

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

YOUTH.

Oh! the hours! the happy hours
Of our other earlier time
When the world was full of flowers,
And the sky a summer clime!
All life seem'd so lovely then;
For it mirror'd our own heart
Life is only joyful when
That joy of ourselves is part.

Fond delight and kind deceit
Are the gladness of the young—
For the bloom beneath our feet
Is what we ourselves have flung.
Then so many pleasures seem
Scatter'd o'er our onward way;
'Tis so difficult to deem
How their relish will decay.

What the heart now beats to win
Soon will be unloved—unsought;
Gradual is the change within,
But an utter change is wrought.
Time goes on, and time destroys
Not the joy, but our delight;
Do we now desire the toys
Which so charmed our childhood's sight

Glory, poetry, and love,
Make youth beautiful, and pass
As the hues that shine above
Colour, but to quit, their glass,
But we soon grow calm and cold
As the grave to which we go;
Fashion'd in one common mould,
Pulse and step alike are slow.

We have lost the buoyant foot—
We have lost the eager eye;
All those inward chords are mute,
Once so eager to reply.
Is it not a constant sight—
Is it not most wretched too—
When we mark the weary plight
In which life is hurried through?

Selfish, listless, Earth may wear
All her summer wealth in vain—
Though the stars be still as fair,
Yet we watch them not again.
Too much do we leave behind
Sympathy with lovely things;
And the worn and worldly mind
Withers all life's fairy rings.

Glorious and beautiful
Were youth's feeling and youth's thought—
Would that we did not annul
All that in us then was wrought!
Would their influence could remain
When the hope and dream depart
Would we might through life retard
Still some youth within the heart?

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal for July

KARL HARTMANN:

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

In four Chapters.—Chap. IV.

ON the following afternoon, Hartmann and I, with of course the inevitable major, took up our abode at the hotel of the Marshals, Sebastopol, in the same line of street as the church of St. Valdimir. Hartmann had luckily obtained—from Derjarvin, I supposed—the address of the surgeon oculist with whom Mrs Dalzell, was temporarily residing; and within an hour of our arrival, I sent her, by the hotel garcon, the letters of which I was the bearer from America; one placed in my hands at the last moment by Hartmann—'from her husband,' he said; and a note, stating that I would myself wait upon her and my cousin Marian in about two hours from that time. This done, Hartmann and I went out for a stroll, closely watched within the place, we were quite sure; but egress from Sebastopol was wholly impossible without a guard at our heels.

Sebastopol is not a city; it is an immense fortress, and nothing else, of which the houses are troop-barracks, fortified with remarkable skill, and at an incredible cost.

'I quite agree with you, Mr Hartmann,' I remarked, 'that Sebastopol is not a place to be taken by the collar, even by an Anglo-French army; and yet, judging from the confusion and terror everywhere visible, the Russians themselves seem to despair of a successful defence.'

'The confusion is more apparent than real; and if what Kriloff reports is true—that a part of the fleet has been sunk, to block up the entrance of the harbour—a vigorous, systematic defence has, you may be sure, been organised.'

'You are of opinion then, that the allies will break their teeth upon this granite stronghold of the Czars.'

'Very likely. It is one thing to accept battle in the open field, and quite another to hold at bay from behind stone batteries and covered ramparts. Worse troops than you and I saw beaten, hand over hand, the other day, ought to hold Sebastopol against any amount of force. The successful defence of such place proves nothing. Napoleon broke his teeth, as you

term it, upon Acre; Wellington, upon Burgos; but here we are at the Hotel des Marechaux again.'

'Remember,' said Hartmann half an hour subsequently, as I was about to proceed to my Aunt Viola's, 'not a word of Karl Hartmann, nor of any suspicion entertain. Good-by. I shall be anxious for your return.'

Ten minutes had not passed when my cousin Marian was in my arms—weeping, sobbing, lamenting; blessing, thanking Heaven, all in a breath. Lamenting for her father's illness; blessing, thankful that her mother and herself would soon be near him—with him once again; it might be to aid in restoring him to life and health—to life and health in free, happy America—that far-off land of blessed promise, which she had so longed, yet dared hardly hope to behold! And now, to dwell there with dear Aunt Garstone—a name that had ever been to her a holy household word; with cousin Ruth, whom she knew as well from her letter as if they had been from childhood inseparable sisters. 'Too much! too much!' sobbed poor Marian—'a change too mighty, too blissful to be realised!'

