimea, or other regions on the Black Sea or the Caspian. We, at least, in Western Europe, gain nothing by misrepresenting the Imperial infirmity; while we lose by regarding as an isolated aggression the crisis of a career of conquest.

Rather let us recognize in the Emperor of Russia the inheritor of that scheme of conquest; of a supposed mission to revive the patriarchal principle, and extend it to human society; in opposition to the democratic principle, which, in forms more or less modified, prevails, or will prevail, in Europe. In this way we arrive at a conception of the character and policy of the arch-investigator of all the coming mischief, not at all inconsistent with some less poetic features in the history of this Eastern question. The proclamations, impious even to blasphemy in the eyes of Western Christians; the shameless audacity and refined hypocrisy of the proposals made to England and France; these only admit of excuse on the hypothesis of a profound faith, shared with the Russian people, in a mission of conquest and political and religious propagandism. Russian diplomacy seems to be compounded of European political science and Asiatic cunning. There is something imposing on the imagination in the spectacle of a policy so widely ramified, so grand in its larger operations, so subtle and minute in its secret course, so furnished with mask behind mask, and with such a Protean plasticity of political principle, as to have alternated friendships and hatreds with the fluctuations of interest; so ready in periods of danger, and so adroit in escaping complicity, as that it should have taken the leading part in every great war,

and every great council, and have become indissolubly identified with the history of Europe during at least the last half century. Of this policy the Emperor of Russia stands forth the representative. For its action during nearly forty years he is responsible. He is Russia in the sense that Cromwell or Peel was England, or that Louis the Fourteenth or Napoleon was France. Now in nearly his sixtieth year, after a long reign of almost uninterrupted idolatry at home and success abroad, is come the great crisis of his life, the testing point of his career. For all the mistrust and hatred inspired by his policy, he is not personally responsible. He has but taken up and perfected the strain of his predecessors, which again he hopes to leave, toned and strengthened, to his successors. For many reasons, his former and minor aggressions have been overlooked by contemporary sovereigns and statesmen; but now he has the whole of Europe in arms against him, backed by the public opinion of the civilized world, and with the Asiatic chiefs watching the result, in order to profit by his expected reverses, and revenge themselves for all the terror with which he has heretofore inspired them.

Thus regarded the Emperor of Russia becomes an enemy worthy our sword; at least if we accept that towering apparition as a reality, not as a phantom, or as an ordinary, very ordinary form, magnified by the combined agency of mystery and fear. Suppose he should prove to be but a phantom; the Emperor Nicholas is really to the other powers almost a greater mystery than the dead kings of Nineveh or Egypt. Is this vast power, whose mere name has been thought sufficient, when invoked, to preserve the peace of Europe, is it in a material what it has been in a moral sense? Is the Emperor of Russia really a sovereign more powerful than any who ever ruled on the earth; or is he a gigantic dupe,—dupe of his own sublime exaltation, ten-thousand-fold dupe of the cunning sycophancy and self-seeking zeal of myriads of corrupt officials, multiplying and propagating falsehood with the hateful fecundity of the vermin they resemble? Is this great Emperor of Russia really to be feared, or only to be pitied? Is he only a mock god, awaiting the hour of inevitable chastisement, when the heavens will fall and abase the edifice of his greatness, as the summer sun might melt away an icy-palace on the banks of the Neva? There are two sides to the picture of this man, this embodied system. Is he the demi-god, the ruler of millions of willing subjects, the commander of an army numerous enough to engage in a pitch battle the disposable force of Europe, wielder of a despotism so exquisitely organized that the slightest impulses of his Imperial will is executed in the remotest parts of his empire with the instantaneousness of the Telegraph; and chief mainspring and receiver of a diplomacy extending all over the earth conveying to him with the fidelity of a daguerreotype the social and political aspect of nations, and the secrets of their courts, even of their statesmen; is he this dread power, of whom the bravest nation might well take account ere provoking his hostility? or,—and now we touch on that great mystery of our time which a few months or years will solve—or, is this Colossus really only a myth magnified in the shadowy dimness of the northern distance; master, not of a worshipping nation, but of millions brutified by intemperance, and abased by hopeless slavery; commander of an army feeble in force as formal in discipline; of a navy presenting the wooden walls bristling with guns, but wanting the brave hearts to man them; head of an administrative system corrupt and venal even to its minutest fibre; and chief of a diplomacy whose agents are employed, not, as he believes, in sending him pictures—true pictures—of foreign courts and peoples, but in feeding his diseased vanity with that poison of flattering falsehood which has already wrought his sublime egotism up to a state of oblivious madness?

