KARL HARTMANN.

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

(Continued.)

In the forenoon of the following day, Karl Hartmann, Major Kriloff, and I, set out for Simferopol, Menschikoff's head-quarters, in a *tarantas*—a two horse vehicle, consisting of a couple 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, or 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 chiefly, 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 Baghtsche-serai, the ancient residence of the Tartar khans, where we slept, or rather should have slept, if permitted by the swarms of fleas, cockroaches, with a sprinkling of scorpions, domiciled hereditarily in the bedrooms, the same excitement and exultation appeared to pervade the soldiery temporarily halting there; whilst the scowling looks of the Tartar habitants 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. There 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. intrenched 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 been 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 economize the blood of your valiant Arofskys, 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-wildered 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 suddenly confronting that officer, as we rose from our 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, gibing 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 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.'

NICHOLAS SOLD.

During an interview which Martineff, the comedian and mimic, had succeeded in obtaining with the Prince [Volkhonsky, high-steward], the emperor walked into the room unexpectedly, yet with a design, as was soon made evident. Telling the actor that he had heard of his talents, and should like to see a specimen of them, he bade him mimic the old minister. This feat was performed with so much gusto, that the emperor laughed immoderately; and then, to the great horror of the poor actor, desired to have himself 'taken off.'—'Tis physically impossible,' pleaded Martineff.—'Nonsense,' said Nicholas: 'I insist on its being done.' Finding himself on the horns of a dilemma, the mimic took heart of grace, and with a promptitude and presence of mind that probably saved him, buttoned his coat over his breast, expanded his chest, threw up his head, and assuming the imperial port to the best of his power, strode across the room and back; then, stopping opposite the minister, he cried, in the exact tone and manner of the czar: 'Volkhonsky! pay Monsieur Martineff one thousand silver roubles.' The emperor for a moment was disconcerted; but recovering himself with a faint smile, he ordered the money to be paid.—*Harrison's Notes of a Nine Years' Residence in Russia.*

An old lady being at a loss for a pincushion made one of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.—A great deal has been lately said of reforms intended to be introduced by the Emperor of Russia into the internal administration of Poland, and it appears that many of them have already been carried into execution. The condition of the troops on the south of Russia is said to be miserable. The cholera is raging to that extent at Nikolaieff and Perekop that there are thoughts of dissolving the reserve camp established in the first of those towns, and of distributing the corps in the surrounding districts. The transport of troops and supplies is effected under immense difficulties, and these steppes are likely to become a second Dobrudscha for the Russians. A very bad character is given of the militia of Southern Russia, as badly armed and entirely indisposed to discipline, and ready for any excess.

THE CALIFORNIAN NUGGET OF GOLD.—A few days ago we announced the arrival at Havre, by the Ariel of a nugget of native gold, of the value of about 200,000 francs, which was in the hands of two miners, and was to be exhibited at the Universal Exhibition in Paris. We learn to-day from Paris that the nugget, instead of being lent to the Exhibition, was presented to the Bank of France, in view of obtaining an advance on its consignment. The Bank having assayed it, found that it was a piece of lead covered with gold, upon which the roughness and unevenness of native gold had been ingeniously imitated. An investigation has been commenced, to discover if the fraud had been committed at the diggings or during the voyage.—*Paris Journal, 11th ult.*

VALUE OF LAND IN THE CITY OF LONDON.—A correspondent of the *Builder* says: "I beg to inform you that a piece of land on the South side of Cornhill, having a frontage of 58 by a depth of 17 feet has been, within the last few days, let on lease for a building term, at a ground rent of £900 per annum. This will be found to be a higher rate per acre than any plot heretofore let." Calculated, as in the previous instances, at thirty years' purchase, the sum produced is at the rate of £1,182,030 per acre.

Canada extends in length from the coast of Labrador to the River Kaministiquia, at the end of Lake Superior about 1000 miles, with an average breadth of 230 miles, being nearly three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland. It contains an area of about 350,000 square miles, or 224,000,000 acres.

CHINA.—The lowest rung on the social ladder is occupied by the oldest living nation—a nation that claims to be the only civilized. The poorer classes in the neighbourhood of Hong Kong, are selling their children for 24 cents each. This price applies to girls of 7 to 10 years, and the purchaser must take them away at once, and promise support. They are chiefly employed as servants. Older girls bring *more*, or to speak *commercially*, "we quote girls from 7 to 10 years at 15 cents, 10 to 15 years $1, 15 to 20 years are more in demand, and cannot be had under $70 to $100."

