

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE LION FLAG OF ENGLAND.

"They say best men are moulded out of faults,"
Shakespeare.
"England! with all thy faults I love thee still."
Cowper.

The lion-flag of England!
Say, Briton, shall it wave,
The scorn of every base-born serf,
And jest of every slave—
A sign to tell then how they beat
The bravest of the earth,
And teach them by our England's fall
To magnify their worth!
"Forbid it, Heaven," the nations cry,
In council gravely met;
"We'll send her aid across the seas,
And she shall conquer yet."

Have faith in dear Old England!
A voice comes from her slain:
"We found her sound enough at heart,
But erring in the brain."
Have patience, and Old Time shall prove
Her power is like her oak,
Which rises in the scale of worth
Beneath the deadly stroke.
For, though she staggers at the blow,
Her hero bands have met—
Her ancient prowess gives the pledge,
That she will conquer yet.

Have faith in dear Old England,
Her lion-hearts lie dead;
But tens of thousands ready wait
To battle in their stead.
They know from history's reddest page,
That nations when oppress
Must point their swords for arguments
Against the tyrant's breast.
While voices from the grand old past
Come pleading—"Pay your debt:
For you we fought—preserve our fame,
And you shall conquer yet."

Hurrah! for dear Old England!
Come Britons, one and all.
Strike on, strike hard, strike home, strike sure,
Till War himself shall fall;
And Time, on pointing finger wears
The precious pearl of Peace,
And Earth sends up her anthem shout
That loving hearts increase,
Fight on, keep heart, look up, be firm;
And never once forget
That Heav'n proclaimed this God-stamp'd truth,
"The Right shall conquer yet."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal for July

KARL HARTMANN:

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.
In four Chapters.—Chap. IV.

THROUGHOUT that fateful night, Sebastopol remained in a state of tremulous agitation. Exciting addresses were delivered in all the churches by the Greek clergy to crowded military audiences—addresses sealed, hallowed by the subsequent mystic celebration in midnight masses of the Last Supper and the Saviour's Passion—Do this in remembrance of me! Grosser, much more pardonable stimulants, were plentifully distributed; and the Russian host poured forth to battle and assured victory, inflamed, drunken, alike with fanaticism and brandy.

About seven in the morning, Kriloff, who had been absent all night, came in. Even his earthy, wooden nature appeared to be moved by a sense, if a dim one, of the greatness of the issues about to be submitted to the bloody arbitrament of battle.

"You are early up Mr Henderson," he said (I had not so much as thought of bed or sleep); "for my part, I could not rest if I tried. But where is your friend Mr Karl Hartmann?"

"I have not seen him this morning."
"Ah, a soldier of service he, who could sleep, I doubt not, during the pauses of *bataille rangée*. Every minute now," added the major, "is worth a hundred soldiers to Holy Russia."

He drew out his watch, placed it on the table, and eagerly noted the progress of the hands. I did the same, my eyes glued to the dial; and so nervous, fascinated did I quickly become, that it required a strong effort of will to wrench away my gaze, and jump up from the chair with the intention of taking refuge with my aunt and cousin.

Kriloff did the same at the same moment.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"Do you mean," said I, "the shaking of the window, that—"
"Window! *Tonnerre d'enfer*, that is no window! Hark again! it is volleyed musketry; and that muttering thunder is the roll of drums! The mask is dashed aside at last, and they are fairly at each other's throats! Well, God defend the right!"

"Amen!" The battle had indeed begun in furious earnest, as the swiftly deepening, widening thunder of artillery, the as rapidly increas-

ing flashes of musketry and cannon flame, in the direction of Inkermann, soon terribly testified. The surprise had not, apparently, been so complete as had been anticipated. Still, the British troops would be fighting at a frightful disadvantage. And Arthur Dalzell! What part had he already played, or was now playing, in that bloody drama?

