

evening you were praying, and you did not know that I was in the tent, and you said, 'You dear parents in heaven, pity your poor daughter.' I could have shouted with rapture and delight, but I held my peace. I wished to wait and see if you would be good to me."

"But the expression of your eyes was so changed," whispered Charles Henry; "I was obliged to turn away when their glance fell upon me. I felt that my secret was discovered, and therefore I avoided being with you."

"Officer Buschman," cried Deesen, in a commanding voice from the house, "is your work finished?"

"Immediately; I have but a few stitches to do," cried Charles Henry. "Be silent," said he to Fritz, "and let me sew."

But Fritz was not silent; he crouched near officer Buschman, and whispered many and strange things in his ear.

Charles Henry sewed on zealously, blushed often, and replied in low, embarrassed words.

At last the work was completed, and the knees of the great Frederick's breeches were worthily mended with divers patches.

"I will carry them myself to the king, as I have a favor to ask him," said Fritz Kober. "Come with me, Charles Henry; you must hear what the king says."

He took Charles Henry's hand and advanced to the door, but Deesen stood there, and forbade him to enter; he ordered Fritz to give him the breeches.

"No," said Fritz Kober, resolutely, "we have a request to make of the king, and he once gave us permission to come directly to him when we had a favor to ask."

He pushed Deesen aside and entered the room with Charles Henry.

The king sat in his bed reading, and was so absorbed that he did not see them enter. But Fritz stepped up boldly to the bed and laid the breeches upon the chair.

"Did you mend them, my son?" said the king.

"No, your majesty, Charles Buschman mended them, but I came along to say something to your majesty. You remember, no doubt, what you said when we returned from the enemy's camp near Künersdorf, after the battle, when Charles Henry related so beautifully all that we had seen and heard. You said, 'You are both officers from this day, and if you ever need my assistance call upon me freely.'"

"And you wish to do so now?" said the king.

"Yes, your majesty, I have something to ask."

"Well, what is it?"

Fritz Kober drew up grandly and ceremoniously.

"I ask your majesty to allow me to marry officer Charles Henry Buschman—to marry him to-day!"

"Marry him!" said the king, amazed; "is, then, officer Buschman—"

"A woman, your majesty!" interrupted Fritz Kober, with joyful impatience. "He is a woman; his name is Anna Sophia Detzloff, from Brünen."

Frederick's sharp, piercing eye rested for a moment questioningly upon Charles Henry's face; then nodding his head smilingly several times, he said:

"Your bride is a spruce lad and a brave officer, and knows how to blush in his soldier's uniform. Officer Charles Henry Buschman, will you be the wife of officer Fritz Kober?"

"I will, if your majesty consents," whispered Charles Henry.

"Well, go to the field-preacher, and be married—I give my consent. And now go, I must dress."

"At last," said the king to Le Catt, "fortune will be again favorable to me. Signs and wonders are taking place, as they did with Charles VII. of France. When he was in the most dire necessity, surrounded by his enemies, the Lord sent the Maid of Orleans to save him. To me, also, has the Lord now sent a Joan d'Arc, a maid of Brünen. With her help I will overcome all my enemies."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE AMBASSADOR AND THE KHAN OF TARTARY.

THE preparations were completed; the room of the king had become, by means of his inventive genius, a magnificent throne saloon. The great arm-chair, draped with rich hangings, looked almost imposing; the dirty floor was concealed by a costly Turkish carpet. The door which led into the entry had been removed, and the opening hung with banners. The entry itself had been changed by means of carpets, banners, and standards into a tasteful ante-chamber.

The king wore his general's uniform, and the chain of the order of the Black Eagle, and the generals and staff officers stood near him in their glittering dresses. The room of the sheriff had indeed become a royal apartment.

