KARL HARTMANN.

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE *Saucy Gipsy* got away in first rate style: she was evidently a racer; and Joel Brystone, the skipper was one of the most skilful and experienced seamen of New York. The voyage had at any rate commenced auspiciously. After patrolling the deck in a state of misty excitement, which for two or three hours neutraliezd emotions of another kind, I was observed by Captain Brystone to catch wildly at the mizen-ratlines, the region about my lips assuming at the same moment a hue of yellowish-white; whereupon I was forthwith handed below, and laid out in my sleeping-berth. I don't think my sighs and groans ran much upon dear Ruth during the following six or seven days and nights, but her image returned in undiminished lustre and freshness with the restoration of my mental and bodily faculties, and I silently pledged her over and over again in joyous bumpers, after the very first dinner I sat down to at sea. By that time, we had made the Atlas Mountains on the Morocco coast; and the wind continuing favourable, the *Saucy Gipsy* was soon slipping through the Straits of Gibraltar, towards the Mediterranean, where we at once became intermingled with the tide of war sweeping eastward to drive back the legions of the Czar. Specimens of the whole art and range of ship-craft—from the swift, stupendous screw line-of-battle-ship to the slight and sluggish sailing transport—passed or was passed by the *Saucy Gipsy* during the remainder of the voyage, all full of red and blue soldiers, or freighted with the dumb and equally indispensable instruments of mortal conflict; the red cross and tri-color floating proudly from the mastheads; the national airs of France and England resounding from the crowded decks of the coalesced armadas.

'What think you, Mr. Hartmann,' said I, early one morning, as we were both intently watching the huge *Himalaya* sweep past with the Scots Greys on board, their band playing *Partant pour la Syrie*, in complimentary recognition of *God save the Queen*, indifferently performed by the amateur musicians of a French mailboat from Malta—'what think you of the stability of this, but a few years since, impossible alliance of the two great Western nations? According to some of the more solemn and second-sighted of the quidnuncs on our side the Atlantic, it amounts to a redistribution of the forces of Europe, not only subversive of the balance of power in the Old, but full of menace to the peace of the New World.'

'It is an alliance,' replied Hartmann, 'dictated by the awakened common sense and the permanent interests of the two nations, and depending for permanence, therefore, neither upon princes nor parchments. As to its menacing America, that is all bosh! unless, indeed, the United States should be conceit-crazed enough to challenge civilized Europe to mortal combat in defence of sacred slavery; as the Muscovite has in vindication of red-handed violence and the precepts of Christianity: then, indeed—— But I eschew prophecy.'

'As to conceit,' chimed in Captain Brystone, who was standing close by, 'I'll back the Britishers against all creation for that; and yet, with all their prancing and trumpeting about this war, they are setting about it, according to their own newspapers, like a parcel of old women, rather than men of sense and pluck.'

'There is a tinge of truth in that,' said Hartmann; 'but as, no doubt, your sagacity will have already suggested, military departmental deficiencies—the cankers of a long peace—will find a sharp and sure remedy in the experience of actual war.'

'That "long-peace" excuse,' persisted Brystone, 'wont do at any price; or how is it we never hear of such bungling mismanagement in the French and Russian services?'

'Because my dear sir, they hold by the Napoleonic maxim—*qu'il faut laver son linge sale chez soi;* a rule there is much to be said in favour of. Still, I prefer, on the whole, unfettered, independent criticism, frequently savage and unjust as it may be towards individuals. Sir John Moore is a notable instance in point—the most furiously abused, and one of the ablest generals England ever sent forth. But it is time to see about breakfast, I think.'

'That's a feller, now,' remarked the captain, as Hartmann disappeared below, 'that would take some time to correctly post up. I agree with you, however, Master Henderson, that he is a Britisher, hail from wherever he may.'

We were becalmed for nearly a week in the Mediterranean, save for a brief land-puff now and then; and the days being intensely hot, Hartmann and I, the only idlers on board, used to take our deck-exercise after sunset, he often reading scenes of plays, or snatches of poetry aloud, the brilliance of the night enabling him to read the smallest print with ease. Suddenly breaking in one evening upon his favourite pastime, I said: 'What sort of a man is the Arthur Dalzell said to be dying at San Francisco?'

