

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Nature is beautiful—the work of God,
It must be beautiful, an Eden still;
Behold the spring-blooms of the meadow sod;
List the gay lark that, with a seraph skill,
Carols to May; and to his wedded love,
Who knows the lay that charms the air above.

And Beauty walks with Summer in delight,
On hill-side sunny, or by silver stream;
Or in the woodlands holds her solemn rite
Of dedicated love, sweet as the theme
Of angle's harp; while sunbeams play 'mong
leaves,
Like fancy, when the bard his love-song weaves.

With grateful Autumn, too, she loves to wander
By corn fields waving like a golden sea;
Sweet rustling to the breeze as they meander
Of streamlet lapsing by the greenwood tree:
Then Beauty is a poetess, and sings
Her praise who unto man Heaven's blessings brings.

When Winter comes in gloom with frost and
death,
Beauty ascends to heaven as from the tomb,
And in the azure night she weaves a wreath
Of myriads stars that like fire-lilies bloom
In the high paradise, and there her song—
That Beauty is immortal, ever young.

And Joy is beautiful in life's young morn,
Her smile is May, her voice the melody;
And gentle Sorrow, by the burial urn
Of sister dear, how beautiful! seen by
Mild pensive eve, when lilies fall asleep—
Then to exult oft happier 'tis to weep.

And beautiful Virtue, musing good,
Glad meliorating, by meek acts of grace,
Those whom Misfortune stern hath long pur-
sued
Relentless, and they find no resting place;
But heavenly, beautiful, and lovely, still
In Innocence, that knows not sin nor ill.

And beautiful as Sabbath skies in Faith,
Looking towards God, with her bright daugh-
ter Hope;
Lofty she listens to the hymn of Death,
That to her eye the gate of Life doth ope,
While brighter far than Summer's orient sun,
Is seen the high, the uncreated One.

The sage, to him how beautiful is Beauty,
Circled with thoughts of love and truth di-
vine;
Her handmaids, singing at their pious duty,
Like sun-rays mellowing the clustered vine!
Beauty's the child of God, the bride of Love,
And of all joys their nuptial garland's wove.

The poet woos her in high-mused song—
Impassioned woos her—his to be for ever;
She smiles, and charms him from the wordly
throne,
At nature's altar all his heart to give her:
O! then he deems him blest, by Beauty's hand
Crowned with the laurel of the happy land.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

LOVE AND MONEY.

A STORY OF EMS.

HE had no visitors, no friends in the Ems; he started like a guilty man, and threw an overcoat hastily on the table, so as to conceal the gold. Could it be that this summons had anything to do with the money? Was he suspected of something that—? The knock was repeated, this time more loudly, more imperatively. He opened the door. It was the Baron von Hohendorf!

'How! The Baron von Hohendorf in Ems! I am rejoiced—this honour—I—pray, be seated.'

The poor young dragon's heart beat so fast, and he trembled so with pleasure, and hope, and astonishment, that he could scarcely speak.

The Baron looked at him steadily, but sternly, thrust back the proffered chair, and did not deign to take the slightest notice of the extended hand.

'Yes, Herr Count,' he said drily. 'I arrived yesterday at this place. You did not expect to see me.'

'Indeed, no. It is a pleasure—a—delight—a—' He was so agitated that he forgot his visitor was standing, and sat down; but he rose up again directly.

'And yet I saw you, Herr Count, yesterday evening, as you came out of the conversation-rooms.'

'Me? Indeed sir, I never visited the Conversation-rooms at all yesterday; but I am very sorry that I was not there, since I should have had the honour of meeting you.'

'Pardon me, Herr Count, I saw you. It is useless to argue the point with me, for I stood close behind your chair for the greater part of an hour. Do you know why I am here this morning in your apartment?'

The young man blushed, faltered, turned pale. He knew but one reason that could have brought him a visit from the Baron. Had he relented? Could it be his generous design to make two lovers' hearts happy by granting that consent which he formerly refused? There were things more impossible. The Baron was capable of such goodness! Something to this effect he stammered in broken sentences, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his hands playing nervously with a pen.

