

agencies of a bad cause have engulfed the reputations of some of the best of the minor Russian generals. The Emperor Nicholas has been pursued into his military operations by the same demon of falsehood who has compromised his diplomacy and his state policy. Men ask, What is this boasted power of Russia, if the nation which the Emperor, in a kind of grotesque spirit of prophecy, personified as 'the dying man,' has, single-handed, beaten its armies in detail, and obstructed their progress in the mass?—On the other hand, a sublime confidence in the justice of their cause pervades the acts of the Western powers; even in the regulation of the number of the troops they send to the aid of the Turks. They seem to be instinctively conscious that they are arrayed against a great Impostor—in a military as well as in a political sense; and there is a proportion and harmony in the extent of their preparations, and the precision of their sparse blows, with the tempered firmness and resolved moderation of their policy.

To infuse some animation into his army, the Emperor has been obliged to summon the veteran, we had almost said the superannated, Paskiewitch, to take the command. It reminds one of Napoleon sending Soult to Spain; or it prefigures the Czar himself, after a disastrous war against combined Europe, calling out his reserves. Paskiewitch is to the Russian army what Wellington was to the English, what Radetsky is to the Austrian. There are among the Russian generals younger and more vigorous reputations; some perhaps who, in a mere military point of view, are more considered by the officers; but Paskiewitch is the man of prestige—the hoary hero—the successful, but not invincible, chief of past times—the veteran of fifty years' fighting—the conqueror and pacificator of Poland. As a general, he exactly suits the immediate necessities of the Emperor; while in permanent accordance with the genius of the Russian military system, he is an embodied calculating machine; the mathematical Napoleon of the battle-field, without the inspired impulse and the magnificent daring which so often wrested victory from fate. If the Emperor Nicholas hopes to achieve military success against the allies, it can only be by the force of numbers; by a prodigality of troops, and a waste of human life which he calculates must wear out his antagonists; if not the soldiers, at all events the nations at home. For the task of manœuvring immense masses, and crushing an enemy by the combined action of strategy and force, Prince Paskiewitch is the man pointed out by his character and antecedents; while, if any thing can impart enthusiasm to the Russian troops, it will be the presence at their head of this their most illustrious chief. To Europe, the selection of Prince Paskiewitch is an announcement by the Emperor, that though he is far from admitting his cause desperate, he is prepared to proceed to the last extremities. Fraud the most consummate will be sustained by force the most complete.

From the long-embalmed but resuscitated fame of the Russian chief, it is agreeable to turn to the young and growing glory of the Turkish generalissimo. The one is significant of the rejuvenescence of Turkey, as the other is of the morbid extension and premature development of Russia. The very name given to Omar Pacha by his troops is emblematic of his personal qualities, and of the enthusiasm and affection he inspires. They call him "the little pet lion." A sobriquet of this description tells more than the most elaborate portrait-painting. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since Omar Pacha, who had renounced his service in the Austrian army emigrated into Bosnia, and attacked himself to Kosrew Pacha. He changed his religion with his country, and gradually rose, until in 1836 he was employed in suppressing an insurrection in Bosnia. After ten years of routine service, he had, at the siege of St. Jean-d'Acre, an opportunity of so distinguishing himself, that he was made general of brigade. Subsequently he suppressed an insurrection of the Albanians, and afterwards one of the Kurds. His next great service was entrusted to him by special favor of the Sultan. It was no less than the reorganization of the Turkish army. In this duty he acquired great influence among the troops. In 1848, he was named chief of the Turkish army sent to put down the insurrection in the Principalities; and after the close of this service he was made marshal. In 1851 we find him suppressing the insurrection of the Beys of Bosnia against the Tanzimat; in which expedition he was successful. In 1852 he was appointed Minister of War; but shortly after, was sent to put down the insurrection in Montenegro. From this, he finally mounted to the distinguished post he now occupies, of general-in-chief of the Turkish armies on the Danube. Although in this article we have generally eschewed biographical details, we have touched on the leading points of Omar Pacha's career, because they tend to show that the modern Turkish military system recognizes the gradual promotion to high command, and because it explains how the Turks come to have at the head of their army a man who combines extraordinary military genius with the respect and affection of his troops, and the entire confidence of his sovereign. These incidents of his career also help to explain his recent successes. The army is like a sword in his hand, because he himself has organized it, and because his own career inspires it with his

