KARL HARTMANN.

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

(*Continued*)

The following day, the *Saucy Gipsy* dropped her anchor in Yalta roadstead; and after the brig had been boarded and ransacked by an inferior crew of officials, we were visited by a sort of amphibious officer, inasmuch as, although a seaman by profession, as he told us, he wore a soldier's uniform, and called himself Major Kriloff A civil sort of person the major proved to be, after satisfying himself of the genuineness of our nationality, and the legitimacy of our purpose in visiting the Czar's dominions. That civility grew instantly to graciousness, when he was shewn the letter to Prince Menschikoff, with the wax impressed by Mr Brown's official signet. There would, he said, be some difficulty in obtaining an interview with his excellency, who was just then incessantly occupied in marshalling the imperial forces for the signal chastisement of the sacrilegious Allies of the Turk; but every consideration, consistent with the military and police regulations, would meanwhile be shewn to a gentleman officially commended to the prince by the representative of a great, friendly power. 'The delay will not be very long,' added the major; 'for his excellency will quickly finish with the audacious invaders should they, which I think doubtful, be mad enough to set foot upon Russian territory.'

Captain Brystone, who understood French very well, though he did not speak it, gave a sarcastic sniff at hearing this; and I assured the major there was little doubt that the Allies really meant landing in the Crimea, and shortly too.'

'So much the better,' he briskly replied: 'they come to their graves!—though not in one sense, for we shall toss them like dead dogs into the sea,' added the gallant officer, to sing down a bumper of champagne emblematically at the same time. 'The French,' continued the major, kindling with the subject, 'the heroic children of the Czar chased before them like sheep in 1812; and a very intelligent countryman of yours assures me, that the English soldiers will be panic-stricken at the mere sight of our invincible veterans!'

'A countryman of ours?'

'Yes; that is, a naturalized American, though a German by descent—a most intelligent person, I assure you. He has given me a lively description of your famous battle of New Orleans, where he tells me, General Jackson, with only about fourteen hundred American militia, put to rout a whole host—upwards of twenty thousand English regulars—though posted behind walls of cotton bags! He himself was a very young drummer-boy at the time, and helped to beat the advance at the decisive bayonet-charge. His name is Karl Hartmann. Perhaps you know him.'

'Well!' exclaimed Brystone, as soon as he could fetch breath—mine was quite gone—and bringing his fist down upon the table with tremendous force—'well! if that don't bang Barnum, I'd be——.'

The major, not understanding English, evidently mistook the captain's words and action for a vehement confirmation of Karl Hartmann's bulletin of the battle, for he immediately said: 'I am happy to find you can corroborate my friend's statement. One of the most agreeable, gentlemanlike men I have ever met with is Karl Hartmann, and an ardent admirer of Russia and her glorious emperor. He has been confined to his hotel by a slight indisposition for the last five or six days, or I should have endeavoured to bring him with me; but as you, Mr Henderson, are going on shore with me, I shall have much pleasure in presenting you to each other.'

'Thank you, Major Kriloff, but Mr Hartmann and I are old acquaintances. I shall be very glad to see him, let me add.'

The major was delighted to hear that, and soon afterwards we landed in company on Yalta pier. Yalta is, or was, a favourite resort of the Russian families who during the summer visit the Crimea; and, previous to the entry of the allied fleets into the Black Sea, a steamer plied regularly twice a week between it and Odessa, touching at Sebastopol on its way. The town is partly built upon the plateau and western side of a rather lofty promontory, and runs considerably inland through a charming valley sheltered on each side by wooded heights. Many of the houses are built up the hillside in a kind of step terrace fashion, the flat roofs of a lower tier forming a promenade to the tier above. The permanent inhabitants are, I believe, chiefly Russians and Greeks, through the Tartar element of the Crimean population—chiefly agriculturists, sullen, swarthy fellows, with high cheek bones, flat spreading noses, and narrow, long cunning eyes—were numerous enough about the streets; and now and then a woman of that race shuffled past, her features concealed by white cotton bandages. The main street was full of soldiers, drawn up in heavy marching-order; and of course Major Kriloff was inexhaustibly voluble in his admiration of their fine soldierly appearance—an estimate which, though I did not endorse, I took care not to contradict; and the patriotic monologue terminated only at the door of the principal hotel, where temporarily resided Mr Karl Hartmann, and where the courteous major left me, after readily promising to return and dine with me and '*ce cher Hartmann*,' whose appetite, it appeared, was not in the slightest degree affected by the ailment which confined him within doors.