'What sort of a man is the Arthur Dalzell said to be dying at San Francisco,' quietly replied Hartmann, folding down the page he had been reading, and closing the book: 'well, in person, well looking enough, and about my own height and age; in character and disposition, a mingled yarn of good and evil—the evil, as I think, greatly predominating.'

'Come, that's candid, at all events.'

'You must think so, believing, as you do, that *I* am Arthur Dalzell.'.

'Ha! How did you infer that?'

The man smiled, and taking me in a patronizing way by the arm, said: 'My young friend—for friend I am determined to make of you—that ingenuous face of yours can be read by duller eyes than those of Ruth Garstone. Nay, don't be foolish! You naturally wish to know something of your Aunt Viola's husband—Arthur Dalzell. Here, then, in a few rough strokes, is the man's moral picture in little:—Dalzell is a soldier, daring by temperament, a generous fellow too, from the same prompting. He is not thought to be a hard or cruel man—certainly, he would not strike a woman or a child; yet he has abandoned his wife and daughter for years, in order that he might be more free to follow the adventurous, vagabond life he loves. Altogether, he is a man of ardent impulses, not without some pleasant, perhaps good qualities, but utterly destitute of governing principle. Nay, I verily believe,' continued Hartmann with strange vehemence, 'that although he does love, always has loved his wife—and monster, indeed, must he be, did he not love that gentle, long-suffering woman—yet, I say, I verily believe, that there mingles with his fervent longing for reconciliation, a base hope, that in the event of his at least *possible* recovery, he may revel once more in riches by participation in the large sum which, by the deathbed remorse of the man by whom her husband was ruined in the matter of some government contracts, has lately devolved to Mrs. Dalzell.'

'Did you inform Mrs. Garstone of the legacy you spoke of?'

'Yes, but she seemed not to heed the information, although the bequest is comparatively a large one: silver roubles amounting to nearly five thousand pounds of your money.'

'And you are not sure that the vicious maniac you describe is really dying after all!'

'Well, yes. I think he is. We all are, for that matter; but with Arthur Dalzell, I cannot doubt that the wine of life draws near the lees. I agree with you also, that he must be at least partially insane.'

We were silent for some minutes, and then I said quickly: 'Am I right in supposing that you are personally known to my aunt, Mrs. Dalzell?'

'I know Mrs. Dalzell well; and she knows me, much too well: I mean, that her esteem can hardly equal her knowledge of me. Of less consequence, you are aware, inasmuch as any business I may have with her can be transacted by proxy—you being that proxy. And if, by chance, I should find myself in her presence, she, unhappy lady, will not, of course, be cognizant of that fact.'

Our conversation, after this, turned upon indifferent matters, and it was not long before we retired below, and turned in for the night. Nothing of importance occurred till the *Saucy Gipsy* was safely moored in the Golden Horn—not much then. The cargo was speedily disposed of; all matters of business satisfactorily adjusted; and I was ready to address myself seriously to the the fulfilment of my good Aunt Martha's chief behest. But no step could, of course, be taken in the absence of Karl Hartmann, who had disappeared the very day we arrived at Constantinople, after making a bold draw upon the funds in my possession, and promising to return in ten days at the very latest. That time expired, and still no Mr. Hartmann was to be seen or heard of; and I was becoming ferociously impatient, when a letter was placed in my hands by a clerk in a Greek house. It informed me that—but as the letter is before me, and sufficiently concise, I had better simply copy it:

'YALTA, CRIMEA, *August* 18, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR—This note will reach you by a sure hand, and will, I trust, decide you upon coming here without delay. I have obtained exact intelligence of (here there is a blotted erasure) your Aunt Dalzell and her daughter, still, as ever, the chosen companion of calamity—Viola, I mean, not Marian—completely blind, I am told; total eclipse—from cataract, it is said. My position here is a peculiar, and rather menacing one, though, after Ingraham's exploit at Smyrna, I should think my certificate of American naturalization would pull me through. Perhaps not. There are grave circumstances, which I will explain when I see you. By the by, Prince Menschikoff, who commands here, is making tremendous preparations for the prompt carrying out of his proclaimed intention to drive the red and blue devils now at Varna into the sea, should they dare pollute the sacred soil of Russia with their profane footsteps or hoofsteps; an announcement which, being indorsed by a unanimous and orthodox clergy, is received with undoubting faith by all here; even by the poor Tartars, who, like the devils—not the aforesaid red and blue ones—believe and tremble. There is one infidel exception—your obedient servant,

KARL AARTMANN.