And now an imposing train approached this improvised palace. First appeared two riders, whose gold-embroidered mantles fell below their feet and concealed the well-shaped bodies of the small

Arabian horses on which they were mounted, only displaying their slender necks, with their flowing manes and their graceful legs. It was evident from their dark complexions and flashing eyes that these men were foreigners, the sons of the South. On each appeared the diamond-headed hilt of a sword, glittering amid the folds of the costly Turkish shawls which encircled their slender waists; and at the side of each hung the jewelled sheath of a Damascus blade, which was held in the right hand, and presented in salutation. These Turkish warriors were followed by two others, scarcely less richly dressed, and behind them rode four men, in long black robes, with eyes closed, each bearing in his right hand a book bound in gold and velvet, which he pressed prayerfully to his breast; a golden pen was worn in their girdles in place of a weapon, and on the fez an artistically arranged and jewelled peacock's feather. Now followed two other riders; but these were not alike, as the others had been, but bore the most remarkable and striking contrast to one another. One of them was dressed in the latest French style; he wore a blue, silver-embroidered velvet coat, with small-clothes of the same material, which met his white silk stockings at the knee, and were fastened by a band with a diamond clasp. His shoes were also ornamented with diamond buckles and red heels. He wore a three-cornered hat, with a white feather, which was placed lightly and gracefully upon his stiffly-curved, well-powdered peruke. Splendid lace covered his breast, and broad lace cuffs fell over his white gloved hands. It was a perfect ball dress, such as was worn at that time at court by all ambassadors who were not military, in their ceremonious audiences with the sovereign.

Near this man, dressed so gracefully and airily, was another cavalier who presented a great contrast to him. As the one seemed dressed for a summer day, so the other appeared prepared for the coldest weather; the one was ready for the ball-room, and the other for the steppes of Siberia. The long, thin figure of the latter was concealed by a fur mantle, made of the skin of the white Lapland wolf, and lined and trimmed with a darker fur; around his waist was bound a costly gold-embroidered shawl, from which hung a small golden cup, and a richly ornamented razor. At his side, instead of the Turkish sabre, a bag, richly worked with gold and pearls, was suspended by golden chains. He wore a fez, on the front of which was embroidered a small golden cup.

Behind these two men came a troop of Turkish, Tartar, and European servants, all in livery; and these were followed by a golden chariot, with closely-drawn blinds, the interior being impenetrable to the most curious gaze. Four Tartars in long white fur mantles rode on either side of the chariot, with drawn swords.

The chariot was followed by a most remarkable crowd, consisting of Prussian soldiers from every regiment, and in every variety of uniform, of peasants and their wives, of old men and children, who were all struck dumb with astonishment and admiration at the sight of this strange cavalcade which now paused before the king's house.

The guards saluted, and the generals and staff officers advanced silently and bowed profoundly to the two cavaliers, who were such a singular contrast to one another, and who were evidently the important persons of the cavalcade. They swung themselves lightly from their saddles, and returned the polite greetings of the generals; the one in fluent German, the other in equally flowing words, but in a language which no one understood, and to which the only answer was a few murmured words, a smile, and hieroglyphic hand-pressures.

The first was the Baron von Rexin, the ambassador of the king to the Grand Sultan and the Khan of Tartary, who had been so fortunate as to become the minister plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia under the title given him by the king of Baron von Rexin, after having been the servant of a merchant in Breslau, called Hubsch. The second was the great and noble Mustapha Aga, the ambassador of Krimgirai, the Khan of Tartary. He was the favorite and confidant of his master, and was sent by him to bear his greetings and good wishes to the King of Prussia.

As soon as they had dismounted, a page of the king approached and invited them to enter the house, where the king was waiting to give them audience. Baron von Rexin, who during his residence in Turkey had learned the Turkish language, informed the ambassador. A smile appeared upon Mustapha Aga's thin, pale face, and he turned to the four men in black robes, who wore the golden pens in their belts, and signed to them to follow him, and then taking the arm of Baron von Rexin, they both entered the house, followed by the four historians and interpreters; the generals and staff officers of the king then arranging themselves on either side of the throne, according to their rank.

The king received the embassy sitting upon his throne. His eye rested smilingly upon Mustapha Aga, who had just bent to the earth before his throne, and as he arose signed to one of the four interpreters to approach. The interpreter opened the costly book, which he held in his hand, and handed the ambassador a large document, covered with seals, which Mustapha Aga pressed respectfully to his lips, and then kneeling, presented it respectfully to the king.

"Mustapha Aga, the ambassador of the high and mighty Khan of Tartary, Krimgirai, has the unutterable honor to present his

credentials to the King of Prussia," said the interpreter, in the purest and most fluent French.

The king broke the seal, and looked hurriedly over the document. "Mustapha Aga," he said, "you are most welcome; and I greet your master, the hero Krimgirai, whom I am proud to call my friend, in you."