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 concealments between you and me—that I chanced to meet a fellow the other evening who, I thought, was a thousand miles away. Had he recognized me as I did him, and my revolver had not put in effectual bail for its owner, as I dare-say 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, have been despatched to the other world with military honours—*videlicet*, a close volley and a dozen bullets through my head.'

'Nonsense! This must be 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 *rencontre* 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 thus 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 Ypslanti, 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, Ypslanti, whose name did not appear in the business, having cheated us outrageously in the purchase of materials. 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 aide-de-camp was at first equally stupefied and paralysed, but presently rallying 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 diverse tunes; then set spurs to my horse, and, being capitally 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 Russian—Ypslanti's executor and trustee—is, I find, a much greater rascal than I had supposed, and I allowed a wide margin too. 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 vicinage 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 offends your British olfactories—well, on the father's side at anyrate, if not on the mother's—but it is not the less certain for all that—but—dinner is served, and Major Kriloff impatient to fall to. Come along, Master Henderson.'

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Trophies of War.—I send you two visiting cards, which one of our men took out of the drawing room of a very fine house, plundered in the town. The inhabitants never fancied we could get so far, and so were routed out in a hurry, leaving a capital cold lunch of chicken and ham, with wine on the table, and an old nurse and four little children in the nursery. One of the 38th actually carried off a little baby, and they say it is now alive. (This child was subsequently delivered up to the Russians, during the truce) I have got a telescope, and a lot of nursery books, and our camp is full of pigeons, guinea pigs, pistols, books, a general's cocked hat, swords, &c., all from this house, which evidently belonged to somebody of high rank, it was so beautifully furnished.—*Letter from the camp.*

Monster artillery.—The Ordnance are just now preparing artillery, more especially mortars, upon a prodigious scale, some to carry shells as large as the huge stone balls used by the Turks at the siege of Rhodes. We mention the fact, because no enemy can take advantage of the information, as the missiles of which we speak must defy resistance. As we are informed, the *mortier monstre*, which by two discharges, or three at most, reduced the previously impregnable citadel of Antwerp, was a babe to these of which we speak; their range is calculated at five miles. We presume that Cronstadt is to have the benefit of their first experiments. At the Lowmoor Iron Works, Bradford, there are shells being manufactured for the Government which measure a yard in diameter, and weigh upwards of a ton!—*English paper.*

Respect for the Sabbath.—We are informed by a correspondent, on what seems to be the best authority, that, on the recent visit of some of our most eminent farmers and agriculturists to Paris, a deputation from them was requested to wait on the Emperor on Sunday, no other day being at his majesty's disposal. The offer was *respectfully declined*, as leading to a breach of the sanctity of the Sabbath. In the midst of much painful laxity in some quarters, let us not despair of our country, while such evidence of true Christian, and we may add *English* spirit remains.—*London Record.*

Death at a Funeral.—A striking example of the uncertainty of human life recently occurred at the village of St. Ninians, near Stirling. A funeral took place in the churchyard, and the grave-diggers were in the act of filling in the soil over the coffin, when one of their number suddenly dropped down and expired. Medical aid was instantly sent for, but it was of no avail. The Rev. Mr. Gilfillan of Stirling, who was present, improved the remarkable visitation by engaging in prayer with those assembled.