N.B.—The roadstead here is a safe one at this time of the year, and I think the *Saucy Gipsy* might pick up a profitable cargo of morocco leathers and lambskins just now.'

I determined to start at once; and first giving the necessary directions to Captain Brystone, I hurried off to Pera with my letters of especial introduction to Mr. Brown. I found our excellent representative at home, and sufficiently at leisure to listen to a brief exposition of my purpose in visiting the Heracleian Chersonesus.

'A simple affair enough in itself,' he remarked; 'but you should, I think, keep a wary eye upon Master Hartmann's movements. A note I will give you to Prince Menschikoff, with whom, when here, I had something more than an official acquaintance, will enable you to do so effectually.'

I thanked Mr Brown for his kindness, received the all-important note, and sailed the next day for Yalta with a light heart and a spanking breeze.

By this time the steam and sailing vessels required for the transportation of the British and French troops were assembled before Varna—a motley, multitudinous fleet, numbering from 400 to 500 vessels. We passed them on the 4th of September, at about three leagues to windward; for, luckily for that crowded mass of shipping, the wind, half a gale, was blowing *off* the shore. The embarkation was, we saw, vigorously progressing to the sound of martial music, exuberant cheering, and not unfrequent cannon-fire—in enforcement, no doubt, of the orders signaled by the fluttering bunting of a screw two-decker, bearing a rear-admiral's flag, By sun-down, we had dropped the whole of the vast armament, with the exception of the top spars of the largest men-of-war: these presently disappeared in the gathering gloom, and not a sail was visible in any other quarter, save those imaginary ones which lands-men such as I conjure up in the distance out of flashing foam-horses chasing each other over, a wild waste of sea.

'Steam,' I remarked to Captain Brystone, as he shut up his glass after a long scrutinizing look towards every point of the compass—'steam has, I daresay, greatly increased the facilities for such an enterprise! still, it is quite clear, even to my unskilled judgment, that the gigantic embarkation going on yonder is a terribly hazardous affair.'

'That's a fact, Master Henderson, rejoined the captain; 'and the boldest Britisher there would think twice of such a venture, if the Russian men-of-war, instead of skulking off to hide themselves at Sebastopol, shewed they meant to have a downright shindy with their enemies at sea.'

'You cannot suppose the Muscovites would have a chance with the British fleet in a sea-fight, not to reckon the French!'

'Not the ghost of a chance, in a regular sea-fight, I am quite sure; but that's not what I'm speaking of. I have seen service with a convoy before now; and I tell you, Master Henderson, that let the men-of-war look them up as smartly as they may, that thundering fleet of transports won't have been at sea six hours, before they are a straggling, higgledy-piggledy line, leagues in length and width. Ten or a dozen swift steam-frigates, or half that number of such frisky fellows as the two-decker we saw cutting about yonder, well placed and smartly handled, would find opportunities of dashing in amongst them; scatter death and destruction on all sides, create the wildest confusion, and be off again, especially at night, before the war-ships could interfere to any effectual purpose. Just fancy the heavy metal of a frigate or a two-decker crashing through the brown paper-sides of merchant-vessels chock full of soldiers—transports running into one another to get out of the way—and ask yourself what sort of a plight the army would be in to effect a landing in an enemy's country, after two or three turns at such a game as thay!'

