

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

## SONG.

BY A FACTORY LAD.

Who sighs for glory in the field  
That's red with battle strife,  
Sighs for a chaplet made with leaves  
Torn from the tree of life.  
But all who would true glory gain,  
Seek not amid the slaughter  
Where thousands stretch'd upon the plain  
Pour forth their blood like water:  
But hasten on earth's golden prime,  
When man shall love his neighbour;  
And smiling plenitude shall crown  
The sons of honest labour.

Vain glory marks the man's career,  
Whether by field or flood,  
Whose deeds are stamped on hist'ry's page,  
In characters of blood.  
Oh! welcome, then, the glorious light,  
From long seal'd fountains streaming;  
And rescue from the gloom of night  
Bright souls with knowledge beaming.  
Strive nobly for earth's golden prime,  
When man shall love his neighbour;  
And smiling peace and plenty crown  
The sons of honest labour.

The darkest that precedes the dawn  
May thickly round us fall;  
Bear nobly up, brave hearts—for 'tis  
Oppression's funeral pall!  
Wake up, ye valiant sons of toil,  
Whatever be your station;  
Go forth and fight in labour's cause,  
Ye pillars of the nation!  
Our weapon strong, the mighty pen,  
Shall beat down sword and sabre;  
And glory's brightest laurels crown  
The sons of honest labour.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal for July.

## KARL HARTMANN:

## A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

In four Chapters.—Chap. III.

WE rose before the dawn, and were on the road to the Russian camp before Tenatir-Dagh, the loftiest of the Crimean mountains, displayed his morning sun-crown. The weather continued fine, though, as we neared our destination, the state of the roads shewed that rain had recently fallen in that part of the country.

The district through which we were passing was a pleasant, diversified one, very similar to that before described, with the addition, that openings in the hills gave now and then to view patches of blue, glittering sea in the distance, shut in again, almost as soon as naught, by the devious road; but with the exception of the ubiquitous Cossack, we saw no soldiers whatever; they were all, no doubt, concentrated for the now imminent conflict. About noon, on our second day's journey—the reader must understand that we did not travel with the speed of a mail coach over a macadamised road—we heard the booming of distant cannon, which the major and I took to be the commencement of that conflict, but which Hartmann pronounced to be merely artillery-practice, not a sustained battle-cannonade—two very different things. His opinion we afterwards knew to be a correct one. The firing we heard, was that of the Russian guns at the Alma trying their range over the ground which the Allies must necessarily pass in assailing the Russian position.

We reached that position on the eve of the memorable battle; when major Kriloff, first giving us in strict charge to a subaltern, peremptorily demanded my letter to Prince Menschikoff, with which he forthwith disappeared through the dense masses of soldiery, in the direction of two or three white tents near the centre of the encampment, and the only ones I saw.

A solemn, fearful, thrilling sight was that which presented itself upon the now historic heights of Alma, and the acclivity beyond that upon a space easily, from the vantage-ground upon which we stood, swept throughout its whole extent by the naked eye—yet within which narrow verge a hundred thousand combatants were already marshalled. Here, the sullen satellites of the Czar; yonder, the eager soldiers of the west, armed with all the modern machinery of war, offerings of science at the shrine of Moloch—and impatient for the signal that would launch them at each other's throat. Who shall foretell the issue of the coming strife—dare predict aught thereof, save that the now fast-sinking sun, whose receding rays are at this moment but faintly reflected from bayonet points, glittering epaulettes, and the bright scarlet uniform of the British array, fronting the Russian right and centre, will to-morrow light thousands of brave souls to dark, untimely graves!

It was thus the raw youth, fresh from his father's home, felt rather than reasoned. The war-acustomed soldier by my side, a stranger to such commonplaces, felt and argued after another fashion; and whilst I was awed, op-

pressed, by the magnitude, the mightiness of the spectacle, with its bodiful associations, its dire shadows cast before, he was coolly mastering its details, weighing the advantages or otherwise of the rival positions in a purely military sense; and when I turned sharply towards him, startled, shocked in my sentimental mood by the ringing tone in which he spoke, I read in Captain Dalzell's brightly-flushing face and sparkling eyes—I had for some time quite made up my mind as to who Karl Hartmann really was—that the soldiers of the West, whose ranks of red especially, my father's countrymen, were not, as I had feared, doomed to inevitable defeat.