The Baron drew himself up to his full height. If he had looked stern before, he looked furious now. For a few moments he could hardly speak for rage. But at last his wrath broke forth.

'Impertinence such as this, Herr Count, I did not expect! I came here, sir to give some words of advice to your father's son—to warn—to interpose, if possible, between you and your destruction. I did not come to be insulted!'

'Insulted, Baron!' repeated the young man somewhat haughtily; 'I have said nothing to call for such a phrase at your lips, unless, indeed my poverty insults you. The richest man in this land could do no more than love your daughter, and were she a queen, the homage of the poorest would not disgrace her. Explain yourself, I beg.'

'Permit me first to ask you one question.—What brings you to Ems?'

The young man hesitated, and the Baron smiled ironically.

'I came sir,' he said at length, 'In search of—I will confess it—in search of peace, of forgetfulness, of consolation. I was not happy sir—I—'

His voice broke: he looked down, and was silent.

The Baron laughed aloud—a harsh mocking which caused Albert to raise his head with a movement of sudden indignation.

'I have not deserved this treatment at your hands, Baron Hohendorf,' he said, turning away towards the window. 'Your position as the father of one whom I dearly love protects you from the satisfaction I might demand; but I trust the time will come when you will recognise and acknowledge your injustice to me.'

'What effrontery? You forget, then, that it is in my power to confront you with the proof of your vice; nay, at this instant to confound and convict you. What gold is this?'

And the old gentleman, whose eyes had already detected the glimmer of the coin beneath the coat, extended his hand, and lifted the garment away upon the end of his walkingstick.—The lover turned deadly pale, and could not speak.

'Der teufel! For a poor man you have, it seems, a well-filled purse for travelling! Ah! you never gamble?'

'Never, sir.'

'Indeed! Pray, then, if your gold be not the fruit of the gaming table, whence comes it?'

'I know not. You will not believe me, I am aware, but I swear that I speak the truth.—This gold comes here, I know not how. This is the fourth time I have found it upon my table. I can discover nothing of the source whence it arrives. I know not why it is here, who brings it, or how it is brought. By my honour as a gentleman and a soldier,—by all my hopes of happiness in this life or the next I am utterly ignorant of everything about it.'

'This is too much!' cried the Baron furiously. 'Do you take me for an idiot or a dotard? Good morning to you, sir, and I hope I may never see your face again!'

And he slammed the door violently behind him, and went away down the stairs, leaving poor von Steinberg utterly overwhelmed and broken-hearted. 'Cursed gold!' he exclaimed dashing it upon the floor in his anger, 'what brought thee here, and why dost thou torment me? Then the poor fellow thought of Emma, and of how his last chance was wrecked, and he was so miserable, that he actually threw himself upon his bed, and wept bitterly. All at once he remembered that the Baron had a sister at Langenschwalbach; she perhaps, would believe him, would intercede for him! He started up, resolved to go hither at once; hastily gathered together the scattered pieces of money; locked them up in the drawer with the rest; ran down stairs to the neighbouring carriage stand; hired a vehicle to convey him to the railway station. And in less than half an hour he was on his way. In about three hours he arrived. He passed nearly the whole day in trying to discover the lady's address, and when he had found it, was told that she had been for the last two months at Vienna. It was a foolish journey, with disappointment at the end of it! He came back quite late in the evening to Ems, and entered his own room, utterly broken down by anxiety and fatigue.

In the meantime, the Baron, crimson with rage, had returned to his hotel, and told all the circumstances to his daughter. She could not believe in the guilt of her lover.

'He a gambler!' she exclaimed. 'It is impossible!'

'But I saw the gold upon his table.'

'He says he knows nothing of it, and he never told an untruth in his life. It will all be explained by-and-by.'

'But I saw him playing at the tables.'

'It was some other who resembles him.'

'Will you believe it if you see him yourself?'

'I will, my father, and I will renounce him for ever; but not till then.'

'Then you shall be convinced this evening.'