After the interpreter repeated the words of the king, Mustapha Aga threw himself upon his knees before the throne, and spoke rapidly for a few moments.

"Mustapha Aga, the ambassador of the great Khan," said the interpreter, "entreats your majesty to allow him to show you the highest proof of his respect, to greet you in the manner in which he alone, in great and beautiful Tartary, is permitted to greet the Khan."

"I grant his request," said the king.

Mustapha immediately opened the pouch which hung at his side, and took from it a crystal flask, from which he poured a fluid into the cup, and a delightful perfume immediately pervaded the room. After putting a small quantity of white powder into the cup, he proceeded to stir the contents with a brush, of which the handle was ornamented with three diamonds of immense size. The fluid now arose into a sparkling milk-white foam.

The king looked curiously at him at first, and then turned to his ambassador. "What does this mean?" he asked in German, probably because he did not wish to be understood by the interpreter.

"Sire," said Rexin, smiling, "that means that the noble Mustapha Aga wishes to show you the greatest honor in his power, he wishes to shave you."

"To shave me!" exclaimed the king. "Who and what is the noble Mustapha Aga?"

"Sire, he is one of the greatest dignitaries of Tartary; he is the barber of the Khan!"

The king could scarcely restrain a smile at this explanation. "Well," he said, "it is not a bad idea to make a diplomat and ambassador of a barber. The gentlemen of the diplomatic corps are given to shaving in politics and frequently put soap in the eyes of the world."

Mustapha Aga now approached the king with solemn steps, and bending forward, he thrust his forefinger into the foam in the golden cup and passed it lightly across the king's chin. He then drew forth the golden razor from his belt. But before opening it, he raised his eyes prayerfully to heaven, and spoke a few solemn words. "Allah is the light of heaven and earth! May He illuminate me in my great work!" said the interpreter, translating Mustapha's words.

Then the ambassador began his dignified work; drawing the blade of his knife across the chin of the king with a rapid movement.

The king and his generals and attendants, were scarcely able to retain their composure during this performance.

When Mustapha had finished, he signed to one of the interpreters to approach, and as he kneeled before him he wiped the foam from his razor on the back of his uplifted hand. Then thrusting it in his belt, he bowed deeply and solemnly to the king.

"May Allah keep the heart of this king as pure as his chin now is!" he said. "May the knife which Allah employs to prune away the faults of this king, pass over him as gently and painlessly as the knife of your unworthy servant has done! Mighty king and lord, the all-powerful Khan Krimgirai, the lion of the desert, the dread of his enemies, sends me to you and offers you his aid and friendship. The renown of your deeds has reached his ears, and he is lost in astonishment that a prince, of whose kingdom and existence he was in ignorance, should so long successfully resist the great German sultan, whose power we know, without fearing. The eagle eye of my master now sees clearly that he who was so insignificant is now great enough to overshadow the land of the powerful German sultan, and to make the proud and unbending czarina of the north tremble. He sends me to report to you his profound admiration; but first, will you allow me, O eagle king of the north! to present the gifts which he offers you?"

"I shall be delighted to receive these gifts," said the king, smiling, "as they are a proof of the friendship of the great Khan."

Mustapha Aga made a signal in the direction of the door, and spoke a few words aloud. Immediately there appeared the two men who were so richly dressed in Turkish costumes, and had been at the head of the cavalcade. They stationed themselves on either side of the entrance, and were followed by the lower officers and servants attached to the embassy, who entered, bearing baskets delicately woven and lined with rich stuffs.

Mustapha signed to the first two to approach him, and then, before opening the basket, he turned once more to the king.

"Sire," said he, "before a Tartar gives a promise of love and friendship to any one, he invites him to his house, and begs him to eat of his bread and drink of his wine. Sire, my great and respected master makes use of his unworthy servant to entreat your majesty to descend from your throne and to enter his house, where he is present in spirit, and bids the eagle king of the north welcome."

"I should be delighted to grant this request," returned the king, smiling, "were the distance not so great between my house and that of the Khan."

"Sire, the house of my great master is before your door," said Mustapha Aga, bowing deeply. "On the day of our departure, the Khan walked through it and kissed its walls, and exclaimed: 'Be greeted, my great and royal brother, you eagle of the north! Be welcome, you hero-king, the hated enemy of the czarina, Krimgirai offers you his heart, and would be your friend for all time.' Sire, thus spoke my lord the Khan; the air in his house is still vibrating with the words he uttered. Will your majesty condescend to leave your throne and visit my great master, the Khan Krimgirai?"

