

description of your famous battle of New Orleans, where he tells me General Jackson, with only about four 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'll 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 hill side 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, though the Tartar element of the Crimean population—chiefly agriculturist, 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, drawing up in heavy marching-order; and of course Major Kriloff was inexhaustibly volubly in his admiration of their fine soldierly appearance—an estimate which, though I did not endorse, I took care I did not 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 'de cher Hartmann,' whose appetite, it appeared was not in the slightest degree affected by the ailment which confined him within doors.

#### FUNNY PEOPLE.

Funny people are by no means a numerous class. Indeed, they are great rarities. So that it is chiefly on the stage that you can see the model men and women of the order. The world of real life is dull and dry for rearing the species and preserving its originality. It gets soured and crusted with the atmosphere of society, and loses its specific levity by the requisition of gravity instead. Fun is generally a great favourite—so much so, that even in church, if it should be met with, it seldom causes a frown. Indeed, it is no easy matter to frown at it; and when some pious old matron thinks it her duty as a parent to rebuke her frolicsome boy for making a joke out of a sermon, she finds it very difficult to keep her countenance, and often destroys the solemnity of her admonition by the undisguisable smile that plays upon her lips. With some this funny propensity is natural and unaffected—with others it is artificial, aiming at effect. With the former it is generally done gravely, and seriously, as if unconscious of the ridicule about to be excited. The funniest of all people never laugh at their own fun. You never see old Keeley laugh; his wife laughs, for she wants the same power as he of commanding the countenance, but for that very reason she wants his humour. Keeley looks grave as Bottom, when all the house is roaring with laughter; nor does there appear the slightest effort on his part to restrain his countenance. It was the same with Liston—that cool, imitable droll—who always seemed to be the only person present who was not aware of his own absurdities, or amused by his own drolleries. It is chiefly in this perfect restraint or command of the countenance that the difficulty of comic acting consists. It is a rare gift. Not one man in ten thousand can preserve his countenance unmoved, in the midst of a good-natured volley of mirth and fun. Anger may do it for him sometimes, when he would rather indulge in it; but that is only another proof of the almost insuperable difficulty of controlling the exquisite sensitive muscles of the mouth, in which lie the whole of the passionless expression of the countenance. In the young it is, perhaps, impossible, and some youngsters suffer severely from

an irrepressibility of laughter, when ludicrous ideas are presented to the mind. Young girls, also, when they would be merry and very funny, generally laugh so much, when telling their funny stories, that it is no easy matter to know what they are saying. A real funster can so surcharge his story with fun that his hearers shall be compelled to laugh, whether he himself laugh or not, which he seldom does, except for sociality and exercise for his lungs. But one who has not a real funny genius supplies the want of it by the laughter that nature has ordained to accompany it. If you see a girl telling a story and laughing inordinately at every two or three words, as if she were rather hearing some one else recount the tale than recounting it herself, you may be sure that that girl has not the genius for telling a funny story, but only the susceptibility for laughing at one. But if you see two or three young women laughing—almost hysterically, and one in the midst of them talking quietly with almost imperturbable but yet good natured smiling countenance, you want no more evidence—that is a funny girl, the funniest of the bevy. She has got the genius for fun. She is an actress, and a star in her own sphere.

#### THE MINED BREACH OF CONSTANTINE.

After climbing the breach, loud cries of "Forward!" arose; and the French, momentarily driven backward, rallied to the charge. These shouts brought up Lamoriciere with reinforcements; and he arrived just as the assailants were once more upon the walls, with the Turks flying before so close, that we stabbed them in the backs as they retreated. Our soldiers fell over one another, pell-mell, with their officers and a fearful disorder followed. Lamoriciere sprang up, sabre in hand. We reached the summit of the breach. Destiny willed it that one company should be in before mine.—At that instant a terrible explosion took place. The silence of death succeeded. Those who remained on their feet, started by the shock, sought to lean on one another, or on their swords, or against the walls. All who were the nearest the mine had their eyes filled with dust and powder, and were momentarily suffocated. But then ensued the most horrible scene. The wretches who retained their limbs, and who could emerge from the ruins, came running down the breach, exclaiming, "Save yourselves, friends—we are lost,—the whole place is mined,—advance no further, but save yourselves." When I remember those scorched figures—those heads without hair, without skin and dripping with blood—those flaming garments, dropping away with the victim's flesh—when I recall those miserable cries, I am astonished that the entire column did not retire from the breach.—St. Arnauld's Letters.

#### ONE MAN MARRYING HER.

Some one mentioned that a young Scotchman, who had been lately in the neighbourhood, was about to marry an Irish widow, double his age and of considerable dimensions. "Going to marry her!" Sydney Smith exclaimed, bursting out laughing; going to marry her! impossible! you mean, a part of her: he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but trigamy; the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her! it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning's walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. In short, you might do any thing with her but marry her.—Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith.