Optics Tributary to the War.—We understand that among the numerous inventions which have been submitted to the attention of the Ordnance authorities, is one of a reflective tube, the purpose of which is to enable the engineers at work in the trenches to see the interior of the enemy's works without exposure to the chance of a bullet. —*United Service Gazette.*

Hospitality of the Tartars.—Far from the centres of civilization which the Russians have raised in the Crimea in the last twenty years, the Tartars of these regions have preserved intact the traditions of the past, and all the remarkable traits of their primitive character. In every village, the traveller, especially if he be not a Russian, is received with the most affectionate care. Every where the best house, the most beautiful cushions and carpets, are placed at his disposal, and he is installed in a good apartment with coffee and a tchibouk, in a way which can be appreciated only by those who know the inconveniences as well as pleasures of travelling in the East.—*Russia on the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff. By H. D. Seymour, M. P.*

Who is General Simpson?—General Simpson is a native of Roxburghshire, and was until lately, proprietor of the pretty little estate of Teviotbank, near Hawick, as also was his late father. His grandfather was minister of the parish of Wilton, and many will remember his uncle, the colleague of the late Dr. Brunton, of the Tron Church, Edinburgh. He is married to a daughter of the late Robert Dundas of Duneira, and our member of Parliament.—*Border Advertiser.*

Mr. Macaulay has completed two more volumes of his "History of England" which are announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Longman.

Robbers in Italy.—A letter from Bologna of the 27th June, states, that so great is the number of robbers and desperadoes at present overrunning that part of Italy, that the Cardinal Bishop Balluffi never goes out on his ecclesiastical duties without being escorted by eight dragoons.

Excuses for Drinking.—Of four men who recently, at the Manchester Police Court, England, were successfully convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct on Sunday, the first pleaded that he had been to a funeral, the second that he had been to a wedding, and the last two that they had been to a christening.

The Victims.—The *Paris Moniteur* announces officially, that the number of soldiers fallen on the field of battle, or who have died in the hospitals, amounts for the army of the East, from the 1st of June, 1854, to the 1st July, 1855, to only 14,205 men—rather few, since the English acknowledge a loss of 26,000 during the same period, with an army scarcely half as numerous as the French. The Austrians likewise acknowledge a loss of 20,000 men in Galicia, without war, and within the boundaries of the Empire. The *Moniteur* does not mention those who have been invalided, while the invalids are included in the English reports.

Hurra.—"Hurra" is a Slavic word, which may be heard from the shores of Dalmatia, to Behring's Straits, when men are called upon for any proof of courage or valour. The origin of the word is from the primitive idea, that every man who dies bravely for his country will go directly to heaven, (huraja—to paradise). Thus Allah—God—among the Turks, is always heard resounding; each one encouraging himself to forget earth and despise death, by the hope of an immediate reward.

AMERICAN ITEMS.

A Scene.—A "marriage romantic" is mentioned in the *New Orleans Crescent*, in which a stock-broker in that city took a beautiful young lady to church; a hundred young ladies, dressed like houris, acted as bridesmaids, and an equal number of gentlemen as groomsmen. They formed a procession along the streets which was beautiful to behold, and entered the martial home from a street carpeted with flowers. As matrimony is contagious, a small epidemic of weddings was expected to rage soon.

A supposed diamond of extraordinary size has recently been found in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and is deposited in Professor Phillips office, Philadelphia. It is colorless, perfectly crystalline, resembling a drop of clear spring water, in the middle of which you will perceive a strong light, playing with a good deal of spirit. The geologist does not announce it to be of the first water, although there is not the least doubt of its being of considerable value Offers of importance, it is said, have been declined for it. Nothing, it is supposed, like it, was ever discovered before in the United States.

GREAT RIOT IN LOUISVILLE.

Rioting is going on in the first and eighth wards. Several have been killed and many are wounded. Two blocks have been fired and are still burning. The most intense excitement prevails, and there will probably be more fighting. The Irish fired from the windows and killed three Americans. One Irishman hung by the Americans; several were killed and others taken prisoners.

Nine o'clock, P. M.—The mob having fired several blocks in the 8th Ward, are now moving up town with cannon. There are rumours abroad that they are going to attack the *Times* and *Courier* offices. The returns received indicate the success of the K. N.'s throughout the state.