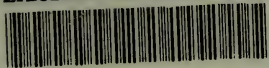
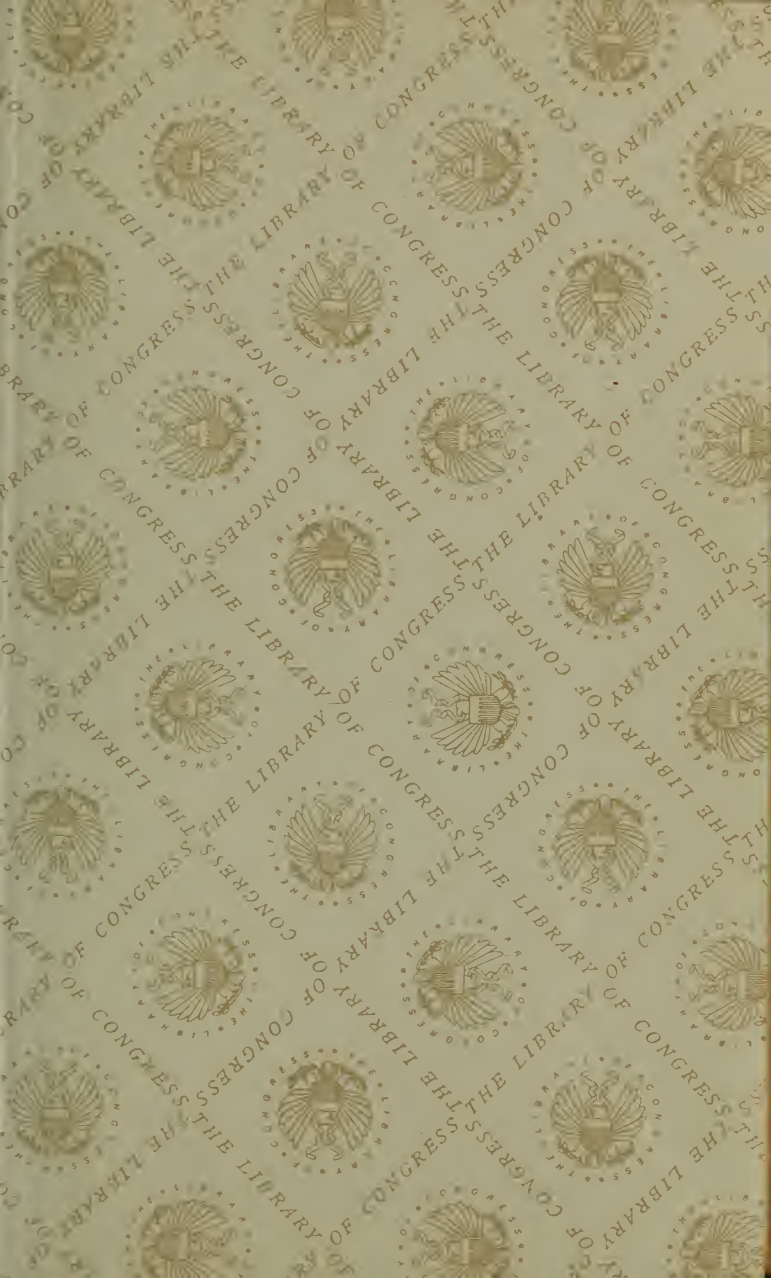


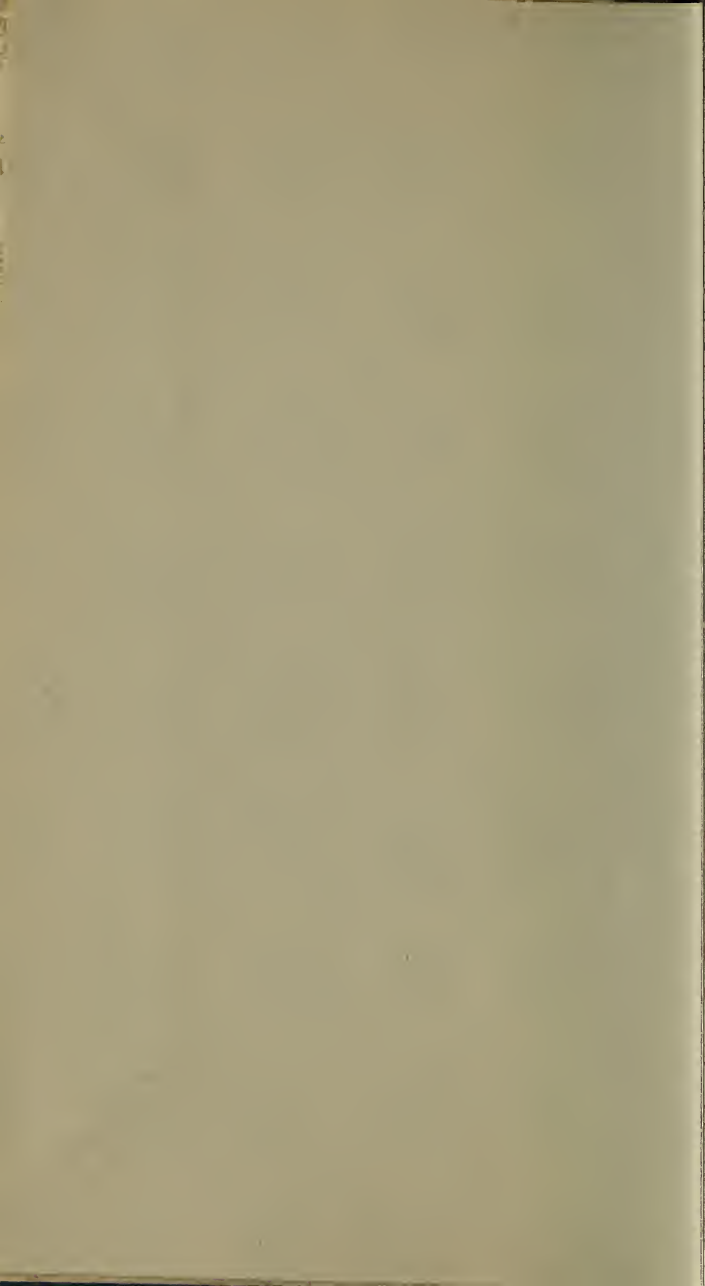
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ὁμοίῳ Παιδείας Ἐργασίῳ,
κατὰ τῶν τοῦ Συγ-
γραφέως ἀποφασίσεων.

To the Secretary of the
Smithsonian Institute,
with the author's best
regards —

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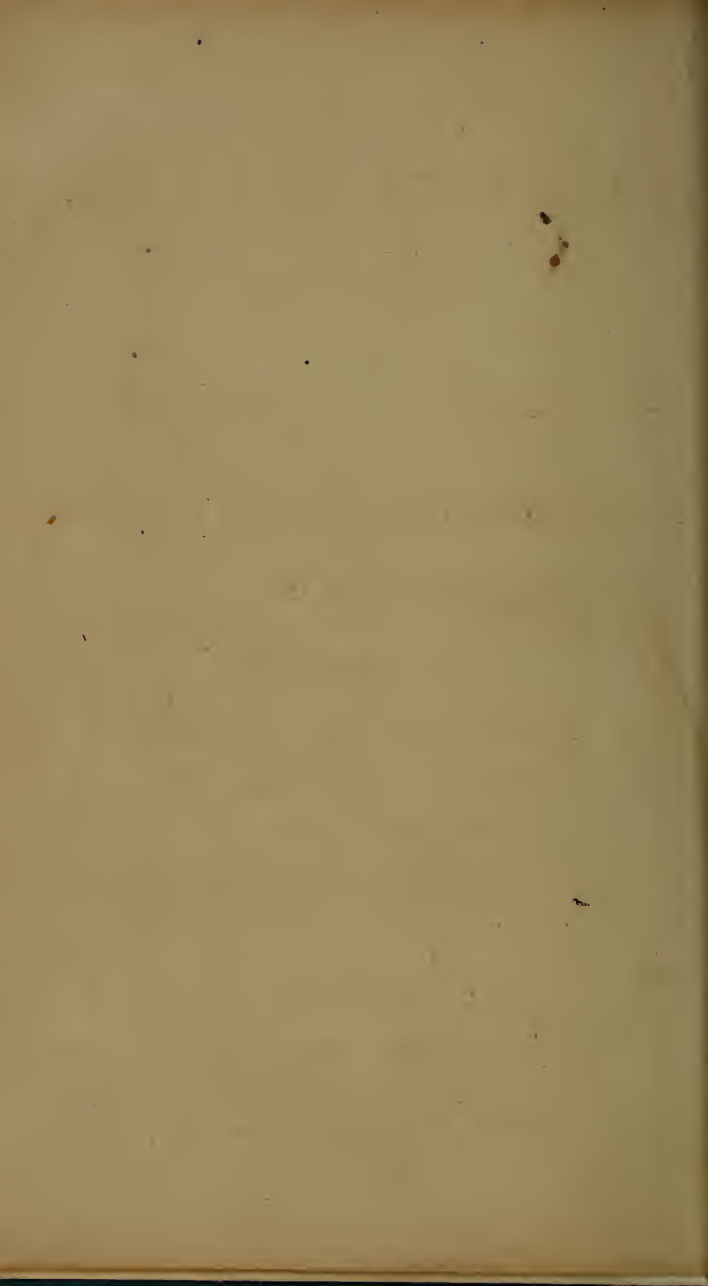
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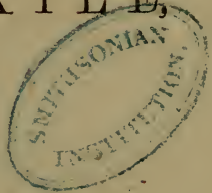
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THE
GREEK EXILE,
OR
A NARRATIVE
OF THE
CAPTIVITY AND ESCAPE
OF
CHRISTOPHORUS PLATO CASTANIS,
DURING THE
MASSACRE ON THE ISLAND OF SCIO,
BY THE TURKS,
TOGETHER WITH VARIOUS ADVENTURES IN
GREECE AND AMERICA.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.



Author of an Essay on the ancient and modern Greek languages; Interpretations of the attributes of the Principal Fabulous deities. The Jewish Maiden of Scio's Citadel; and the Greek Boy in the Sunday School.

PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & CO
Successors to Grigg & Elliot.
No. 14 NORTH FOURTH STREET.
1851.

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Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by

CHRISTOPHORUS PLATO CASTANIS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

DEDICATED

TO THE

LADIES OF AMERICA,

Who, hastening to the relief of a nation, which had been abandoned by the world to the unexampled cruelty of the followers of Mahomet, contributed, with disinterested emotions of Christian philanthropy, and rescued, from suffering and destitution, the persecuted daughters of Greece!

ACCEPT THIS WORK,

As a token of the love and gratitude of the Matrons and Maidens who, through yourselves, have taught the heart of Greece to beat in response to the heart of Columbia.

With gratitude and respect

ΧΡΙΣΤΟΦΟΡΟΣ Π. ΚΑΣΤΑΝΗΣ.

ΧΙΟΣ.

1874

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RECOMMENDATIONS!

From J. H. Hill, Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Athens, Greece.

NEW YORK, 25th June, 1841.

My dear Mr. Castanis:—It has afforded me the greatest pleasure to have had an opportunity of renewing in this country the acquaintance which commenced between us more than nine years ago in Athens; and I am really rejoiced to find that you have been so usefully and honourably employed during your residence here. I have no doubt that your public lectures on the condition and character of your countrymen, and the prospects of that interesting portion of the world, will contribute very much to keep alive the strong sympathy which the sad events of the Greek Revolution so powerfully excited in the minds of my fellow countrymen. From my long residence in Greece and the peculiar position I hold there, no one can take a deeper interest than I do in her welfare and in the success of every effort that may be made for her advancement in religion, morals and christianity. I hope therefore you will continue your efforts in the line you have chosen with the same zeal you have hitherto manifested, and with increasing success.

I cheerfully bear testimony to your excellent character. I can add nothing to the testimonial of the truly venerable and revered ecclesiastic, Professor Bambas. His name alone, wherever it is known, is a sufficient guaranty for all that he asserts, and the document which he has given you is all that one could wish.

I shall have great pleasure on my return to Athens, in communicating to your brother and your other friends how well you are here employing your time and the respect in which you are held.

For the information of all whom it may concern I will add that Christopher P. Castanis is well known to me as a native of Scio. He

was once, for a short time, under my instruction in one of the missionary schools in Athens. His brother, family and friends are very respectable and are all well known to me.

From Ex-Governor Everett, of Massachusetts, late Minister to England.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Christophorus Plato Castanis, of the Island of Scio, with the favourable testimonies of Prof. Felton, President Quincy, Dr. Palfrey and Hon. John Pickering, gentlemen whose opinions are entitled to the highest respect, lead me to unite with them in believing him well qualified as an instructor and lecturer in the ancient and modern languages and literature of his country. I recommend him therefore to the confidence and countenance of the friends of Greece.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ORATORS, poets and travellers have written on the sufferings of Scio from Turkish injustice, but of all the eye-witnesses of these terrific scenes, not one except the present author, has ever published a minute account of all the events from the beginning to the end of the great massacre.

The pressing demand for a second edition of the "Greek Captive," has aroused him to a task still greater; it is the present work of which the other is only a very small portion.

This work contains a biography of the author, leading events of the Greek Revolution, the great massacre on his native island, voyages, adventures, anecdotes, description of Greek and Turkish life, scenery, manners, customs, religion, language, superstitions, traditions, and classic associations; the American relief agents and missionaries in Greece; arrival at Boston on the second visit to America.

The author not only exposes the fanatical fury of the followers of the prophet of Mecca, in shedding the blood of their enemies, but also the inhuman avarice of certain Jews and Christians, who cast themselves amid the inhuman scenes of merciless carnage, and speculated upon the blood and tears of the Greeks.

To gratify the Literati, remarks are made in regard to the ancient and modern pronunciation of the Greek language, in the Index, together with a specimen of the modern dialect, from the celebrated living Greek philosopher, Bambas, and a famous Greek war-song with interlinear translations.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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THE
GREEK EXILE.

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-PLACE.

THAT monument of woe, the isle of Scio, is situated near the Eastern shore of the Grecian Archipelago. It looks on the beautiful island of Mitylene, the birth-place of Sappho, towards the north, and on that of Samos, the home of Pythagoras, towards the south. It stands opposite the Seven Churches of Asia. It still bears its ancient name, *Χίος*, Chios, in Italian, Scio, and in English, either Scio or Chius. It was called by the ancients, Chios, as some say from Chiona, a celebrated princess, who came with those who colonized the place; others say from chion, *snow*, because being first settled in winter, it took the name from the snow which covered its mountain ridge. Among its other titles, it had that of Pityussa, from the great number of Pine-trees growing there, a circumstance regarded by the agriculturist, as exceedingly favourable to the grape, and contributing a superior quality to the wines of the island, which were so famous among the ancient Greeks and Romans.

The epithet of ophiussa, *serpent-haunted*, belongs only to its earliest settlement, for now it is almost free from venomous

reptiles. It was often termed Long Island, in Greek, Macris. Here sprung Orion, whose form is fancied now to be in one of the constellations. Here exists a cave where dwelt a serpent whose hiss could be heard from one end of the island to the other, and whose throat was capacious enough for swallowing entire ships, as tradition says. The city of Chios lies on the Eastern side of the island. It is fifty-three miles west of Smyrna, and at $38^{\circ} 22' 30''$ north latitude, and $26^{\circ} 8''$ east longitude from Greenwich. The island is thirty-two miles long from north to south, and about eighteen broad. It has many mountains and plains, and gentle slopes, with fine springs and rivulets. Dr. Clark says it is the "Paradise of modern Greece." Tournefort, and Stephens the American traveller, use equally strong terms in its praise. It is more productive than any other island, and yields to none in mental and physical glory.

The era of its first settlement by civilized races, dates back to about the year 1105 before Christ. It has ever since that epoch, a period of nearly three thousand years, been cultivated by Greeks, who have laboured with the greatest care and assiduity. It is an island of great interest to the agriculturist from the geniality of its climate to the lentisk tree, which there reaches a perfection beyond that which grows in India.

Though the soil of Scio is naturally rocky, it was rendered highly fertile by the labour of the Greek cultivators. The Sciote Gardeners were famous in Europe and Asia. Plants were taken from the island and carried to distant countries. Its staples were silk, mastic, figs, lemons, oranges, wine, oil, cotton, almonds, &c. It contains abundance of marble, jasper, and a kind of green earth resembling verdigris.

The district of Ariusia was as famous in ancient times, as the country of Champagne now is for its wine. Virgil lauds it (Ecl. V. lin. 72), and Horace asks

“Quo Chium pretio cadum
Mercesur?”

The price of Chian wine in the days of Socrates, was twenty times that of Attica. The poets said that it petrified those who drank too freely.

Pliny asserts that Chian wine was served up by Julius Cæsar at his most splendid entertainments; and it is thought worthy of notice, that Hortensius left a very large stock of this famous beverage to his heir, a sort of legacy not uncommon in our times. In modern times, Scio has enjoyed a world-renowned fame for the cultivation of the gum mastic, in which there were twenty-four of its villages engaged. The inhabitants of these villages, were said to be subjects of the Sultana Validé, (Mother Sultanness), who received from them a tribute only in this article. The rest of the island paid a capitation tax, called kharatch.

Scio gave birth to many distinguished men; in antiquity, to Ion, the tragic poet, Theopompus the historian, Ariston, Theocritus the sophist, and Metrodorus, the physician and philosopher; and in modern times to Coray the philologist; Bambas the philosopher, Bardalachos, and Alexander Maurcordatos, a Sultan's Interpreter. Chios aspires also to the honour of giving birth to the father of poetry, of whom Velleius Paterculus said, “quod neque ante illum, quem ille imitaretur; neque post illum, qui eum imitari posset, inventus est,” (that there was found neither any one before him whom he might imitate, nor any after him, able to imitate him.)

This island was once famous for its naval power. It was for some time mistress of the seas. Its inhabitants took a prominent part in the revolt of the Ionian cities

against Persia. Its capital was one of the Ionian confederate cities that contributed to the building of the temple of Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the world. Mitford says of its inhabitants, "Moderate in prosperity, blameless towards their neighbours, and using their increasing wealth and power for no purpose of ambition, but directing their politics merely to secure the happiness they enjoyed," the Chians were among the most respectable of the Greek states.

Sailing through the straits of Scio, the eye meets that amphitheatre where the habitations of art and nature are combined in beautiful harmony. See the white villages interspersed like hives over the green prospect, some surrounded by groves of golden fruit, others perched on the mountain's brow, overhung by the purple clusters of the vine, and veiled by the light refreshing clouds, watered by salubrious zephyrs from the transparent Ægean wave; others buried among the bowers of the peace-bearing olive and the fragrant lentisk. Now bring your gaze nearer the strand and view the city, the nucleus of all these attractions. See the marble mansions of the rich; the institutions of learning; the majestic seventy-four temples of Christ; the hospitals, the asylums, and the unrivalled silk-factories. From this brilliant centre, cast a glance at the magnificent country seats, diverging in princely splendour, and surrounded by orange, lemon, pomegranate, almond, fig, and olive trees. Behold the choir of her fair maidens, like nymphs and naiads performing the Romaika dance, near her crystal fountains and streams. Amid such enchanting scenes, when day retired, the lover with his lute rivalled the nightingale, and invoked the chaste moonlight to be propitious to his fond expectations.

Here the word of God was preached by able ministers

of the Gospel, a blessing which very few Grecian communities enjoyed. Thus I have given you a brief sketch of the ancient and modern condition of the isle of my birth, that oasis of the Grecian Archipelago,

“Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute.”

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION OF THE AUTHOR.