It was too much for me, I know, who could say nothing, suggest nothing, do nothing, whilst that torrent of passionate utterance was pouring forth, but ejaculate unintelligible vocables in choking sympathy. We calmed down at last; got our eyes dry enough to see through them; and had I needed proof that Hartmann was Arthur Dalzell, it would have been abundantly supplied by Marian's face, which was a refined copy of her father's. Neither could it be doubted that a man so beloved by his wife and child must possess many good, many admirable qualities—dwarfed, hidden, overgrown, as they might be by the poison plants that spring up so plentifully in the sensuous and ardent natures that lack or spurn the purifying discipline of self-control.

'That is mamma's bell,' said Marian; 'she is becoming impatient. Be very calm yourself, dear cousin,' she whispered, 'or you will renew her agitation, which you may suppose has been very great.'

Marian opened a door very gently: a lady habited in mourning sat near a window, her pale, finely chiselled face, from which a lustre seemed to breathe, though the eyes gave no light, turned expectingly towards us.

'My nephew Mark,' she said in Marian's silver accents, but more subdued, and sorrow-toned to the gentlest patience of expression—'My nephew Mark? I was on my knees before her, clasping her slender hands, gazing up at her mild, seraph face, and marvelling no longer that my aunt Garstone held her still so freshly in remembrance, though divided from each other as they had been by more than thirty years of wearing and tearing life. I need hardly say that the mother's words of welcome, of present grief, of hopeful anticipation, were essentially the same as her daughter's, though more soberly tinted. She would have set out at once—for were there not oculists as skilful as Dr Isomine to be found in America?—but that she must perforce wait to see Gabriel Dejarvin, who was not expected in Sebastopol for some days to come. Presently our conversation assumed a more cheerful tone; we talked of Aunt Martha, my father, Ruth—and were building castles in the air by the dozen, when Dr Isomine came in to say that the rappel had beaten—at which signal every one, not on duty, must forthwith betake himself to his home. Of course I immediately took leave.

There was still, spite of the rappel, much clamour and confusion in the streets, caused, it seemed, by the number of families of condition that were eager to escape, from the supposed imminent assault by the Allies upon southern Sebastopol, to the comparative safety of the northern side of the great naval arsenal, in furtherance of which natural desire, a bridge of boats had been moored across the main harbour.

I found Captain Dalzell, as I shall now call him, alone; and at his request I related all that had passed in as nearly as I could remember the very words of the speakers. He listened with bowed head, and his face covered with his hands in profound silence, marked, as much as broken, by a deep stifled groan which twice or thrice escaped him. He made no remark, in answer, and after waiting a while, I said:

'It is absolutely necessary, Captain Dalzell—There was a movement of surprise, but he controlled himself; 'It is absolutely necessary, Captain Dalzell, that immediate action should be taken in this most unhappy business.'

'That is true,' he said, raising his head and looking me sadly in the face; 'but what action—to what end?'

'I cannot say, ignorant as I am of the precise circumstances in which you are placed.'

'Let me plainly state them then: I am Arthur Dalzell, of-devant captain in the czar's service, and now under sentence of *mort infamante*, for horsewhipping one of his generals. This, Kriloff knows—knows, not suspects only, as Colonel Puhmpenuff supposed. He and Dejarvin have had a second interview, the result of which was, that the two worthies agreed to keep my secret, upon condition that they be permitted to keep and divide the five thousand pound bequeathed to my wife.'

'Where could he learn all this?'

'From Major Kriloff's own lips, not half an hour since; uttered plainly, unblushingly, to my very face; but which of course would, if necessary, be as boldly, unblushingly denied. A legal acquittance, signed by Madame Dalzell, placed in his hands, the major was, pleased to say in conclusion, and I might leave Sebastopol to-morrow.'

'That penalty, then, for your exceeding rashness, Captain Dalzell, must be paid.'