'Before this hour to-morrow, Master Henderson,' said he, 'a great fact, which, indeed, none but fools have ever questioned—but then fools are so large a majority everywhere—namely, the immense physical and moral superiority of the western to the northern and eastern races of Europe in the present day—will have received a new and brilliant illustration, and a new and brilliant page of military history will also have been inscribed by the victorious swords of France and England. And worthy of those great deeds is the magnificent theatre in which they will be performed—magnificent in a soldier's sense as well as in a natural grandeur. Let me sketch it in rough outlines, so that when you return to America, you may be able to describe to your aunt and father—and the Saucy Gipsy of course—a position which twenty thousand of our, of their race would have held against a world; but from which, to-morrow, you will see some fifty thousand Russians driven like sheep.'

'There is an adage, Mr Hartmann, relative to slaying the bear before you sell its skin.'

'And a very respectable adage it is,' rejoined the confident soldier; 'but, spite of its ancient wisdom, we will take the liberty, for once, of forestalling the spoli, now that the Lion and the Eagle are so close upon the quarry. But with respect to this position of Menschikoff's: really, it speaks highly for the old fellow's military judgment, particularly as he is only a sea officer by profession. We are standing on the ridge, and at about the centre of a vast and rugged amphitheatre, shut in seaward by precipitous cliffs, and on the right by hilly ground, fissured by impassible rifts. This amphitheatre slopes roughly, jumping down to a river, which my obliging friend, the officer in whose charge or custody we are left, informs me is called the Alma. Now, these heights cannot be less than three hundred feet above the level of that river; whilst the surface of the slope is, moreover, you perceive, broken into sharp ridges, rugged ravines scooped out by winter floods. On this side of the river, and in front of the British position, is scattered a village, vine-fields, and other wooded cover, occupied, my friend informs me, by thousands, but say hundreds of riflemen. In addition to these defences, many earthworks have been thrown up, and batteries of heavy cannon so placed as to sweep every practicable way of approach.'

'How, then, are the allies to attack a force so posted with any chance of success?'

'The 'how,' my young friend presents itself very simply. The French on the right of the Allies, their own right resting on the sea, will, I apprehend, if the cliffs are accessible seaward, endeavour to scale them, under cover of the ships' guns, and turn the Russian left. The British have nothing for it but to fairly take the bull by the horns, ford the river in their front, clear the village and wood, and charge boldly up these broken, hilly, cannon-swept heights. The bayonet will make a road.'

Having so far settled the affair to his own satisfaction, Mr Hartmann turned to 'my friend the Russian subaltern, with whom he immediately commenced an animated conversation in Russ.

Meanwhile, evening, with its calming, subduing power, was falling over all things, the vast, restless masses of men around us inclusive, and gradually the deafening babel of shouts, orders, imprecations, the measured march or armed men, the gallop of horses, the hurrying to and fro, the bugle-calls, the roll of drums, all subsided to comparative silence, and was succeeded by a low, wide spread hum and murmur of many voices, varied now and then by peals of laughter or rough snatches of song, as the men settled themselves for the night. Presently, innumerable watch-fires glanced brightly forth, and repeated in the distant French and English bivouacs, seemed to meet and mingle with the lights of the firmament.

'The next time, Mark,' curtly observed Hartmann, 'the bright stars look down upon this particular spot of earth, their lovers' light will fall upon sounder sleepers than the wearied fellows that will to-night dream around their watch-fires. Really a splendid night, though, but dozed chilly! I hope Major Kriloff will soon turn up. Oh, here he comes.'

The major apologised for his long absence. It was only after much delay that he could obtain a few moments' interview with the prince. 'Your letter, Mr Henderson,' he added, with double-refined politeness, 'is entirely satisfactory; but His Excellency will not be able to see him personally till after to-morrow's battle—I might say, since of that there can be no doubt whatever, to-morrow's victory; and gentlemen, I have further to say, that Colonel

Puhmpenug sends his compliments, and will be glad of your company for an hour or two this evening.'

