

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the New York Ladies' Visitor.

PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown—
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on 'feed'
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our 'ferce Democracy!
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, fteers and jeers,
Is AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose,
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal for July.

KARL HARTMANN:

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

In four Chapters.—Chap. II.

Karl Hartmann's indisposition, as I suspected, was a mere pretence, except in so far that an unexpected incident had in some slight degree shaken his steel-strung nerves.

'The truth is, my dear Mark,' said he with an effort at familiar frankness, as soon as we had shaken hands—for in future there must be no concealment between you and me—that I chanced to meet a fellow the other evening who, I thought, was a thousand miles away.—Had he recognised me as I did him, and my revolver had not put in effectual bail for its owner, as I daresay it might have done, I should have been strung up in a trice to the nearest tree; or, had he chanced to be in a very gracious mood, had been despatched to the other world with military honors—*videlicet*, a close volley and a dozen bullets through my head.'

'Nonsense! This is but a reckless, extravagant jest, like your drummer-boy doings at the battle of New Orleans.'

He laughed out, the light merry laugh of a light-hearted merry boy. 'Kriloff has told you of that already, has he? Well, he is one in authority here: it was desirable to win his favour, and I have succeeded in doing so to admiration, by simply humouring his prejudices. But as to the *recontre* I was speaking of, and its possible consequences, all that is true as doom.'

'What crime, then, have you committed, or been charged with?'

'None whatever! I mean no moral crime—one against the military code only. It has fell out; you are aware that I once held the Czar's commission?'

'No; but I have heard that Dalzell did.'

'I served in the same regiment with Dalzell, and he and I were not only bosom friends and brother officers, but, in conjunction with one Basil Ypsilanti, a wealthy Greek, brother contractors. We were stationed in Bessarabia at the time, and both knowing something of military engineering, we, after much ado, obtained a contract for some extensive works connected with the defences of Ismail. The affair wound up disastrously. Ypsilanti, whose name did not appear in the business, having cheated us outrageously in the purchase of material. This we were as certain of as that we had life and breath, but legal proof thereof was difficult; and one of the consequences was, that General Korkasoff, meeting me one day about a mile outside of Ismail, called me, after asking a few questions, 'un sacre escroc.' He was on horseback, and accompanied by an officer of his staff the man I met the other evening. I also was on horseback. Now, in my mildest mood I could hardly have tamely borne being called a cheat: but at that moment my brain was in a whirl of fiery excitement from wine and loss by play; and the offensive epithet had scarcely left the General's lips, when I answered it by a fierce stroke across his face with a stout riding whip, followed by a shower of blows, which, aided by astonishment at the incredible audacity of such an attack, deprived him of all power of resistance. The aid-de-camp was at first equally stupefied and paralysed, but presently ralloing his startled senses, he drew his sword, and rode

at me, shouting as he did so, to an infantry picket not far off. I parried his thrust, and returned it by a blow on his head that must have set it ringing for some time, and to divers tunes; then set spurs to my horse, and, being capably mounted, went off like the wind. I escaped and found my way to America, where I read in the *Invalide Russe* that, as usual with deserters, I had been tried in my absence by court-martial, and condemned to death, "*mort infamante*," which in the vulgate is *sus. per col.* You think, no doubt,' he added, 'that I must be crazy to come here under such circumstances; and perhaps it was an act of madness; but something, I thought, might be trusted to the fact, that the corps to which I belonged is now stationed in Poland; to the change produced in my appearance by difference of years, dress, the absence of beard, moustaches, and so on. Besides, the inveterate gamester ever delights in *le grand jeu*, though the stake be his own life.'

'Yes, I can understand that, when the possible gain is in some degree commensurate with the possible loss; but in the present case, you hazard your life for positively nothing—as regards yourself.'

'May be so: but the cards are dealt, and the game must be played out. And now to other and more pressing topics. Gabriel Derjarvin, half-Tartar, half-Russ—Ypsilanti's executor and trustee—is, I find, a much greater rascal than I had supposed, and I had allowed a wide margin 'oo. He will give us plenty of trouble, if nothing worse. He is now, I believe, at Simferopol; and there or elsewhere we must seek, find, and try conclusions with him. Your Aunt, Mrs Dalzell, and her daughter, are lately gone, he tells me, and by his advice, to reside for a time in Sebastopol.'