own soul. A year ago, the notion that Turkey could single-handed have withstood the forces of Russia would have been scouted as absurd. For an explanation of the miracle which has confounded all ordinary political speculation we must look to the influence exercised on Turkey by emigrants from oppressed nations; such as Omar Pacha, and a hundred other officers of a similar stamp. These refugees, already skilled in European military science, have become the instruments of the Sultan in his schemes of reform; and Omar Pacha is the type of the class. Not only by the accident of positions, but rather by his character and past career, he merits his place as one of the representative men of this Eastern question, whom we select to form our tablean.

From the Portland Transcript.

BUYING THE CAPITOL.

THE day was almost spent, and the soft balmy wind whispered of evening. The sky was spread above like a broad pavilion of blue and gold.—Forest and tillage, water and hilltop was bathed in the deep dyes of sunset. The light that flowed in from the west, soft and dreamy, reminded men of those happy islands which lay in the illimitable expanse beyond the far pillars of Hercules.

The famine still continued in the Capitol, which was now full of agony, despair and death. The Roman matron nursed her infant as best she might, soothed its faint moanings with her husky voice, and gave up the ghost without a murmur of agony. The stern sentinel fell where no hand smote him, and gnawed the horny hide of his shield and died.

The day went down, and the blood-shot eyes that had all day been strained towards Veji, failed for watching. No rolling dust or streaming banner, or sheen of far seen armor had spoken aught of hope. The augurs, too, were silent, for the omens were strange and contradictory. Heaven and earth seemed to have left the wretched citizens to their fate.

Night came on, dark and gloomy. There was no light of the moon, and the stars were few and uncertain. The fires of the beleaguering Gauls glared below, and their lurid tongues leaped up and licked the midway darkness as if impatient for the last remnant of the queen of cities. It was night but pale famine had banished sleep from the capitol, and the fierce hunger that brooded up in the Tarpeian, gnawed the vitals of its wretched victims like the Promethian vulture.

The besieged knew that the crisis had fully come. They must quietly bow their iron necks before an insolent foe, or perish by the terrible agonies of starvation. They must see that power, whose mighty stride toward dominion had once shaken all Italy, given up the meagre remains of its wasted existence, or tamely bribe an odious enemy to spare it. That country, which they had confidently trusted should one day be "the head of all nations," which in the fondness of their trust they delighted to call "mother," they must behold groveling before a despicable rascal, must, as in the slave mart, humbly solicit the terms of her purchase and pay her price in paltry gold, or see her swept from the light of being, and merged in oblivion, blank, dark and eternal. They must hire the Gauls to retire—Bitter and revolting as was the alternative it was their last and only, and they prepared to submit.

In silent shame the brought together the remnants of their wealth. The noble youth threw down the signet ring of his father's father, and blushed to think the shades of his ancestors might be beholding the act. The patrician maiden slipped the loose bracelets unclasped from her shrunken arm, and the rings from her wasted fingers, ornaments of a beauty which once needed them not. Upstaying himself upon his sword, the soldier shuffled forward in his clanking armor, and flung upon the shining heap the meed of many a day of slaughter, and turned hastily away.

Day came, but the sunken eyes of the Romans were averted from its pleasant light. The gate of their stronghold slowly opened, and they came forth, not as when its sweeping onset they decended to the slaughter of their foes, but with faltering steps bending under the weight of their precious load, and still more beneath the heavier burden of their humiliation. Feebly they wound their way down the steep descent. As they drew near, the Gauls, themselves hunger-bitten, wondered at the ravages of famine. The scales were waiting, and one received the glittering mass, but still swayed aloft, for the other was laden with false weights. With boundless indignation the Romans beheld the execrable cheat, but remonstrance could avail them naught, with men capable of such perfidious meanness. Brennus proudly advanced, and drawing his huge rude-wrought sword rusted dull with the blood of Asia; threw it upon the weights, with insufferable insolence exclaiming, "VAE VICTIS ESSE." "Alas for the conquered."