My father's family resided the greater part of the year at a beautiful dwelling in the village Livadia, near the city of Chios. This abode was embowered in orange, fig, almond, pomegranate and lemon trees. Our other residence was in the ward called Palæo-Castron (old castle,) a spot lying within the precincts of a ruined fortress. Both residences were built in the Genoese style. The lower story of the country house and that of the city were principally arched with cemented brick and stone, and the upper covered with a roof on which was formed a floor of cemented pebbles and pounded brick. The rooms were very spacious, high and strong, affording protection against robbers. In the days of the conquests of the Latins, the houses of this description were defended by warriors. Before my father purchased this country seat, a jar, filled with Italian coin, had been found by the owner, in the cellar, but was confiscated by the Moslem Governor, who happened to hear of it. South of the house was a vineyard producing mostly purple grapes, which we either pressed for making wine,* or dried as raisins. The prospect from the flat roofs, where we frequently took the air, was one of the finest on the island. Southward were seen the islands of Samos and Icaria, and about three miles off, in the same

* The wines of Scio are even now as famous as in the days of Virgil and Horace.

direction, the city of Chios, with its huge Citadel, exactly opposite the Asiatic town and castle of Tchesmeh: (this word means fountain.) The intervening Straits of Scio are about six miles wide. This passage is a thoroughfare for ships from different points of the Archipelago, mostly bound to Chesmeh, a mart of excellent raisins and grapes, the chief produce of that peninsula, the southern cliffs of whose dark and frowning mountains guard the entrance to the bay of Ephesus. Westward, a short distance from this dwelling was the anciently opened marble-quarry (Latomion) which also, in modern times, has supplied with its variegated stone the city and suburbs. Northward, arose Mt. Epos, about three miles distant, second in height to Pelinaeum the northernmost summit on the island. At the foot of Epos, lay the charming white-walled town of Brontados, visible from our house.

At the termination of Brontados near the seashore, is the celebrated Racte-Spring, whose salubrious water was yearly bottled up and transported with pompous ceremonies to the Sultana. Near Racte, is a large hewn rock, the supposed location of Homer's school, which name in Greek, Scholeion tou Homerou, is familiar to every inhabitant.

Eastward from our country seat, about one mile, lay the shore, denominated Glyphada, a square plot of ground on the north bank of the stream Cophus, where on festal days the youth of both sexes, belonging to our valley, assembled for the purpose of dancing, horse-racing, and other amusements. North and south of Glyphada lay two gardens full of all sorts of flowers and fruit for the accommodation of the visitors. Between the city and Mt. Epos, ran three rivers, the St. Irene flowing beside the ward Palæo-Castron, the Cophus and the Armenes, about half a

mile apart and two miles from the St. Irene, all running eastward into the Straits of Scio.

My maternal grandmother, Romana, resided in a house separated from my father's fields by a lane. The outside of her dwelling was unadorned, and in some parts dilapidated; but the inside was richly furnished with articles of luxury imported by her two sons, who resided in Russia. Her silver plate was massive and elegantly wrought. In short, the eye of a Pasha might, if there admitted, have seen objects rivaling those of his palace, but fearing his rapacity, she displayed only to her relatives the evidence of her wealth. She was benevolent and pious. She offered to St. Mary's Church, at the foot of the Quarry-hill, a silver chandelier. My mother was her only daughter.

A stone wall separated my father's vineyard from that of the English Consul. His mansion stood on a higher elevation, and was built chiefly in the European style.

From the St. Irene to the foot of Mt. Epos, a space of six miles, there seemed a green sea waving with groves of orange, lemon, olive, fig, pomegranate, and almond, on the low ground, and vines on the hillocks. This place was the most salubrious part of the island. Many Turkish Agas and Beys had their palaces there.

Amid such peaceful, evergreen, and glowing scenes, I was born, April 1st, 1814, in the house of a distinguished Bishop, whom my mother was visiting. The circumstance of my birth in such a hallowed place was regarded by the superstitious as a favorable omen.

My education, as I grew up, was of a pious character and imparted by a priest. Three of my eldest brothers attended the University of Scio. There they enjoyed advantages equal to those of any European college. Students even from America frequented it. The number

of under-graduates was eight hundred. Its library consisted of sixty thousand works, mostly Greek. A press and philosophical apparatus were connected with it. A bust of the late Chian philosopher, Coray, executed by Canova, was placed in one of the apartments.

My two other brothers, younger than myself, being infants, attended no school. My two sisters were instructed by a Nun. The tasks imposed on myself were chiefly based on the articles of the Greek Faith. Our school-master used a rod, or rather a pole, with which from his chair he could reach every boy in the room. His principal occupation was mending stockings. The boys read aloud their lessons in studying them. If they ceased their perusal, the knotted olive-stick was put in motion. He often told us to worship the rod. Sometimes in my phrenzy, after receiving a severe blow, I left the school, and took up my quarters in the branches of a large olive-tree, where no one could discover me. There perched, I watched the dismissal of the other pupils, before going home. Theodore, our master, the Pastor of St. Mary's Church, finding that I had been absent a week, sent his wife, Garufalia, with her servant to my parents to learn the cause. My father, perceiving that I had played truant, condemned me to a three days' diet on dry bread, with figs, and to ten additional prostrations before the Virgin's picture, morning and evening, together with extra prayers. Garufalia was very corpulent and lazy, and, on entering the school, ordered several of the boys to station her chair, and steady her in taking her seat. Her advent was accompanied by merriment and general insubordination. Theodore bade us reverence his wife, and not sneeze before her, as we did by way of compliment to her snuff-taking. Her sight, on all occasions, overcame our gravity, notwithstanding the

rod that was placed on his right. If any boy behaved so ill that the pole broke upon his thick skull, and diminished in size, the suffering urchin was obliged to furnish another olive-branch, a foot longer. This new rod would bear the name of the donor. I had three or four namesakes, as trophies of my obstreperousness, broken over my cranium. The stick being too often spoiled, he procured from his best friend, the butcher, who was the author of his wife's corpulency, a fine cow-skin, which became the terror of the school. This new punishment was adopted on account of the complaints of parents whose children had been injured, and who were unwilling to continue furnishing rods. This cow-skin was inflicted upon the hand, in the manner of the American ferule.

ANTIQUITIES OF SCIO.

My master being too severe, I refused to go to his school any more. I was, therefore, sent to a nun, who, as I hoped from her female nature, might be more gentle towards me. She was blind, but handsome and intelligent. She knew her books by heart, and displayed great powers of mind. Besides her mental force, I was inclined to think she possessed powerful nerves, from the violence with which her long rod assailed me. Though blind, yet from the sound of my voice, she calculated my position, and let fly the corrective stick. I often dodged and saved my scull, but generally caught a severe rap on the shoulders. This tyranny was not of long duration. A letter from my father, then in Jassey, (the capital of Moldavia) informed my mother that he desired to place me under the charge of a private instructor. A Thessalian of high entertainments, named Demetriades, entered our house, and employed the most skilful and interesting means to inspire me with a love

of learning. His manner won upon my affections, and being a patriot, secretly connected with the Panhellenic Hetaeria (Society), for the restoration of Grecian independence, he labored continually to reveal to me the glory and splendor of our ancestry. He led me from place to place, through the island of Scio, and entertained me with descriptions of the ruins and the history of the vicissitudes to which this place had been subjected from remote antiquity.

He painted the magnificence of Scio, where the temple of Jupiter on the highest peak of Pelinæum mingled with the clouds of the Thunderer;—the Delphinion, on a lower elevation,—Minerva Polias, in the city,—Neptune's shrine on a promontory,—and Phanaean Apollo's temple, on the southern cape Mastichon. The whole mountain ridge of thirty miles in length displayed groves and shrines commingled, and statues peopling the roof and the peristyle. Towns and vineyards looked down the cliff, upon the green waving vales. Here, especially in the days when Scio was a sea-ruling power, her splendor was unrivalled. The arts and sciences were so happily blended with nature, that they seemed a part of God's own handiwork. The city of Chios was one of the seven that claimed the honour of having given birth to Homer. Despite the assertions of Herodotus, the general impression of poets and historians was that he sprang from Scio. His most common title is the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!" Byron speaks of his genius as the "Chian Muse!" The most creditable of the ancient writers acknowledge him as a native of Scio. Homereion or Temple of Homer was there; and coins are even now found bearing his name. Other cities honoured him in a similar manner, but of all that lay claim to his birth, none patronized his genius so well as Chios. Herodotus relates that he was cast upon the shore of the island

near the town of Bolissos, and asserts that he was hospitably received into the house of an opulent citizen, who encouraged his talent by his liberality. Scio, therefore, has a spiritual claim to the honour of being the mother, by patronage, of the greatest mind that ever graced minstrelsy.

The School of Homer, already mentioned, is handed down by tradition as being located near the Racte spring. Mt. Epos must have been so named from its association with the renowned bard. Its name signifies "verse." The town of Bolissos on the northwestern side of the island near Black-cape, (Melæna-Acra,) which is connected by traditions with Homer, is still inhabited by minstrels. By artificial means, the Bolissians are nearly all blind, and maimed. They carry a staff like the ancient Rhapsodists and lean upon it, while singing, in the same attitude. Pindar assures us that the Homerids and Rhapsodists were a single class of minstrels, by which assertion, he may mean that they were descendants of Homer, or, as the word implies Homerids. The Bolissians answer the description in every thing except their learning, which of course is wholly insignificant.

The work of Coray, the Chian philosopher, on the Archæology of Scio, contains an investigation of the Homeric question, with a long catalogue of distinguished writers born on this island. In this list, Homer is enumerated. Coray himself might be added to the number, as a worthy successor of those heroes of thought, and as the brightest gem of Grecian talent adorning the present century. He died but a few years since, at Paris, where, in Pere la Chaise, his tomb stands among the sepulchres of the greatest intellects of Europe. His name is well known to every thorough scholar of the classics.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

My education was interrupted by the departure of my instructor to Thessaly. The Greek Revolution broke forth soon after, and opposed a barrier to all intellectual improvement. In 1821, the first battles commenced in the countries along the Danube. The news of the spread of the insurrection kindled many of the Chians with patriotic enthusiasm. "Hurrah for Liberty" was shouted by the students of the University. Many of the citizens, disconnected with office, joined in the notes of exultation. The magistrates and clergy, however, used every effort to render Scio neutral. Though the other islands of Greece thundered with revolt, our own remained peaceful. With us, there had never been stationed a Greek militia, as there was in other places, ready to combine in a revolutionary movement. Our neighbours, Ipsara and Samos, roared in our hearing with Freedom's cannon; those two sentinels of the Asiatic border stood in their rocky pride, bidding defiance to the Crescent, while the shore of innocent Scio trembled.

The revolt awakened the Grand Seignior's direst vengeance;—but failing to conquer the Greek armies, he strengthened his garrisons and let loose his myrmidons upon the Greek neutrals. Notwithstanding the submission of Scio, he sent thither a three-tailed Pasha, Véhid, who came with tribes of marauders, exacting money and unpaid labour from the natives. By an edict, every native was declared a slave at the mercy of the conquerors. Murders

were frequent. Persons of both sexes were insulted or put to death on the slightest pretext. An uncle of mine was shot dead, for the crime of smoking, while a Turk was passing his window. The Moslem asserted that he could not bear to see a Greek appear so luxurious. Such guards of power, soon blasted all social delight. Like wolves those inhuman tyrants prowled about our habitations, not satisfied with contributions of our wealth, but improving our neutral character to revel in our blood.

As pledges of fidelity to the Turkish authority, the Chians gave hostages from among the most distinguished members of the ecclesiastical and civil order, including the Archbishop Plato. These men were thrown into a gloomy, narrow dungeon, in the citadel, where they suffered the most terrible privations. These victims, ninety in number, seemed already half-sacrificed on the altar of neutrality. The prompt and unreserved concessions of the Chians had only the effect of giving the tyrant a keener relish for cruelty. Exaction, insult and murder continued their frightful ravages, till it seemed that the Turks were endeavoring to exasperate their slaves, or whip them up to retaliation. Thousands of the most respectable citizens, were set to digging the trench (*suda*) about the castle to surround it with sea-water. Under the scimitar the sufferers were compelled day after day to endure the most abject and fatiguing servitude. How could the enlightened Chians countenance this barbarity? Nothing but their trust in a Saviour consoled them for their trials. Calmly and readily, the heirs of opulence wrestled with exhaustion, beyond the most servile African. If any sank from weakness, a thrust from the scimitar restored them to activity. Sweat and blood mingled with the soil. Tears embittered life, and burning sighs maddened the soul. Patience could not repress the vol-

canic outbreaks of natural indignation. "Long live liberty!" would resound from some lip;—the scimitar answered the daring slave by giving him that last solace of the wronged, the boon of death. My father was at this time absent. The Moslems rummaged every house to discover weapons of warfare. Those of my father escaped detection, and we sold them privately to a few natives of Brontados. No resistance was yet made by us, although many of the oppressed natives fled to Greece and joined her army.

The constant outrages of the soldiery kept up a perpetual excitement. Superstition awakened the phantoms of saints and martyrs. Miracles were expected. The churches resounded with prayer, and the rocks were covered with weeping children, extending their hands towards Greece and crying for aid. Scio was the only helpless member of the *Ægean Sisterhood*; she seemed destined for destruction. Earthquakes, hail and fiery meteors foretold the approach of some dreadful catastrophe. The bloodiest omen was their daily suffering, the unjust return of their neutrality. Throughout the Turkish empire, voices demanded Scio as an object of retribution to atone for the victories gained by the other Greek communities. Moslems returning home, spread the tale of the riches of Scio and excited all the fanatical tribes of Islamism to glut at once their avarice and cruelty by invading that island. Recruits of adventurers constantly arrived, hastened by the fears of being forestalled by luckier marauders. The Sultan stirred up his people to the wildest fury by calling upon them to avenge the defeat of his armies in Greece. All Greeks, whether neutrals or not, were devoted by the imperial firman to extermination. The Osmanlies were called upon to show their piety by murdering the Christians. Permitted by the great monarchs of Christendom, the Grand Seignior followed his barbarous plans of

extinguishing the nation, from which the light of civilization and true religion dawned on Europe. Scio became a scene of the wildest triumph of fanaticism, until a different state of things interrupted for a short time, this drama of rapine and murder.

THE SAMIAN INVASION.

The Greek fleet came to rescue the island; but was constrained to retire by the prayers of the Chian magistrates and clergy to be let alone. Bribes were offered which Tompazis, the Greek admiral, refused. The Chian merchants went en masse in front of the citadel, delivering their property into the guardianship of the Turks, and hoping security from neutrality, despite their innumerable sufferings from invasion. Unluckily, about March 1st, 1822, an expedition was prepared at Samos to invade Scio, and expel the Turks that occupy the citadel. This movement was disconnected with the affairs of the Greek State, and not sanctioned by the senate. The Samian governor, Lycurgus, and the Chian veteran Burnias, were the two leaders. The latter commanded a few fugitive Chians, and the former, the flotilla of forty small vessels, chiefly sloops, manned by about two hundred warriors. Their design was to take Scio from the Turks. They landed there and were hailed as deliverers by the common people and students. The mountains echoed to "Long live Liberty!" (*Zeto e eleutheria.*) The magistrates and ecclesiastics refused to communicate with the Samians, except to order them in Christ's name to evacuate the island and not to exasperate the Mussulmans. Lycurgus and Burnias were deaf to all entreaties and bribes. The Archbishop from his dungeon, promulgated a general excommunication against all Greek invaders, but to no purpose. The adventurers with hot-headed

patriotism formed their little ill-armed troop in battle array. The onset was made, and the Turks after considerable hard fighting fled towards the citadel. The palaces of the Agas and Beys were plundered by the Samians. Many valuable Turkish mansions were burnt. The shore being cleansed of barbarians, the conquerors made no attempt to storm the fort, which kept up a brisk cannonade against the city, and set fire, destroying several streets. Burnias, who had served under Napoleon, had courage, but not ability enough to influence the Samian leader to storm the castle. They once forced a passage by night beneath the walls, but hearing the noise within, retreated in disorder. So careless were they, that in their revels they used no precaution. During their sleep, a band of Turks sallied, spiked their guns, and left them snoring. Finally the siege of the castle was abandoned by Burnias, who talked of leaving the place, bearing away a good supply of plunder.

Conceive then of our apprehensions at the prospect of being left alone to bear the brunt of Moslem revenge. Terror was depicted on every countenance. I remember the paleness that supplanted the flush on the cheek of beauty. The discord between the two leaders, each of whom claimed the precedence, occasioned an abandonment of their expedition, to the gratification of their spite against the Neutrals, whom they despoiled. It was a pity to see a community of one hundred and thirty thousand souls jeopardized by two hundred adventurers. This terrible farce was to give place to a tragedy which exhibited the bloodiest scenes of the age, to the view of Christendom. A change for the worse would appear almost impossible. Society and public order were broken up. The houses in view of the Consulate, had been occupied by the Samians as barracks and fortresses. My father's house was selected for its

commanding position as a military station, and was damaged by the disorderly acts of the soldiery quartered there.

ARRIVAL OF THE TURKISH FLEET.—THE BOMBARDMENT.

¶ It was April 11th, 1822, the dawn of Holy Thursday, a day of prayer and fasting. My mother had awakened all her children, in order to attend them to the Church of Latomitissa, which commanded a view of the Straits of Scio. In accordance with a custom handed down from the primitive ages of Christianity, we proceeded to the sacred spot. During the service, just before sunrise, an alarm was raised by a deacon, that the Ottoman Armada was in sight. Shrieks of terror followed this announcement. Many began to quit the Church, some hastening to rescue their families, others fleeing to the mountains, and others vainly seeking admission into the Consulates. The High-priest commended our souls to God, dismissed us, and remained alone to burn incense and supplicate for divine mercy in our behalf. My mother, taking her children, sped to the English Consul, an obligated friend of our family, and kneeling before him, begged his protection for her innocent offspring! He, at last, complied with her request. His house being full of native Catholics and Ionian Greeks, we were reduced to the necessity of taking up our abode in the stable, together with three other large families. The stable was the lower story of his house, on the north side, lighted only by the door (when open,) and by a loop-hole, an inch and a half wide. This room, most of the time wholly dark, and paved with pebbles, was about twelve feet wide and twenty-five feet long. This was the bed of about thirty-five souls, and subsequently proved the grave of some of the occupants.

As we were going to the Consulate, following our mother, we saw the colossal Armada advancing, with its bloody standard beckoning to us in the breeze. Seven ships of the line stood before us like monsters of the deep. Twenty-six frigates and corvettes accompanied by smaller craft and innumerable boats, rolled towards us like a gilded tide of devastation. The bombardment commenced; the earth shook with the thunder pealing from the open broadsides of the entire fleet. The Citadel discharged from its battlements its fiery rage, and swelled the mighty chorus of Ottoman strife. Fires raged from house to house; shrieks arose, and smoke desolated the sky. The Turks aided by engineers from Western Europe, practised gunnery on a grand scale, pointing their pieces towards crowds of innocent families, that stretched their bleeding arms and cried for mercy. Mussulmans and civilized Europeans in their union produced an amalgamation of cruelty and skill more shocking than the rioting of a mere savage. Christian invention when combined with Moslem barbarity generates the deadly sublimate of all that is hellish in man. Lamentable is it that such chemical compounds of the bad qualities of different nations have been emptied from the vial of uncharitableness, upon the neutral Chians!

Here, in Scio, imperial trickery sported with justice, and insured the success of its bloody farce with the sanction of diplomacy. A pompous armada is sent under pretext of battle, while massacre is intended; a furious bombardment is opened as if direct against some formidable Capital, while in reality all this display of warlike engines is to cover the cowardly or malicious assault of the Grand Seignior against a helpless and unarmed community, whose immense riches he and his myrmidons are thirsting for. The Greek Revolution is his apology for any cruel act.

He can, for formality's sake call Scio a powerful rebel and consign her to ruin, without sparing even women and children from death or captivity.

The confusion occasioned by the siege was indescribable, while Stygian smoke rolled across the island. The shouting of parents for their children and the shrieks of the dying were drowned in the tempest-war of the cannonade. From the beautiful village of Thymiana southward to the location of Homer's school, an extent of about ten miles along the fairest part of the Chian coast, were ranged the Oak-leviathans, playing their infernal notes and sending their hissing shell and ball into the amphitheatre of plain and hill, where families were scattered in bewilderment and terror. A Turkish frigate, which was carelessly piloted, struck a rock, just off the School of Homer. The object of the crew was to land there, to slaughter the Brontadusians, who were the only villagers of Scio that resisted the Osmanlies. The warriors were perched on a cliff, and, on seeing the frigate strike the coast, descended like eagles to catch their game. With sabres in teeth, they swam to the frigate, butchered part of the crew, and left the rest drowning in the waves. After this exploit, they returned homeward. One of them, with his bloody sword in hand, came to the English Consulate to greet his intended bride, and hie with her to a cave on Mt. Epos, where no Turks could, with safety, penetrate. His request was refused by the parents. The scene was affecting. The warrior leaped over the wall, casting a doleful glance at the weeping girl, who was hardly restrained by her parents from following him.

During the day, the forty Samian vessels spread their sails at the approach of the Armada, and reached their

neighbouring island, without rescuing any but their own soldiery and a few of their friends. Many distinguished families, about Thymiana, had resorted to the sea-shore, but saw every means of escape gone! On this day very few Turks landed, because they suspected that the Greek warriors lay there in ambush. The inmates of the Citadel, although they viewed the confusion of the inhabitants of the city, dared not make a sortie. Twenty or more Turks being let loose from the tombs where they had been concealed by Catholics from the Samian rage, entered the Leper Hospital and slaughtered the inmates, causing a torrent of blood to roll from the threshold.

Night veiled the frightful scene, and silenced the siege. The Chians passed the hours of sleep in terrible uncertainty of their fate on the morrow. The general submission of the citizens and the surrendering of the hostages was a sufficient pledge of the neutrality of this defenceless community, and the sufferers hoped, at least, that the lives of females and infants would be respected. Some expected that the foreign Consuls would overawe Turkish ferocity and prevent the unwarrantable effusion of blood. These anticipations were groundless.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MASSACRE AND THE AUTHOR'S CAPTIVITY.

ON Good Friday, at sunrise, the Turks landed and prepared for their work of devastation. At the call from the Minaret, they performed their ablutions and said their prayers, invoking the smile of Allah upon their dark deeds. The immense concourse of the Pasha's hordes bowed simultaneously, kneeled thrice, and as often stained the pure soil of Scio with their treacherous kiss. After this ceremony, these emulators of Judas turned their faces again eastward, blessed Mahomet, thanked Allah, and then drew their swords. They were subdivided into bands, for the purpose of encompassing and devastating the island. Rams were sacrificed, and their flag bathed in the blood of the brute. The signal of assault was given, and they sprang forth, howling and firing against the Greeks. The city was penetrated; the axes resounded against the doors; victims shrieked; flames raged; walls crumbled.

My mother who had been to the well to fill the water-jars, was surprised at seeing the assault renewed; and regretted not having saved more of her valuable articles to support the family during our confinement. Not anticipating the immediate arrival of the enemy to our village, she left the Consulate, and hurried to rescue some jewelry and plate. Bidding her daughter Maruko to read prayers till her safe return, she sped alone to her mother's house where the treasures lay concealed. Soon after her depar-

ture, the neighbourhood resounded with the approach of the enemy. In my fears for her life, I unobservedly left the Consulate, and sped to rescue the author of my existence. I would have sacrificed my own life to save hers. On reaching the house I found the door fastened. I knocked and called. She recognized my voice and opened, exclaiming, "My son! return immediately!" I would not, but entered the wine press where our treasures were concealed. She placed in her bosom various valuables, and filled a basket with gold and silver plate. I took a box of jewelry, and while we were preparing to quit the place, the Turks were already at our door, breaking it with their axes. My mother, half frantic, telling me to follow, leaped from the window, and fled to the English Consulate, on reaching which, she swooned. As for me, I attempted to do the same, but in my precipitation injured myself by striking a stone, and fainted. A rifle-ball whistled near my ear. I arose with a shriek. Before me, stood a Turk, holding the trunkless head of one of our neighbours. The blood dripped on me, and the Moslem said, "Fear not! you are mine." (Korkma oghlan benimsing!) I was then ordered to disclose our remaining treasures. After securing these, he examined every part of the house, firing his pistols against the mirrors, and destroying other frangible articles of furniture. After this Vandal freak, he assailed with his dagger the pictures of the Saints, plucking out their eyes and forcing me to utter anathemas against them. Our library, which he looked upon as the inspiration of his enemies, was attacked with uncommon spite. He drew his yatagan, and mutilating them, ordered the prisoners to kindle with their leaves a fire to burn the house. After lading the mules and slaves with spoil, he conducted us to my father's dwelling, which met the fate of the preceding. Our band, ex usive

of captives, now consisted of about fifty Asiatics under a Chian Turk, named Katirjee. They entered the Church of Latomitissa. I followed them with a heavy heart while they desecrated the Virgin's fane. After setting fire to the Church, we proceeded toward the river Cophus, on the banks of which were many valuable country-seats. That of Mr. Cavuras, a wealthy merchant was despoiled by our band. Within it we met the proprietor with his Icarian servant, just arrived from the mountain to obtain provisions for his family. Cavuras was wounded, but succeeded in making his exit, leaving his attendant as a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. By torture, the captive was forced to reveal the hidden treasures of his patron. Resuming our march, we reached a strong Genoese-built stone edifice, containing several families who had fled from the city. The Turks laid siege to it, firing through the windows from the branches of the surrounding trees. The door was burst, and fire was set, but was prevented by the stone arches from ascending. Straw was thrown in with the design of suffocating the inmates by the smoke. Many of both sexes leaped from the windows and were killed by the fall. Others mounted upon the roof, where they were shot by the besiegers, who had climbed the olive-trees. Out of about one hundred souls mostly young persons, only three escaped. The dead were beheaded and searched. Three of the heads were carried by prisoners, who held them by their locks. Considerable plunder was found. Great sums of money were taken from the corpses.

EXCURSION FOR SPOIL AND HEADS.

Our next course was towards Brontados, one of the most important towns of Scio. The natives being chiefly seafaring, were bold and enterprising, and in all respects different from the other Chians. These Brontadusians had withdrawn up Mt. Epos, with their families, leaving their village to the despoiler. Though they were warlike, yet their numbers being few, and ill-armed, they preferred to conduct in safety their wives and children to Bolissos, the village on the northwest of the island looking towards Ipsara. As we entered Brontados, the Church of St. George first attracted the rapacity of our band. The priest was kneeling in prayer to Jehovah that he would save his people. The Moslems on seeing him, exhibited their contempt for the Christian religion, by various acts of violence against the pictures of the Saints, and then they assailed the venerable priest and cut him in pieces. The Church we left on fire, and as the day declined, turned our steps back towards the city. The doleful procession of the prisoners, bearing the spoil and the heads, contrasted with the elate movements of the murderous captors. On reaching the formerly enchanting scenery about the river Armenes, our course was over carcasses of both sexes. The river swelled by a shower, bore evidence of a great slaughter farther up towards its source; for it was tinged with blood and flowed with carcasses. I shall never forget the sight. It seemed like a tributary of the Stygian waters flowing to Hades and lashing the throne of Pluto with its gory billow. We passed onwards through places where in my infancy I had sported. My tears flowed where my laughter had once echoed. I

saw the mutilated bodies of individuals familiar to me. There they lay half denuded, exposed to the insulting tread of the Osmanlie. This prospect was worse than the thought of my own perils. We constantly fell in with other bands of Turks, uttering the fiercest yells in salute, and displaying their joy by decapitating many prisoners. All the wicked exultation of Pandemonium seemed concentrated in this most delightful spot, where nature and man once combined to form a paradise. Existence appeared more like a dream than ever, and being a boy, I feared that the Turks were decimators of all mankind and predestined as the advanced guard of death. Desirous of proceeding to the Glyphadashore, our band cut across lots through gardens, hacking the gates in pieces. Here had been the residence of many of the parents of my playmates. The peaceful dwellings had been changed to human slaughter houses. Alas! how altered was the scene of my boyish freaks with my joyous mates. The innocent laugh was exchanged for the murderer's howl; blood bedewed the verdure where the morning of our life had arisen; there the sunset of many a noble frame had been prematurely hastened by the invader. The shore was covered with Turks triumphing over the unjustly slaughtered neutrals! The carcasses of the matron and her protector were dishonored by the enemies of pure and civilized union! There they lay headless and despoiled! A splendid residence in Livadia, a Turkish palace, was set on fire by a party of Turks, who mistook it for a Greek building, from the absence of the Arabic inscriptions, and from the bastions erected there by the revolutionary leader Burnias, who had there established his head-quarters during the Samian invasion. The real owner, happening to arrive during the conflagration was highly incensed, supposing it

a wilful design to injure his property. A skirmish ensued in the heat of passion, and ended in the death of a few Moslems. Around the river Cophus which here meets the Straits of Scio, we saw thousands of Turks returning from their Greek hunt. They had, according to their own opinion, well improved the day, and were ready to thank their mighty Allah, for having smiled on them through the caligenous canopy of devastation. They sat on the ground, smoked, and leisurely eyed, counting the heads carried by the prisoners, and calculating the bounty that would be given for them by the Pasha, their customer.

On the south side of Glyphada now lay the ruins of the buildings of Glycas, a merchant. On the north were the gardens, and edifice of the famous orchardist, Peristeris, exhibiting similar marks of outrage. Between these two estates, the air was alive with the evidences of devastation. The driving smoke of the conflagration, the infernal scent from the burning carcasses of the inmates, the rush of the flames, the wild racing of domestic animals of all kinds, all formed a horrid scene. The shouts of Turks and the shrieks of victims, together with the noise of crumbling walls and the rattling of the musketry, were re-echoed from the shore to Mt. Epos, whose chasms returned the sound with ten-fold force. All the aged and invalids were consumed in their houses. The young and middle aged had endeavoured to escape to the mountains, except such as had vainly hoped for security by bolting their doors and remaining at home. Nearly all prisoners were taken from houses burst open by the invaders. Such as had fled to the mountains were hunted down and shot like game. The caves, ravines, and shrubbery were crammed with fugitives, whose disasters were delayed by the difficulty of

access to those parts of the island. Among those overtaken, was a Brontadusian female, named Andreomene, (brave). She had returned to visit her husband, who was ill at Brantados. Meeting Moslems on her arrival, she vaulted and directed up Mt. Epos the mule, on which were two panniers holding her three children. The invaders pursued, she rolled rocks upon them, killing several and wounding many. Being injured by their shot, she was at last forced to surrender. Her two youngest children were cut in pieces before her eyes, and the eldest enslaved. She was then beheaded. This bloody trophy made the prisoners shudder.

DIVISION OF THE SPOIL.

Following the shore, our gang bent its course toward the public walk of St. Hypatius, where stood one of the four Greek Hospitals of the island. Here, before its destruction, cases of the plague had been treated. The situation was elevated, beautiful and healthy. Proceeding westward we entered a garden, and reclined under a bower, for the purpose of dividing the spoil. My master, a native Turk of Scio, fell into a dispute with the leader of the Asiatics, about a prisoner, a girl of great beauty. The captain claimed her as the lion's share, but my master demanded her as a reward for his guidance during the predatory and slaughterous excursion.

The leader, unwilling to be deprived of the fair captive, threw my master into a well, and covering him with stones left him to perish. In that manner he literally evaded the commandment of the Koran, which forbids the shedding of Mohammedan blood. He then turned to the prisoners, bidding on pain of death, not to reveal to the other Turks the crime he had perpetrated. After this murder, a novel division of the plunder was concerted. The plan was to start

from a distance, blindfolded, and claim what they severally touched with their hands. This manœuvre gave me a chance to select my master. As I lay among the senseless articles of plunder, I watched the course of a kind-looking Daghach, (Turkman,) and moved a little to fall into his hands. This ruse was not noticed by the stupid barbarians.

We omit the detail of various outrages on the female captives, and will now relate the scenes at a large building in Palæocastron, where some of the Turks had made their quarters. As the neighbouring houses were consumed, the bands of marauders experienced much difficulty in finding accommodations for their immense numbers. This edifice was called Casarma, from having been used as an Arsenal by the Genoese in the days of their supremacy. It stood near the city residence of John Giudice, the English Consul. We entered the second story and reclined upon the variegated marble floor. Evening was drawing on apace, and we all sought repose, but could not find it. The view of the trunkless heads of friends and relatives lying about us, or suspended, and the recollection of the slaughter, prevented every prisoner from sleeping. The sinister looks of the Turks kept apprehension alive. We were not allowed either to talk or weep. Sighs were interdicted. As night advanced, the marauders fell asleep, and we ventured to communicate to one another in a low tone, the tale of our sufferings. The captive girls wept profusely at their cheerless lot. The young men who were selected as victims to be sacrificed on the morrow, concealed their faces in their hands, and poured forth floods of sorrow, until nature was exhausted. Here were members of opulent families conducted from the luxurious parlour to the slaughter-house. They suffered pangs keener than death

itself. Their high refinement made their condition more appalling. Nothing but the inviolable law of God for self-preservation afforded restraint to the wish for destruction. They raised their eyes towards Heaven, and prayed for a seat at the right hand of the Redeemer. When perfect stillness reigned within and without the Casarma, a captive nun invoked the Saviour in our behalf. Her voice consoled us and reconciled the victims to their fate. Looking back to Christ, the paragon of Martyrs, the captives exclaimed, "Genetheto to thelena sou!" (Thy will be done!)

THE EXECUTION OF THE CAPTIVES.

Saturday morning broke thrillingly upon us. At an early hour, the captive procession advanced towards the castle, where our fate would be determined. Mournfully we stepped forward, casting a tearful gaze at the altered scenes of youth. Our course was over carcasses. On reaching the public walk, called Bunakion, between the city and castle, a shuddering seized us. Here, at even tide, enjoying the breath of Asia, across the blue bay, formerly strolled the pride and fashion of our metropolis. In this refreshing spot, the maiden and her lover once wandered and held sweet converse, as in all civil and moral communities, where the pure union of the sexes is a law of their faith. Now instead of such a charming scene, we saw the legalized cut-throat with his victim. Here were executions and tortures, instead of conversation and entertainment. Scimitars glanced where glad eyes once beamed. Blood flowed and heads fell, where roses and blushes had once commingled. The thought of such a contrast produced a discord of events in my memory, grating like the accents of demons upon my mind. The flash of the descending sci-

mitar entered my nature and burnt itself into my being. Thus were my boyish feelings branded by sights of burning injustice.

Our procession traveled over the carcasses along the path, and entered the formidable citadel, within which lay the original Turk-town, comprising about one thousand families. This immense fortress built by the Latins, is said to have been cemented by the white of eggs, brought from Asia. It stands by the shore, surrounded partly by the sea and partly by a trench, over which four bridges are thrown, on opening as many gates. Within its enclosure, his cruel Highness the Pasha awaited the returning bands of marauders. His officers kept a strict account of the proceedings, to transmit to the Sultan, and thus testify to their destructive industry. Bounty was paid for heads, and then every scribe noted down the transaction on the day-book of tyranny, as was customary. To prevent deception, the ears were cut off from the heads, and then pickled and barreled. They were sent to the Sultan as tokens of their obedience or as bulletins of their success. Sometimes, an entire head was pickled and forwarded to the Grand Seignior. This honor was granted only to such rebel-pates as had belonged to distinguished primates, magistrates, or ecclesiastics. Foreign envoys at Stamboul were entertained with such exhibitions. The Babi Humaiun, Sublime Porte, displayed on its front a few of these heads, to be viewed by the traveler. Mahmoud once had the queer taste to place a head on his table at a banquet or levee, where Christian envoys were present. Such hellish proceedings were the chief objects which excited the indignation of Europe. Such horrors ought to call forth the deepest sympathy for the sufferers. If the heart of every reader or hearer of

such events, could have been broken by the thought of such atrocity, the Greek Revolution would not have been so protracted. Alas!—the world is, through love of romance, too apt to countenance and permit the hellish crimes of savages. Imagine my feelings as I stood in presence of that Pasha, whose nod was sufficient to order my exit to eternity. The amount of carnage was enormous. Twelve hundred heads had already been noted in the tale of the bounty given for each. Swords began to issue from their scabbards, with a noise like a death-toll to our ears. Our sentence was given!—The young men were to be executed, and the girls and boys sold. Thus my being a mere lad saved me. Lamentations resounded at the separation of kindred. Mothers and sisters were torn from the victims, who were hurried by the executioners with business-like despatch without the castle to be slain in the public walk. The citadel was already gory enough, and the Pasha had lost the curiosity which the novelty first afforded; consequently he only went occasionally to the battlements to amuse himself in beholding the executions. The young men seeing their tyrants inexorable, followed, obeying the command of their mothers to fall like martyrs, preferring a glorious dissolution to a disgraceful apostacy. When the victims were stationed on the public walk, each one was ordered to kneel. The martyr knelt exclaiming, “*mnestheti mou Kyrie,*” (remember me Lord!) While he said these words, the scimitar fell upon his neck, severing it at a blow, so suddenly that the tongue continued moving. Then the Turk coolly applied the sabre to his own lips, wiping the blood with his mouth. Often the pleasure of the executioner was exhibited in attempting to cut off the head before the victim could say “Remember me Oh Lord!” He would

make a feint of striking and then wait a moment, tormenting the victim with partial cuts and thrusts of his weapon, after the manner of a savage of the wildest ferocity. An hour sometimes passed before the coup-de-grace, [final blow.]

CHAPTER V.

THE AUTHOR SOLD. HORRORS OF SERVITUDE.

YOUNG men and maidens confounded with the spiritless article of plunder, had been forced upon the market, in such quantities, that many were left to be disposed of. As for myself, I still remained on hand. My master, finally, tied me to a cord, and hawked me about the streets, doing his own auctioneering, and exclaiming, "How much for the lion." In praise of a fine animal or slave, the word arslan (lion) is considered the height of encomium. Meeting a friend, my master begged him to make an offer, and finding it satisfactory, I was bought and paid for, on the spot. My master was a Turk, named Soliman Aga, who bought me for fifty piastres and a mutton chop. The Turkish name of Mustapha was given me in exchange for Christophoros. Our residence now was in one of the dwellings, in the broad area of the citadel, occupied only by the Turks. The sensations connected with the appraisal of my person were as indescribably ludicrous, as the reality was painful to my thoughts. Alas for poor Mustapha, passing through the hands of two masters, and now in the possession of a third. Christian Youth of America, may you never be reduced to such a terrible extremity, as to be bartered for, and reduced to a market value. Ye Sons of Washington, may you never suffer the fate of the children of Homer! May your sisters never be subjected to the disgrace of falling into the hands of an avaricious Jew! Many a fair Chian maiden was bought

for three or four dollars by an Israelite, and sold back to her kindred, for *one thousand*. Indeed, the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are truly the tigers of speculation, thirsting for gain, forestalling human misery, and bartering Turkish insult and rapacity, for gold. Besides the slaves, there is another article of plunder affording the prospect of immense profit to the speculator. I refer to the jewelry and other valuables which peace and obedience had given to Scio. Ornaments of all descriptions, splendid costumes, the luxuries of arts, and beautiful articles of furniture, table-utensils of precious metals; in short all the characteristics of an European city were exposed upon the market place. Franks, Armenians and Israelites purchased cargoes of Chian ware, some of which they sent to New York and other parts of America, as well as to the ports of Europe. The symbols of Chian prosperity traveled farther than the feet of any of its native owners had, at that time, wandered. These testimonies of Chian industry and skill ran over the globe as heralds and forerunners of the exiles of Scio! Alas! it is true that the whole world has received an impress of our terrific reverses! The seas and the ocean have groaned under the sad messages! If every jewel, diamond, and pearl, that once graced the cheek, hand and neck of the Chian damsel could have been marked in such a manner, as to be always recognized, the Christian beauties of Europe and America would surely refuse to wear the price of blood and the symbols of woe! While the property of the slaughtered and enslaved is treated in this illegal manner, let us examine what is the condition of those who are sheltered by consuls, or who are protected by flight to Smyrna, Constantinople and other places. Their estates are confiscated, and their persons are under sentence

of death, wherever they pass, throughout the empire; yet many have obtained security on board the foreign shipping, and in some few buildings which enjoy English or French protection. Even in these recesses, they are famishing. They cannot go into the street, to buy bread without being slain by the Turks. This state of siege continues for two entire years. During this period they are crowded together in small rooms half suffocated, and in that plight subjected to the extortions of Franks, Jews and Armenians who speculate on their misery, charging them exorbitant prices for bread, drink, rent and other necessities. Not only the Chians were subjected to such calamities, but all the other Greeks of Turkey labour under the same horrors inflicted by avarice. Imagine the poor Greek parting with his rescued jewels, diamond and other valuables for a mere trifle to support existence. Imagine the speculations on the confiscated estates. The Jews, Armenians and Franks, who were previously the poorest wretches of the earth, in those parts, were suddenly raised to wealth and prosperity. The death of the Greeks gave them life. Travel to the Orient at the present time, and see the marks of this hellish trade. Look at Constantinople, Smyrna, Thessalonica, Trebizond and other places, and ask whence came the property of the native Jews, Armenians and Franks. If they do not answer, their walls will echo that they owe their prosperity to the spur given to trade by the Greek Revolution; they would feel ashamed to describe the ignominious part which they acted in that thrilling scene. It is astonishing to see the descendants of Sennacherib, no longer descending like wolves on the Jewish flock, but uniting with the Hebrews in speculating on the miseries of the Chians. The very nails of Scio, the lead of the interstices of her

undermined walls, the marble of her parlours, and her hospitable hearths celebrated through all the globe, these tangible signs of her worth were shipped away, and hawked about the world by Armenians, Jews and Franks. Next to the Greeks, the children of Mt. Ararat have been called, refined and enlightened, but to whom do they owe their knowledge and their Christianity? The answer may be read in the labours of the Grecian primitive ecclesiastics. The trumpeting of the mere worldly knowledge of a nation without charity, are as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The most cutting tone that pierced our broken hearts in those days of tribulation, was to hear the sarcastic jeers of these three tribes, pointing, with a sneer at the captives, destined to be decapitated, and tauntingly prating to the hapless Greek, "Liberty, liberty! Receive your freedom from the scimitar!" The sufferer desired the executioner to hasten his death, and deliver him from such taunts. However, it is ludicrous to observe how the tables have been turned since the establishing of Grecian independence. The native Franks and Armenians, traveling abroad, often adopt a name that does not belong to them. They palm themselves upon the public as Greeks. The important associations connected with the Hellenic title of the free, are not unknown to the Frank and Armenian. They love to invest themselves in the insignia of a citizenship, which not long since they considered as destined never to be restored.

My third master and his two eldest sons with him passed the day in excursions of plunder and slaughter. The two younger children, of ten and twelve years of age, remained at home. As few slaves had hitherto been spared from death, the family made the best account of my services, and employed me in bringing water from the Pasha's

Fountain, situated without the Citadel. The mistress of the house used every argument to induce me to perform my task with activity, feigning the deepest sympathy for my suffering countrymen. Her hypocritical and ironical tone echoed in my heart with melancholy discord. When my toils were over, I was commanded to play for the amusement of the children. My sport was much like work; for I was employed as a horse by those lazy urchins, who drove me on all-fours wherever they pleased. One day, being ordered to play the prancing charger, I bethought myself of a trick to create in them an aversion for such laborious pleasure from me. At first, I started off like a true Arab steed, I neighed, and pretended, in an innocent way, to catch the spirit of the beast; I kicked under the whip, and threw one of them into a pit full of muddy water. The child ran homeward, weeping and complaining to its mother, who, in a threatening tone, demanded the reason for such behaviour. The slave replied, "If I am a horse, you cannot expect me to go straight without a bridle!" The infuriated dame burst into an involuntary fit of laughter, by a trait highly characteristic of the Turks, who love a good joke. Had it been a poor joke, I should have been, perhaps, driven for slaughter, to Bunkaky, which I was daily obliged to cross, to get the water-jars filled, and where I witnessed daily butchery during my stay in this family.

Their daughter was a beautiful lass, with long dark hair, in many braids, hanging loosely over her shoulders. One day, returning from the battlements, whither she had gone, according to the custom of the Turkish and Jewish ladies, to witness the execution of prisoners, she fainted. On recovery, she asked her mother, "Are they not afraid of God

(Allah) for killing so many persons? What shall we do when we are left alone?" The mother replied, "Are they not Giaours? (Giaour deyilmi). Let them be slain to appease our prophet." This was a lesson to teach the unsophisticated girl the rudiments of fanaticism, and sharpen her taste for bloody exhibitions. A singular coincidence with the old Roman character here occurs. The gladiatorial murders were an entertainment to the fair sex of imperial Rome. A startling parallel to this inhuman trait is the passion of the Turkish and Jewish women to behold slaughters of individuals, who happen to disbelieve Mohammedan superstition. During most of the Greek Revolution, for the space of eight years, public and private sports in legalized crimes of murder, were practised in every city of the Ottoman Empire. Captives were often purchased for the pleasure of hacking them to pieces. Every Turk felt anxious to imbrue his hands in Greek blood. The old Roman spirit seems to have been allowed a second resurrection in a Mussulman embodiment, in order to show that ambition and rapacity are the most merciless and shocking agents of bloodthirsty tyranny. When will the world arise and proclaim a death-warrant against these unwelcome monsters that threaten to extirpate every enlightened and moral sentiment from the human bosom? The thunders of battling legions are surrounding Asia, north and south. The brazen exploding mouth of modern science wings its leaden and iron breath, overwhelming thrones and monarchs in its course; but should not those lips of refinement cease the trumpet of warlike fury, and subdue their loud notes to the gentle whisperings of the *still small voice* of piety, and the potent accents of our incarnate Lord, who bade the raging elements, "Peace, be still!"

We return to the description of the family.—The house

was situated near the Pasha's palace. Its two stories might have been subdivided to form five, without inconvenience. The ceiling was gilt, and inscribed with passages from the Koran. The spacious carpeted parlour was surrounded by a shelf loaded with flowers, fruit, and various articles. In one of the many closets was preserved with great care a splendid manuscript edition of the Koran, which they called the Kiutap (Bible.) This only book in the family could not be touched by a female, and rarely was any one allowed to see it, except the master of the house, who was a doctor of Islamism, and as tenacious of his base theological views, as a Christian divine. On opening the Koran, he first washed his hands, and reverently raised the book to his lips and forehead, and after reading it, locked up the closet, and carried away the key. His pious profession, within doors, made a striking contrast with his hellish vocation without, in slaying the innocent.

The table (*sofra*) which appeared only at meals, was a large plate of copper, thin and round, lined with tin, and ornamented with engraved figures of cypress trees. When noon was announced by the prayer of the Imám, in the Minaret, dinner was served. The guests sat cross-legged on the carpet, and partook not with knife and fork, but with the naked fingers from every dish, except the pilaf or rice pudding, a favorite dish, for which were furnished, wooden, bone and ivory spoons. A copper dish (*janak*), lined with tin, received the entire repast, and was stationed in the middle of the table. The father began, the mother followed, and the others dipped their fingers in succession, down to the poor slave who always came last, or ate alone. At one meal, the youngest child was struck with a knife for advancing too soon. Their notions on bread were transcendental, be-

yond our idea of the staff of life. The Koran itself is not more worshipped. If a slice of a roll tumbled upon the carpet, they grasped it carefully, and applied to the lips and forehead in token of reverence. If crumbs fell, they were scrupulously gathered that no person might tread upon that which is the essential food of man. Bread is connected with hospitality, a duty which the Turks exhibit, chiefly, to their own sect. Much praise has been lavished, by some writers on the Koran, in relation to its hospitable precepts. A few instances of its being put in practice are recorded. Mohammedans are hospitable only to rich persons, from whom they require their equivalent peshkesh, without fail. Travellers, full of curiosity and money, are objects of peculiar interest to a Turk; and they may reside without pay, many days at his residence, but if they depart without leaving a valuable gift, they are considered as no gentlemen, and may suffer inconvenience from his revenge. A poor foreigner among the Turks would die of starvation, unless the Christian dog could get assistance from Christian subjects of the Portè. In former times, certain khans, or hotels were devoted to a three days gratis entertainment of strangers. These buildings were bequeathed to a certain company of agents, who held the property only on condition of sustaining the benevolent system intended by the founder.

These Khans exist, at present, but during the three days, the peshkesh (present) and the eternal bakshish (drink money) are called for, without reserve. What sort of hospitality is that which drives a man from the door of the Khan, if he has no money or valuables to give away to bribe humanity. But we enlarge not farther on the Turkish character. The term 'Turk implies a meaning far inferior to that

of savage. The Cherokees and Choctaws are refined, in comparison with the Ottoman. Look at the horrible system of torturing to death persons arrested on suspicion, still practised in the most enlightened city of Turkey, Smyrna. Read the Smyrna public journals and see the records of innocent martyrs, whose fate has excited complaints in the French Smyrna journals, those eulogists of the Porte. What change do you behold in the national traits of these demons? But pause, they are blinded by a false religion, and we are willing to grant that if you take Mahommed out of the heart of the Ottoman, the Turk will no longer be a Turk. Pity the race, ye Christians, and strive to substitute the kingdom of Heaven for the sway of the scimitar.

THE MASSACRE AT MELAENA PROMONTORY.

A few days after my arrival at the house of Soliman Aga, several young captives of both sexes were introduced. They had been spared from the dreadful carnage at Cape Melaena, (also called Cape St. Nicholas.) They related to me that event, which I have since learned more particularly, from Constantine Psiaces, a young man, one of the sufferers. Several thousand Chians had fled to this Cape, awaiting the arrival of friendly vessels, which did not appear before the fugitives were overtaken by the enemy. Some were slain on the land, others in the water, where they were drowned or stabbed. The cavalry trampled them down, and the foot soldiers hacked them in pieces. The piles of the dead sent forth rivulets of blood, which tinged the purple wave with a crimson hue, fresh from beauty and pride. Constantine lying beneath a rock was nearly suffocated by the blood, which flowed about his head. He lay several hours until evening—stillness and the dewy air announced that

the sable night was not polluted with the breath of the children of darkness. He arose, but could not open his eyes, sealed as they were by the clotted blood. To restore the natural vision, he tore off his eye-lashes, and as he is still among the living, the marks of his sufferings bear witness to the truth of his statement.

During twenty days he ran from cave to cave, supporting himself upon herbs and fruit. From the summits of the hills, he often saw Turks disguised in the costume of Greek merchants to deceive the refugees; but their deceit was betrayed by their awkward bearing, and when called, their broken Greek was not heeded by the incredulous tenant of the cavern. His strength was almost exhausted, when he had the good fortune to hail an Ipsarian vessel, upon which he embarked for continental Greece. His arrival at Athens was attended with the most thrilling excitement. The very aspect of the Chian sufferers and their feeble, weeping and disconsolate voices, were eloquent, with natural arguments, which seemed to spring from the shade of Demosthenes to urge the Greeks to refuse obedience to the modern tyrant.

The girls spared from Cape Melaena, related facts too horrible for repetition. One of those, at our house, was always weeping for her dear father, who was killed in her arms. Another mourned the cruel slaughter of her brother and sister, whom she embraced while the murderous blow was falling. Another was haunted by the recollection of her mother, drowned with her infant in her arms. These girls had begged as a favour of Osman to purchase them that they might not be driven to Asia, assuring him that in a few weeks, an ample ransom would be sent by rich relatives abroad. The money arrived, and I subsequently met the same ladies in Syra, having been rescued

by their brother, who had a commercial establishment at Trieste. They related that the treatment, which they had received from the wife of Osman Aga, was rude in the extreme. They had been forced to accomplish more difficult tasks than the most servile African. The motive of the uneasiness felt by the mistress of the house, was jealousy. It may perhaps appear strange that a Mussulman lady should entertain such sentiments while the Koran allows as many inmates of the Harem as the husband can support. Odaliks are not wanting ever, when there is but one wife, yet the laws of men cannot alter the dictates of nature. Jealousy springs up, and its very existence declares that only one consort and her spouse ought to rule a family.

A short description of Osman's wife is an index of the prevailing taste of her countrywomen. Her excessive embonpoint was no hindrance to her activity, in early rising; for she awoke the first in the family to smoke the tchibouk, and sip a cup of coffee. The first disturbance to my sleep was the clapping of her hands together, and her shout, "Oglan," (boy.) Her toilet was a graphic and picturesque affair, not for the artist, but for the paint which she lavished on her charms. The brush reddened her lips, whitened her cheeks here and gave them a rosy tinge there, blackened her eyebrows and marked with henna the half of each finger nail. One fact is interesting to ladies whose ringlets wear a fiery comet-like beauty, christened by poets, golden or auburn for euphony. With a taste which the highest imagination might admire, she painted her grey locks with the colour of red. Such is the partiality of the race for flaming tufts! By a peculiar fondness for unnatural attractions, she dyed her teeth black. Anacreon ranted about ivory teeth, but some Mussulmen are crazy after the ebon-jawed nymphs. By

a taste common among savages, her forehead was tattooed, an artificial embellishment more rarely adopted, since European taste has made inroads upon the land of Harems. From her neck was suspended a rosary strung with Mahmutie; a gold coin. In her fess (cap) were a great number of pearls, emerald-bracelets adorned her wrists, and she held a mouchoir of gold embroidery.

Her daughter was brought up in the same way, and allowed to watch the young men in the street, through the lattice. On going abroad, she bandaged all the head except the eyes, nose and half of the ears. The mother never remained in the Salamlyk (saluting room,) unless the visiter was a particular friend or relative. Such a plan of female exclusion from all social ceremony tends to render the Turkish fair sex so ignorant of good taste in their personal array. Almost the only show of refinement, which the aforesaid matron displayed, was an abhorrence for long finger nails, a subject which she frequently argued with much ingenuity. Another propensity was that of excessive laughter. When she was most obstreperous in her merriment, her black teeth gave a midnight shade to her smile, like an eclipse of the moon among the stars. Her husband caught inspiration from her starry eye and azure cheek, and the obscuration of her dental charms, and gave a laugh according to their manly custom without smiling and without opening the mouth. The contrast was most ludicrous, especially whenever the old lady was telling some roguish trick, done by the Greek slaves. Osman watched her lips and when he saw them widen, the teeth darkling, and the breath exploding, in one convulsive fit, he reeled under the sight, and shook as by an earthquake; but his countenance made no eruption, and no voice at all except a guttural

rumbling like that which betokens the compressed feelings of a volcano. Perhaps the rebounding of her open laughter had the effect to close his mouth, yet by some secret spring unknown to physiologists, his risible growls were none the less loud and noisy.

This family were intimate associates of the Pasha, and when any of the officials arrived unexpectedly, it was amusing to see the confusion among the Odaliks of the Harem. If they happened to be in the Salamlyk, when the visitors came, they hastily drew their veils and ran like rats into their receptacles. The sight of a Harem is sepulchral to a Christian eye. The veiled and bandaged inmates, quitting their retirement to go abroad, look like living mummies issuing from the catacombs of error and prejudice.

The mistress of the house had a parrot under her charge, which she declared preferable to me, although it had cost her more money. This loquacious bird was indeed quite intelligent. It spoke the Turkish language, sufficiently to make known its wants. Not, however, suspecting that it could tell tales, I once took an orange from the forbidden shelf, in the absence of the lady, who, soon returning, heard the parrot exclaim distinctly "Mustapha took an orange!" (Mustapha portocal aldee). I met with a scolding through its means. The parrot could not have originated an idea, but had been taught to attribute to the slave every orange and other article which they pilfered in her absence. This expression was perhaps an accidental coincidence. From that day, thinking, really, that Doodoo, as they called the parrot, was an informer, I never did any similar mischief without placing the cage, covered with a shawl in the closet. The severity of my mistress might not perhaps be attributed to ill-will, but rather to superstition. The Turks

cherish a fear of dark eyes and large eye-brows, to which they assign, very unreasonably, a power of charming. To prevent sorcery, I was condemned to the frequent repetition of Mashallah! (Great is God!) The injunction was to pronounce it before any beautiful object or person that I admired or orally praised. Once a little boy, celebrated for beauty, met a fall, and the circumstance was charged to the evil eye. I was summoned to shout Mashallah.

One day Mustapha had unreasonable cause for alarm, when his master, in a mysterious manner, proceeded to perform on him a religious ceremony. As preparation for conversion to their faith and a security against the wiles of Satan, a square amulet was attached to the crown of Mustapha's fez, (red cap). Not understanding the operation, he twinged as if some terrible fate was awaiting him. Great relief was felt on learning that this preliminary was practised before sending the Christian lads to their school, as a preparatory step. The Turkish amulets are formed like a square or triangle, or often like two crossed triangles, the point of one on the base of the other, which last is their symbol. Upon them, I think, is inscribed the name of the person, and the sign of the blessing of the Dervish. Once when I had the head-ache, the Dervish, my teacher, wrote a few words on a piece of paper, and gave it to me to put under my pillow. The Munetchimi (Astrologers) and the Munetchimbashee (chief magician) act in the public affairs of the Porte, the part of the Oracular Pagan Priests of antiquity, and are consulted in all political movements. The soothsayers, by fabricating the amulets, and selling them to the credulous, obtained a great revenue. Their peculiar talismanic virtue was that of preserving the wearer from all dangers. During the Greek Revolution, a great number

of amulets were found on the carcasses of the Turks, by their victors. Some were square, and others composed of a ribbon, three inches in breadth, fifteen yards long, and entirely covered with inscriptions. Many slaves were forced to embrace Islamism, but Mustapha was reserved for a subsequent epoch. On receiving a proselyte, the priest exclaimed "He has come to the true faith," (*Din islamā ghelmish.*) According to the Koran, (article 16th), "Each child is born with the character of Islamism; his parents are those who force him to Judaism, Christianity, or Paganism." The ingenious Mahommed employed similar sophistry to distort and deform the growing reason of youth.

DERVISHES AND TURKISH SCHOOL.

Mustapha was sent to school with the other slaves. The first procedure in this institution, was to repeat in Arabic, the creed, "There is no God but God, and Mahommed is the Prophet of his religion." (*La-illáh, illalláh, vè Mohámmed Resoól Ooláh.*) The schoolmaster was a Dervish (monk) eighty-five years of age, with a long beard, grave countenance and kind disposition. We digress to describe the various orders of Dervishes. The Meolevis are Materialists; the Bektashis respect Jesus Christ, and the Twelve Apostles; the Zerrins, the Holy Virgin; and in fine, each community has a religious constitution, secret, peculiar, and contrary to the common dogmas.

Mustapha and the other scholars were forced to engage in the general devotion, at morning, noon and sunset, when we were directed to wash our hands, arms and feet, and pray. The lads, however, would often say the prayers of the Greek Church, taking advantage of his partial deafness. We were informed, as an incentive, to study the Turkish

language, that the knowledge of Muslu-imanje (true faith speech) places one above the fear of God. (Muslu-imanje bilen, allahdan korkmas). This precept, uttered by the Ottoman with delight, is an index of his deadly hostility to other nations.

Another startling maxim, inculcated by the Dervish, was "Whoever is not a Musulman is not a man." (Muslu-iman olmeyan, adam olmaz.) Thus limited is their idea of human nature! The word by which the others, bearing man's image are designated, is ghiaour, which means, not infidel, as is commonly supposed, but one who has the faith of an ox, if the ox has any faith. In that style, other nations are ranked with animals, the Christians being called dogs. The Turks also take the title of Musselim, (Orthodox) and denominated the followers of other creeds, Kiafir (Blasphemers). In former days, the standard of any European power was called, not flag, (sanjak), but rag, (patchavoor).

You can hardly imagine how ludicrous was the mode of teaching adopted by the Dervish, who was rather deaf and very infirm. Our room was much like a prison; the heated air within was almost suffocating; and the windows were protected by an iron grating to prevent the escape of the urchins. We sat à la Turque on mats, reading our lessons at once with a see-saw motion of the body, and the highest pitch of the voice. Some of the lads ventured to sing as an amusement to our misery. The half dead and sleepy Dervish was too insensible to detect all our irregularity. To give you an idea of our progress, we spent a month in learning the alphabet, which we knew the first lesson, but made mistakes on purpose to delay our advancement in the rudiments of our tyrants. For curiosity, we quote the names of the letters which we shouted, and represent them,

by English sounds, "elif, bay, tay, thay, jim, ha, dal, zel, rě, zě, zhè, sin, shin, sat, dat, ti, zi, ine, gine, fay, kaf, kef, lam, mem, noon, vav, hay, lamelif, yay."

As familiarity breeds contempt, the lenity of the Dervish was returned by a joke, which might have proved serious. He was accustomed to lie upon a plank to take a forenoon nap. One day, during his sleep, one of the oldest lads took sealing wax with a lighted taper, and sealed his long beard to the rough board. When noon was announced from the Minarèt, the Dervish suddenly raising his head uttered a cry of pain, as the act bereft him of a portion of his sanctimonious beard. The scholars were summoned to proclaim the perpetrator of the trick, that he might be decapitated. They refused and were all thrown into prison. But the obstreperous yells of the lads created such disturbance in the neighbourhood that the Turks relenting rushed in and drove us all out like a flock of sheep, and told us to go home and behave better, after a sound drubbing.

The present sketches would have been stripped of the ludicrous associations, had the author chosen his own course. But there is as much reason for discarding the solemnity as the lightness, necessarily connected with events of thrilling importance. In the worst of our misfortunes, a smile and a joke sometimes intruded. A Ther-sites, like that of Homer, stood ready to laugh or to create laughter.

GREEK HUNT.

THE scene that now opens in this drama of triumphant barbarism, is truly gloomy. The twenty-four mastic vil-ages and the consulates are the only Christian portion of the island free from the ravages of fire and sword. All

else is black with smoke and red with blood. The work of death still continues, but the victims now come from a different quarter, with greater efforts and by worse treachery. Bloodhounds are employed by the Turks to ferret out the fugitives in the caves and cliffs. The Jews also assist in finding and slaying the innocent Chians. Some captives are spared to act as guides under pain of death.

If swarms of flies are seen issuing from the shrubbery, the concealment of several families is suspected. Guns are fired in that direction, until the wounded scream or come out, blinded by a long deprivation of light, and almost unable to walk. When other means fail, the bloodhound detects what the Jew and Turk cannot. The fugitives, attacked by the animal, run forth from their caverns and are immediately slaughtered, or led to the citadel to be publicly executed for the delight of Turkish and Jewish ladies. Since the massacre, I have learned from one of those refugees, that into the cave, in which he lay with several families, a bloodhound entered, which, in his despair, he strangled to death. The Turks, thinking it had strayed elsewhere, relinquished their search. Thus, almost by accident, a few Chians were fostered and preserved in the bosom of nature! Thus did the creation of God reveal in the depths of the ground the unseen Providence of our Eternal Protector.

The sight of so much iniquitous destruction of life begins to haunt the mind and conjure up to the conscience the phantoms of remorse. The dames who witness the murders by day with a smile, dare not walk forth by night for fear of ghosts! One Turkish mansion has been entirely abandoned by its inmates, for the murder perpetrated by the occupants on two captives butchered for amusement.

The reason given by the females for quitting their abode, was that the blood of the slain cried from the ground. So inconsistent is woman, when her heart is wrong!

Upon the sea coast many fugitives are discovered behind rocks, lying many days partly immersed in water. But the Greek Admiral Tombasis luckily arrived in season and rescued many souls. Even the refugees among the twenty-four inviolable mastic villages are detected. These villagers have afforded protection to many of their countrymen of the other villages, by concealing them in their houses and by clothing them in their own singular costume. Nevertheless, Turkish supidity prompted by Jewish craftiness can distinguish them. By the softness of the hands and face, smallness of the foot, and other traits, many a Chian of high rank was detected among the mastic villagers.

One of my cousins, with her daughter, had been concealed in a cellar. They were placed (as she herself assured me after her being ransomed,) in one of the large earthen vessels imbedded in the ground, and destined for the preservation of fruit. When the cellar was searched, the little child with a sob of terror betrayed herself. The mother knowing it, immediately gave herself up. The vengeance of the soldiers was fatal to the owner of the dwelling.

THE CONSULS TOOLS OF TURKISH TREACHERY.

The admiral-in-chief of the Sublime Porte, despairing of extirpating the Chians by Turks, Jews and bloodhounds, planned an unparalleled artifice. He convoked the European consuls, and requested them to go abroad and proclaim the cessation of carnage to all Chians and invite them from their hiding place, to return to their city and villages. Un-

happily, the consuls accepted the treacherous function, and bearing their flags roamed over the whole island to every cave and rock, mountain and every steep, and trumpeting the clemency of the Mussulmans. When the refugees beheld the insignia of revered royalty, and the flags of European powers, they left their recesses, cheered by the false hope that they should be spared, at least from massacre.

They trusted more in the promises of the plenipotentiaries of Christendom than in the assurances of the admiral. Confiding in these solemn engagements, all the refugees, except those on the north came from their retreat, and sent seven hundred of their primates to fall at the feet of the admiral. They all expected that the work of slaughter would cease; but that very night the admiral hanged the seven hundred primates to the yard-arms of the fleet, and gave the signal for the massacre of all who had surrendered their lives and property. They entered the Monastery of St. Mina, out of which they drove five thousand peasants whom they put to the sword. Some of the skulls of these peasants marked by rude blows have been carried by travelers even to America to proclaim in tangible characters the treachery of Turks and their European accomplices.* The Monastery of Nea Monè, built by Constantine the monomarch became the tomb of two thousand three hundred Christians.

Great God! What terrible events! Religion and humanity shudder at the recital of so many horrors. Among the different deaths there is gradation in the terror which they inspire; some can be awaited with resignation, others can shake the firmest courage; but the Chians, in beholding

* One of these skulls is in the keeping of Dr. Warren, of Boston.

the total ruin of their country, died a thousand deaths before the death-stroke.

To close the scene, listen to those young captives led to slaughter, passing in front of the European consulates. What do they say, while they seize convulsively their gates? "Do you not fear God after betraying us?"

But the admiral has no longer any need of the consuls who have been his tools and laughing stock. He leaves them alone with their unexerted power of saving. No complaint is made by the consuls to their respective governments; and the inference is clear that their interference was hypocritical. The admiral can now exhibit the Turkish character in all its cruelty, since he is certain that Christian Europe will not turn on its heels to save Christian Scio.

He proceeds, before their eyes, to sport with horrors, in a scene, which was acted in defiance of their power, and which they witnessed, as a catastrophe of a thrilling drama. He immolates the most innocent human beings. The little children that remain are piled into an immense boat, floated a suitable distance from shore, and sunk in the waves!

The admiral no longer needed the hostages, who had been given up a year before, as security for the general submission. May 4th, 1822, the Archbishop Plato, with fifty-five others were led forth. For the sake of the novelty of a wholesale execution, scaffolds were erected that all might perish simultaneously. The Jews figured in dragging the carcasses to the sea with every demonstration of contempt. Such was the victory of Turks over the living! Such was the triumph of Jews over the dead!

The behavior of the victims, before death, was Christian-like. They walked with alacrity to the scaffold, and died

without a murmur. The transparent whiteness of their faces after death was an image of their inward purity. Those men formed the heart of our community. When they perished, the lovely shade of Scio knelt at the feet of the tyrant, and in the phrenzy of her grief, begged him to gaze on her, and gratify his soul with a sight which he should never see again. She bids him adieu, and says,

“When war has thundered with its loudest storms,
 Death thou hast seen in all his ghastly forms;
 In duel met him on the listed ground,
 When hand to hand, they wound, returned for wound;
 But never have thy eyes astonished, viewed
 So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood!
 E'en in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
 Glows in our veins, and opens every soul,
 We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dyed,
 And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
 Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries
 The bleeding, innocent *Aethalia dies!”

At this period, I was sorry to learn that I had been purchased in exchange for another slave and ten dollars, by an executioner (Jelát) named Delhi Mustapha or Mustapha Effendi, a rich native of Aleppo, whither he had already dispatched with the caravan, by way of Smyrna, twelve female captives. His vocation made me shudder, and his title of Delhi, which means Fool, excited my fear of falling under a fit of his lunacy. Delhi, however, by metonymy answers to brave and daring, as if he possessed an insane indifference to peril. This use of the term is common. It was once given to an American from Vermont, while in the Greek service. From water-carrier, as I had been, I

* Aethalia, another name of Scio.

became pipe-carrier (tchiboúk-oglán.) This promotion encouraged the Greek slave with the prospect of bettering his condition.

Our residence was a large fire-proof edifice without the citadel, opposite the new Pasha's marble fountain, in full view of Bunaky.

My master was over six feet in height with huge eyebrows, blood-shot eyes, and long black beard, with a stately form and dignified bearing. But his disposition was ferocious in the extreme, and exasperated by a sickness, which prevented him from going abroad to try his scimitar. Having been once executioner to the Pashá, he possessed such a passion for destroying human life, that he was uneasy without an opportunity for the exercise of his deadly talent. He sent a request to the soldiers, to obtain two of the peasants, who were destined to be slain. They were accordingly led bound into his garden, where he met them, and glutted his rage by beheading them, and leaving their corpses to be dragged away by the Israelites. Such an inhuman scene, in a tragedy or romance, would appear unnatural, but in reality there are many occurrences which could enter no imagination except that of the perpetrators of such crimes.

My master Delhi Mustapha was excessively cruel to the slaves in his house.

The business of my companion, a lad, (resident at Bron-tados, before his captivity,) was to make the coffee, and fill an ibrik or copper vessel with water, at the hour of prayer, to wait upon him to wash his hands, feet, &c. As for me, I was provided with a tutun kesesé (tobacco-sack,) and stationed in a corner of the room, with my hands crossed, to await orders, with my eyes always directed towards Delhi

Mustapha. His cherry tchibouk (pipe) was about six feet long; its bowl (loulà) earthen and gilt, with a wet sponge between it and the tube, through which the smoke passed; and his mouth-piece (imamè) of yellow amber, surrounded by gold rings and emeralds, and not less than five inches long. The mouth-piece cost \$50. The skill in filling it consisted in giving the sponge the proper moisture, and placing the coal in the exact centre. On presenting the tchibouk, I held it in my right hand, and paced the floor as gracefully as possible, and offered it kneeling, placing my left hand upon my bosom. To inspire promptness, he pronounced energetically the word arslán-ghibéé! (lion-like!);

I was often troubled sportingly by a Caraghiuz or Turkish jester (literally black-eyed,) who wore a cap made of a fox's skin, from which tails of the same animal were hanging. The jester often performs the office of a drummer in battle, wearing besides arms, a distinctive weapon, the hatchet in the girdle. The aforesaid Caraghiuz often frightened me by shaking his foxtails in my face, and making strange gestures. One day he delayed my duties; Delhi Mustapha had finished one Tchibouk and was waiting for the other, which I brought a few minutes too late. He seized his scimitar. I ran out crying for mercy. A friendly Turk, however, succeeded in calming his anger. My companion who was not always fortunate enough to make the coffee foam, was very severely treated. This Cretan lad of seventeen years of age possessed a precocious courage, and a spirit of war, like that of Mt. Ida, which gave him birth.

His great personal beauty made him a choice slave, and was perhaps the cause of his being spared. Not brooking the ill-nature of his master he often told him that he prefer-

red death to tyranny. When he saw the peril which I had run, he meditated vengeance and an escape.

Delhi Mustapha had postponed his departure for Syria, on account of illness, caused I think by excessive smoking. My companion and I were anxious to improve the intervening time in planning our deliverance. He was not educated and was much inspired by my conversation on the glory of our forefathers; I did not tell him that the great modern law-givers and statesmen of Europe and America look back to his island for the origin of a free government, for I did not know that myself at that time. He reflected some-time and finally reported to me his plan of escape, assuring me that he could bear tyranny no longer, "for it were better to die at once than to suffer daily outrage;" and added, "will you take an oath by the Holy Virgin to keep this wholly secret?" I assented.

As it was stormy weather, we agreed to leave the house that very night and seek refuge in the Consulates. We had been living with Mustapha in such continual apprehension of perishing under that scimitar, which he used with such disregard of common mercy, that we considered no peril superior to his presence.

On the evening chosen for our plan, my comrade received a blow from the back of a Yatagan by the hand of Mustapha. The stroke was so severe that the sufferer could hardly withhold an expression of anger. The simple excuse for this cruelty was that the coffee had no foam. That same night, after giving Mustapha the Opium, ordered by the physician Domenico, a Sciote Roman Catholic, to induce sleep, my companion came to my bed and called me without the door. Then caressing me most fondly, he whispered, "Christopher, light of my eyes, will you follow me?"

I answered in the affirmative. Telling me to wait a moment, he ascended the staircase, and did what I scarcely suspected. We had no time to lose. The midnight Ezan had been given from the Minaret, and announced the true devotees of their Prophet to prayers. We rushed through the darkness, the rain, and the wind, and crossed Bunaky, the most dangerous place, without detection, and then traversed field after field, until we reached the English Consulate. We leaped over the outside gate and knocked at the door, where my mother was sheltered, as we have already mentioned. She opened, and embracing me with extacy, raised her hands towards Heaven and in a low voice uttered, "Great art thou, oh God, who canst deliver us from the sons of Agar. The Cretan exhibited the dagger which he held naked and said, "Here is the token of revenge and pledge of deliverance." My mother trembling whispered earnestly, "Bury it, my son, bury it, and say no more about it, for God's sake." She conducted us within, and you can imagine how happy were my brothers and sisters, in seeing again one whom they considered as lost. We were kept here two whole weeks unknown to the English Consul.

The above mentioned youth had been hunted in a cave, where he was sheltered with his relatives; when he was captured, he saw his sister killed by the inhuman Mustapha in a dispute with another chief.

When they were near the city they began to divide the spoil. My master and the other chief did not agree in the division of their illgotten goods. He used his utmost to obtain the maiden and to present her to the Pasha, but he could not for the other claimed her. Mustapha exasperated grasped the unfortunate girl by her dishevelled hair, and

exclaimed, holding a naked sword in his hand, "Mohammedans, we are about shedding Mohammedan blood, for the charms of an infidel woman; I separate the dispute;" thus he spoke and then he beheaded her.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PESTILENCE.

I am no longer in a Turkish Konàk under the name of Mustapha given by the tyrants, but resuming my christian title of Christopher, in the presence of my mother, though caged.

Our prison-like abode was a stable in the lower story of the English Consul's house, facing his olive-press. Several families were crowded in this den, almost in a state of suffocation, in perfect chaotic darkness. These human beings driven from their palaces to become fellow tenants of the beast, were situated like the flock pressed, together without ceremony and often reclining one against the other for want of room. So little communication had we with the outer air, that we were forbidden to breathe it, except through a small loop-hole, which was generally closed. The principal amusement of our well paid keepers was to come below, from their saloons of pleasure, to our cave of distress, and frighten us by saying, that the Turks intended to search the Consulate, and kill the refugees, in spite of the English flag. In that manner we were tormented not only by real, but by fictitious menaces besides the tortures inflicted by such pitiable confinement.

John Giudice the English Consul, was a light-complexioned, red-haired man of great age and youthful appearance. Rising from an obscure family of the native Franks of Scio, he buffeted successfully the billows of life, and after a voy-

age to Europe reached the Consular dignity. Miss Franca, an heiress born in the city of Scio secured his hand in wedlock but subsequently died without issue. As a rich widower, he commanded high esteem, but turned his attentions to beauty, and chose for his new consort the belle of Scio, Miss Plumuca of poor connexions but natural attractions. His residence at the village of Livadia was on a commanding site. The English flag fluttered in view of almost the whole extent of the Straits of Scio, telescoped a small portion of Samos, saw far into Asia, among the precipitous ridges of Mt. Minas, and overlooked the Citadel and City of Scio and the fairest part of the island. His field joined the vineyard of my father's countryseat, separated only by a stone wall. My brother has lately, since my arrival in America, informed me, that the English flag has been removed from the disgraceful roof of that dignitary. Truly he was not worthy of representing such a great nation.

At last we were permitted to issue from our hiding place and walk about the orange grove but not to wander abroad. To avoid insult from the Turks we were obliged to adopt the European costume. But it was impossible to wear it in a manner to deceive the Mussulmans. We could not manage our new attire without Greekising it, to bring it within the bounds of convenience. The men could not wear the hats without the laughable necessity of placing first the Greek cap to prevent the hat from slipping off. The stupid Turks wondering at the singular combination of costumes, inquired to what nation we belonged. On learning that we were the people of the English consul they exclaimed "What a large family he has!" Let us turn our eyes from our own miseries, and look at the terrible sufferings inflicted on the Moslems by the vengeance of Heaven.

A pestilence has assailed the murderers and their accomplices. The unwarranted destruction of palaces and mansions has forced the invaders to assemble in such numbers in their own abodes and fortifications, that an infection has spread with frightful rapidity. The air is tainted by the effluvia arising from unburied carcasses over the whole island from cave to cave, from rock to rock, and from shore to shore. Formerly fragrance was wafted on the wings of the zephyr to greet the advancing voyager with a sweet welcome, but now a deadly breath invades the passing ship, and frightens the mariner with the odor of Turkish retribution. The glorious day-star shorn of half his beams looked angrily from his celestial course and called forth the noxious vapors to assail the vitals of the impious and sacrilegious polluters of his Apollonic institutions. Recalling his reverent Chian bard, Phœbus veiled his dazzling brow in the ghastly melancholy and dropped the tears of dewy sympathy upon the smoky ruins of the home of his most faithful votaries. He heard a voice, not that of the old Chryses, the priest, invoking his revenge for an insult, but the cries from the ground, where a thousand priests of Scio lay weltering in the blood of their universal tomb. The sultry days of Apollo's triumph arrived. Seizing the arrows of pestilence, he fills his quiver with the unerring missiles of death, and hastens to show the superiority of one God-like attribute to the united rage and cruelty of the myriads of human demons. Triumphant murderers and plunderers trembled at his approach. Homer bursts from his tomb. The ghost of the Chian man like a martyr shade of Scio, interceded to the Deity, standing on the site of his ancient shrine.

“The trembling *Bard* along the shore return'd
And in the anguish of a father mourned.

Till, there at distance, to his God, he prays
 The God who darts around the world his rays.
 O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line
 Thou guardian power of Cilla, the divine,
 Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores
 And whose bright presence gilds *Aethalia's* shores,
 If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
 God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
 Avenge thy servant and the foes destroy."

"Thus *Homer* prayed, the favouring power attends,
 And from Olympus's lofty tops descends.
 Bent was his bow, the *Moslem* hearts to wound;
 Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.
 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
 And gloomy darkness rolled around his head.
 The *Fleet* in view, he twanged his deadly bow,
 And hissing fly the feathered fates below.
 On mules and dogs, th' infection first began;
 And last the vengeful arrows fixed in man."

This practical illustration of the pestilence by adapting the office of Chryses to the shade of Homer, interceding for his home, needs but a few facts to corroborate the exactness of the description. The very ground seemed to breathe a Stygian blast of ruin, maddening the flock to the terror of the wolf, driving the frantic steed foaming with dying insanity, and winging the arrows of death to the vitals of the mules and dogs. Man reeled under the pestiferous assault and fell in thicker ranks than his slaughtering legions had mowed. The Musulman had sported like the tiger with his victims before slaying them, but the Deity of the Plague sent them writhing with prolonged pain and remorse to the valley of the shadow of death. So frequent were the deaths that there was no time to perform the neces-

sary ablutions upon the corpse, leaving the soul unprepared for its own Heaven.

A capital burlesque series of incidents followed the unreasonable murders practised by the Turks, calculated to bring into startling contrast the character of our invaders with that of the beasts, in which we find a perfectly corresponding counterpart. Perhaps, what we shall detail, will throw light on Homer's battle of the frogs and mice.

WARLIKE RAGE OF ANIMALS DURING THE PESTILENCE.

The *Batrachomyomachia*, or the battle of the frogs and mice, by Homer, is generally regarded as fanciful. But what I propose to relate is not romance but fact. It is a result of ruin and pestilence. A novel war was waged by the cats that stormed the citadel and the consulates in search of food. Driven by the conflagration of a city and 64 villages, from their retreats, and reduced to starvation, they fed first on the unburied corpses of Greeks and Turks, until putrefaction destroyed this food, and then they roamed abroad at noon-day among the survivors of plague and war, to gratify their ravenous hunger. In a large city like Chios, one can easily fancy what myriads of cats, a general conflagration would reveal. Being on an island they could not escape. Having no home they mewed piteously and assailed fearlessly their enemies, the Turks. As for their other foes, the rats were at present in the fields where they lived in the neglected grain. The infection of the carrion of human carcasses, drove the cats to madness. A sort of hydrophobia seized them and rendered their bite poisonous. Hostilities were opened for their extermination. The English consul endeavoured to route them by the aid of the

refugees. The Greek lads were formed into phalanxes, and ordered to assail the invaders. From my expertness in cat-catching, I was chosen captain of the puerile host. My troops being levied, I gave my orders with firmness, and led my juvenile heroes to the onset. We retained our presence of mind, and broke through the thick array of the strong legions of catdom. With clubs and spits, we charged home upon the feline forces, and sprinkled the consulate with their blood. The storming of the pantry succeeded. We smote their catships hip and thigh with great slaughter. We next met them in the garden where we completed our victory, and drove the remnant over the wall. Our glory was of short duration. By night a cat made formidable depredations in the consul's cheese. The next day I was offered a piastre (forty parás, about five cents,) to slay that marauder, and iniquitous night-walker. This was double the bounty given for a common cat. We ran to the onset among the cheeses, where we encountered, first a detachment of kittens, apparently intended as a sort of militia to cover the advance of the veterans. We gave them a warm reception. They bit at us, but our flowing tunics acted as armor against their teeth. We rioted in the strife, slaughtered the kittens and drove the cats into the yard. They made a stand headed by the above-mentioned gigantic cat, which I selected as a worthy antagonist. On seeing the two generals in hostile conjunction, both armies relaxed their fury to view the duel. His teeth chattered furiously and tore my tunic, before I could bring my club to bear. As luck would have it, I stunned him by a blow, and then drawing my spit from its reed-scabbard, charged upon him, sending its point deep into the head of the cheese-plunderer. The cats at this crisis, rushed forward en masse, throwing

themselves over the body of their slain chief. With my club I threshed them, while my urchin soldiers also set to. We surrounded the foes, and, after considerable hard fighting, overcame them. Few escaped. Our bounty was an important sum for mere lads, without reckoning the applause from the multitude thronging the balconies. The surviving cats desisted from further depredation, and joined their forces with the packs of dogs that frequented the meat-market for food. The Turks, being peculiar friends of the canine race, were displeased that the feline tribe should partake of the meat reserved for the hounds. The cats fraternized with the dogs and shared their banquet. A secret conspiracy was going on between catdom and dogdom, against the Turks. Before this collusion had excited suspicion, a new enemy advanced against granaries and pantries. The rats had commenced their campaign. Hitherto they had foraged in the neglected crops. Having grown corpulent, and thus the more irritable at the absence of food, they formed the desperate plan of scaling the citadel. Meeting with some opposition, they climbed over the battlements, and occupied the area of the fortress to the centre of Turktown. The Osmanlies were troubled by rats. The mice entered every crevice and under cover of the night, devoured even the bread that the soldiery had concealed about their persons. Noses were bitten, but amid the darkness, revenge was impossible. Cats and dogs remained in a perfect state of neutrality. The corpulent rats were a match for their meagre natural foes. The numbers of the rats also put canine and feline bravery to a non plus. As morning dawned the soldiery fired upon the rat-forces. Their muskets were charged with sand and pebbles to make a scattering among them. The carnage was so terrible during the

forenoon, that the rats fled blinded by sunlight. Sneaking into holes, they awaited the approach of night to renew the assault. The Turks, fearing them, took the precaution to station traps at every entrance. All the soldiery were defended by a rampart of mousetraps behind which they hoped to pass the night in security. Midnight came with its host of disturbers. The traps afforded a considerable check to the onslaught, but only through part of the night. Many noses were bitten as before. At day-break, the soldiers, like desperadoes, discharged pebbles from their guns and made a simultaneous rush, backed by cats and dogs. The rats and mice undismayed ran between the feet of the enemy and attempted to gnaw their shins. At this critical period, aid was asked, and the Jews and Armenians formed a holy alliance with the Turks. This recruit turned the fortune of the day against the rats, and forced them to abandon the field. The yells of the Turks, the howling of Jews and Armenians, the voice of the animals and the clatter of musketry formed an orchestra of the most comico-tragic tones imaginable. On the slaughtered ranks, the cats and dogs *catered* for each other and *ratified* their alliance. This important victory was a mere prelude to a great calamity. The cats and dogs broke out in open conspiracy, against their lawful masters. Puppies, in which Turks as companions delighted, revolted, and became dangerous. Assailed by a sort of hydrophobia caused by the excessive hot weather, and the eating of carrion, they scattered the Turks like sheep. The life of a dog is sacred by the laws of Islamism. To evade this superstitious rule, Jews were pressed into the service of dog-killing. The Israelites were ready to do all the dirty work which the Turks required of them. They advanced with fire-arms and exhibited very dogged

bravery. The hounds were laid heaps upon heaps by the modern Samsons. A great victory was gained by the Hebrews over their canine tyrants. The Turks being rid of the beasts, ordered the Jews to act as the sextons of the dogs. So this peculiar people obediently threw the bodies into the sea, having first stripped off the hide for drum heads. After this work, the Jews were obliged to remove the heaps of the feline and ratine dead. Baskets were filled with the nauseous victims of Jewish bravery, and emptied into the sea. Such of the feline and canine races as survived, fled to the consulates, but could not gain admission. At the head of my army of boys, I engaged in skirmishes against these animals and came off victorious. Many mules and steeds were still running wild and endangering life, but the muskets of the Turks dispatched them at last.

The Musulmans, having been troubled by animals and carrion-flies, began to be haunted by phantoms of remorse. The ghosts of captives thrown over the battlements, or butchered within the citadel appearing to them in dreams, often drove them from the mansions which they occupied. The Moslem women imagined that, by night, the fairies held a dancing choir with the souls of the slain, leading their ring around the citadel.

The pestilence and its consequences, were not the only retribution inflicted on the Turks, for their unjust murder of the innocent Chians. The fleet of the Capudan Pasha, remained about Scio, unconscious of the coming catastrophe that awaited the flag-ship. Ever and anon, detachments of the formidable squadrons, endeavoured to assail Samos, Tenos, and other islands, but were repulsed by the united navy of Hydra, Ipsara, and Spetsia, the three pillars of the Greek marine force.

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VENGEANCE OF CANARIS.

Burning of the Turkish flag-ship.

It was the evening of the memorable nineteenth of June, 1822. The admiral on board his noble flag-ship was celebrating the festal nights of Ramazan. After a rigid fast by day, he commenced the evening in carousing and intoxication. He boasted of the rewards to be lavished upon his faithfulness, when he should return to the Metropolis, and of the gratification of his monarch, on receiving the ashes of Scio, with a choice selection of Greek beauties for his Harem. A crowd of flatterers from the whole fleet surrounded him. Just after sunset, looking upward, the spectators on the shore and fleet beheld a mysterious appearance in the sky, which we mention not to encourage superstition, but merely as a fact. In the serene breathless azure, arose a flaming cloud, shaped like a sword, with the hilt hanging over Ipsara, and the point directed towards the Armada. This phenomenon was hailed by the Greeks in the Consulates, and upon the mountains, as a propitious omen. The Dutch Consul, a veteran from Napoleon's wars, declared it to be the forerunner of the death of some great personage, that very night.

While the Admiral was given to effeminate indulgence, Canaris, on his rockbound isle, was laying a signal plan of vengeance. Accompanied by only twenty marines, he mounted his black fire-ship or brulott, and sailed for the straits of Scio, where the formidable fleet lay moored. By skilful manœuvres, he eluded the sentinel frigates and kept off towards Tchesmé, an Asiatic town exactly opposite the

city of Chios. A brilliant meteor shot across the heavens. Guided by the celestial signal, he tacked and bore down upon the flag-ship. He was discovered; from the fleet, a panic arose with deafening shrieks of despair, followed by a deluge of cannonade and musketry against the object of terror. Canaris, without recoiling, stood upon his prow, encouraging his men onward, in the name of Christ and Hellas. The *Brulott* sped like an arrow in the refreshing breeze. The collision followed; the grapple seized the monster; the hero touched the train, and leaped into the skiff. His intrepid *Ipsarians* plied their oars, and, by their own avenging flames, and the flashes of the fire-breathing *Leviathans* that opposed them, were guided in triumph to their native isle. The comrades of Canaris, displayed a look of exultation to their fellow countrymen who lined the shore, awaiting them with deep anxiety. The hero with his former simplicity met his friends and accepted the crown of laurel presented by the beauty of *Ipsara*. The maidens accompanied him with religious pomp, chanting sacred hymns, and bearing olive-branches and torches, until he reached his residence, where he met his beautiful wife and their only son.

We return to the fate of the flag-ship. In the twinkling of an eye the flames communicated. The combustibles of the exploding *brulotto* were scattered over the decks of its victim. The confusion was indescribable. The Admiral, frantic with indignation and perplexity, rushed over the decks, invoking aid in the name of "Allah, Ahmet and Mohammed." He then leaped unnoticed into his barge, cutting with his scimitar the hands of the cowardly wretches clinging for protection. Shall he reach the shore of *Scio* with impunity? No! a fragment of the falling mast hurled by the devouring element inflicted on him a mortal wound.

He is carried to the insulted shore of Scio to breath his last, and close the drama of which he was the principal actor. What was the scene presented to his dying gaze? His proud ship was immersed in flame. The ignited cannon were discharging their ball at random. The citadel and the fleet returned the fire of the perishing monster, in order to sink it. Destruction raged throughout the Armada; hundreds on every ship leaped overboard, most of whom found a watery grave. Supplications from the crowded beach and the castle, and cries of anguish from the fleet and sea, were drowned in the tempest roar of the cannonade!

I shall never forget the hour when my mother called her family from her tent, to witness the conflagration. My brother Stephen and I rushed upon the balcony. The native Franks were cursing, but the Greeks, in silence rejoiced at such glorious tokens of national power! The flag-ship illuminated the Ægean, and every minute, we expected the explosion of the powder-stores. Suddenly that floating Pandemonium burst like a volcano. The ground shook; and the air was instantly filled with the burning fragments; which the next moment were seen floating to the shores of Scio and Asia, with the mangled carcasses of three thousand Turks. Such was the spectacle beheld by that satanic leader of the Turkish fleet, who, at the moment of the dreadful explosion, was engulfed in the Tartarean regions. Thus ended the dispensation of wrath against that impious minister of a vain-glorious despot, in atonement for the shades of those innocent beings, whose blood was sacrificed to his rapacity.

A sleepless night was passed by the refugees in the Consulates. The pleasure of beholding the Greeks victorious by sea, was paramount to all-soothing repose. We dared

not express our joy openly, for fear of the native Franks and the Turkish Cavass. In order to avoid provoking them by our presence, we left the balcony and hid in our sand beds, with our heads reclining on stone pillows. What the dawn would bring it was easy to tell. The Greek navy generously rescued such of the Chians, as thronged to the shore supplicating for deliverance. The captives that remained in the hands of the Turks, awaited the morrow as the signal for their departure to eternity.

BURNING OF THE TWENTY-FOUR MASTIC TOWNS.

The Sultana's Appanage.

Morning presented a doleful scene. The shore was covered with Turkish dead. The Islamites commenced immediately an indiscriminate massacre of the captives. Many a Moslem sacrificed his slaves to Allah and Mohammed. Nine hundred prisoners, (chiefly labourers,) were dragged from the dungeons of the citadel and put to death. A rich harvest of Martyrs was reaped. Heaven echoed to the cries, "Remember me, Oh Lord!"

Hitherto a certain portion of the island on the south and west, namely the twenty-four Mastic towns, had not been invaded, except to retake runaways from the city. This part of Scio was the Appanage of the Mother Sultanness, (Sultana Valideh,) who by virtue of delegated title, held the Mastic-towns under her protection. Their tribute consisted of a certain portion of the Gum-Mastic produce, which was very valuable—and considered superior to the Indian in quality.

Stung with shame and anger, at the exploit of Canaris,

the Turks in revenge, assailed the unarmed and defenceless lentisk-growers. The Queen's protection was no obstacle to the soldiery ; the villages were surprised by the merciless destroyers. Never, in the annals of the world, had occurred so cowardly an assault, under such delicate circumstances. The word, honour, care, love, and dignity of a Queen were outraged. How long shall the diplomatic world, for the sake of the balance of power, allow so many unjust sacrifices of the innocent ?

The Mastic-villages were burnt ; their ashes were commingled with the blood of their families, without distinction of age, sex, or condition. All this was done in sight of the Colossal ships of Christendom, that lay basking around Scio, scenting her breath, and inhaling with perfect composure her last sigh ! Since the 11th of April, 1822, to June 20th, a period of more than two months, this island had been a scene of demoniacal slaughter, saluted by the bellowing cannon and waiving banners of Christendom, by way of compliment to Turkey ! Why should so much care have been taken to pay so much respect to the Barbarians, in presence of bleeding Scio ? Were Europeans not ashamed of bestowing such open flattery, in such a bloody place ? Why should enlightened Admirals or Commodores exhibit servile regard for the destroyer of defenceless women and children ? Let the gashes of Scio echo your response, ye friends to a tribe which equals in cruelty the American savage, without sharing his generosity. The great men-of-war of England, France, Austria, and America were, at the close of this drama, busy in making boxes out of the flag-ship's fragments, which the immortal Canaris had scattered as marks of his vengeance over the *Ægean*. What ludicrous coincidences ! What a want of dignity in the spectators of a scene occupying a flaming

page in history, and exhibiting the name of Canaris in letters of undying glory! Shade of Themistocles! The turbaned Asiatics are pouring over the stream of Lethe! What power sends them so disfigured? 'Tis thy own genius pursuing them. To the hands of Canaris thou hast entrusted thy glory and shielded him invulnerable. He destroys whole squadrons, rendering the watery arena of the Ægean, one vast Salamis of retribution.

The Ottoman rage halted in Scio, for want of victims. The refugees in the consulates kept concealed from view. Every day, the precincts were searched for runaways. Ladies of surpassing beauty who had fled from outrage, to the English lion, the Austrian eagle, or other wild emblems of national brute force, were dragged back by human tigers, assisted by human plenipotentiaries. Call those charmers martyrs of legitimacy, balance of power, or any other diplomatic technicality, there was no need of lending a hand to the kidnapper. Then was the time for charity if ever. That day has passed barring the age to all eternity against the reputation of generous and impartial. Either governments had no souls or souls no government. When insulted woman shrieked for aid, no man on earth answered. The ships of Europe looked on, and seemed to answer, "chivalry is dead!"

SCIO AFTER THE CATASTROPHE.

Sixty thousand Chians had lost their lives, and forty thousand were enslaved. The sad remnant were dying of famine and pestilence. The finishing stroke had been given to the Chian catastrophe, and on the vales and mountains of Æthalia, remained the traces of injustice as testimonies to the world. Where were the hospitals, the schools,

the silk manufactories, the gardens, the university, the Genoese palaces, the monasteries, and the seventy-four parochial churches? There they lay as low as the remnants of ancient magnificence destroyed by Darius, Mithridates and Soleyman. Mahmoud's name is the last of those hated appellations, written on Scio in characters of blood and fire. The mountainous shore ascending like an amphitheatre of thirty miles in extent, is one vast blot of devastation lashed by the groaning billows. The monastery, built by Constantine the monomarch, is a frightful Golgotha. The traveler shudders in passing it and examining the skulls, all of which are divided by the sword. What must have been the echo of blades during that evening of butchery, when five thousand human beings were hacked in pieces? Quit this scene, ascend Mt. Epos and witness the general view. Nothing that is Greek stands intact. Only the gigantic citadel, frowning with Turkish might, and the consulates gleaming with European pride, appear unharmed. Who are strolling over the rubbish? Bands of Turks and Franks are picking the last pin from the ruins! They undermine the walls to get not only treasures, but even scraps of old lead and old iron. No commerce now except in the remnants of what once made business flourish! Romantic tourists and avaricious tradesmen, turn those blackened wastes to their own account. Vessels were laden with plunder and sent throughout the old and new world. To Boston and New York came Chian spoil! The very trees of Scio are rooted up by Europeans, and transported to England, France, and Germany! Thus, after Scio was killed by Turkey, Europe tore her in pieces! Jews, Franks, and Armenians, led by the consuls, advanced like armies of accomplices to bear the Turk out in his plan and share a part of his gain. Oh, terrible visitation of human

and cosmopolitan outrage! Fair Scio! dead as thou art, thou hast more ambrosial pith in thy stock than the grandest states! Thy protege, or son, Homer, whose genius was elicited and patronised by thee, thy son of the present century, Coray, and thy godlike forbearance under ancient tyrants, all thy genius and action afford nourishment to the world! Immortal Scio! Thy periodical births and burials are necessary to call out thy worth and prove to mankind that there is a sea-girt island of innocence, glorified by mental greatness, and unstained, by a signal instance of heroic or bloody fame!

Among the first settlers of renewed Scio, were my mother's family. We issued from our holes in the ground at the consul's call. Messengers were sent to invite the mountaineers. Alas! how few remained! The Turks wept that so much skill and industry had been annihilated. Death had swallowed up the means of revenue, the springs of enterprise and the charms of nature. Many Turks with all their spoil were poverty-stricken. All articles of convenience must come from abroad. The artisans, who made luxury attainable, were dead. We issued from our caves to rebuild Scio. The pasha obedient to the sultan, set the Chians to work, that he might again have a taxable community to pay him a fair salary. Bounties were given to such parents as had saved most children from slaughter. Officers were sent to enumerate the survivors and station them in the ruined streets. The consuls gathered like hens their flocks of refugees under their wings, and clucked for them to follow. The Turks came to take the census. Fearing some new trick between the pasha and the consuls, every Greek at the first panic fled, supposing that the massacre would be renewed. I hid in a ruin until hunger

forced me out. The Turks by entreaties at last recalled all the fugitives. The mountains gave up their quick, but not their dead, to form the new colony. I was disguised as a Frank, to avoid being recognized as a runaway. My mother sought a chance to send me away from the island, lest I should be recaptured. The pasha, by a sort of senseless custom, announced to the Porte that Scio was again flourishing.

Our dwelling, assigned to us by the pasha, had but one habitable room, and that full of carcasses. The very yard was rendered nauseous by carrion. Imagine the labor of cleansing it. My mother's jewelry, though sacrificed to a cheap sale, supported us.

A novel system of alliance was made by the Consuls with the invaders to share in the remains of Chian prosperity, and take the last valuable article which was buried in the ruins. Cargoes of copper, iron, marble, and great quantities of silver were shipped to foreign ports. The Albanians and Krijals (Ilyrians) coming later than the other Turks, found a smaller quantity of costly articles, but could not depart without plundering the rubbish. These ignorant barbarians often mistook the melted silver for copper from the coloring of other substances, and sold it for a trifle to the Consuls, under whose direction they undermined the palaces, and took the last nail from the ruins. One apartment of the English Consulate was entirely filled with iron, copper, lead, bells of the monasteries, earthen ware and valuable furniture, purchased for almost nothing. I do not condemn the Romish Christians, for speculating on our rubbish only, but for encouraging the Turks to destroy the remaining walls of the Greek mansions which had been

spared by the flames. The object was merely to obtain concealed treasures and the iron bolts which braced the arches and other portions.

