

Literature, &c.

From the Glasgow Commonwealth.

ENGLAND'S BRAVE.

OUR old War-banners on the wind
Were dancing merrily o'er them;
The hopes of half the world behind—
The sullen foe before them!
They trod their march of battle, bold
As death-devoted freemen;
Like those Three Hundred Greeks of old,
Or Rome's immortal Three Men.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who would not die to-morrow?

With towering hearts and lithsome feet
They went to their high places;
The fiery valour at white heat
Was flashing in their faces!
Magnificent in battle-robcs,
And radiant as from star-lands,
That spirit shone which bound our globe
With glory, as with garlands!
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who would not die to-morrow?

Brave hearts, with noble feelings flush'd
In ripe and ruddy riot
But Yesterday! how are ye hush'd
Beneath the smile of quiet!
For us they pour'd their blood like wine,
From life's ripe gather'd clusters;
And far thro' History's night shall shine
Their deeds with starry lustres,
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who would not die to-morrow?

They saw the Angle Iris o'er
Their deluge of grim fire;
And with their life's last tide they bore
The Ark of Freedom higher!
And grander 'tis the dash of death
To ride on Battle's billows,
When Victory kisses take the breath,
Than sink on balmy pillows!
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who would not die to-morrow?

We laid them not in Churchyard home,
'Neath our dear England's daisies;
Yet to their rude mounds Love will come,
And sit, and sing their praises.
And soothly sweet shall be their rest
When Victory's hands has crown'd them
To Earth our Mother's bosom prest,
And Heaven's arms around them.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow?

Yes, there they lie 'neath Alma's sod,
On pillows dark and gory,
As brave a host as ever trod
Old England's field of glory.
With head to home and face to sky,
And feet the tyrant spurning,
So grand they look, so proud they lie,
We weep for glorious yearning.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow?

They in Life's outer circle sleep,
As each in death stood Sentry!
And with our England's Dead they keep
Their watch for kin and country.
Up, Alma, in their red footfalls,
Comes Freedom's dawn victorious;
Their graves were courts to festal halls,
They banquet with the glorious.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow?

Our Chiefs who match t our men of yore,
And bore our shield's great burden,
The nameless Heroes of the Poor,
They all shall have their guerdon.
In silent eloquence, each life
The earth holds up to heaven;
And England gives for Child and Wife,
As those dear hearts have given.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow!

The spirits of our fathers still
Stand up in battle by us;
And in our need, on Alma hill,
The Lord of Hosts was nigh us.
Let joy or sorrow brim our cup,
'Tis an exultant story,
How England's Chosen Ones went up
Red Alma's hill to glory.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow?

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

LOVE AND MONEY.

A STORY OF EMS.

EMS is a charming place. It lies about twelve miles to the south-east of Coblenz, in the valley of the Lahu,—that miniature Rhine, all bordered with orchards, and vineyards, and steep wooded hills. Nothing can be more romantic than the situation of the town, which consists of one long irregular line of hotels and lodging houses, with the mountains at the back, the river in front, and long double rows of acacias and lindens planted at each side of the carriage-way. Swarms of donkeys with gay saddles, attended by drivers in blue blouse and scarlet-trimmed caps, loiter beneath the trees, soliciting hire. The Duke of Nassau's band plays alternate selections of German, Italian, and French music in the pavilion in the public garden. Fashionable invalids are promenading. Gaming is going forward busily in the Conversation-Haus alike daily and nightly. Ladies are reading novels and eating ices within hearing of the band, or go by, with coloured-glass tumblers in their hands, towards the Kurhaus, where the hot springs came bubbling from their nauseous sources down in the low vaulted galleries filled with bazaar like shops, loungers, touters, and health-seekers. All is pleasure, indolence and flirtation.

To Ems therefore, came the Herr Graff von Steinberg—or, as we should say, the Count von Steinberg—to drink the waters, and to while away a few weeks of the summer season. He was a tall, fair, handsome young man; an excellent specimen of the German dragoon. You would never suppose to look at him, that anything of illness could be his inducement for visiting Ems; and yet he suffered from two very serious maladies, both of which, it was to be feared, were incurable by any springs, medicinal or otherwise. In a word he was hopelessly in love, and desperately poor. The case was this:—His grandfather had left a large property, which his father, an irreclaimable gambler, had spent to the utmost farthing. The youth had been placed in the army, chiefly through the interest of a friend. His father was now dead; the inheritance for ever gone; and he had absolutely nothing beyond his pay as a Captain of Dragoons, and the distant prospect of one day retiring with the title and half-pay of major. A sorry future for one who was disinterestedly and deeply in love with one of the richest heiresses in Germany!

'Who marries my daughter shall receive with her a dowry of 200,000 florins, and I shall expect her husband to possess at the least an equal fortune.'