The king arose instantly and said, "I am well pleased to do so. Lead me to the palace of your Khan."

Mustapha Aga signed to the basket-carriers and to the other attendants to leave the room, and then spoke a few rapid and emphatic words to the interpreters, who followed them. Then bowing to the ground before the king, he turned and passed out of the house.

Before the door a wonderful spectacle presented itself to the astonished view of the king. Immediately opposite the house, on the open square, a high tent, of considerable size, appeared, around which was a wall of fur, well calculated to protect it from the cold air and rough winds. A carpet covered the way from the door of the tent to the king's house, and from within the tent could be heard the gentle notes of a peculiar music.

"Really," said the king to his ambassador, Von Regin, "I seem to be living in the 'Arabian Nights.' There is nothing wanting but the beautiful Scheherezade."

"Sire, perhaps she also is here," said Von Regin; "we were accompanied by a close chariot, guarded by four of the khan's eunuchs."

The king laughed, and said, "We will see," and he rapidly approached the hut. As he reached it, the door flew open, and Mustapha Aga received him kneeling, while his attendants threw themselves to the ground, touching it with their foreheads.

The king entered and examined with great curiosity the house of the Khan. The interior of this immense tent was hung with crimson draperies, amongst which arose twenty golden pillars which supported the tent. At the top of these was an immense golden ring from which the crimson draperies hung, and above this ring were twenty golden pillars which, uniting in the centre at the top, formed the dome of the tent. From the centre hung a golden vase, in which burned the rarest incense. The floor was covered by a great Turkish carpet, and against the walls stood several divans, such as are generally used in the dwellings of the wealthy Turks. In the centre of the tent, just under the suspended vase, stood a low gilt table, decked with a service of glittering porphyry. One side

of the tent was separated from the rest by heavy curtains of a costly material, and from hence came the sound of music, which now arose in loud, triumphant tones, as if greeting the king.

His majesty moved rapidly to the middle of the tent, while his attendants stood against the walls, and Mustapha Aga and his interpreter stood near the king.

Mustapha then took a sword which was on the table, and, after kissing it, handed it to the king. "Sire," he said, "the great Krimgirai first offers you his sword, as a sign of his love and goodwill. He begs that on the day of the great victory which you and he will undoubtedly gain over the hated czarina of the north, you will wear this sword at your side. A sword like this—tempered in the same fire and ornamented with the same design—is worn by the Khan. When these two swords cut the air, Russia will tremble as if shaken by an earthquake."

The king received the sword from Mustapha Aga, and looked at it attentively. Then pointing to the golden letters which ornamented the blade, he asked the significance of the motto.

"Sire," replied Mustapha, solemnly, "it is the battle-cry of the Tartar: 'Death is preferable to defeat.'"

"I accept the sword with great pleasure," said the king. "This motto embodies in a few words the history of a war, and discloses more of its barbarity, than many learned and pious expositions could do. I thank the Khan for his beautiful gift."

"The Khan hears your words, sire, for his spirit is among us."

Mustapha, after begging the king to seat himself upon the large divan, drew aside the opening of the tent, when the servants with the covered baskets immediately appeared, and placed themselves in a double row around the tent. Mustapha then took the basket from the first couple, and throwing back the cover, said: "Sire, will you condescend to eat of the bread and drink of the favorite beverage of the Khan, that the ties of your friendship may be strengthened? The Khan sends you a costly ham—a proof of his unselfish friendship. He had his favorite horse killed, the one that he has ridden for years, that he might offer you a ham from this noble animal."

As the interpreter translated these words, the Prussian generals and officers glanced smiling and mockingly at one another.

The king alone remained grave, and turning to the generals, he said in German:

"Ah, gentlemen! how happy we would have been, had any one brought us this meat at the siege of Bunzelwitz, and how ravenously we would have eaten it!"

He then turned again to the ambassador, who, taking from the

other baskets Carian dates and almonds, and other Eastern dainties in silver dishes, placed them before the king. Mustapha then uttered a loud, commanding cry, and the door of the tent was again opened, and there appeared a Tartar, dressed in white wolf-skin, bearing a golden dish, which contained a steaming, white liquid. He took it, and kneeled with it before Frederick.