'Sebastopol! To a place about to be besieged—perhaps stormed!'

'An entirely absurd supposition, my good young man,' replied Hartmann, with an explosion of bitter mirth. 'A grand council of war has been held, at which the programme of the coming campaign has been definitively settled. It runs thus:—The Allies are to be permitted to leave the safe security of their ships, to find their presumptuous march arrested before one of the formidable positions in the vicinity of Sebastopol, whence hurled back, discomfited, overthrown, amazed, by the Russian hosts, all those who escape the sword will be drowned in the sea; a modern illustration, according to a printed address, signed by the archimandrite of Odessa, of the catastrophe which in ancient times overtook swine possessed of devils. Of course, the unsavoury similitude your British olfactories—well, on the father's side, at any rate, if not on the mother's—but it is not the less certain for all that—that dinner is served, and Major Kriloff impatient to fall to. Come along, master Henderson.'

In the forenoon of the following day, Karl Hartmann, Major Kriloff, and I, set out for Simferopol, Menschikoff's head quarters, in a tarantae—a two-horse vehicle, consisting of a coupe and a box seat. I was not quite sure whether the major looked upon us as companions or captives—possibly as both; but it was very plain that he did not intend to lose sight of me till the genuineness of the letter to the prince had been verified. He was exceedingly gracious, however; and travelling in the Crimea under his authoritative guidance, was much more expeditious and agreeable than it might have been had we journeyed alone. And a delightful drive it was, through one of the most placidly picturesque regions it is possible to imagine: fertile valleys, shut in with finely wooded heights; one—that of Baidar, some ten miles long by five in width—cultivated like a garden, and waving with luxuriant crops of wheat, rye, millet, tobacco, interspersed with plantations of vine, mulberry, quince, pomegranate, apple trees: mountain table-lands, or plateaux, called *yailas* by the Tartars, rich in summer pasture, and covered with long-tailed sheep, buffaloes, camels, and horses. The numerous Tartar huts, of lime-washed clay, are for the most part built amidst patches of mulberry, walnut, other fruit trees. At that season of the year, green tobacco leaf was hanging to dry upon rough trellis work in front of most of them. Upon several of the flat roofs, Tartar girls were winnowing corn; and other industries—turning, for example, with a bow and string—are pursued after a like primitive fashion. The day was splendid, and the sun-lit panorama of valley, mountain, forest, river, was further enlivened by the glittering arms and accoutrements of numerous bodies of military, horse, and horse-artillery *chi-fly*, galloping past on the direct road, or glancing across a distant opening in the forest—all hurrying westward, to share in the coming triumph of the Russian arms. At Baghtschersai, the ancient residence of the Tartar khans, where we slept, or rather should have slept, if permitted by the storm of fleas, cockroaches, with a sprinkling of scorpions, domiciled hereditarily in the bed-rooms, the same excitement and exultation appeared to pervade the soldiery temporarily halting there; whilst the scowling looks of the Tartar inhabitants seemed to express a savage hope, controlled by equally savage servile fear. Major Kriloff introduced us to a party of Russian officers, who were all, and quite naturally, brimming over with indignation at the threatened insult to the sacred soil of Russia. Their eager talk and questioning referred not so

much to the French, who, in connection with the campaign of 1812, they affected to hold very cheap, as to the English, with whom they had not yet measured swords, and certainly Hartmann fooled them upon the subject to the top of their bent. His precious battle of New Orleans, which always stirred my bile, by the ridiculous version it gave of a really creditable affair absurdly overpuffed as it may have been by Old Hickory's partisan admirers, was repeated over and over again, with never ending variations; and by midnight, when the reckoning for champagne—towards which they would not hear of our contributing a cent—must have reached a handsome figure, it was firmly impressed upon every confused brain there that the English of these days, though still formidable at sea, were as inept as Chinese at land fighting, and would certainly scamper off at the first flash of the Russian bayonets. Hartmann was in his glory and concluded the evening's entertainment as follows:—

'I think you hinted just now,' said he, confidentially addressing the only Russian officer remaining in the room—and who, it had struck me, was very young looking for his rank—'I think you hinted a short time ago that your uncle, being a general of division, you could have your gallant Arofsky regiment placed in whatever part of the field seemed likely to yield the thickest crop of laurels?'