The evening came, and the rooms were more than usually crowded. There was a ball in the salon de danse; refreshments in the ante-room; gaming, as usual, in the third apartment. The Baron von Hohendorf was there with his daughter and some friends. They made their way to the tables, but he whom they sought was not there. Eager faces enough were there round the board; faces of old women, cunning and avaricious; faces of pale dissipated boys, scarce old enough, one would have thought, to care for any games but those of the school ground; faces of hardened, cool, determined gamblers; faces of girls young and beautiful, and of men old and feeble. Strange table, around which youth and beauty, and age, and deformity, and vice, should congregate together, and meet on equal ground!

Suddenly there was a movement at the further end of the room; a whisper went round, the spectators made way, the players drew aside for one who now approached and took his stand amongst them. This difference is only shown to those who play high and play frequently.—Who is this noted gambler? Albert von Steinberg.

A cry of agony breaks from the pale lips of a young girl at the other end of the room, as she clings to the arm of an elderly gentleman beside her, and leans wildly forward to be sure that it is really he. Alas! it is no error—it is Albert! He neither hears nor heeds anything around him. He does not even look towards where she stands. He seats himself very quietly, as a matter of course, takes some rouleaux of gold and a packet of notes from his pocket, stakes a large sum, and begins to play with all the cool audacity of one whose faith in his own luck is unshakable, and who is perfect master of the game. Besides this, he carried his self-command to that point which is only to be attained by years of practice. It was splendid to see him so impassive. His features were fixed and inexpressive as those of a statue: the steady earnestness of his gaze was almost terrible; his very movements were scarcely those of a man liable to human frailties and human emotions; and the right hand with which he staked and swept up the gold was stiff and mechanical as that of the commandant in Don Giovanni.

The Baron could contain his indignation no longer. Leaving his daughter to the care of her friends, he made his way round the tables, and approached the young man's chair. He extended his hand to touch the player's arm, when his own was forcibly seized and held back. He turned, and saw one of the most celebrated physicians of Germany standing beside him.

'Stop!' he exclaimed, 'do not speak to that young man, it might injure him!'

'That is exactly what I wish. I will disturb his calculations, the hypocrite.'

'You will kill him.'

'Pshaw! you are jesting with me.'

'I am perfectly serious. Look at him,' continued the physician, pointing to his pale face and set gaze; 'look at him! He sleeps! A sudden shock might be his death. You cannot see this, but I can. I have studied this thing narrowly, and I never beheld a more remarkable case of somnambulism.'

The physician continued for some time conversing with the Baron in an under tone. Presently the bank gave the signal; the players rose; the tables closed for that evening, and the Count von Steinberg, gathering up his enormous winnings, pushed back his chair and left the rooms, passing close before the Baron without seeing him. They followed him down the street to his own door; he entered by means of his latch key, and closed it behind him without a sound. There was no light in his window—no one in the house was awake—none but those two had seen him enter.

The next morning, when he awoke, he found a larger pile of gold than ever on his table. He was stupefied with amazement. He counted it, and he told over 44,000 florins.

Again there came a knock at his chamber door. This time he did not even attempt to conceal the money; and when the Baron and the physician entered he was too much troubled even to feel surprised at the sight of a stranger.

'You have come again to tell me that I am a gambler?' he exclaimed, despairingly, as he pointed to the gold, and leaned his head listlessly upon his hands.

'I say it, my young friend, because I saw it,' replied the Baron; 'but at the same time I come to entreat your pardon for having accused you of it; you have played without knowing it; you have gambled, and yet you are no gambler.'

'Yes,' interrupted the physician; 'for somnambulists often perform the very actions which they detest. But it is with you a mere functional derangement—not a settled habit—and I can easily cure you. But, perhaps, he added, smiling, 'you do not wish to lose so profitable a malady. You may become a millionaire.'

'Ah, doctor!' cried the count, 'I place myself in your hands; cure me, I entreat you!'

'Well, well, there is time enough for that,' said the Baron; 'first of all, shake hands, let us be friends.'

'I have a horror of play,' replied the involuntary gambler, 'and I shall instantly restore to the bank all that I have won. See, here is, altogether, 130,000 florins!'