"Sire," said he, "my master begs you to drink with him of his favorite beverage. He pressed his lips to the rim of this dish before sending it to you, and if you will now do the same, the eagle and hero of the north will receive the brotherly kiss of the eagle and hero of the south."

"What is it?" asked the king, in a low voice, of Baron von Rexin, who stood near the divan.

"Sire, it is mare's milk!" whispered Rexin.

The king shuddered, and almost overturned the contents of the dish which he had just received from the hands of Mustapha Aga; but quickly overcoming this feeling, he raised the bowl smilingly to his mouth. After placing his lips upon the rim, he returned the bowl to the ambassador.

"I have received the kiss of my friend. May our friendship be eternal!"

"Allah grant this prayer!" cried Mustapha. "Sire, Krimgirai dares, as this beverage is such a favorite with all Turks, to hope that it may please you; he therefore offers you the animal from which it was procured." He then pointed to the opening in the tent, where now appeared a noble Arabian horse, wearing a costly saddle and bridle, and a crimson saddle-cloth richly worked with pearls and precious stones.

The eyes of the king beamed with pleasure, and as he hurried through the tent and approached the horse, the animal seemed to wish to greet his new master, for it neighed loudly, and pawed the sand with its well-shaped feet. The king gently stroked its slender, shining neck and its full, fluttering mane, and looked in the great, flashing eyes.

"You are welcome, my battle-horse!" he said; "may you bear me in the next engagement either to victory or death!"

He then returned to his seat, in order to receive the remaining presents of the Khan, consisting of costly weapons and furs.

"And now, sire, the Khan begs that you will repose in his tent, and listen to the music that he loves, and look at the dances which give him pleasure. My master knows that the great King of Prussia loves music as he does, and that it gladdens your heart as it does his own. When he goes to battle—which is but going to victory—he takes with him his musicians and dancers, who must perform

the dance of triumph before him. The Khan hopes that you will permit them to dance before you, and I pray that your majesty will grant this request."

"I am ready to behold and hear all," said the king.

Immediately, at a sign from Mustapha, the curtain which concealed part of the tent was withdrawn, and four lovely girls, clothed in light, fluttering apparel, appeared and commenced a graceful, beautiful dance, to the music of the mandoline. When they had finished, they retired to the curtain, and looked with great, wondering eyes at the Prussian warrior. Then appeared from behind the curtain four young men, who seated themselves opposite the girls. The musicians began a new strain, in which the girls and young men joined. Then two of the girls arose, and drawing their veils over their faces so that only their eyes were visible, they danced lightly and swayingly to the end of the tent, and then returned to the young men, who now commenced the love-songs, with downcast eyes, not daring to call the name of the objects of their tenderness, but addressing them in poetical terms; and then they sang to the same air the battle-song of the Tartars. In this song, the battles are not only pictured forth, but you hear the shrieks of the warriors, the battle-cry of the Tartars, and, at length, when the battle is won, the loud shouts of rejoicing from the women. When the song was ended, the singers bowed themselves to the earth, and then disappeared behind the curtain.

The music ceased, and the king, rising from the divan, and turning to Mustapha, said:

"I owe to the Khan a most delightful morning, and I will take a pleasant remembrance of his house with me."

"Sire," said Mustapha, "the Khan begs you to accept this tent as a proof of his friendship."

The king bowed smilingly, and as he left the tent, told Rexin to ask the Tartar ambassador to come to him now for a grave conference.

The king then dismissed his generals and attendants, and entered his house, followed by Baron von Rexin and the Turkish ambassador and his interpreters.

"Now we will speak of business!" said the king. "What news do you bring me from the Khan? What answer does he make to my proposition?"

"Sire, he is willing to grant all that your majesty desires, and to give you every assistance in his power, provided you will not make peace with our hated enemy—with Russia—but will continue the war unweariedly and unceasingly, until Russia is humbled at our feet."

"Ah!" exclaimed the king, "the Khan of Tartary cannot hate the Empress of Russia more vindictively than she hates me; he need

not fear, therefore, an alliance between me and Russia. I have myself no desire to form a friendship with those rough barbarians."