One of these hypothetical views of the character of the Emperor Nicholas is necessary in order to rescue him from the imputation of fatuity in deliberately provoking combined Europe. He is either the invincible, or the most gigantic impostor, or the most miserable dupe, the world has ever seen.

(To be continued.)

From the London Pictorial Times.

FORTUNES MADE BY ADVERTISING.

FROM a small pamphlet, entitled "The Art of making Money," an extract has been taken, and is going the round of the provincial press, pointing out the facility of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advertising. Doubtless large sums have been, are, and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life; but to suppose that men in general must, as a matter of course, acquire wealth by such means, is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an alderman or the lord mayor of London simply by reading the "Young Man's Best Companion," money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to would lead people to suppose; if it be so, few need be poor. But to our text: "Fortunes made by Advertising." Undoubtedly the great-

est man of the day as an advertiser is Holloway, who expends the numerous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertising alone; his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British Isles, but as if this country was too small for this individual's exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central, and lower provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Goozratee and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the Pills and use his Ointment according to general directions, as a Cockney would do within the sound of Bow Bells. We find him again at Hong Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the Celestials by means of a Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philippine Islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large depot: his agents there supply all the Islands in the Indian Seas. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Larenceston, Adelaide, Port Philip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British Empire. Returning homewards, we find his Pills and Ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima, Callao, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn, we track him in the Atlantic—Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco: he is advertising in those parts in Spanish and Portuguese. In all the British West India Islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canadas, and the neighboring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist, as they are at home. In the Mediterranean we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens, and Alexandria, besides at Tunis and others portions of the Barbary States. Any one taking the trouble to look at the "Journal" and "Courier" of Constantinople, may find in these, as well as other papers, that Holloway's medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire; and even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable barrier exists, the laws there prohibiting the entrée of patent medicines. Holloway's ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding supplies to his Agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea, where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels, into the very heart of the empire. Africa has not been forgotten by this indefatigable man, who has an agent on the River Gambia: also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the ointment and pills; thus we can show our readers that Holloway has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India, and ending as we do, with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages: and while speaking of Dutch, we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in every paper or periodical published in that kingdom: we might add that he has also started his medicine in some parts of France; in some portions of Germany; as also in some of the Italian states.

"The Art of making Money," is I think calculated to lead people to spend their means in the hope (as the author states of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for their pains, by holding up as any easy example to follow such a man as Holloway, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability, energy, judgment and prudence necessary? Falling in any one of these requisites, a total loss is certain. Holloway is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise requiring immense energies of body and mind. He has made a large fortune by his labours and is we suppose, every day greatly increasing his wealth. Of course it is not to our interest to deter the public from advertising; but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a lighthouse upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may perhaps sooner or later prevent shipwreck and ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters.

The Editor of the "Edinburgh Review," in a number published about three years ago, stated that he considered he was making a desirable bequest to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of large advertisers. At that period Holloway's mode of advertising was most prominently set forth; and if these remarks, conjointly with his, should descend to a generation to come, it will be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merits of his preparations to nearly the whole world.

STRANGE MODE OF MEASURING TIME.

THE people of the east measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes to the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminated, he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the hour for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, "Why did you not come sooner? Because I waited for my