I sought shelter from these thoughts at my aunt's; and found her and Marian weeping, praying. I could do neither, blessed as the relief would have been; and I regained the street. It being Sunday, the greater of the civilian inhabitants of Sebastopol, were in the churches, where religious services—proclaimed by the incessant tolling of funeral bells to be masses for the dead and dying, falling by hundreds with every donation of the tempest of fire raging over Inkermann—were celebrated by relays of popes, and did not cease for a moment. At about half-past nine o'clock, however, a thin stream of anxious people began to set in towards the entrance to the Inkermann Road; to reach which, in the most direct line, it was most necessary to cross the Admiralty and Careening Harbours, the road itself running along the eastern margin of the Bay of Inkermann, as it is called; and which, in reality, is the inner portion of the great or main harbour. A considerable crowd was already there, watching, with pale looks, the continuous and fast-swelling influx of wounded soldiers; but no doubt appeared to be as yet entertained of ultimate victory. Albeit, as the morning wore on, the feeling of anxiety and distrust gathered strength; and in a crowded cafe, where I took refuge from the jostling crowd, exclamations of savage rage greeted the tidings which began to pour in soon after eleven o'clock. Presently, an officer of rank, supporting himself upon the arm of an orderly, entered the place, and in reply to an acquaintance, said in a low voice:

"It is a massacre, *mon cher*. The resistance is desperate—devil-like. Still I think we must win at last." The friend said something, of which I only caught the word "surprise."

"It would have been complete, so far as our division was concerned," replied the new comer, but for an unaccountable act of madness, or treason. We had crept up unperceived to within about two hundred yards of an English battery, on their near right. In ten minutes, the unsuspecting gunners would have been quietly bayoneted at their posts, when an officer, whom the darkness did not permit me, though very close to him, to make out distinctly, suddenly wrenched a musket from a soldier, ran forward, and fired it, shouting the while like a demon.—A score of muskets were levelled at him, with what effect I cannot say; but the mischief was, of course, irreparable; and a shower of round and grape saluted us from the battery, which had also been ours without resistance.

"Dalzell! my heart whispered, as those words fell upon my ear. 'Dalzell, no question' and so impressed was I with the truth of that instinctive conjecture, my mind was so filled, as it were with the hopes, the fears, to which it gave birth, that for a considerable time I was unheeding of what was passing around me. Rousing myself at last, from the trance of fault into which I had fallen, I heard a Russian official gruffly demand of a slightly wounded French officer just brought in, if his countrymen were yet engaged? 'Yes,' was the equally gruff rejoinder, 'or I should not be here. Only a part, though as yet of Bosquet's division; but the rest are not far off.' This must have occurred about one o'clock.

The signs of defeat now multiplied apace; and by three o'clock it was acknowledged that the Russians had sustained a sanguinary repulse. The roar of battle died gradually away; and the mob dispersed in sullen discontent; and each side was free to count the bloody cost—the Anglo-French, of victory; the Muscovites, of shameful overthrow. It was quite dark when I got back to the hotel, where I was much surprised to find my aunt and cousin. They had sent frequent written messages to me during the day, and receiving no reply, had worked themselves into a panic of alarm for my safety, which nothing would allay but themselves ascertaining in person what had befallen me. We had not exchanged twenty words, when the landlord of the hotel, a civil, obliging person, informed me that I was asked for below. "A wounded Russian officer," he whispered, directly we were out of the room, "with hardly sufficient life remaining to bid the litter-bearers, who carried him off the field, bring him here. It is your friend, Monsieur Hartmann!" added the man in a still lower whisper, and with a perturbed stare. I sprang, without replying, down stairs. It was indeed poor Dalzell! At sight of me, a smile gleamed over his pallid face; and grasping me by the hand, he made a mighty effort—feeling, no doubt, that death would be swift and sudden with him—to acquaint me with the circumstances under which he had lost his life. "I know all," said I, interrupting; and I slowly and distinctly repeated what I had heard at the cafe. His grasp of my hand tightened as I spoke, and the darkening eyes flashed with a glow of military pride. "You think it was well done, Mark?" came from his lips in a pleased, bubbling murmur.

"Think it well done? Ah, my brave friend, it is to the unshaking devotion of such hearts as yours, that England owes her glory and her greatness."

"You will tell Viola—Marian!" he murmured yet more faintly than before, "and that—that!"