"If the Empress of Russia hates you, she hates Krimgirai equally. Russia hates every thing that is noble and true; she hates enlightenment and cultivation. Russia hates Krimgirai, because he has civilized his people; because he has changed his rough hordes of men into a mighty army of brave warriors; because he governs his kingdom with humanity, and is, at the same time, a father to his people and a scourge to his enemies. Krimgirai hates Russia as he hates every thing that is wicked, and vicious, and cruel; therefore he is willing to stand by your side against Russia, with an army of six thousand men, and, if you wish it, to invade Russia."

"And what are the conditions which the Khan demands for this assistance?"

"He wishes you to pay his soldiers as you pay your own."

"And for himself?"

"For himself, he begs that you will send him a physician who can cure him of a painful but not dangerous disease. Further, he begs for your confidence and friendship."

"Which I gladly give him!" said the king, gayly. "But tell me one other thing. Has the Khan not yet become reconciled to the Grand Sultan?"

"Sire, the sultan feels that he cannot spare his brave Khan; he made an overture, which Krimgirai gladly accepted. One week before we started on our journey, the Khan was received by the sultan in his seraglio. The heads of forty rebels were displayed as a special honor in front of the seraglio, and, in the presence of the sultan himself, my master was again presented with belt and sword, and again reinstated as Khan. The sultan also presented him with a purse containing forty thousand ducats. You see, sire, that the sultan prizes and acknowledges the virtues of your ally."

"And how do we stand with the Porte?" asked the king, turning to Baron von Rexin.

"I have succeeded, sire, in establishing a treaty between your majesty and the Porte! I shall have the honor to lay it before your majesty for your signature."

The king's eyes beamed with delight, as he exclaimed:

"At length I have attained the desired goal, and in spite of the whole of Europe. I have my allies!"

Then turning once more to Mustapha Aga, he dismissed him for the day, and gave him permission to occupy the magnificent tent which had been presented to him by the Khan, during the remainder of his visit.

Mustapha Aga then withdrew with his interpreter, leaving the

king alone with the Baron von Rexin, who now presented to him the papers which it was necessary he should sign, to establish the long-desired alliance with Turkey. This treaty assured to Prussia all the privileges which Turkey accorded to the other European powers: free navigation, the rights of ambassadors and consuls, and the personal liberty of any Prussian subjects who might have been seized as slaves.

The king signed the treaty, and named Baron von Rexin his minister plenipotentiary, and commanded him to return with the ambassador from Tartary and present the signed treaty to the Grand Sultan.

"Now the struggle can begin anew," said Frederick, when he was once more alone. "I will recommence with the new year; I will battle as I have already done; I will consider nothing but my honor and the glory of Prussia. I will not live to see the moment when I will consent to a disgraceful peace. No representations, no eloquence shall bring me to acknowledge my own shame. I will be buried under the ruins of my native land, or if this consolation be denied me by my unfortunate fate, I will know how to end my misfortunes. Honor alone has led my footsteps, and I will follow no other guide. I sacrificed my youth to my father, my manhood to my country, and I have surely gained the right to dispose of my old age. There are people who are docile and obedient toward fate. I am not one of them. Having lived for others, I dare at least die for myself, careless what the world may say. Nothing shall force me to prefer a weak old age to death. I will dare all for the accomplishment of my plans; they failing, I will die an honorable death. But no! no!" said the king, smiling after a short pause. "I will not indulge in such sad and despairing thoughts on the day which has shown me the first ray of sunlight after so many storms. Perhaps the year sixty-two will be more fortunate than the one just passed. I stand no longer alone; I have my friends and my allies. Why should I care that the world calls them unbelievers? I have seen Christians betray and murder one another. Perhaps unbelievers are better Christians than believers. We will try them, at least. When all deserted me, they offered me the hand of friendship. This is the first sunbeam which has greeted me. Perhaps bright days may now follow the storms. May God grant it!"\*

\* The king was not deceived. The Empress Elizabeth died in the commencement of the year 1762. Her successor, Peter the Third, was a passionate admirer of Frederick the Great, and he now became the ally of Prussia. The Empress Catharine approved this change, and remained the ally of Prussia. France now withdrew from the contest; and in the year 1763, Austria, finding her treasury completely exhausted, was compelled to make peace with Prussia. Prussia had no use for her new ally of Tartary, and Krimgirai, who was already on the march, returned home with his army.—See "Mémoires du Baron de Tott sur les Turcs et les Tartares."