The Gauls caught up the words, and far around in cruel mockery arose the jeering cry "Vae victis esse," "Vae victis." Human fortitude could no longer repress or conceal the feelings that struggled in the bosoms of the besieged. They gnawed their shrivelled lips, and tears of helpless rage and just indignation streamed down their shrunken face.

All at once the loud murmurs of impatience, and the cry of derision died into silence, and the Gauls shrunk right and left, for a stranger

had suddenly appeared among them. With lordly steps and lion bearing he strode through the cleaving multitude. His ponderous armor was worn with an easy grace, and from his lofty helmet dropped richly the coal black plumes of Numidia. The Romans looked up with shouts of incredulous joy. It was Camillus. Driven from an exile, recalled a dictator, he had come to save them. The odious transaction was broken off at once. The capitol was still to be redeemed, but with iron. A few days after, the carcasses of the Gauls paved the Gabinian way.

From the Savannah Republican.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHERE are they? What has become of the juvenile race that used to make the welkin ring with the frolicsome laughter, the free, untrammelled sports, the merry, innocent pastimes of happy boyhood and girlhood? What has become of that beautiful race of fair haired, rosy-cheeked, healthy, wholesome boys, and the warm radiant sunshine of girlish faces, with a step as elastic and graceful as a wood nymph, and a laugh sweeter than the music of singing birds, with all their natural sweetness, their unaffected ease, and the beautiful confidence which is the proper heritage of early youth?

Byron might well have sung in his day—

"Sweet is the laugh of girls."

It was well then and now in the green lands of merry England and the sunny plains of France, along the vine-clad hills of Germany and elsewhere, these celestial voices may be heard, but not in matter-of-fact America. No; they are not here. During the Revolution it was not thus. When children had to choose a playground that was secure from shells and round shot, it was not thus. By Heaven! there is no boyhood nor girlhood now. There is the birth, the babyhood, manhood, womanhood, and death. These are the epochs which divide a life that

—hovers like a star

Twixt night and morn,

Upon the horizon's verge."

Our American boys are not well-grown boys; they are *immature*, Carlyle would say—miniature men, dressed up *en boyes*, with long-tailed coats, or smart frock coats, gloves and canes, and too often brave in cigar-smoke. Their hair, it is long and manly, their carriage most particularly erect, and to stumble against a curb-stone and roll in a little *clown dist* would be a calamity. Their faces are grave and thoughtful with the throes of nascent manhood; their address profoundly calculating, and reflecting the wisdom of the incipient man of the world, as if they knew sorrow, and had taken deep, very deep glances into that wonderful store-house of mysteries, which the day of judgment alone will clear up—the human heart.

The girls! How many of them are allowed to give forth the impulses of their generous sensitive natures! They, too, are little women.—They too often do not kiss their manly brothers, much less are they caressed by them. They are little women, deep in the mysteries of the toilet, redolent of cosmetics, perhaps versed in hem-stitching and working lace; their very dolls have had bustles, and they, poor things, with forms cast in a mould of God's own workmanship, whose very curve and every development is beauty and loveliness, must wear bustles too. Hardly do they darn their brother's stockings, or hem his handkerchiefs, or delight in the handiwork of making his linens.

When half-grown they are serious sober women. They dance, and sing, and smile and simper methodically. They walk on stilts, they dance with evident constraint and by-and-by we expect they will not dance at all. We expect soon to see the little beings with eyes fixed alone on their neighbor's deficiencies. Ah! how wrong to check the buoyancy, the exhilaration, the joyous outbreak of these young creatures, whether it be in romping, or running, or dancing, and whether the dancing be to the music of their own voices, of the piano, of the violin, or the harp, or the tabret, or of a German band; if providentially they might pick one up for love or money.

This is a demure, stupid, hypocritical, humbugging age, and we are going one of these days to say more about it.

From the Editor's Table of Godey's Magazine.

MORAL COURAGE.