'I have little doubt I could.'

'In which case,' continued Hartmann. 'I can give you useful counsel: no thanks, my dear Colonel Softenuff, I—'

'Puhmpenuff!—this is no word-play of mine; Puhmpenuff is a well known Russian surname—'Puhmpenuff, if you please, Monsieur Hartmann.'

'Ah, *oui*, Puhmpenuff—a highly distinguished name, it struck me at first.'

'One of the most distinguished names in the empire,' said Puhmpenuff, stroking his moustache complacently.

'And very deservedly so, I have no doubt,' rejoined Hartmann; 'but returning to the counsel or advice I have to give you. It must to begin with, be clear to you that my opinion of the qualities and composition of an English army is entitled to respect; I, who, when a mere boy, assisted—so far as vigorously beating the *pas de charge* can be called assisting—a mere handful, comparatively speaking, of my countrymen to rout and pepper twenty thousand English red coats, entrenched though they were behind ramparts of cotton-bales.'

'Thirty thousand, you said just now,' remarked the Colonel.

'Did I? Well, I daresay there might have thirty thousand; but the truth is, they ran so fast that it was difficult to ascertain their numbers with more than approximate accuracy.—To proceed, however. Although nineteen out of twenty of the British soldiers you will soon be in face of have never in their lives heard a gun fired in anger, and won't stop when they do to hear a second, there are, you must bear in mind two or three regiments which, as a matter of prudence, should be avoided. Not—understand me, Colonel Puhmpenuff—that I for a moment believe a soldier of your heroic name and chivalric character cares one straw how brave or how numerous may be the enemies opposed to him; but it is your duty to economise the blood of your valiant Arofskya, prodigal as you may be of your own.'

'*Certainement*. There I agree with you entirely, Monsieur Hartmann.'

'The regiments I allude to are those that have seen service in India.'

'India!' interrupted the colonel.—'I know—we shall go there some day.'

'To be sure you will, and back again!' exclaimed Hartmann with a burst which I saw rather startled the colonel, wine-bewildered as he was. 'You and your Arofskys are just the fellows to do that; and here—tossing off a glass of champagne—here's wishing with all my heart and soul that I may live to be there, and give them a hearty welcome when they do go. But I shall never finish if you interrupt me so. The question remains, how to discover which are those India regiments, and I confess I hardly know how that is to be done. There is, however, one plain course to pursue, which will answer the purpose of that knowledge.—You must pit the Arofskys against the show-soldiers who never go abroad, and have no more fight in them than hares. They are brigaded together, I see by the papers, and you cannot fail to recognise them. Half of them, and the tallest fellows—six feet of bad stuff every one of them—all wear bear-skin caps; the others wear petticoats.'

'Petticoats! *Allons donc!*

'But I say they do; and not so much as a pair of drawers beneath! There is hardly a pin's difference between the bear-skin caps and them, but I should recommend the petticoats for choice. Good-night, Colonel Puhmpenuff. Should you not,' added Hartmann, 'be able yourself to profit by the hint I have given you, impart it to such of your friends as may be able to do so, with my compliments, and if they don't ever afterwards remember me in their prayers, they are not the men I take them for.—Ha! Major Kriloff! you here!'

'I was even more startled than Hartmann at confronting that officer, as we rose from chairs. He had, I was sure, been silently standing there

some time; had heard, and his lowering visage convinced me, appreciated Hartmann's mocking persiflage. He betrayed neither anger nor suspicion by words—contenting himself with telling a lie instead: 'I have this moment stepped in to remind you both that we start at dawn of day. Good night, again, messieurs.'

'Well, Mr Hartmann,' said I, as soon as we were alone, 'that reckless, gibbing tongue of yours cannot be governed, it seems, even by the menace of a halter, or a levelled row of muskets! For the future, you may be sure that Major Kriloff will not only be our jailer, but an indefatigable spy over all our motions.'