#### PROVING CHARACTER.

'Do you know the prisoner, Mr Jones?'  
'Yes, to the bone.'  
'What is his character?'  
'Never knew he had any.'  
'Does he live near you?'  
'So near that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years.'  
'Did he ever come in collusion with you in any matter?'  
'Only once, and that was when he was drunk, and mistook me for a lamp post.'  
'From what you know of him, would you believe him under oath?'  
'That depends on circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was doing, I would, if not, I would not.'

#### EXTREMES.

Men are stoics in their early years, epicureans in their latter; social in youth, selfish in old age. In early life they believe all men honest, till they know them to be knaves; in late life they believe all men to be knaves till they know them to be honest. Thus, somehow or other, men pass in the course of living from one of those extremes to the other: and from having thought too well of human nature at first, think at last perhaps to ill of it.

There is a Sportsman in Maine so lazy that he put out one of his eyes, the other day, to save the trouble of winking when he takes aim.

## The Politician,

### THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Weekly Despatch.  
TO THE COMMONS OF ENGLAND.

\* \* \* You must cast behind you all "trivial fond records, all forms and pressures past," all hesitancy of speech or dubiety of action. It is not enough that a Minister has not committed himself to half views and negative opinions. You must make each speak out, not to Parliament alone but to St. Peterburg—commit himself fully and finally to this—no peace with the Czar until Sebastopol is taken and his hosts are driven from the Crimea. Good faith to you ally demands this—the destinies of the human race point out the vindication of their common rights as the great providential mission of the chiefest among civilized states. The honour and glory, the proud traditions of your ancestors and our common country, cry shame upon any less assured course—the world stands a tip-toe to see whether England will bear herself as she was wont and as alone as worthy of her in this battle of the Titans of the earth. In a word, before you adjourn to the moors, you must as a Parliament atone for your supineness, your culpable patience, your past empty futility, your criminal indifference to the character and position of the greatest among the nations.—Sound the key note to the country. Show your constituents that you emulate their spirit and fitly represent their feelings and opinions.—Make your enemies despair of the meshes of diplomacy as a net for the lion of England. Bid Austria to tremble and Russia to quake.—Speak from the adamant lips of your artillery. Tell tyrants

Thou had'st better be a dog,  
Than answer my waked wrath!

Spread the death shade of your grim purpose around the pallid faces of the satraps of rapine and the minions of oppression. England and France, comrades in arms, and yet baffled by Russia! If that be so, then "Chaos is come again!" "Our fate cries out, and champions us to the utterance." The country waits for you. If you do not lead her, she will walk over you, and trample you out of being in her onwardness—"Speak! Strike! Redress!"—Do not think of Joe Manton and your pointer bitch. Cease all other business until March—the Ides of March if you will. But do not proogue while the war lasts. Redouble the efforts of the nation freely placed at your disposal. If fifty thousand men be not enough, send a hundred and fifty thousand. France will double your numbers whatever you please to make them. You ought to regard it as a favour of fortune that Russia designs to send her whole strength to a battle-field on which it is most convenient for us to meet her. She is already sweating and groaning at every pore under the intolerable burden of her struggle.—Crush her as Tarpeia was under the bucklers of the Gauls. Let there be no more dribbles of contingents. Pour out at once the bubbling vials of your wrath. The pride of barbaric absolutism must once and for ever in this Europe of ours be crushed out of being—trampled to death by the onward march of right and liberty. Let there be no peace, no truce while a Russian remains in the Crimea. There is not a man in any regiment or ship in all our service, who, not being there, does not long to stand shoulder to shoulder with his heroic countrymen. Hogarth, in his "March to Finchley," represents Englishmen standing on tiptoe under the regimental standard that they might be passed as fit to go to Culloden. The same spirit animates our masses now. The day that England abandons the Crimea without conquering it will date the decline of her greatness—the ascendancy of tyrannous and all prevailing legitimacy. "Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!" No peace but the peace of victory, dictated on the bloody plain; accepted by a crouching and obsequious enemy. Already he totters, pants, trembles, sinks. A bully is ever a humbug.—His power is a mere bamboozlement. He is the Barnum of politicians. His woolly-horse—his Methuselah Washington nurse are mere advertisement wonders, a delusion, mockery and snare. He has no 60,000,000 of available population. Or, if he have, on our Queen's reign also the sun never sets, and nearly 150,000,000 own her sway. What the Czar has and what he can bring into the field are questions as distinct as the relation of our friendly Kaffirs and Company Hindoos to the British Army. Probe to the bottom Mr Disraeli's repeated, reiterated assertion that the present Cabinet were in favour of Lord J. Russell's fatal crotchet.—Either let the Opposition leader retract his assertion, or force him to prove it. In a crisis of our fate, no senator must be permitted to conceal his authority for allegations so vitally involving the interests of the nation. If grouse and partridges are paramount claims on your patriotism, do not, at least disperse, like other mobs, until you have emphatically, and to the extent of your power, unanimously pronounced. Wind up the session by a proclamation to the whole world that you defy absolutism—that you will fight to the last man and the last guinea for your just and generous cause—that despotism