So said the Baron of Hohendorf, in cold reply, to the lover's timid declaration; and with these words still sounding in his ears, weighing on his spirits, and lying, by day and night, heavily upon his heart, came the Count von Steinberg, to seek forgetfulness, or, at least, temporary amusement, at the Brunnen of Ems. But in vain. Pale and silent, he roamed restlessly to and fro upon the public promenades, or wandered away to hide his wretchedness in the forests and lonely valleys around the neighbourhood of the town. Sometimes he would mingle with the gay crowd in the Kurhaus, and taste the bitter waters; sometimes linger mournfully round the tables of the gaming company, gazing enviously, yet with a kind of virtuous horror, at the glittering heaps of gold and at the packets of crisp yellow notes which there changed hands so swiftly and with such profusion. But Albert von Steinberg was no gambler. He had seen and experienced the evil of that terrible vice too keenly already in his own father, to fall a prey to it himself. Years ago he had vowed never to play; and he had kept his oath, for no card had ever been touched by his hand. Even now, when he found himself, as it might happen now and then, looking on with some little interest at the gains and losses of others, he would shudder, turn suddenly away, and not return again for days. Nothing could be more regular than his mode of life. In the morning he took the waters; at noon he walked, or read, or wrote; in the evening he strolled out again and heard the band, and by the time that all the society of the place was assembled in the ball room or at the tables, he had returned to his quiet lodgings, and, perhaps, already gone to bed in order that he might rise early next morning to study some scientific work, or to take a pedestrian excursion to the ruins of some old castle within the limits of a long walk.

It was a dull life for the young man—especially with that sweet, sad recollection of Emma von Hohendorf prevailing every thought, and every moment of the day. And all because he was poor! Was poverty a crime, he asked himself, that he should be punished for it thus?—He had a great mind to throw himself off the rock where he was standing—or to throw himself into the river, if were deep enough—or to go to the baron's own castle-gate, and shoot himself—or—or, in short, to do anything desperate, if it were only sufficiently romantic; for his hot young German head, full of sentiment and Schiller, could be content with nothing less than an imposing tragedy.

He thought all this, sitting in a little fantastic summer-house perched high up on a ledge of steep rock just in front of the gardens and public buildings. He looked down at the gay company far beneath, and he heard the faint music of the royal band. The sun was just set-

ting—the landscape was lovely—life was still sweet, and he thought that he would not commit suicide that evening, at all events. So he went moodily down the winding pathway, across the bridge, and, quite by chance, wandered once more into the Conversation Haus. The gaming was going on, the glittering gold pieces changing hands, the earnest player sitting round as usual. The sight only made him more unhappy.

'Two hundred thousand florins!' he thought to himself. 'Two hundred thousand florins would make me the happiest man on earth, and I cannot get them. These men win and lose two hundred thousand florins ten times over in a week, and think nothing of the good, the happiness, the wealth they would be to numbers of their fellow creatures. What a miserable dog I am!'

And he pulled his hat on fiercely, folded his arms, and strode out of the rooms, taking the road to his own lodging with so dismal an air that the people in the streets turned and looked after him saying, 'He has lost money.—We saw him come out of the gaming rooms.'

'Lost money!' muttered he to himself, as he went into his garret and locked the door; 'lost money, indeed! I wish I had any money to lose.'

And poor Albert von Steinberg fell asleep lamenting that the age of fairies and gnomes had passed away.

His sleep was long, sound and dreamless—for young men, in spite of love and poverty, can sleep pleasantly. He woke somewhat later than he had intended, rubbed his eyes, yawned, looked lazily at his watch, laid down again, once more opened his eyes, and at last sprang valiantly out of bed.

Was he still dreaming? Is it an hallucination? Can he be mad? No, it is real, true, wonderful! There upon the table lies a heap of golden pieces—hard, ringing, real golden pieces, and he turns them over, weighs them in his hand, lets them drop through his fingers to test the evidence of his senses.

How did it come there? That is the important question. He rings the bell violent once—twice—thrice. The servant runs up, thinking some dreadful accident has occurred.

'Some one has been here to call upon me this morning?'

'No, Monsieur.'

'Indeed! Somebody, then, has been up stairs since I have been asleep.'

'No, Monsieur.'

'Are you sure?'

'Quite sure, Monsieur.'

'Now speak the truth, Bertha; some one has been here; you are paid to deny it. Only tell me who it was, and I will give you double for your information.'

The servant looks both alarmed and astonished.

'Indeed, there has not been a soul. Does Monsieur miss anything from his apartment?—Shall I send for the gens-d'armes?'

The count looked searching in the girl's face. She looked wholly sincere and truthful. He tried every means yet left—adroit questions, insinuations, bribes, sudden accusation, but in vain. She had seen no one—heard no one; the door of the house was closed, and had not been left open. No one—absolutely no one had been there.

Puzzled, troubled, bewildered, our young friend dismissed her, believing, in spite of his surprise, the truth of what she stated. He locked the door and counted the money. Ten thousand florins! not a groschen more or less!

Well, it was there, but whence it came remained a mystery. 'All mysteries clear themselves up in time,' said he, as he locked the money up in his bureau. 'I dare say, I shall find it all out by-and-by. In the meantime, I will not touch a single florin of it.'

He tried not to think of it, but it was so strange a thing that he could not prevent it from running in his head. It even kept him awake at night, and took away his appetite by day. At last he began to forget it; at all events, he became used to it, and at the end of a week it had ceased to trouble him.