'Take my advice, Albert,' said the Baron, 'and do no such thing. Suppose that in your sleep you had lost 130,000 florins, do you think the bank would have re-tored it to you? No, no, entertain no such scruples. Your father lost more than thrice that sum at those very tables,—it is but a restitution in part. Keep your florins, and return with me to my hotel, where Emma is waiting to receive your visit.—You have 130,000 there, I will excuse you the other 70,000 upon which I formerly insisted, and you can make it up in love. Are you content; or must you restore the money to the bank?'

History has not recorded the lover's reply: at all events, he quitted Ems that same day in company with the Baron von Hohendorf and his pretty daughter. The prescriptions of the learned physician have, it is said, already effected a cure, and the Frankfort Journal of last week announces the approaching marriage of Mdmle. Von Hohendorf with Albert, Count of Steinberg.

Incidents of the War.

THE RUSSIAN DEFEAT AT EUPATORIA.

Eupatoria, Feb. 17.

About half an hour before daybreak this morning I was roused from a sound and comfortable sleep by the clang of arms, the heavy tread of marching men, going at double quick time, words of command yelled rather than shouted; and on listening more attentively, the dull, heavy roar of the cannon fell on my ear, as distinctly as the roar of the surge would let it, and caused the windows to vibrate faintly at every discharge. I had hardly yet got all my senses into working order when my companion entered my room, booted, spurred, and armed, and announced the advance of the Russians. Upon going out I found the streets crowded with troops all hurrying to the point of attack—officers tearing at a mad gallop, over the frozen mud, the steamers in the harbour getting up their steam with all possible haste; the morning breaking slowly through a thick haze on cloudy sky which every few seconds was lighted up by the flash of the rockets, which in their fiery course through the air, threw a ghastly light upon the upturned faces of the Tartars clustered on the housetops, or standing in groups at the corners of the streets, and watching the progress of the combat in silent expectation. When I reached the entrenchment a furious cannonade was going on the right, at an outwork thrown forward a short distance on the plain, and almost surrounded by diminutive windmills; for four or five minutes nothing could be heard but the rapid and tumultuous barking of the field artillery, and then the heavy pieces broke in with a roar which drowned all other sounds, and seemed to rend the clouds, from which the rosy light of the morning now began to stream faintly upon the town and the plain. The ground surrounding Eupatoria is a vast sandy plain, broken now and then by hillocks, and close to the entrenchments, by two or three small ravines. To the extreme right there is a large salt lake, which completely protects it on that side, and on the left an eminence of no great elevation runs away in a north-westerly direction till lost in the distance. Upon the summit of this were two large masses of Russian cavalry, lancers and dragoons, drawn up in squares, and further on to the right were huge columns of infantry, some displayed on the slope, but larger numbers still, I suspect, were behind the hill, the glittering of their bayonets when the sun rose being distinctly visible. In front of these, in a long line, were at least 70 guns, about a third of which were pouring a torrent of shot upon the Turkish hornwork and the adjacent portions of the entrenchment in the rear, the fire being vigorously returned, not only from the point of attack, but from all the redoubts on the left and centre of the Turkish lines. Anything more picturesque than the flash and smoke of the guns, before the day broke clearly, can hardly be imagined; but when the sun burst through the clouds, and revealed clearly the enormous masses of artillery and infantry that crowned the eminence and lined the slope, I confess—and there were many who partook of my fears—that I could not contemplate the result without considerable apprehension, above all when I remembered that the only means of retreat open in case of reverse was the Black Sea, which roared and foamed in our rear with considerable violence. The cannonade lasted in this way without any striking result on either side till nearly 8 o'clock, when the Russians brought down another battery of eight pieces at full gallop, and, taking a position within 800 yards of the hornwork (the garrison of which, though the works were still unfinished, had defended itself with unshaken courage), opened a furious enfilading fire. To draw off a portion of this, a redoubt, the position occupied by the regiment of Colonel Ogilby, opened its fire, from one gun, and drew on it instantly a succession of discharges from four pieces out of the eight. Happily in one or two instances