'Sir!' exclaimed Dalzell, springing fiercely up, as if about to strike me—'do you mean that, to save this worthless life of mine, I should beggar my wife and child; and, moreover, enrich Kriloff and his brother scoundrel?'

'My Aunt Viola would not estimate the money at a feather's value in comparison with your safety.'

'Better and better! It is an additional motive, is it, that I should cast a wife—a wife stricken with blindness—penniless upon the world, because she is not only a long-suffering, gentle, but a loving, all-forgiving woman! Nay, nay, Master Henderson, bad as I may be, I am not capable of the infamy you counsel. When I prove so, Dejarvin will know me to be the dastard you have heard him call me. And herein,' he continued, for, I, in fact, knew not what to say—'my will is its own lord; for if it happens that, by any means whatever, Mrs Dalzell is wrought upon to comply with Kriloff and Dejarvin's terms, I will that moment denounce myself to the authorities, and proclaim the treason to the czar of the confederate villains. They fear this; and therefore it is that they shrink from working upon my wife's feelings, except through me. This gives me time—perhaps a chance. Then Admiral Korniloff, whom I have called upon—the letter I placed in his hands was written by a niece of his, betrothed to poor Puhmpenuff—says he will gladly render me any service in his power.'

'Pray heaven these frail twigs may not fall you! but should they, it would be sheer insanity to sacrifice your life to a vain!'

'Be it so!' peremptorily interrupted the wilful man. 'We are all, as you have said before, more or less insane. I, like Hamlet, am mad nor-nor-west; and when the wind is southerly—You know the rest. Good-night!'

What to the purpose could be said or done, with so fearless and unreasoning a nature to deal with? I was at my wits' end—no very long journey, the reader may think; and fain to wait with what patience I could muster for the solution which Time would bring—the doleful Time, as it limped slowly past in a beleaguered city, wherein one seemed to breathe an atmosphere of peril, dismay, and death. Dejarvin failing to appear as he had appointed, my aunt and cousin urged immediate departure, the business of the legacy to be left in the hands of a respectable syndic; and I dared not hint at the reasons which forbade compliance and to sensible an arrangement. Next came the bombardment by sea and land, and amongst the victims of that fearful day was admiral Korniloff, killed by the bursting of a shell. That frail hope gone, I once more essayed to shake Dalzell's resolution. Vainly, as before. My eager reasoning was water dashed against a rock. He was far, he said, from the end of his resources yet. What his plan was, if he had one, I knew not. In fact, I rarely saw him, except in the morning before he went out; but I knew his old vice of gaming had regained its ascendancy, by the frequent drafts he made on my purse; and I could refuse nothing to a dying man, as I firmly believed him to be. It was very likely, I thought, that the insanity of play had suggested the possibility of winning a sum sufficient to purchase the connivance of Kriloff and Dejarvin, without impinging upon his wife's fortune. Poor maniac!

And thus the weary days dragged on, bringing us to Saturday, the 4th November. The failure of the combined attack had inspired the Russians with new courage, which the constant arrival of reinforcements—the tidings that two Grand Dukes were on their way to Sebastopol—the lying bombast, widely placarded in French and Russ, pretendedly descriptive of the ever-memorable charge of the British light cavalry at Balaklava—increased to exultant confidence. On that day, November the 4th, dull and gloomy as the weather was, Sebastopol seemed drunk with pride, and anticipated victory. Triumphal music resounded on all sides; the church bells rang out their merriest peals; the vociferous cheers of the soldiery gave savage chorus; and religion—stimulated, unreal, assumed to order, like the other less solemn shams in progress, lent its aid to inflame the intoxication of the hour—processions of popes as before the Alma, bearing holy pictures, and chanting Israel's psalms of triumph over the heathen, constantly passing and re-passing along the lines of devout and drunken troops, which in countless numbers thronged the streets.

Elbowing my way with difficulty back to the hotel from my aunt's about nine o'clock in the evening, I found Captain Dalzell impatiently awaiting me. He was greatly excited—not, however, by wine.

'I am come, Mark,' he said, 'to bid you farewell. I leave Sebastopol in about four hours hence.'