In an address, entitled Human Happiness—see book notices—we find the following very straightforward definition and advice:—

"What do I mean by moral courage? I mean the energy and spirit to say and do what is right and true, in a respectful and proper manner, though it be unpalatable to some, or apparently against our own interest. I do not intend you to suppose that I am advising you needlessly to tell all you know concerning either yourselves or others, but that you should avoid, as much as in you lies, doing or saying anything which you would be ashamed to acknowledge if necessary to do so; and then when you have committed errors and faults towards others, should not hesitate to own and correct them. Young ladies, this would be moral courage. Do not, I beseech you, forget what it is and do not hesitate to practise it, for it is a beautiful quality; it will

always promote your comfort, respectability, and happiness, and very often your immediate and best interests."

A CITY IN A RAVINE.

The entire city of Guanajuato, says Kendall in one of his sketches, is built in a deep but narrow ravine, some two miles in length, while its greatest width is perhaps not more than four or five hundred yards. On either side, high and precipitous mountains rise—so steep that the very goats can hardly find a road up their sides. There are but two or three main streets; but these run the entire length of the city, are very narrow, and the houses extremely high, so that a large population is congregated in the deep and dark ravine. A more singular site for a city probably does not exist in the wide world, and nothing induced the early settlers to select it but that the surrounding mines were among the richest and most productive in the country.

"After passing through the suburbs of the city," he adds, "we commenced the ascent of the mountain at the only point where a road was practicable. A single turn that the city we had just left completely from the sight, and I doubt whether there is more than one spot within half a mile from which even the highest of its numerous domes can be seen, so completely is Guanajuato hid from the world."

LABOR.

WHY, man of idleness, labor rocked you in the cradle, and has nourished your pampered life; without it, the woven silks and wool upon your back would be in the silkworm's nest and the fleeces in the shepherd's fold. For the meaneast thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil, and even the air, by God's wise ordination, is breathed by labor. It is only the drones who toil not, who infect the hives of activity like masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth are the working men, who can build up or cast down at their will, and who retort the sneer of the "softened," by pointing to their trophies, wherever art, science, civilization and humanity are known. Work on, man of toil thy royalty is yet to be acknowledged, as labor rises onward to the highest throne of power. Work on.

VALLEY OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

I do not dilate upon the value and extent of this great country. A word suffices to display both. In extent it is larger than the Atlantic portion of the old thirteen United States; in climate, softer; in fertility, greater; in salubrity, superior; in position, better—because fronting Asia, and washed by a tranquil sea. In all these particulars, the western slope of our continent is far more happy than the eastern. In its configuration it is inexpressibly fine and grand—a vast oblong square, with natural boundaries, and a single gateway into the sea. The snow-capped Rocky Mountains enclose it on the east, an iron bound coast on the west; a frozen desert on the north, and sandy plains on the south. All its rivers, rising on the segment of a vast circumference, run to meet each other in the centre, and then flow together into the ocean, through a gap in the mountain where the heats of summer and the colds of winter are never felt, and where northern and southern diseases are equally unknown.

This is the valley of the Columbia—a country whose every advantage is crowned by the advantage of its configuration—by the union of all its parts, the inaccessibility of its borders, and its single introduction to the sea. Such a country is formed for union, wealth and strength. It can have but one capital, and that will be Thebes; but one commercial emporium, and that will be a Tyre, Queen of cities.

SCOTT'S SANCTUM.

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, writing from Abbotsford, says:

Adjoining the library is a little apartment surrounded with book-shelves, and containing a secret entrance from his bed-room, through which he came in early in the morning to prepare his works. 'This,' said the housekeeper, 'we reckon as a very great contrivance.' In the centre of this closet is a large arm chair covered with muslin, and before it are a desk and writing implements. On this chair the Waverly novels were written! Like everything else, it 'was not to be touched,' but while the woman was pointing out the glories of some scenery without, I bounced into it. I have sat in the chair in which Victoria was crowned, and in a great many other 'eligible' and comfortable places, but I never regarded one with such awe as that spell bound seat of the Magician. Here, his last clothes, a green coat, low crowned hat, and checked trousers—were exhibited in a coffin-like box, and his cane hung by. The sight of these last relics brought me into such startling nearness to the man himself, that I almost expected to see his broad Scotch face rise up before me, and rebuke my idle gaze upon such melancholy remains. I had now seen enough. I held a short conversation with his venerable coachman, collected two or three canes from the grounds for my friends and departed with a saddened heart. As I walked up the long avenue that leads from the arched gate-way to the deserted court, my mind ran back instinctively