shall no more remove the ancient landmarks of unoffending neighbours—that at all hazards England will be true to her mission, as the leader of the constitutional principle of government—and that now, as in the days of Algernon Sidney—

Manus hæc inimica tyrannis  
Euse petit placidam, sub libertate quietem.

From Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper.  
HOW THE WAR GRINDS RUSSIA.

In making these observations (says the Times in illustration of the sufferings of Russia by the war) we rely on the facts collected by M. Tengoborski, a gentleman of high reputation in the Russian service, whose valuable statistical work has recently been translated in this country; and some of the results at which we arrive are so remarkable as to deserve attention. Let us take in the first instance, the corn trade, which is unquestionably the most important element in the national wealth of Russia, corn forms more than one-half in value of the whole annual produce of the soil. The triennial average value of the export of grain is about 20,000,000 of roubles. But there is no country in which the value of grain varies more than in Russia, owing to the inequality of climate, the difficulty of conveyance, the immense distances between the corn markets, and the want of capital to support the trade. Rye has sometimes varied within a few years from one to eleven roubles the chetwert, and wheat from 2 roubles 19 copecks to 13 roubles. These fluctuations in price affect in a most disastrous manner the primary agricultural interests of the empire, and the natural corrective of excessive lowness of price is the export trade. "A stagnation in export, therefore," says M. Tengoborski.

Especially in years of abundance, cannot fail to produce a very considerable fall of price in the home market. In the southern governments, and in several of those where grain is abundant, and which have river communications with the Baltic and White sea, prices can be supported at their natural level only in so far as there is demand at the seaports. The provinces of New Russia are thus situated, and, whatever may be the progress of their internal welfare, the prosperity of their agriculture will always in great measure depend on the activity of the Black sea commerce.

In 1848 no less than 3,422 vessels entered the Russian Baltic and White sea ports, and the quantity of grain exported exceeded the corn exports of the United States. Nearly the whole of this commerce is now stopped, and the machinery of foreign credit by which it was carried on is altogether annihilated, and will probably never be restored.

Let us now turn to the import trade of Russia, which is even more ruined than her exports, and to the effect of the blockade on the industry of the country. M. Tengoborski fairly states the difficulties against the Russian manufacturer has to contend, and which accounts for the fact that, with the exception of the commonest articles of linen, all purchases made at St. Petersburg and Moscow, even in times of peace, are fully 60 per cent., and in many cases 80 or 100 per cent., dearer than they would be in Germany, and this difference of price on manufactured goods will, of course, be still more in favour of this country. The causes of this dearth are according to M. Tengoborski:

The scarcity of capital and high rate of interest—the great distance and the difficulties of communication—the dearness of the agents of fabrication, as machinery, chemical productions, and colouring matters imported from abroad.—The dearness of iron, which renders the construction of all sorts of machinery and tools very expensive—the dearness of fuel in some industrial districts where it has to be fetched from a great distance; water-power is rare, owing to the level expanse of the country, so that it is generally necessary to have to import from abroad the engines, the coal, and the head-workmen, as well as the raw material used in the cotton-mills.

It was evident that all these difficulties have been enormously aggravated by the war. The scarcity of capital was in some degree remedied by large advances from England or long credits in this country which are at an end. The majority of the skilled workmen who had been brought to Russia from England or France at great cost to set going these establishments have made their way home. The machinery imported cannot be repaired. The coal imported from Great Britain or Belgium to the north of Russia is excluded altogether. During a considerable part of last winter St. Petersburg could no longer be lighted with gas, and the large iron foundry and machine works at Kharinenhoff are stopped from the same cause. One of the great impediments to the progress of Russia is the want of iron. She produces indeed, a considerable quantity of iron of a good quality manufactured with charcoal, some of which is at times exported, but there is no civilised state in which iron is so dear or so scarce. Nine-tenths of the cart and waggon wheels of every description are without tires, and all the axles are wood. Again, her production of lead hardly exceeds one thousand tons, which is not a seventh part of the quantity required for military and domestic purposes. It would be very easy to multiply these examples by showing the stoppage and rise of price which have taken