'Leave Sebastopol! You have arranged then, with—'

'With Kriloff—yes. You start and blush, I am glad you do; it is an involuntary justifica-

tion of what you have termed my insanity. Re-assure yourself. Your Aunt Viola's husband is not yet fallen so low as to esteem base life above brave death. Kriloff & Co. will be here to-morrow evening to receive the legal acquittance or the legacy, when you will be free to deal with them, for, as I have already said, I quit Sebastopol long before dawn.'

'You speak parables.'

'A few words will make my meaning clear. A great blow is about to be attempted against the beleaguering forces—a blow admirably planned, and, if successfully carried out, the star of England's military greatness will suffer grievous eclipse. Its main features may be thus described:—An immense force in infantry and artillery, variously estimated at from fifty to seventy thousand men, will assail the British position above Inkermann before daybreak. Should Menschikoff or the two Grand Dukes—I don't know who commands in chief—so far succeeded as to extend a victorious hand across to Liprandi to Balaklava, the Crimean campaign will have terminated, and all that remain of the allied forces must re-embark—if they can.'

'But surely there is no danger of such a catastrophe?'

'Much danger. The British position on the side of Inkermann is easily assailable, and the odds in numbers will be overwhelming. Should the Russians, under cover of the darkness, succeeded in creeping up the slopes and ravines and with their cannon gain the ridge of the heights unperceived, nothing but a miracle of war can give Raglan the victory. The British will be taken in flank, and it will be a long time before their own divisions on their left can be brought into action: the French will be still later. Still, if they are not surprised, a few thousand only of that astonishing infantry may make a stubborn fight out of it till help comes.'

'But how—I really don't understand!'

'What this has to do with my leaving Sebastopol? Just this: by the favour of Major Bovinski, a Pole by birth, whom you have heard me often speak of lately, I accompany his regiment as a volunteer, in the van of one of the divisions, attired as a Russian officer; and favoured, as Menschikoff hopes to be by the darkness, I shall have at least a chance of joining my countrymen, if not of rendering them a much more precious service.'

'I understand. It is a desperate cast, yet one that even I would not attempt to dissuade you from.'

'Thank you, my boy. Farewell! You will know what to say to my wife—to Marian. If I escape—well; if not, they will be sure I do not fill a coward's or a traitor's grave. Farewell again! God bless you, Mark, and yours! He was gone.

(To be concluded.)

HORRORS IN THE BRAZILS.

DURING the Brazil's revolution of 1823, an event occurred, which rivals in horror the Black Hole of Calcutta. A large number of prisoners were taken, and five ringleaders in the revolt were shot in the public square. Thence returning on board, he received, the same evening, an order from the president of the junta, to prepare a vessel large enough to hold two hundred prisoners. A ship of six hundred tons burden was accordingly selected. It afterwards appeared, that the number of prisoners actually sent on board by the president, was two hundred and fifty three. These men, in the absence of Captain Grenfell, were forced into the hold of the prison ship, and placed under the guard of fifteen Brazilian soldiers. Crowded until almost unable to breathe, and suffering alike from heat and thirst, the poor wretches attempted to force their way on deck but were repulsed by the guard, who, after firing upon them, and fastening down the hatchway, threw a piece of ordnance across it, and effectually debarred all egress. The stifling sensation caused by this exclusion of air, drove the suffering crowd to utter madness, and many are said to have lacerated and mangled each other in the most horrible manner. Suffocation, with all its agonies succeeded. The aged and the young, the strong and feeble, the assailant and his antagonist, all sank down exhausted and in the agonies of death. In the hope of alleviating their sufferings, a stream of water was at length directed into the hold, and towards morning the tumult abated; but from a cause which had not been anticipated. Of all the two hundred and fifty three, only four were found alive, who had escaped destruction by concealing themselves behind a water butt.

A REFLECTION.—A man famous for hunting up enigmas philosophizes thus:—'What strange creatures girls are; offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare any of her girls—but just propose matrimony and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life time just for their victuals and clothes.'

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance.

Russia averages about 8 souls to a square mile, France 170, and England 230.

It is with wit as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge.