

I received barely kept me in life. I was too young, however, to despair. Even now I remember how eagerly I looked forth through our dingy windows as soon as daylight came in to ascertain what kind of weather it was; and if the frost was gone, and the day looked mild, I felt a thrill of gladness. At present, I look back upon this period of my life as an unpleasant dream.

I had offered myself as a drum-boy to all the recruiting-parties in town: I had gone to the seaport, and offered myself as a ship boy; but my size, for I was small of my age, and my youth caused me to be rejected. I would have sold myself as a slave to any one had I had an offer.—anything to escape my present misery. The month of February found me singing in the streets; there was a biting wind that blew through me when I did not strain my voice, my teeth chattered in my head: my fingers and toes ached so much that I could not restrain my tears, which stole silently down my face. I had not tasted food that morning; it was now past mid-day; I was almost in a sinking state. I had no ballads to give for half-pence; but still I sang. No one stopped to hear me; it was far too cold. Still, I exerted my voice to the utmost; for, had I slackened my efforts, I should have broken down. It was up among you Cliffs Rocks. I was on the point of giving over in despair, for I felt my strength failing fast, when a shabby-genteel dressed man stopped for a minute to listen. I looked piteously at him when I ended the song; he gave me a penny, and said: 'Boy, sing that song again.' O what an effect that penny had!—a dinner in its train, and perhaps a second penny! My spirits rose; I sang it with vigour. When I concluded, he inquired if I could sing any others. I sang 'Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes. At the conclusion, I did not hold out my hand—I never begged. I thought he was going away; but he gave me another penny, and inquired if I could sing many others.

'Yes, sir,' I replied: 'any one you please from Child Morris to Logie o' Buchan.' He smiled, and bade me follow him; and this I did with pleasure, until we came to one of the low neighbourhoods of the city.

I was here led by him into a room where a comely young woman was seated at a table in the window; she looked at me in surprise as I stood close by the door, shivering with cold. After whispering together for some time, I was in a sullen tone desired by the woman to come in and warm myself. How genial it felt; I had not been near such a fire for some weeks. In a short time dinner was prepared; and after the two were done, a plentiful portion was given to me. All my misery was forgotten; I felt as if transported into another world; and the fear of being turned out was the only thought that damped my joy.

When dinner was over, I was desired to sing. I sang several songs, and gave satisfaction to my listeners; they then inquired if I could dance as well as I sang, or if ever I had been with show people. I said I could read and write, but could not dance. 'As for reading and writing,' said they, 'we have little use for it; but if you had been a good dancer, it would have suited us better.' They then inquired after my parents: I told them my sad tale, and that I never had had a friend in the world but good Annie and blind Willie; and they were both dead. The young woman shed tears, and said: 'Poor fellow, your lot has been very hard; but if you behave well, and will stay with us, as we are in want of a singing boy, we will be good to you. My heart filled; I could not speak: but tears of joy burst forth as I gave consent.

In a short time, Leonora gave me soap and water, and made me wash myself, for I was sorely begrimed; cleanliness had never been urged upon me, even by Annie, save on the Sabbath mornings, for cleanliness amongst the very poor ill suits their squalid misery. After my ablution, she trimmed and combed my long yellow hair, that hung in ringlets over my shoulders; and I remember she gazed upon me, and kissed me as if by impulse.

My new protector laughed and said: 'Leonora, have I not made a good hit? We must clothe the boy.'

'Not so fast,' she replied; 'I must hear him again. Do you take me for a fool, Ballino? (This was the name he at present went by.) I must hear him again.'

'You jade, do you not believe me? Up, Charlie, and let me hear you again.'

I struck up and sang 'Coming through the Rye.'

Leonora, a taught singer, found great fault with the time and cadence; and I told her that was the time and manner in which I had sung when I accompanied Willie's fiddle. My new master now brought a violin from the next room and played; I accompanied him for some time in quick and slow airs, for every one of which I had a song. Leonora was satisfied, and in any of the songs she knew, sang along with me. Bellino was in raptures again. I cheerfully agreed to abide with them. I assisted Leonora in her household duties, and became a great favourite; and, although my clothes were tight and tattered, she made me strictly clean in my person, feet, face, and hands, and I felt a comfort I had never dreamed of until now.

Charlie, said Bellino to me next forenoon, 'Your old songs and ballads will do well enough at times, but I must teach you other songs;

such as this. He gave me an Italian song and bade me read it to him. I did my best to pronounce the words, but knew not the meaning of one of them; neither do I think he did so himself, for he did not translate it to me, and said if I got the words by heart, we could smother the pronunciation in the music to hide my Scottish accent. It was not long ere I could repeat it correctly; he playing the air over two or three times before I began to accompany him. Thus was I occupied for many days, rehearsing and learning, happy and content.

My mind was stored with songs and ballads; but since Annie's death, I had not learned one verse of a psalm, nor been in church, so feeble was the impression Annie's training had made upon my young mind. At times I even swore a little, so contagious is bad example. Ever since her death I had become more and more remiss. I was too young to be vicious, even in the midst of vice: fearful of losing the favour of my protectors, I was diligent and submissive. Bellino told Leonora I sung Italian like a native, and that my name must be Signor Carlo.

NEW WORKS.

THE CRIMEA BEFORE THE RUSSIANS.

Stretching southwardly into the Black Sea, of an irregular lozenge-like form, and containing about 8,600 square miles, connected at the northern extremity to the main land by a narrow isthmus, scarcely five miles wide, lies the wide renowned Crimea—the Taurica Chersonesus of the Greeks, the Chersonesus Magna of the Romans, and the Island of Caffa, and Crim Tartary of late days. A thousand years before the Christian era, adventurous navigators from Thracia had dared the perils of the deep and emigrated to its shores. These Cimmericians, as they were called, are the earliest known inhabitants—the aborigines of the Crimea. For about four hundred years alone they peopled the vast plains and steppes; then came the Scythians, and drove them from their land, to be themselves superseded by another nation of greater civilization, energy and enterprise—About four hundred years before Christ, the Greeks settled on the southern part of the peninsula, and soon established thriving seats of commerce. Stretching eastward, they included their dominion the eastern tongue of land now known as the peninsular of Kertch, and erected there the kingdom of Bosphorus. Henceforth the dark and unknown cimmerician land, whose very name became proverbial to express mystery and darkness, was a subject of tragedy. Greek temples rose upon its shores, and Greek philosophy and art found there an abode. Who has not heard the touching story of Iphigenia? When Agamemnon vows to Diana to sacrifice at her altar the first person he meets on his return, and that person proves to be his daughter, precious and best loved, the gods themselves relent, and Iphigenia vanishes from the scene, a goat or cow being substituted as a victim. Thus rescued from the awful consequences of her father's vow, it is to the Taurica Chersonesus that the virgin is transported, and there consecrated a priestess of Diana, she devotes herself to the service of her protectress. But the tragedy is not yet ended—the terrible fate which pursues the family of Agamemnon reaches even to the place of her retreat.—Orestes the avenger of his father's murder at the hands of his mother Clytemnestra and her paramour Egisthus, fleeing from the pursuing Furies, in company with his sister Electra and his friend Pylades, reaches Taurica, and takes refuge in the Temple of Diana. Iphigenia, who is under an injunction to destroy all strangers who set foot within the sacred precincts, becomes aware that one of the fugitives is her brother; and making her self known to him, they together kill Phocion, the guardian of the temple, and taking with them the statue of Diana, fly from the place. Such is the story which has been the subject of poets' genius from Euripides to Goethe, and especially connects the modern Crimea with classic antiquity. A Greek monastery now occupies the site of the Temple of Diana, situated on the lofty cliffs between Balaclava and Cape St. George, and overlooking the sea that washes the southern shore of the Crimea.

For about four hundred years the enterprising Greeks occupied the fertile valleys of the Taurica Chersonesus. Cities sprang into being, and were peopled by a busy race, rearing splendid edifices, and industriously trafficking in such merchandise as the country afforded. It was the period of the decline of the political power of the Greek nation. On the banks of the Tiber a mighty rival had arisen. Rome was bidding for the world's supremacy, and was destined soon to assert dominion over even the glories of Athens, and the precious memories of Sparta and Macedonia. But while Greece was declining, it seemed that a new Hellas might arise in the colony settled on the shores of the Euxine. There was a country yielding abundantly the materials of wealth and luxury; there were delicious fruits, and countless herds of cattle, camels and horses; the soil was fertile, and the atmosphere rivaling in purity the skies of the blue Blycan. Another Greece might have emulated the valour, wisdom, and the artistic perfection of the fatherland—another Alexander might have arisen, to have command-

ed from his central throne the homage of a mighty empire. But the hour came, and the man. Mithridates, King of Pontus, on the southern shore of the Euxine, ambitious of conquest, for a time overran the neighbouring provinces, and even defied the colossal power of Rome herself. He ruled over more than twenty kingdoms, and could speak fluently the language of each.