THE SYSTEM OF ESPIONAGE.—VENICE is invested with spies, male and female. They are to be seen prowling about the coffee rooms; and the police is ever ready to seize on any one who may be thought on the slightest grounds of suspicion disposed to speak freely of the despotic character of the Austrian government. The great secret, then, to avoiding a tap on the shoulder from one of the police, is to practise silence; to lay an embargo on the lips; to think as much as you please, but say nothing. One example will give you some idea of the extent of the interference of the police. There can be no party in a house in the evening exceeding twenty in number. Should you have twenty-one at a friendly cup of tea, the police have the right to cause an immediate adjournment of the meeting. This seriously affects the principle of sociality, and very large parties, such as you have in the United States, are here under an interdict by a government as jealous and despotic as that of Russia. The colors of the Italians, when a nation, were red, white and green. A large, beautiful bouquet with the flowers so arranged, as to exhibit these favorite colors of the Italians, red, white and green, was thrown upon the stage of one of the theatres, in compliment of a popular actress. The police heard of it, and they quickly ordered the theatre to be shut up for six months for that simple act. Can a government so tyrannical live in the affections of the people? But, as the Italians cannot govern themselves, perhaps it is as well, that the Austrians have to do it for them, although it is very humiliating.

A Greater Puzzle than the Eastern Question. Where is the seat upon which "*Verbum sat?*"

AN AMUSING SCENE.—The little steamer Mohawk, says a Detroit paper, was lying in St. Clair river a few days since, surrounded by ice, and immovable. It occurred to her captain that he could rescue the craft from her icy chains by blowing up the frozen mass with gunpowder. Accordingly he prepared his torpedo, by filling a bottle with gunpowder, attaching a long piece of waterproof fuse, and sinking the contrivance through a hole in the ice. All being prepared, the gallant engineer fired his train. Now, every body who has seen the safety fuse used, knows that it burns quite slowly under water, though as quick as powder in the open air. The explosion not following immediately upon the captain's application of a cigar, he became anxious, stepped forward, and applied his nose to the ice, and 'look ye what befell.' There was a rumbling explosion; ice, water, captain and spray ascended in a halo of glory towards the zenith. The captain, having 'gone up like a rocket,' followed out the metaphor, and 'came down like the stick,' fortunately floating like it, and struck out for shore. When it was discovered, that he was not injured, the crowd who had witnessed his pyrotechnics gave three cheers for the captain and his petard, which the former gracefully acknowledged.

INSECT EPIDEMIC.—The New Orleans papers complain of the innumerable bugs and mosquitoes which this year infest that city. The *Crescent* says:—"The parallel was never before known. Huge black bugs bombard your papers, Sebastopol-like, rattle against your cranium, and charge upon your writing materials, while innumerable millions of mosquitoes attack you in every direction—assail ruthlessly your hands, face, ears, nose, and mouth, and very often obscure the light of the gas just above you, by which you are writing."

A Yankee always looks haggard and nervous as if he were chasing a dollar. With us money is everything; and when we go abroad, we are surprised to find that the dollar has ceased to be almighty. If a Yankee refuses to do a job for fifty cents, he will probably do it for a dollar, and will certainly do it for five. But one of the lazzaroni of Naples, when he had earned two cents and eaten them, will work no more, that day if you offer him ever so large a sum. He has earned enough for the day and wants no more. So there is no eagerness for making money, no motive for it, and every body moves slowly.

CURE FOR MEASLES.—A friend informed us, that tea made of white clover blossoms has been successfully used in his family, as a cure for the measles. The blossoms gathered and dried answer as well as the green.

There seems to be a fashion in female names, as well as dress. A few years ago, sentimental names, of languishing length—your Anna Matildas and Laura Marias—were all the rage. Now we have diminutive, pet names, the shorter the better. Here are a few of the latest—Eda, Eva, Ida, Ada, Ella, Boras and Dora. The stately Elizabeth is shortened into Lizzie; the sober Ann is softened into Annie; Harriet becomes Hattie, and Martha, Mattie.

We are acquainted with a printer, who is so enthusiastic in his business, that he never sits down to dinner without insisting on seeing a *proof of the pudding*.

If broken boots could sing, why couldn't they sing in glees?—Because they could only sing *sol(e)us*.

Why are testotallers most aggravating people? Because they only go to *teas*.

Perseverance is failing ninetee n times, and succeeding the twentieth; but when you do succeed, good gracious me! how the applause does come down!

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a gentleman to a lady. "Why," she replied, "I suppose it is because they are in a weak place."

Two men in crossing a field came in contact with a donkey braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment. Turning to Pat, who seemed enraptured with the song, he remarked—"It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, but he's got a wonderful cowld."

Why is a man's pastor really and truly his brother?—Because he's his pa's son.