He fainted, and I thought he was gone; but pungent restoratives brought back consciousness, and I caused him to be gently carried upstairs and placed in bed. Slight delirium supervened, and for the next ten minutes, the idle comments of his brain ran upon the incidents of the day in which he had taken a part. The 'light before death,' as it is called, suddenly chased away those confused and shadowy images. His eye rekindled with intelligence, and his voice was full and clear, as he said: "Viola will hear from you, Mark Henderson, that my death was not unworthy her, or of my name and country. Ah, sweet wife—fair child, had I but!"

A loud scream interrupted him, and in another moment the wife so tenderly apostrophised—guided by Marian—had clasped her dying husband in her arms, and was pouring forth a torrent of broken, passionate words—words of tenderest love, of bitterest grief, of undefined but direst apprehension.

"Blessings, blessings on you, Viola," interrupted the moribund, in that strange, solemn tone which cannot be mistaken—"on you, and on my child—blessings multiplied—unworthy as I!" We listened intently for several minutes, but the voice returned not, and looking more closely, I saw that he was dead.

I had cautioned the landlord not to inform Major Kriloff of what had occurred, and just after ten o'clock, that gentleman came into the room where I sat alone, and swaggeringly announced, that one Gabriel Dejarvin was below, by appointment, to meet Monsieur Hartmann. Gabriel Dejarvin was desired to walk up; and after a moment's hesitation, he followed me to the death chamber; Major Kriloff accompanying.

"We must see Monsieur Hartmann alone," said the major, as I opened the door.

"I shall not remain an instant. There, messieurs," I added, quickly withdrawing the concealing curtain—"There is Captain Dalzell."

You might have felled them with a feather, and at a sign from me, they followed down stairs like whipped spaniels.

"Captain Dalzell's papers, messieurs, apprised me of the particulars of the bargain, you hoped to conclude with him; and I now inform you, that unless Madame Dalzell's legacy be immediately forthcoming, and passports for our departure provided, I shall at once place these papers in the hands of Prince Menschikoff."

The terror of the villains was really pitiable: they promised everything; and effectually the money and passports was forthcoming the next day but one. On the 20th of the month—four days after the terrific storm in the Black Sea, my aunt and cousin embarked with me at Yalta; and on the 18th of January 1855, the Saucy Gipsy dropped her anchor off Staten Island—all well.

I have little more, I think, to add likely to interest the reader, except that Ruth Garstone condescended to become Mrs Mark Henderson on the very day, I well remember, that intelligence of the death of the czar, with—startling appositeness of retribution!—the echoes of a Turkish victory upon Russian soil, the first for two centuries, sounding in his dying ears—reached America. I may add that Ruth—but it is young days with us yet—is the same provoking, saucy gipsy as—

"Take my advice, Mark, and leave that out, or no sensible person will credit a word you have been writing."

"You there, wife! I was not aware that you were peeping over my shoulder."

"Neither should I have been here, but for my usual silly good nature prompting me to come and tell you that Dr Burton says the operation has been capitally performed, and that dear Aunt Viola will see again as well as ever. Cousin Marian is crying for joy; and as young Carden seemed inclined to sympathetic tears, I slipped away."

"Young Carden, of Wall Street! What sympathy should he feel with Marian's joy or sorrow?"

"Now, is not that a sensible question? Positively, Mark, you can have no eyes in your head or, if you have, they must want couching quite as much as aunt's did."

"Well, that may be a fact, and accounts for the blunder I made some time ago, in mistaking a certain damsel for a divinity, whereas—"

"There! do hold your tongue; so much scribbling is turning your brain—it is, indeed. Now, don't be ridiculous, Mark!"

"Aint that owdacious now," chuckled my father, who that moment looked in; "two months married, and kissing! Well!"

"Your son, Mr Henderson," exclaimed Ruth flaming up as red as fire, "is one of the rudest, most unmannerly!"

"It's nothing to nobody," interrupted the deaf mariner, with a consenting nod. "It's what is right, only it shouldn't keep other people's dinner waiting."

"You are you in such a hurry!" said a man to his neighbour. "I have bought a new bonnet for my wife," said he, "and fear the fashions may change before I get home."

A SCENE OF FEAR.