Defeated by the Roman arms on Asiatic ground, he poured his legions into the Crimea and the Greeks were driven from their adopted country. At Panticopeum (on the ruins of which Kertch now stands) he established the capital of his new kingdom. Thither came the Roman cohorts. Beaten in the field, Mithridates, like another Sardanapalus, resolved to perish amid his harem, and administered draughts of strong poison to his wives and concubines himself drinking of the fatal mixture. But it is said, his constitution was so guarded from the effects of poison by the constant use of antidotes, that he survived the draught, and remained, amidst the heaps of female corpses, a living man. Two favourite daughters was among his victims. Seized with terror he stabbed himself, but also ineffectually; and was at length killed by a Roman soldier. On the death of Mithridates, his son Pharnaces was confirmed by Pompey in his dominions, as a tributary to Rome. When Rome fell beneath the great barbarian invasion from the north, the kingdom of Pontus fell too. For centuries the Alani, Goths, Huns, and other tribes alternately dominated; and, in 1237, the adventurous Zenighis Khan added the Crimea as a province of his great Western Tartar Empire. From the warriors of Zenighis and Tamerlane, who drove out the northern barbarians, are descended the Tartars of the modern Crimea. In the fifteenth century another enterprising European people settled on its shores. Some Genoese, struck with the commercial advantages which the situation promised, established themselves at different points along the coast, and founded cities of great wealth and magnitude. Kaffa, now a miserable little village, peopled by a few poor Tartars, in the time of Genoese supremacy contained 41,000 houses, and was a place, as may well be supposed, of considerable importance. Remains of the fortifications built by the men of Genoa to protect their commerce may still be seen. When our vessels of war entered the harbour of Balaclava, a few Russian soldiers fled in dismay from the ruined towers of an old Genoese castle, which frowned at the entrance of the port. For a time these merchant princes held their proud dominion; then they, too, passed from the scene, and the native Tartars were for a short time their own rulers, governed by their khans, and forming an independent kingdom, only, after a brief interval, to be subdued by the Turks, to whom the Crimea was an important acquisition.

As a pendant, we add a short notice of

THE RUSSIAN CONQUEST.

Catherine II., the Semiramis of the North, was a worthy inheritor of the legacy of ambition which the great Peter left to his successors. That extraordinary woman, profligate and sensual as she was, steeped in every licentious indulgence, was ambitious enough to labour incessantly to carry forward the schemes of aggression her predecessor on the throne had planned, and crafty enough to enlist in their behalf the co-operation of her most influential subjects.—Though an autocrat, maintaining with the most uncompromising rigour the theory of the right divine of kings to govern wrong, not legally operative, had a very vigorous mode of asserting its prerogative. Orloff was still about her court, and Orloff had not scrupled to assassinate her young husband, when his removal was convenient for the plans of the conspirators. When, therefore, Catherine desired to annex the Crimea as a province to Russia, she artfully aroused the patriotic and religious feelings of the masses of her people. The example of Peter had infused a new idea into the Muscovite nobility. A powerful party had been formed, who shared his appetite for territorial aggrandisement; and to that party the prospect of the possession of such an important position was full of promise. The religious part of the population remembered that it was in the Greek church of St Basil (near the entrance of the harbour of Akhtiar, now Sebastopol) that Vladimir, the first Christian Prince of Russia, was baptised, A.D. 988, and that under his direction Christianity was introduced into their country. The Crimea, then, was a land of the future and of the past; of the future, from the promise it afforded as a means of overawing European Turkey, and subduing the warlike tribes of Asia; and of the past, from the associations it bore as the nursery of the national faith.