Tyranny and avarice have stripped Scio of all the traces of life and beauty by which she was once animated. She has been deprived of every earthly good for freedom of conscience, and what has she gained? Nothing but the loss of that aid from Christian lands which common charity ought not to have withheld. England, France, and Russia, the allies of Greece, have excluded her from the independent state of Greece, and surrendered her again to her murderers.

To give an idea of the magnitude of her misfortunes, we say, that out of a population of 130,000 inhabitants, only 16,000 have escaped from the scimitar and servile chain to repeople and renew their desolate homes. Since 1822 these 16,000 have increased to 50,000. There they are surrounded by relics of departed prosperity, struggling for its renovation, and at this day, presenting marks of attraction to the passing observer.

They are laboring to restore the appearance of nature to the unrivalled soil and climate; with the sweat of the brow, varnishing the picture of earthly prospects to relieve again, to the admiration of the world, the color and gloss of the master production of peace and innocence. Their arm exerts a gigantic nerve, not in war, but in taming the rocks to fertility, and subduing the trees to golden fecundity. The vineyards and gardens begin to smile at the past, and to glow with the fairest and most cheering prospects for the future. Nevertheless, the frightful ruins of the institutions of learning cast a frown and despairing glare of melancholy upon the natural renovation with which they are surrounded. Alas, there is no golden arm of opulence to cultivate the

mind by procuring teachers and professors, those instruments which cause the roughest and most difficult capacity to bring forth an hundred fold. The smith, at the forge, might shape the thunderbolt wielded by Jove ; but there is no Cyclopean arm of Vulcan to strike from the brain of Jupiter the enlightening goddess, Minerva.

Some Grecian youth have received, at home, an education from American instructors ; others, driven by the misfortunes of their motherland to distant domains, have tasted the revivifying fruit of the tree of knowledge.

As for myself, I acknowledge the deepest gratitude to these United States, for having led me in the path of learning, under the direction of your Apollo who slew the Python of despotism, and by the encouragement of your muses, who inhabit the great Pierian forest of nature, and imbibe the mineral-spring of temperate and manly enterprise.

The Greeks are scattered by thousands in foreign lands, wandering like bees, in search of utility, which they collect from flowers that bloom in other communities that are thriving with means of life and comfort. The European cities teem with Grecian youth, roaming voluntary and often distressed, exiles for their country's good.

These assertions are by no means poetic imaginings, since home and fatherland follow every where the Grecian traveler, and the well-being of his nation guides his choice of employment.

The fame of your immortal Franklin's efforts and writings for the cause of education has awakened the most anxious desire among the Greeks, for an institution similar to those of which he was the founder.

The earnest application of the leading men of Scio for aid from abroad in the support of Primary Schools has already

met with approbation. Even the Sultan gave a liberal donation for establishing Schools on her shores. But, the hopes of this island are founded more on Christendom than on her savage masters, who assist her for mere interest or policy.

Scio, then, the long tested Princess of peaceful policy extends her bleeding arms to the literary world, soliciting from her advocates the restoration of knowledge which tyranny has lately wrested from her bosom.

The world has resounded and still breathes a silent echo to the calamities that have befallen that island. Her expiring dames and delicate maidens excited compassion in the remotest nations. The disabled and starving fugitives from Turkish cruelty were consoled by contributions from Europe, America and India. Unparalleled concessions were made by powerful monarchs to a democratic-minded people. These acts of benevolence on the part of Christendom are still fresh in the minds of the recipients; who glow with eternal gratitude and prayers to the Giver of all things.

Notwithstanding this benevolence, the heavenly blessing of mental culture has not been reinstated on its ruins. The exterminated professors and teachers have not been supplied by others. The terrible wound on Art and Science has not been healed. No trophy of intellectual assistance from foreign Christians is left on her shores. Her suffering desire for education has a claim on universal sympathy.

The world owes an obligation to the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, since from this community, it is supposed, was first promulgated the art of poetry to the other cities of Greece. On Homer's shoulders, rests the entire fabric of antique imagery, and without him it would all fall to the ground for want of this Atlas of the poetical sphere.

“Τοσοῦτον εἶδα καὶ παρὼν ἐτυγχάνον”

So much do I know and present I was.

CHAPTER VII.

FLIGHT FROM SCIO.

To avoid being detected as a runaway slave, it was necessary to devise means to fly to foreign parts.

The decree of the Sultan, forbidding any Chian to quit the island, was no hindrance to my departure. My kind mother's intercession with the Captain of a Cephalonian vessel proved successful to secure my passage in spite of imperial interdiction. The course was novel and the plot deep laid, or rather I was laid deep in a cargo of wheat, in a swimming attitude with a sift over my head. Since the Turks had often bought and sold me as if a slave were a merchantable animal, I did not think it illegal to adopt another form of trade. This making merchandise of myself saved me from discovery, when the officer came on board to search for natives of the island. After setting sail, I came on deck to cast a farewell glance at my ruined home. I could see nothing erect over our abode in the distance, except the Cypress tree standing in sepulchral solitude. The conglomeration of dark ruins like the chaos of Paradise displayed to the mind, with startling emphasis, the fall of man. There was the garden of peace and love invaded by the Asiatic serpents of barbarism. The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil proved of bitter taste to the giver as well as the recipient. Scio like a fair Eve was treacherously seduced by Moslem duplicity to obey tyrannical mandates; but like the serpent so the Sublime

Porte is equally bruised by man, and ere long will be permitted to trouble the nations no longer. The wind freshened and snatched us violently from a sight which raised a tempest of sympathy in every Christian beholder. Sailing through the southern opening of the straits of Scio we neared Samos, passed Icaria and made for Syra. A contrary wind arose while we were in the open sea, and forced us to tack towards Paros. The waves ran high and violent. Neptune the earth-shaking deity showed his ability to toss our vessel at his will. For the first time, I had launched forth upon life with nothing from my parents but their blessing; and when I was cast about by the merciless billow, I really felt that I had been thrown upon my own resources. The wintry air and the chilling wave invaded our bark. The cabin was full of rich passengers from the Black Sea, and the deck of second-hand mortals, refugees and runaway slaves. Take notice, reader, that the latter were not melanchropes. Christopher hearing the passengers converse freely about the triumph of modern Greek freedom, buried his grief in the enthusiasm of the moment. But the hour has arrived for retirement to our berths. The first class coming from the regions of the Golden Fleece were like a happy flock in their comfortable fold below with the youthful Bacchus in their arms. The second order including Christopher herded together on deck and made pillows of one another. Pillowing a bull-headed boor of Trebizond who snored like a Charybdis, Christopher surrendered him to another's ribs and strolled the deck to find a more convenient and quiet place of repose. Stumbling over a barrel at the prow, he drew his capote around him and entered the cask. Shielded in this manner, he resisted the heavy tread of the rushing mariners. Diogenes could roll his tub at Athens, in her days of glory, but poor Christopher, turned

and lashed by the waves, was driven to foreign shores without the hope of revisiting his dear native Scio.

When morning broke, Scio was no longer visible; the harbor of Paros received us into its quiet bosom; we landed and touching the independent shore, thanked God that Greece had some traces of liberty left unpolled by tyranny. The fear of the Armada kept the Parians in constant agitation. This island which once defied the Athenians was now trembling, at the mere story of Scio's wrongs. As a peaceful, unwarlike and industrious community, they learned the fate of their sister isle with horror, and anxiously watched the sea whenever the breath of Boreas blew from the bleak and merciless regions of the Sublime Porte. A large body of gigantic Cretans, with their long rifles had come to defend them. When I beheld those descendants of the Titans, I felt more secure. The citizens thronged about us with great earnestness, inquiring about the particulars of the massacre of the Chians. Learning to what family I belonged, a Parian informed me that one of my aunts, Lula, was in town. At the massacre on Melæna Promontory, she had fled to the water, where she was seized by an Ipsarian mariner in a small boat, rescued from the scimitar and brought to Paros. While I was planning to greet a kindred exile, Lula embraced me and burst into a paroxysm of tears. "Alas!" said she, "my husband remained on the mountains of our native isle, unable, through sickness, to follow me, and I know not if the Turks or the vultures have triumphed over him." The disconsolate condition of my beloved aunt made exile doubly bitter. After receiving a few presents, and her more valuable blessing, I re-embarked for Syra. A short voyage brought us within the ample harbor of Hermopolis, the new city, founded by Chian, Ipsarian, and other refugees from Turkish cruelty.

My appearance in this place, was a thrilling epoch in my history. Leveled to complete destitution, I cast my eye upon the various employments of my comrades in misfortune. The want of capital confined enterprise to the most insignificant stock. Not being disciplined to perform the duties of a common laborer, I selected *peddling* as the starting point of commercial exertion. Americans need not imagine two trunks swung over the shoulder, like foot-pedlars of their own country, nor a furious team rattling along like those of the Connecticut tin pedlars. Nothing but water, the pure stream of life and vigor was my capital. Nature allowed me to receive it without money and without price. Hermopolis is a thirsty place; deriving its means of refreshment entirely from a spring about a mile distant. Shouldering my earthen jar, I promenaded with alacrity to the fountain (called Pege) and after a fatiguing march returned to the city to find purchasers. Almost every one had engaged their supplies from other persons, and I spent so long a time in finding customers, that the water became warm and unpalatable, To buy snow to cool it would take off all the profit. In the midst of my perplexity, a venerable dame reduced by war to the same profession proposed to take me into her company, and give me a share of her numerous patrons. This was a grand opening to juvenile efforts, and revealed a prospect of reaching a respectable rank of industry. I became as active as a small aqueduct, and inundated many families with refreshment and inspiration. The modest jar uncorked itself with business-like dispatch and graced the decanter, the glass, and the pitcher of the highest mansions of the city, with a pure unrivalled wave. Wherever it passed, many beautiful lips were smacking in fond anticipation of its contents. Smiles were bestowed on the poor pedlar, and many a kind

word consoled his toil and privation ! Ambition taught him to aspire to rise still higher in the world, not in the grades of political distinction, but in the daily walks of his vocation. His intention was to get above the heads of the commercial portion of the community. Aiming at the stars, he saw the pyramidal, and precipitous height of the old town of Syra, and formed a resolution to mount up thither and look after patrons among the Romish natives who formed the majority at this locality. The journey was tedious, but he trudged along with his old jar on his shoulder and kept his eye on the walls and balconies of the gaol of glory, overcoming every fatigue in the rough ascent, and exhibiting an alacrity and a facility, which might put to the blush those indolent dreamers who exclaim

“ Oh, who can tell, how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar ! ”

Reaching the pyramidal eminence, he looked down upon Hermopolis, and viewed the swarms of citizens roaming like ants in search of support, in the winter of the nation's discontent. He eyed the harbour, where ships of all nations were congregated, and then raising his vision, greeted the surrounding Cyclades, standing about him in green array. A fresh breeze blew about this peak, and conferred a salubrious atmosphere upon the habitations and streets of these upper regions. But the appearance of things was more airy than busy ; the Latin lassies paraded the streets, and flourished at the windows, but little smacking of lips was heard. On seeing the variety of airs, prevalent in this aristocratic resort, he despaired of making any sales there, and returned to his former patrons. A new idea entered his head to frame a distich or two to announce his vocation with song. Necessity makes inventions, and the verse

which he composed, to extol his beverage, was soon ready to appear before the public. One languishing sultry afternoon thrilling at the prospect of speculation, he sallied forth, armed with a jar on the right hand, and a glass on the left singing the following lines, which we translate :

“ Water, water, from the fount !
Snowy from the cloud-capt mount !
Maidens, cool your hearts of love
With drink distilled from heaven above.
Quench your thirsting lips I pray,
Take a draught, and mind to pay.
May the Virgin shower on you
Prosperity’s reviving dew !”

The echo of this couplet awakened the attention of the whole community, and the loud and shrill tone of the adventurer gave the market quite a start. Competition was alive in the water business, but who could rival the Chian exile aided by the swan-like notes of the dying innocence of his motherland. The hearts of all were touched with admiration and benevolence. The highest professors of the water department were almost frantic with perplexity, supposing that they would lose all their custom. Conspiracies were formed to waylay the successful competitor, and break his jar. On going to the fountain one day, not suspecting any ambush, he filled his jar, and jogged along in fond anticipations of profit, counting his paras before they were paid. The jar was resting on his shoulder in short-lived tranquility, for on entering the suburbs, an opponent in disguise drew a sling with unerring precision, and darted a stone which dashed his poor jar in pieces, poured the water down his neck, and left nothing but the handle adhering to his fingers. This made the poetic adventurer change his

tone, hush his music, and immersed in the tide of his earthly prospects to lay himself up to dry in the sun. Swimming in grief, he uttered audible lamentation, and clung to the green robe of nature for succor. In this disconsolate plight, he was started from his despondent attitude, by the gentle tones of a silver-haired, grief-worn exile of Scio, once a revered member of her magistracy. Alas! how altered were our destinies, both reduced to the same state of privation, the sage and his pupil struggling through the lowest means of life, to support their suffering frame. I recalled the days when his features glowed with peaceful joy from his opulent mansion, blessing with happiness a host of grateful relatives who invoked the favour of Heaven upon the brow of the noble-hearted Zygomalas. The thunders of Moslem injustice invaded his abode, and he fled to a cave accompanied with other fugitives from the great massacre. His relatives were surprised in their subterranean retreat, by the murderers, while he was absent to obtain his valise full of money, buried in the ground. On his way with his servant, he was pursued by the Turks, and forced to abandon the treasure. While the avaricious invaders were taking possession of the spoil, he escaped. The valise contained gold and silver coin to the amount of about 20,000 piastres. Rescued by Admiral Tombases, he was brought to Syra, the principal asylum of the few surviving Chians. A merchant, pitying his utter destitution, allowed him a stand in front of his store, to open a small trade. Since that time he had been in the fish line, selling mackerel, anchovy, and other kinds according to the prevailing taste of the public. Having been a friend of my father, he took compassion on my misery, and employed me as an associate in his toil. His infirmity tied him to a stationary traffic, but my activity gave him a wider scope, and started customers in the re-

motest street. Like a Tartar, I ran from house to house, winging the fame of our assortment, and turning a penny or para in every method imaginable, putting in practice the precepts of Franklin, and demonstrating that "time is money." Disregarding all luxury, I was taught by experience, that "a penny saved is a penny gained." Feeling a deep love of learning, Christopher looked upon money as means of mental and moral benefit, snatched by the miners from the bosom of nature, to beam its white and yellow brilliancy upon the soul. He spared his profits, and soon found means to embark anew upon that sea of life, the transparent Ægean. A voyage to Nauplion, which the valiant Staïkos had taken not long before, excited the most enthusiastic joy, requiting his expenses with more than an equivalent. He embarked upon a sloop which was brim-full of passengers. Among them was a bold restless son of the mountains of Epirus, a daring Suliote, who feared neither war nor tempest. The raging billows embraced us frequently, during our hours of repose, and left us dripping, with their salt caress. While we were ranging in darkness, a pirate boat was observed approaching. The Suliote, far from being daunted, rushed upon the prow, holding his rifle ready for a discharge. He was the only armed man on deck, but by a stratagem, he determined to keep the pirates at bay. Although we had no cannon, he shouted to his men to point the cannon, and fire it into the invading boat. The obscurity of the evening favoured the *ruse*. He snatched his rifle, told them to keep off, then fired, and killed one of the pirates. Calling in great precipitancy for his men to prepare themselves for conflict, he struck the pirates with dread and caused them to retire.

CHAPTER VIII.

VOYAGE TO NAUPLION AND MEETING WITH AMERICAN
RELIEF AGENTS.

AFTER this escape, we entered the Gulf of Argolis, and reached Nauplion in safety. The bold promontory on which the city stands is almost buried in fortifications. The whole city is surrounded by a wall and commanded by the Palameda (the castle) which crowns the lofty rock with impregnable strength. This powerful position sheltered the flower of the Grecian communities and defied the united assaults of Egypt and Turkey. The loss of Nauplion, sustained by the Porte, sealed the revolutionary success. Here was the great point of shelter to fugitives from the bloody fields of massacre. My occupation now took a wider range. The overthrow of the entire army of Drama Ali left the coast and the mountains clear. In my rambles to Argos, I saw the bones of the invaders bleaching unburied. A companion of mine showed me the ruins of his house where his relatives were murdered without reference to age, sex, or condition. The vengeance of the Greeks sacrificed its victims on the rock and the plain, where I wandered, viewing the traces of their victories. The passes of Corinth were covered with Turkish bones. Tripolitza, the conquest of Colorotrones, bore testimony to the boldness of the first brilliant onset of the revolutionists. Not only the fields and heaps of Mussulman bones, but the spoils of victory, the Asiatic camels, the Arab steeds, and all the

splendid weapons of Moslem prowess displayed the matchless bravery of the conquerors. The contrast of such triumphant associations with those terrible scenes of massacre which I had witnessed on my native island, was inspiring and consoling. If Scio has perished, Greece lives, and bids defiance to the same barbarians which had made Europe tremble and pay tribute. Such reflections destroyed much of my grief and despondency.

The strength of Nauplion's lofty wall was an inducement to retain me there during all the dangers of revolutionary conflict. Here for four years, in the very heat of our struggle, I carried on my peaceful business, with little annoyance. From 1822 to 1825, the face of Greece was undergoing perpetual changes. Crete and Cassos suffered unsparing cruelty and devastation; Macedonia was almost depopulated; Smyrna and Constantinople were bathed in gore; the innocent Cydonia, near Troy, was devoted to massacre and conflagration; and Ipsara, the Thermopylæ of the Ægean, the birth-place of the great Canaris, the leader of the fire-ships, was a red monument coloured by the veins of the victors and the vanquished, hurled to death in one dread explosion.

But the points which the Sultan had assailed (excepting Ipsara) were abodes of unarmed and generally peaceful communities. Instead of attacking the foe, the Musulman singled out the most helpless and delicate beings, devoting even the little infants and their mothers to the scimitar. The world learned by experience that the modern Turks had not improved by their contact with Christendom. Instead of making advances, they perpetrated crimes of which their slaves would blush to be guilty. Murder, sacrilege, rapine and devastation, those demons of depravity, inspired

the followers of the Prophet with dark designs more heinous and unnatural than mere man could contrive.

The complaint of the European plenipotentiaries, against barbarity and ruin, reduced the Sultan Mahmoud to an unparalleled artifice. Being aware that they would not be satisfied with mere promises of improvement, he pursued a headlong course to make a display of pretensions to amelioration. Discipline on the European plan was introduced to patronise the talent of Christian adventurers, who flocked about his throne to enlist in his cause. The immense number of foreigners in the Turkish army and fleet acted as a kind of illusive phantom of change veiling the turpitude of the intention in a Frank uniform. The Pashalik of Egypt felt a French atmosphere. The protruding eye-balls of the ugly-shaped Egyptians glared from beneath a plain Fes, and their uniform otherwise aped a French fashion. These descendants of the Pharoahs, with unexampled effrontery, landed on Greece, professing unblushingly their object of colonising the Peloponnesus. Such an emigration from Egypt displays the greatest failure in all the schemes of modern colonization. Their arrival was a curse to the country wherever they proceeded. The mountains trembled at their approach, and the habitations of man and the haunts of the beast were desolate. Trees were torn up by their roots, and the innocent gardeners, farmers, and peasants were roasted alive in the blaze of their own trophies of industry. Such was the colony sent by Mehemed Ali to please, flatter, and appease the Christians! Was there ever such a curse inflicted on mankind, on nature, on the animal kingdom, on cultivation, and every attribute and department of existence? It seemed that the Seven Plagues of Egypt had been invited to Greece, by the European followers of the doctrines of Moses.

Ibrahim Pasha corroborating the destructive professions of his fellow emigrants promised to carry to the sultan the ashes of the Morea. His idea of colonization acted like corrosive sublimate and oil of vitriol on the bosom of nature and art. Europe allowed the Sublime Porte to pursue this ridiculously horrible process of what she falsely called "regular warfare carried on by disciplined troops." Let us look at the deeds of the warriors, and observe the practice of their principles.