'We accept the invitation with the greatest pleasure,' promptly replied Hartmann. 'Come along, Mark! Depend upon it, my lad,' he added, as we followed a few paces behind the Major, 'that if there is a snug, snoozy bivouac to be had on such a field as this, a rich Puhmpenuff will be sure to have secured it.'—Colonel Puhmpenuff, who was snugly bivouacked, received us very cordially, and we made a convivial night of it, no one appearing to think of bed. The colonel himself however, though I suppose as brave as others, seemed ill at ease after a while; and more than once, when he thought himself unobserved, I noticed him rapidly make the sign of the cross, and, judging by the motion of his lips, ejaculate a prayer. Poor fellow! the shadow of a near and premature death chilled and depressed his boding spirit.

With the first rays of the dawn, the reveille rang through the Russian host, which immediately started into life and activity. Major Kriloff procured three Cossack horses for himself and us, and a clump of Cossacks proper, to escort or guard us; and bidding farewell to our hospitable entertainer, we took our way to some high ground, not far from the village Almatomak, and near the Russian centre, which commanded a view of a large portion of the field.—Breakfast over, the troops—green infantry, green artillery, green cannon, green tumbrils, green cavalry, with the exceptions of a few squadrons of dragoons clothed in white—took up their assigned positions, and immediately numerous processions of splendidly-habited popes or priests, bearing sacred pictures, passed slowly before the lines of kneeling soldiers, blessing them with uplifted, out-stretched hands, and no doubt appropriate words, though these were inaudible; a reverential roll of the drums, as if muffled, continuing throughout the ceremony—which over, the pictures and popes were sent to the rear, out of the range of heterodox cannon-balls. There were no colours that I saw, and the officers concealed their rank and honors beneath the grey great-coats of the common soldier—a useless, as well as a degrading device, according to Hartmann; an officer, armed with a sword, being always easily distinguishable from the musket-bearing rank-and-file, particularly if he does his duty—that of encouraging and rallying his men.

The oppressive pause which followed the close of the religious ceremonial, was at length broken by the booming of heavy artillery, far away on the Russian left. This proved to be the guns of the fleet supporting the attempt of the French to scale the cliffs on that side, as Hartmann had anticipated. Mounted officers were soon galloping to and fro; large bodies of troops moved off to sustain and strengthen the Russian resistance; and the struggle in that quarter rapidly developed itself. The English, meanwhile, after having some time before closely approached the Alma, lay motionless upon the ground, partially concealed from view by the inequalities of its surface, their left terminated by a brilliant body of cavalry, though numbering only—Hartmann reckoned—about a thousand sabres. Fiercer with every passing minute grew the din of battle on the left; still the English gave no sign, and this, to me, inexplicable tardiness to engage, sent the hot blood in a gallop through my veins. Hartmann was also greatly agitated: his face as white as paper, his eyes aflame with excitement; and even Kriloff was indulging himself with a jest at the scarlet soldiers' expense, when he was silenced by a shout like an explosion from Hartmann, followed by—'The British bugles at last! Now for the tug of war!'

As the words left his lips, the red-coated battalions rose up out of the earth, as it were—formed, with the rifles in front, the artillery in the intervals of divisions—and with banners displayed, came on in all the honour and glory of war. I can merely indicate by a few brief pen-strokes my own very partial experience of the battle itself. The Rifles had, I judged, reached the river when the hurricane of fire reserved for that moment burst forth, and must, it seemed to me, have swept away every soldier within range; and how, I asked myself, shall men of mortal mould withstand, that continuous incessant, iron tempest? Yet to my amazement did the volleyed thunder of the invisible battle—the war-cloud of driving smoke and glancing flame which shrouded the actual combatants—manifestly advance upon the cannon and rifle swept heights, in vast whirling eddies, as it were, for a moment driven back, again sweeping onwards, and opening, dividing, lifting into rifts, layers of flame smoke. And there gave indistinctly to view, crowds of men struggling together in confused masses, or writhing on the ground,—lines of flashing bayonets, of shakos, bear-skin caps, highland bonnets; while the uproar of shrieks, yells, imprecations, cheers—was maddened, so to speak, by the crashing thunder of an artillery, which for a long time seemed to multiply itself with the exigencies of the fearful strife. This confused and fragmentary, but vivid, was my individual impression of the battle of the Alma. Yet, fascinated as I was by the dread spectacle, I well remember to have felt, after the first quarter of an hour, an instinctive conviction that the rout of the Russians, in a given time, to many minutes more or