'Possibly, but don't be angry. I would not, and luckily I cannot, compromise you; and I am, as you say, reckless—mad! or nearly so. In fact, Mark Henderson,' he went on to say, 'I have a strong presentiment that, do what I may, I must lose the game—the game of life—I am playing here. Well thought of!' he added, taking a small sealed packet of papers from his breast-pocket. 'You had better at once take charge of these papers. They will inform you of everything it is necessary you should know relative to your Aunt Viola and myself; the understanding being, remember, that you do not break the seal of the envelope whilst I am alive and at liberty. And now, let us try to sleep.'

We reached Simferopol (formerly Akmedshid), a mean, straggling town, situated in a valley near the source of the tiny Salghir, early in the afternoon of the following day. The inhabitants we found in a state of panic-terror, ill concealed in the presence of strangers by a show of contemptuous bravado; news having arrived that the allies had actually landed in great force near Eupatoria. Menschikoff had set out for the scene of expected action a week previously, and as nothing less than an order from the prince himself could procure us admittance into Sebastopol, the disappointment was a vexatious, depressing one. Major Kriloff proposed, or, more properly, decided, that we should follow the prince to the head-quarters of the Russian army, which, he said, would not only procure the required mandate much earlier than if we waited his excellency's return to Simferopol, but enable us to be eye-witnesses of the signal overthrow preparing for the impious abettors of the Crescent against the Cross. It was settled; and after dinner, Hartmann and I strolled, as if with no definite purpose, towards the Tartar division of the town (Ak-Metchet), where, if anywhere Gabriel Derjarvin was to be found.—A filthy, ill-kept, inodorous locality is Ak-Metchet, wherein the Helots of the Crimea seem to burrow rather than dwell. The narrow streets are neither paved nor lighted—the best shop-fronts are wooden shutters opening horizontally, and the principal coffee-house, to which we with much difficulty, found our way, consisted of one large, low, dingy apartment, divided by rudely carpentered railings, about three feet high, into compartments floored within, and crammed full of dirty, bearded, loose-robed, loose-slipped, hang-dog-looking fellows, each with a cherry-stick pipe in his mouth, smoking in apathetic sullenness round a low table, upon which stood a brazier containing lighted charcoal, and utensils of various shapes and sizes filled with ink coloured coffee. As soon as Hartmann could discern faces through the thick, stifling atmosphere he beckoned to about the only decent-looking, respectably-attired guest there, who at once rose and followed us into the street.

'This, Monsieur Derjarvin,' said Hartmann, stiffly, 'is the American gentleman, Mr Mark Henderson, who, I informed you, was expected here to make inquiries after his aunt, Madame Dalzell, and her daughter.'

A constrainedly civil but sinister smile lurked about the man's eyes and lipse whilst Hartmann was speaking; not a positively ill looking countenance, but strongly indicative of the fellow's mixed origin. 'Gratzez le Russe et vous verrez le Tartare,' said Napoleon; and a very slight scratching of the supernatural would, it was abundantly plain, have made that discovery in the case of Gabriel Derjarvin.

'I should be most happy, sir,' said Derjarvin, addressing himself directly to me, 'to assist in furthering your pious views, were it in my power to do so; but the truth is, that Madame Dalzell in order to consult and be near an eminent oculist, is gone with her daughter to reside in Sebastopol, where no stranger can, under present circumstances, be admitted. And they say, too,' he added, with thinly masked insolence, 'that Sebastopol will be soon besieged, perhaps stormed, in which case God only knows what may happen.'

'You mean,' said Hartmann in a calm voice, though his face was white, and his frame quivering with scorn, hate, rage—'you mean that Madame Dalzell and her daughter may be killed; in which case Ypsilanti's legacy might remain in the hands of the trustee.'

'It certainly,' replied Derjarvin with a devilish jeer, 'would not pass to the dastard husband, who—'

'Hartmann!' I interrupted, with difficulty arresting the uplifted hand, that would in another moment have dashed Derjarvin to the ground; 'for heaven's sake, control yourself! And you, sir,' I added in French, 'might avoid insulting an absent man, and this gentleman's friend.'

'Is truth an insult?' he retorted. 'Yes, in