Catherine, then, in her declining years, satiated with sensual gratifications, retaining, of her worst vices, only her ambition and ferocity, roused herself from the embraces of her paramours, and commenced her work of aggression and annexation. The process adopted was the one invariably patronised by Russia—protection first, conquest afterwards. In 1774 the Empress stipulated with Turkey for the independence of the people of the Crimea under the native khans. Seven years subsequently, civil dissensions broke out among the Tartar population, and Russia felt bound to interfere (as Russia generally does when any advantage can

possibly accrue). The maternal counsels of the Empress prevailed, and peace was restored; in other words, Sahim Gheray, the reigning khan, was first cajoled into the adoption of Russian principles of government, which excited a revolt among his subjects and his forced evacuation of the throne then dragged a prisoner to an obscure Russian town, and finally delivered to the Turks and beheaded at Rhodes, and the Crimea, became the Russian province of Taurida. The Turks were compelled to assent to this assumption on the part of Catherine, and by a solemn treaty in 1784, she was confirmed in the newly required possessions.—*Sebastopol: The story of its Fall.*

TURKISH JUSTICE TO A GREEK BREAD CONTRACTOR.

The bakers at Kars next received a good lesson. Hitherto the bread supplied to the troops had been most unsatisfactory, both in quality and quantity, and the contractors had made rapid fortunes. Haireddin Pacha, and summoned the principal contractor, who had a secret partner in the command-in-chief, Achmet Pacha, and expostulated with him. The contractor admitted that the bread was not good and promised to remedy it on the morrow. The morrow came, with the same black gritty loaves, and no improvement. The Pacha once more sent for the baker, who again promised that the next day's bread should be better. This scene was repeated three days following, and on the third day the bread was, if anything, a little worse. Haireddin Pacha then treated the contractor, who was a Greek and a millionaire, to a little Turkish justice. He caused five large loaves to be brought to the palace, and, taking out all the filthy, black, coarse cruma, he forced the contractor to swallow the whole quantity. The worthy was carried out swollen to nearly double his usual breadth, and cured of defrauding the poor soldier.—*Campaign with the Turks in Asia.*

WHAT ABOUT A CAMEL?

A Frenchman, an Englishman, and a German were commissioned, it is said to give the world the benefit of their views on that interesting animal, the camel. A way goes the Frenchman to the Jardin des Plantes, spends an hour there in rapid investigation, returns, and writes a feuilleton, in which there is no phrase the academy can blame, but also no phrase which adds to the general knowledge. He is perfectly satisfied, however, and says, *Le voila, le chameau!* The Englishman packs up his tea-caddy and a magazine of comforts; pitches his tent in the East; remains there two years studying the camel in its habits; and returns with a thick volume of facts, arranged without order, expounded without philosophy, but serving as valuable materials for all who come after him. The German, despising the frivolity of the Frenchmen, and the unphilosophic matter-of-factness of the Englishman, retires to his study, there to construct the idea of a camel from out of the depths of his moral consciousness. And he is still at it.—*Lewis's Life of Goethe.*

TOO MUCH BUSINESS.

This is a world of inflexible commerce; nothing is ever given away, but everything is bought and paid for. If, by exclusive and absolute surrender of ourselves to material pursuits, we materialize the mind, we lose that class of satisfactions of which the mind is the region and the resource. A young man in business, for instance, begins to feel the exhilarating glow of success, and deliberately determines to abandon himself to its delicious whirl. He says to himself, 'I will think of nothing but business until I have made so much money, and then I will begin a new life. I will gather round me books, and pictures, and friends. I will have knowledge, taste and cultivation, the perfumes of scholarship, and winning speech and graceful manners. I will see foreign countries, and converse with accomplished men. I will drink deep of the fountain of classic lore. Philosophy shall guide me; history shall instruct me; and poetry shall charm me. Science shall open to me her wonders. I shall then remember my present life of drudgery as one recalls a pleasant dream when the morning has dawned.' He keeps his self-registered vow. He bends his thoughts downwards and nails them to the dust. Every power, every affection, every taste, except those which his particular occupation calls into play, is left to starve.—Over the gates of his mind he writes, in letters which he who runs may read, 'No admittance except on business.' In time he reaches the goal of his hopes; but now, insulted nature begins to claim her revenge. That which was once unnatural is now natural to him. The enforced constraint has become a rigid deformity. The spring of his mind is broken. He can no longer lift his thoughts from the ground.—Books and knowledge, and wise discourse, and the amenities of art, and the cordial of friendship, are like words in a strange tongue. To the hard smooth surface of his soul nothing genial, graceful, or winning will cling. He cannot even purge its voice of its fawning tone, or pluck from his face the mean, money-getting mask, which the child does not look at without causing to smile. Amidst the graces and ornaments of wealth, he is like a blind man in a picture gallery. That which he has done he must continue to do; he must accumulate wealth