Having thus delivered himself, Joel Brystone turned to the mate, and ordered him to call the hands to shorten sail, and make all snug for the night, as a 'sneezer' was evidently coming on. He himself took the wheel. I dived below out of the way, and was soon, spite of creaking timbers and a roaring sea, in a sound sleep, and dreaming of——

'Precisely.' And that capital guess of yours suggests to me that Ruth Gartstone's pretty face was not more changeful in its aspect of smiles and frowns, candours and coquettishness, than is the equally capricious Euxine in passing from wildest fury to gentlest calm. The morning shewed no trace of the previous night's gale, save in the slowly subsiding wave-swell, through which the *Saucy Gipsy*, feebly sustained by a light, fitful breeze, helplessly pitched and rolled. The wind freshened about noon, continued fair; and early the next morning the low flat shore of Kalamita Bay, on the south-west coast of the Crimea, close by the northern horn of which nestles the old Tartar town of Koslov, now Eupatoria, was visible from the deck. It was still far away, however, on our larboard-beam, stretching southward in sinuous outline to Cape Cherson, and backed up by the hill-region of the peninsula, which rising precipitately on the south, reaches inland as far as Simferopol, whence a vast steppe or plain extends in unbroken sterility to Perekop. As the day advanced, Eupatoria and the villages along the coast lit up into clearer distinctness—the hill-tops to the south and east sparkled with sun-fire, and by and by we could discern, through the glass, numbers of country-people busy getting in the harvest, with the help of camels and bullock-carts. Everything betokened peace, quite, security, utter ignorance, or utter carelessness of the storm of war about to burst upon them. Not a soldier was to be seen, unless some fellows riding about upon ponies, with what to us looked like slender rods, borne in an upright position, or across their saddles, were lance-armed Cossacks. This strange apathy or disdain called forth numerous, and far from complimentary, comments from Joel Brystone, especially after we opened up Sebastopol, and he had counted from the mast-head the numerous fleet skulking idly there. 'A tremendous strong fortress, though, this Sebastopol!' he added, 'as that fellow Hartmann said, and about the only sensible thing he did say: not a place to be taken by the collar even by the Western Colossians.'

'Western Colossia, was it not?'

'Colossi or Colossians,' rejoined the captain, 'it comes to pretty much the same thing, I believe—which is, that the British and Frenchers will find Sebastopol a cussed hard nut to crack.' So saying, and feeling, I could see, a little pouty at having the correctness of his language questioned, the commander of the *Saucy Gipsy* walked away.

(*To be continued*)

DUNNING NOTICE.

The following "Model" Dunning Notice, is from the pen of an American Editor "out West" Will our subscribers "read, mark and inwardly digest" its contents, and all to whom it will apply, will confer a favor on us by doing the thing that is needful.—*Mirimichi Gleaner*.

"Friends, Patrons. Subscribers and Advertisers:—Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we are in need, and have regard for our need, for we have been trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets, that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you, one single patron that don't owe us something, then to him we say—step aside? consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer:—Not that we care about cash ourselves, but our creditors do.

"Would you rather that we go to jail, and you go free, than you pay our depts, and we all keep moving? As we agreed we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have waited upon you; but, as you don't pay, we dun you! Here are agreements for job-work; contracted for subscription; promise for loug credit; and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so mean that don't take a paper? If any, he needn't speak—we don't mean him Who is there so green that he don't advertise? If any, let him slide—he ain't the chap, either. —Who is there so bad that he dont pay the printer? If any, let him shout—for he's the man we're after. His name is *Legion*, and he's been owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight years—long enough to make us poor and himself rich at our expences. If the above appeal to his conscience dosen't awake to a sense of justice' we shall have to try the law and see what virtue there is in writs and constables."

RUM DEALERS' LEAGUE.—The rum dealers' league in New York, which has been formed since the passage of the prohibitory law in that State, now numbers 14,000 members, it is said, in New York city; a fact which it is not difficult to credit, seeing that there are 7000 retail rum-shops in that city—and as all the employers in these, as well as the breweries, distilleries, importing and wholesale houses swell the roll of the league, the array is quite a formidable one. Each member pays an admission fee of $10, which has created a fund of $140,000.

CABBAGES FOR COWS.—The editor of the *Agricultural Gazette* (England) estimates one acre of cabbages to be worth three acres of turnips for cows. He recommends sowing seed in beds, either in autumn or spring, and transplanting toward the end of May, at the rate of 8600 plants to the acre. One pound of seed will produce about 2400 plants.

DOMESTIC HABITS.—The accomplished Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who figured in the fashionable as well as the literary circles of her time, has said, that "the most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined, when they are ennobled by sentiment," and they are truly ennobled when we attend them either from a sense of duty, or consideration for a parent, or love to a husband. "To furnish a room," continues this lady, "is no longer