Such a night! It was like a festival of Dian. A burst of a summer shower at sunset, with a clap or two of thunder, had purified the air to an intoxicating rareness, and the free breathing of the flowers, and the delicious perfume from the earth and grass, and the fresh foliage of the new spring, showed the delight and sympathy of inanimate nature in the night's beauty.—There was no atmosphere—nothing between the eye and the pearly moon—and she rode through the heavens without a veil, like a queen as she is, giving a glimpse of her nearer beauty for a festal favour to the worshipping stars.—I was a student at the famed university of Connecticut, and the bewilderments of philosophy and poetry were strong upon me; in a place where exquisite natural beauty, and the absence of all other temptation, secure to the classic neophyte an almost supernatural wakefulness of fancy. It was as I was saying, a night of wonderful beauty. I was watching a corpse. In that part of the United States the dead are never left alone until the earth is thrown upon them, and, as a friend of the family, I had been called upon for this melancholy service, on the night preceding the interment. It was a death which had left a family of broken hearts; for beneath the sheet which sank so appallingly to the outline of a human form lay a wreck of beauty and sweetness, whose loss seemed to the survivors to have darkened the face of the earth. The ethereal and touching loveliness of that dying girl, whom I had known only a hopeless victim of consumption, springs up in my memory even yet, and mingles with every conception of female beauty. Two ladies, friends of the deceased, were to share my vigils. I knew them but slightly, and, having read them to sleep an hour after midnight, I performed my half hourly duty of entering the room where the corpse lay, to look after the light, and then strolled into the garden to enjoy the quiet of the summer night. The flowers were glittering in their pearl drops, and the air was breathless. The sight of the long, sheeted corpse, the sudden flare of lights as the long snuffs were removed from the candles, the stillness of the close shuttered room, and my own predisposition to invest death with a supernatural interest, had raised my heart to my throat. I walked backwards and forwards in the garden-path; and the black shadows beneath liacs, and even the glittering of the glow worms within them, seemed weird and fearful. The clock struck, and I re-entered. My companions still slept, and I passed on to the inner chamber. I trimmed the lights, and stood and looked at the white heap lying so fearfully still within the shadow of the curtains; and my blood seemed to freeze. At the moment when I was turning away with a strong effort at a more composed feeling, a noise like a flutter of wings followed by a rush and a sudden silence, struck on my startled ear. The street was as quiet as death, and the noise, which was far too audible to be a deception of the fancy, had come from the side toward an uninhabited wing of the house. My heart stood still. Another instant, and the fire-screen was dashed down, and a white cat rushed past me, and with the speed of light sprang like a hyena upon the corpse. The flight of a vampire into the chamber would not have more curled my veins. A convulsive shudder ran cold over me; but recovering my self-command, I rushed to the animal (of whose horrible appetite for the flesh of the dead I had read incredulously), attempted to tear her from the body. With her claws fixed in the breast, and a yowl like the wail of an infernal spirit, so crouched fearlessly upon it, and the stains already upon the sheet convinced me that it would be impossible to remove her without shockingly disfiguring the corpse. I seized her by the throat, in the hope of choking her; but, with the first pressure of my fingers, she flew in to my face, and the infuriated animal seemed persuaded that it was a contest for life. Half-blinded by the fury of her attack, I loosed her for a moment, and she immediately leaped again upon the corpse, and covered her feet and face with blood before I could recover my hold upon her. The body was no longer in a situation to be spared, and I seized her with a desperate grasp to draw her off; but to my horror, the half-covered and bloody corpse rose upright in her fangs, and while I paused in fear, sat with drooping arms, and head fallen with ghastly helplessness over the shoulder. Years have not removed that fearful spectacle from my eyes.—The corpse sank back, and I succeeded in throttling the monster, and threw her at last lifeless from the window. I then composed the disturbed limbs, laid the hair away once more smoothly on the forehead, and crossing the hands over the bosom, covered the violated remains, and left them again to their repose.—My companions, strangely enough slept on, and I paced the garden walk alone, to the day of my inexpressible grief, dawned over the mountain. N. P. Willis.

GLACIERS.

A glacier, in the customary meaning of the term, is a mass of ice, which descending below the usual snow line, prolongs its course down the cavity of one of those vast gorges which furrow the sides of most mountain ranges. It is better represented by a frozen torrent than by a frozen ocean. Any one placed so as to see a glacier in connexion with the range from which