About eight days from the date of its occurrence, he woke as before, thinking of Emma, and not at all of the money, when on looking round, lo! there it was again. The table was once more covered with glittering gold!

His first impulse was to run to the bureau in which the first ten thousand florins were stored away. Surely he must have taken them out the night before, and forgot to replace them. No, there they lay in the drawer where he had hidden them, and there upon the table was a second supply, larger, if any thing, than the first!

Pale and trembling he turned them over.—This time there were some notes—Prussian and French—mingled with the gold—in all twelve thousand florins.

He had locked his door—could it be opened from without by a skeleton key? He had a bolt fixed within that very day. Honest Albert von Steinberg! he took as much pains against fortune as others do against robbery!

Two days later, however, his invisible benefactor came again, notwithstanding all his precautions; and this time he found himself fourteen thousand florins the richer. It was an inexplicable prodigy! No one could have entered by the bolted door, or from the window, for

he lived in a garret on the fourth story—or by the chimney, for the room was heated by a stove, the funnel of which was no thicker than his arm; Was it a plot to ruin him? or was he tempted by the powers of evil? He had a great mind to apply to the police, or to a priest (for he was a good Catholic)—still he thought he would wait a little longer. After all, there might be more unpleasant visitations!

He went out, greatly agitated, and walked about the entire day, pondering this strange problem. Then he resolved, if ever it recurred, to state his case to the chef de police, and to set a watch upon the house by night.

Full of this determination, he came home and went to bed. In the morning, when he woke, he found that Fortune had again visited him.—The first wonder of the thing had now worn off, and he rose, dressed himself, and sat down leisurely to count the money over before lodging his declaration at the bureau de police. While he was engaged in making up little rouleaux of gold, twenty in each rouleaux, there came a sudden tapping at his door.

To be continued.

From the Life of Nicholas, by F. Moyer.

THE CZAR AND HIS FAMILY.

THE CZAR.

The Czar is now fifty seven years of age; in person, tall and commanding, being about six feet two inches in height, stout and well made, cut rather inclined to corpulency; as yet, however, this is kept within due bounds by tight lacing, said to be very injurious to his personal health. His shoulders and chest are broad and full, his limbs clean and well made, and his hands and feet finely formed. The emperor has a Grecian profile, a high but receding forehead, that and the nose being in one grand line; the eyes finely lined, clear, large, and blue; the mouth delicately cut, with good teeth, and a prominent chin: the face is a large one, and his whole air military. In looking more closely at him, his countenance is said to be deceptive, in as much as the eyes and mouth have a different expression; the former being indeed always fierce and inflexible, even though the latter smiles. His eyes are said to search out every one, while none can confront them. As a young man, the Czar was cold and stern and dignified even with his youthful companions; and he still carries about with him the same manners wherever he goes, and with whom so ever he associates. He is unbending to all, either in his public or domestic intercourse, excepting to the Empress, to whom he is said to be sincerely attached.

THE CZARINA.

If the Marquis de Custine and other travellers in Russia can say little in favour of the Czar, Nicholas himself, yet they all unite in describing the elegance, beauty, and goodness of heart of the Czarina. Though it is fifteen years since the Marquis de Custine described her as thoroughly worn out she is still alive.

She is devotedly attached to her husband and family, and her long illness is said to have been greatly occasioned by the mental anxiety she underwent at the period of the Czar's accession to the throne, ever since she has been subject to a severe nervous affection. There is no doubt that, but for the Czarina, the Czar would be even more impetuous, overbearing, and cruel than he is.

THE CZAROVITCH.

The Czarovitch the Emperor's eldest son Alexander, is reported to be amiable and very popular. The Marquis de Custine, even at the early age to which this Prince had attained during his visit, gave a good report of him as to talents, manners, and personal appearance. The countenance of the Grand Duke Alexander, the Emperor's son, is expressive of goodness, his walk is graceful, buoyant and noble—he is truly a Prince; he appears modest, without timidity, which makes one at ease with him. A more recent traveller reports:—The heir of the throne inherits his father's majestic person, and somewhat of the regularity of his face, but with the utter absence of the Emperor's unsympathising grandeur. On the contrary, the son has a face of much sentiment and feeling; the lips full, the eyelids pensive; more of kindness than of character in his expression. He is 34 years of age, and has married the sister of the present Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, a family which, like that of Wurtemberg, has frequently formed alliance with the Romanoffs, the Holstein Gottorps, and the Hohenzollerns of Prussia. He is now appointed Commander-in-Chief of the reserve of the guards at Warsaw. Many hints have been given of late, that the Czarovitch does not approve of the present conduct of his father, or sympathise in his desire of encroachment on foreign states; his own feelings and policy being more in accordance with that of his uncle the late Emperor.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

The Grand Duke Constantine, born in 1827 is the 2nd son of the Czar. He was named probably by his father, as was his uncle the Viceroy of Poland by the Empress Catharine, with a view to his sitting on the throne of Constantinople. He is said to be more ambitious, more designing, and more tyrannical than his elder brother; his character being violent, like that of his uncle Constantine, and cold and politic, like that of his father. In short, he seems far more than his elder brother, the legitimate successor of the