less, was the assured, the immutable conclusion of the furious struggle—a conviction which, as the day advanced, was shared by the Russians themselves. This was evident from the exclamations of rage and astonishment I heard on both sides; the galloping of mounted officers here and there, without purpose or result; the hurrying far to the rear of wounded officers rescued from the melee and by and by from the anxious withdrawal beyond chance of capture, of the numerously horsed artillery. Whilst I was rooted, as it were, to one spot, Hartmann was moving restlessly about—to the extent of the tether permitted by a dozen Cossacks, who never left him for an instant—in a state of wild excitement. Twice during the battle did I hear his voice: once, soon after its commencement, exclaiming: 'They have fired the village! Fools! they should have held it with their teeth.' And again as the hour of final victory and defeat was about to strike: 'This way, Mark!' cried he; 'only for a moment, or you will miss the grandest act of the play, and about the last, too, for on this side in a few minutes it will be, or I am much deceived, *execut omnes*.' I mechanically obeyed in time, to see in the direction to which he pointed on the right of the position, a vast and solid mass of Russian infantry drawn up in reserve in the rear of a battery—cleft, riven asunder, by two pieces of heavy artillery brought to bear upon them from a near eminence, at point blank range; and to hear the tumultuous yell of mortal agony rising high above the roar of the battle, till, at the third or fourth discharge, the serried mass, which there was no attempt to deploy into line, broke assunder, and fled in confusion and dismay.

On the left, the French battle had been equally successful and decisive, though by no means so obstinate or bloody; and presently a thundering cheer, heralding the swift advance of a line of flashing steel along the whole British front, completed the panic of the Russians, who giving way in all directions, were in a few minutes, with the exception of their numerous cavalry, who made a show, and a show only, of interposing between the victors and the vanquished—a mob of terror-stricken fugitives, throwing away muskets, knapsacks, even shuffling off their heavy boots as they ran in their frenzied flight.

'There go the valiant Russ!' exclaimed Hartmann, 'as I told you they would, like a flock of frightened sheep; and our friends here are naturally impatient to follow; so come along, Mark, or some of the unsuspecting bullets flying about may chance to mistake you for one of the runaways. Hi! hi! hip, hurrah!' shouted the untameable man, as he set spurs to his horse, flourished his cane above his head, and rode off at the head of the wondering but watchful Cossacks.

Kiriloff had absquatulated sometime before, and we did not see him again till the second day after the battle; by which time, something like order was restored among the Russian troops. He came to say, that Prince Menschikoff was about to move with the bulk of his army in the direction of Simferopol; and that he, the major, Hartmann and myself, would set out for Sebastopol in an hour from that time. He had not left us more than ten minutes, when a subaltern of the Arosky regiment came to say, that Colonel Puhmpenuff, who was in *extremis*, desired to see us immediately.

We found the good-natured, if not very bright young officer extended on the green-sward, and his head propped up by knapsacks, and evidently upon the threshold of his last long home. He was dying from the hurt on the hip, received at the Alma, which, from improper treatment, had gangrened. He had a letter in his hand, which he placed, with a faint smile in Hartmann's.

'Deliver this,' he slowly murmured, 'to Admiral Korniloff, my relative, at Sebastopol. He may befriend you; you will have need of friends. Kiriloff, though a noble—Heaven pity such nobles!—is an agent of the secret police. He suspects you to be—bend down your ear—Ha! As I feared, it is true! No matter; I, who shall soon need mercy, would fight, show some while yet I may. Kiriloff but suspects, remember. He saw somebody at Simferopol who hinted—who hinted!—He stopped suddenly; a shadow fell and rested upon his face; a slight shudder thrilled his frame; he faintly ejaculated: 'Marie! God! and died. The letter was directed in a female hand to himself; the envelope was stained with blood; and so was a lock of bright chestnut hair—the color of Ruth's!—which it contained.'

From Fraser's Magazine.

## AN ESSAY ON HUMBUNG.

## USEFUL HUMBUNG.

Humbung is scarcely compatible with a rude and primitive state of society. We should not have found it among the ancient Britons as they roamed barelegged through their native forest, and munched their acorns in company with wild boors. We should not discover it in the New Zealander as he knocks down his foes, scalp and dines off him without ceremony. Nor shall we meet with it when men are really in earnest, even in a civilized age. There was no humbug about Nelson, as he hoisted his last signal, and laid the Victory alongside the Redoubtable. There was no humbug in the Duke, as he led his forces through many a hard-fought