The progress of the Egyptians through the Morea was like a tongue of flame obliterating every vestige of civilization. I was at Argos when the thunders of the advancing squadrons resounded like some distant cataract of death. Before I could reach Nauplion, the tide, hurled along on the winged rapidity of Arab steeds, fell upon my devoted head. Companies of peasants were slaughtered without mercy; the cry was, "Down with the infidels!" and I felt my destiny approaching. Chance saved me almost miraculously from their hands. The sortie of the Greek army from Nauplion drove the invaders away and restored peace to that portion of the territory.

I shall never forget the epoch of the fall of Mesolonghi, that city associated with the immortal names of Byron and Marco Bozzaris. A portion of the famishing garrison cut its escape through the Albanians, Janissaries, Egyptians and Turks. The other portion remained and blew themselves up with their assailants. Those who fled, crossed the gulf of Corinth, traversed the Arcadian mountains and arrived at Nauplion. They came to announce that Mesolonghi was a heap of ruins. But this process of destruction, instead of subduing the Greeks, only rendered them still more determined to prosecute the war. The demolished walls of Mesolonghi were no obstacle to liberty, as long as

a breast remained to defend her cause. The destitute fugitives from Mesolonghi, all bathed in blood and tears, excited sympathy and practical love.

The Musulmans directed their audacious legions against the indomitable fastnesses of Sparta, and vainly endeavored to overthrow the descendants of Leonidas.

It is curious to notice that the passage of the Turks was assisted by the privations which the Greeks endured, or by treachery. Mesolonghi was deserted by its defenders, merely from want of provisions. Ipsara was betrayed into the hands of the Musulmans, by the Albanians whom she had enlisted in her service, as mercenaries forming a body of two thousand men under their Captain Cotas. Among the Albanians, it is fashionable to adapt the religious creed to circumstances. The Albanians hired by Ipsara professed at first to be of the Greek religion, but when they saw fit to turn traitors, they declared themselves Musulmans.

The refugees from the tortures of Egyptian regulars flocked on all sides to the remaining fortresses, cities and islands, which had not been destroyed. Nauplion, the palladium of modern Greece, received the largest number of sufferers. From the remotest antiquity, Greece had never been a subject of such terrible convulsions as at this late period, when the whole resources of the Ottoman Empire were brought to bear upon one small point. European skill and science entered the Turkish ranks and fought for the crescent. The starving Greeks showed that, with a proper supply of provisions, they could defend any post whatever. This promising reflection awakened Europe to sympathy, and active benevolence. Poets and orators gave their minds to the Grecian cause, and directed the people to bestow that encouragement to liberty which monarchs refused, England and France sent supplies of food to the sufferers,

and saved many from death. The Pope exhibited that generous charity which St. Paul has recommended to the Christians of all sects and creeds. Many vessels (trabacula) by his orders, wafted from Italy, a supply of bread for the country whence she received her laws, arts and sciences. Such was the forgetfulness of sectarian hatred that many a noble member of the Romish Church came to battle for the free. The scowl retired from the brow of Christendom when the beams of charity gleamed from her face and gratified the two other graces, faith and hope. We could well exclaim with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, "Faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the *greatest* of them is charity." For the first time, since the schism of the churches, it seemed that the shade of primitive Christianity had arisen to break the bonds of the thousand years of satan's triumph, and prevent that champion of discord from disturbing the Church any more. God grant that henceforth the ministers of the Sultan's wrath may be kept in awe by the united powers of Christendom.

Louis, king of Bavaria, was a signal helper of the cause of Grecian freedom, through the provisions which he despatched to the relief of a people from which he claims descent. His son Otho, the present king of Greece, traces his pedigree back to the royal family of Palaeologus. This deduction of his genealogy from that lofty source has been sanctioned and rendered valuable by the noble sacrifices which he has made to the name. France, also remembering the colonization and civilization of Marseilles by Ionians, has not been recreant to the Grecian blood with which her veins have been entrusted. Corsica, that island which, as Rousseau predicted, would one day astonish the world, gave birth to Napoleon Bonaparte, a descendant of the

exiled Spartans who fled to Corsica from Moslem persecution, and partially colonized the island, which had anciently been entirely peopled by Greeks. The Greek Spartan name Calomeros translated into Italian becomes Bonaparte, an appellation given only to descendants from the Greeks in Italy. Soutzos, the most celebrated poet of modern Greece, traces this genealogy by indications which appear irrefutable. But the pride of blood should not be the only inspiration to charity. England, without any boast of pedigree, proclaimed herself the fellow-citizen of the genius that first caught refinement from the bosom of the mother of good taste.

AMERICAN SUPPLIES.

The sparks of European benevolence were hot with cheering rays, when a meteoric stream of democratic friendship shot up from the western horizon, enlivening the prospect with the saving glow of American freedom. This last but best acknowledgment of esteem was least expected and most nobly dispensed. Previously, the writings of our great Coray had excited our admiration for America, but we had cherished no hope of succour from a land existing "farther west than our sires' islands of the blest." States and towns, whose names and existence we had never heard of, sent many a token of peaceful attachment across the boisterous wave.

In the midst of these approximations and coincidences of the American and Greek spirit, the writer of this sketch was at Nauplion. Thrilling, with enthusiasm, at the name of America, he sought every opportunity to see one of her sons. Hearing that Dr. Howe, first surgeon of the Greek fleet and afterwards American relief agent, was anxious to obtain a Greek lad to accompany him to America, I obtain-

ed a recommendation to this philanthropist, through Dr. Glarakes then Secretary of the state, and Mrs. Zenu Damala, both of Scio. My parents were not unknown to them. Dr. Howe took with him the boy of Scio. Wherever his course was directed Christopher felt proud of acknowledging as patron, a practical admirer of Solon and Lycurgus. Formerly, as a poor slave to save his life he had filled the Tchibouk (pipe) of the terrible Mustapha, already mentioned, but now he served a countryman of Washington that he may take him to America for the cultivation of his mind.

Following the fashion of the place, my patron adopted the Suliote costume, and thus brought his dress as well as spirit, to almost perfect identity with the Greek. Casting off the Chian costume I assumed the warlike Albanian, and put a pair of pistols in my belt. My office began to present a manifold appearance. I formed Dr. Howe's entire suit of attendants in my own person, and as he was regarded as a *Prince*; the honor which I gained by the association was co-extensive with the number of my titles. I was Pipe-bearer, Body guard, Cook and Treasurer! The origin of this multiform dignity of mine must be looked for in the nature of our mode of life. We were nomades. We could not be stationary. We were obliged to be prepared to move or halt at a moment's warning. On the plain or mountain, by ship or by shore, wherever evening overtook us, there we pitched our tent. No superfluous furniture, no ponderous kettles, no trunks nor *bandboxes* impeded our course. Like the ancient heroes of the Iliad, we carried house and home about us, and found a lodgment in the wilderness or on the deep with equal facility. Like the Jews of antiquity we took up our bed and walked. All the contrivances of the various wandering tribes, every suggestion of a roving career, and the whole body of the machina-

tions of Indians, Gypsies, and Bedouins were put in requisition to render the dispatch of our daily peregrinations as unhindered as possible. This kind of existence was fashionable at that time in Greece, on account of the disagreeable annoyance, occasioned by the appearance of the hostile force of Turks, Egyptians and Albanians, ranging at large, like a herd of fire-breathing monsters or chimeras. The glittering of the scimitar was our signal of departure, and we left the soldiers fighting while we hastened to distribute relief to the suffering families.

At a place called the Mills, at the head of the Argolic Gulf, near the spot where Hercules killed the Lernean Hydra, not far from Nauplion, we distributed the American supplies and received the thanks of starving fugitives from various parts of continental Greece. The unhappy sufferers were numbered and apportioned. It was pitiful to see families once rich and fair now reduced to distress and famine. Some had succeeded in erecting wigwams; others endured the open sun and the night dews and felt themselves perishing from hour to hour. The American flour seemed like Manna sent from Heaven to revive the believers in the God of the Hebrews. The American cloth formed the drapery of some, who would have been in need of a shroud, had their hunger not been relieved by transatlantic food. The boxes of clothing often contained garments in the American costume, and it was tragi-comical to see the fantastic gusto of their mode of wearing it. The adjustment of pantaloons and vest, formed a comedy in view of the terrible warlike tragedy acted on the same spot.

In the midst of our occupation, we heard the sound of a distant cannonade. "To arms, to arms," became the cry, and all stood prepared to defend their position to the last gasp. To retire to Nauplion, would be folly, while the

Egyptian Regulars were at our heels. Dr. Howe and Col. Miller, of Washington's country, went shoulder to shoulder with the Greek, and taught them that the children of Democracy are one and indivisible wherever they go. The frightful, ghastly, and monstrous ferocity, and tiger-like blood thirstiness of the modern sons of Pharaoh, required no Red Sea to stop their career, but when they attempted to assail the Mills, they were overwhelmed in the wave of their blood. In vain did the thunders of French tactics, and European gunnery, seek to penetrate the place where two or three sons of Columbia were gathered together. The oppressors fled, scattered like sand in a Simoon. Col. Miller led a band of Suliotes, and marched through the flying sand, raised by the hostile cannon-ball, shouting to his men to strike on. (*Βαρεῖτε varreetay*). On the open fields, the few met the many and put them to the route. The names of Dr. Howe and Col. Miller, associated with such a brilliant action, need no flourish of my feeble pen, since a memento of their worth is impressed upon the heart of the Greek nation. After the battle, Dr. Howe made himself doubly useful, by bestowing surgical care upon the wounded.

Let us hasten from this dreadful scene of triumphant bravery, and cast a glance at the progress of American benevolence. We embarked for Spezzia, an island near the mouth of the Gulf. On our way we saw the American built frigate *Hellas*, (Greece), called while in America, the *Hope*. The sight of this costly, but useful naval giant, gave positive assurance of the consolidation of Grecian Freedom. The solid oak-branches of Liberty's Tree, had returned from their western elysium back to

“Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree.”

Arriving at Spezzia, we distributed supplies to the widows whose husbands had been officers and sailors on the Gre-

cian fleets, and perished in the unequal strife. Spezzia and Hydra held out, after their sister Ipsara had fallen. Canaris, exiled from his native Ipsara, still displayed his skill and intrepidity in assaulting the Ottoman fleet, with his fire-ships. The Hydriote Miaulis, Tombasis, Sacturis, and Conduriottis, were distinguished for their patriotism. The treasures of Conduriottis supported the fleet for years. In quitting Spezzia, the birth-place of the heroine Bubulena, we sailed between the main land and Hydra, that indomitable Hydra, which spread terror on the whole Ottoman coast. The city made a beautiful appearance. The magnificent mansions were perched in lofty positions, on the rocks and peaks of the precipitous coast, rising like an Amphitheatre of Liberty impregnable, and immortal. This city was the only rival, in point of wealth and splendour, that Scio acknowledged among the Grecian communities. The white granite and marble of the princely residences, glittered in the sun beams, and betokened the opulence of the keystone of this modern Arch of State. The privileges gained by the Russian treaties with the Porte, during the preceding century, and the trade in forcing the English blockades of Spain, during the present, had contributed to render this island-rock a mine fertile in the veins of national improvement and independence.

Passing beyond Hydra, we sailed to Poros, where most of the Hydriote vessels were generally moored. The Poriotés, Hydriotes, and Spetziotes, are descended from the Greek Albanians of Epirus, and speak their language. Here we met Col. Miller, the gallant Green Mountain boy, who gave us a cordial reception. Athens, having been deserted by the famishing garrison, their gallant French commander, Col. Fabvier, conducted them to Ægina and Poros.

The countryman of Lafayette, arriving at our quarters, was gratified in witnessing the labours of American Philhellenism. His heart beat in response to the noble relief distributed to the orphans and widows of that place that gave the Athenians of old an hospitable reception when they fled from Athens. The Americans invited him and his officers to a social party, where they discussed the progress of the Revolution, and revived many national reminiscences. A song was proposed. First, the Marseilles hymn excited calm solemnity; next the Ode of Rhigas, the Thesalian, started enthusiasm; and then we all turned an-eye on the Americans for their song. A breathless pause ensued, when suddenly we were thrown into a paroxysm of jollity by the irresistible Yankee Doodle, accompanied by stamps, which shook the dwelling, and inspired the citizens without.

Col. Miller, in his Suliote costume, sang his national air with energy, and left an association of his personal worth with the spirit of poetry, the hero's meed.

Leaving Poros, we sailed to Ægina, a small isle in the Saronic Gulf, which gave birth to King Æacos who holds the keys of Hades. There we landed, and met the starving Athenian fugitives. Standing there, they looked eastward, and saw their beloved Acropolis, occupied by the Turks, who had rehoisted the bloody Crescent upon the lofty Parthenon. The only consolation left was the association of the flight of the ancient Athenians to Salamis, which lay north of this point. Alas! how altered from those glorious days of yore is the state of the present Athenians, when flight was the forerunner of victory. In those former times, Europe was saved by the Athenians from being overrun by the Persians; but at this modern period, they were obliged to remain at Ægina, without the means of existence, except by

foreign philanthropy. At this critical juncture, they met the good-natured gaze of the American agents of relief, who cast a sunshine in the hearts of despondent freemen. The smile of the re-invigorated children of Athens beamed with hope upon the gloomy prospect. The land and the sea were shaking with the conflicts between Kuitaheé and Karaiskákis. The Athenians, on Ægina, glanced, at the flushes of the battle squadrons, around the shrine of Minerva, and panted for the recovery of their ancestral home. The temple of Pallas assumed a brilliancy from the past, while upon this isle the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, shaken by the thunderbolts of Mars, echoed from the opposite coast, and announced the proximity of the deliverance of the classic soil. Supplies were immediately distributed to the suffering Athenian and other families. In order to render relief more advantageous, the men were paid from the American charities, as labourers in constructing a wharf, at the principal port, which they named Howe's wharf, in commemoration of the event.

By this time I began to lose *my titles*; the first loss occurred since our departure from the isle of Poros. Dr. Howe took into his service Panages, a Suliote remnant of the band of Marco Bozzaris, and instituted him *pipe-bearer and body-guard*.

My titles were now diminished to cook and treasurer.

Our next voyage ended at Syra, the birth place of Simonides, where I had started upon my career, checkered with vicissitudes. Imagine the feelings of poor Christopher, in landing at the city, where he had followed the humble profession of a water-pedlar and mackerel dealer. A thousand ludicrous reminiscences crowded into his mind. There was the identical old stand, where he had dispensed the cooling beverage to the burning lips of beauty and pride.

He remembered the ludicrous attitude of those who were permitted to drink as much as they could, for one para, (one seventh of a cent.) Such twistings of the abdomen and swellings of the chest, made to obtain the money's worth, returned to his recollection, and excited inward laughter. In the suburbs, he saw the remains of the identical jar, shivered to pieces by the sling of the envious competitor. What a change had come over the sufferer of that outrage! Who would now dare insult Christopher under the wing of the *American prince* (as Dr. Howe was often called)? The time which I had formerly spent in rinsing my tumbler, was now devoted to the lustre of my rifle-pistols, which occasion required to be always loaded. Report identified me, to my former rivals, and excited their wonder at the remarkable improvement, of which their profession was capable. Of course, I patronized, in a friendly manner, my associates in misfortune, and made my visit to Hermopolis rich with gratification. The venerable Zygomalàs, who had been so kind to me, in former days, had been blessed by the unseen hand of Providence. Through the assistance of a rich son, at Trieste, he established a commercial house at Hermopolis, and ransomed two of his daughters from Turkish slavery. His gray hairs shone with a silver lustre of returning content, and nothing but a sigh for his Chian birthplace disturbed his joy.

Food and clothing were distributed to a motley mass of the destitute. It seemed that the coast of Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean had sent their respective tokens of suffering from every city, mountain and vale. Cydonians, Ipsarians. Chians, Smyrniotes and others entered upon Syra, and by their industry raised Hermopolis to its present condition, as the emporium of Greece.

From Syra, we sailed to Paros, the Marble island. My

aunt Lula, whom I had met there on a preceding voyage, was no longer present to renew the pulsations of my sorrow. Since that time, the Cretan refugees had eaten the Parians almost out of house and home. They ruled the community with their formidable rifles, and assured the authority of Minos with force as well as law. On seeing us arrive, some of the gigantic warriors, thinking that they had a better right to relief than their protégés, demanded the supplies, and prepared to carry them off. This lowering aspect of a few hot-headed young men, reduced by want to desperation, had no effect in daunting the Americans. Dr. Howe replied that they would be considered in their turn, and adequately relieved, after the other refugees had been supplied; he added that the supplies were not for warriors, but for suffering families. This firm retort satisfied them, and they remained quiet till their families received the attention of American charity.

A few hours' passage, by sea, brought us to circular Naxos, the first flower of the Cyclades and the favourite isle of romantic Byron. Here we found fugitives from Asia, Scio, Crete and other places. A familiar rencontre created a pleasant association with this happy and peaceful abode. Whom should I meet there, but my brother Stephanos raised from his misfortunes to an official post over the regulars at Naxos. We sweetened our exile-cup with a few tears of joy, and prepared to separate. The ship set sail with a new passenger, George Finlay, Esq., a distinguished English Philhellen, a scholar and a man of wealth. After touching at various places, roving about like the good Samaritan, our ship reached Monembasia, a fortified city, on the southeastern side of the Peloponnesus. Sparta is not far from this place. Here we found refugees from the cruelty of Ibrahim Pasha, continually flocking in from the

mountains, to this impregnable station. The sufferers were of a two-fold nature, the hungry and the wounded. The healing influence of Dr. Howe left its impress on many a brave arm which had been arrested in its glory by overwhelming numbers and by famine. Here we saw the Bey of Maina (king of Sparta) at an audience, with which we were favoured. His venerable beard descended upon his bosom, and he emphatically called the Americans his sons, and expressed his gratitude for their sympathy to his suffering subjects.

Christopher's fate began to undergo as many phases as the Turkish Crescent. But the chief difference was that the moon was on her last phase, and he was on his second. This obscure allusion requires the moonshine of a sober explanation. One of Africa's sable daughters came like a cloud across his orbit, and eclipsed one of his titles, namely that of cook. Thus the negress left him with two titles, namely, that of the treasurer and steward. She had been captured by the Greeks in the city of Tripolitsa, and afterwards baptized, christened and received into the Greek Church, according to her desire. The doctor employed her for the ship, and found her to be an excellent hand in making bread with the American flour. Her taste partook of the Turkish and Greek, in table matters, and her skill was not unappreciated. She was a well-formed woman, and of a virtuous character. From Monembasia, we sailed to Nauplion, where we were pained, on arriving, to learn the discord between Grivas, the commander of the lofty Palamedea, and Photomáras, a venerable Suliote chief, who held the fortress of the Ootscally. After a few days, in the midst of civil commotions, we hastened from the thunders of Greek meeting Greek, and returned to Poros, the point

↓ Aug 5, 1827

from which we had first started on the relief voyage. A brig, laden with provisions, clothing and drugs, arrived from America. A comico-tragic scene followed upon shore, when the distributions commenced. Stout warriors threw off their ragged flowing tunics, and arrayed themselves in tights. The transformation was instantaneous and farcical, attended with laughter and jesting. Some were ambitious of Americanizing the whole dress; others mingled the Greek and American attire together. Some wore their caps to keep their hats from falling off; others wore the pants for drawers, and the Greek tunic over them. Some wore the vest without the girdle; others preferred to gird all their habiliments without the aid of suspenders. The men had sober things to deal with, compared with the amusement of the women. The tight corsets and the Bishop's sleeves sent to them from the American ladies' associations, excited reiterated peals of laughter. For convenience's sake, and to save cloth, some used the sleeves as work bags, or shaped them into gowns for children, after unraveling the pucker and the plait.

Accompanying this vessel, arrived Dr. Russ, of New York. This distinguished Philhellen, as disinterested as he was skilful, opened and superintended a hospital at Poros. The cures which he effected upon the wounded soldiers, are tokens of the esteem which he elicits from the heart of every true Greek. I remember particularly two soldiers arriving to his care, and bringing the news of the victory of Navarino. They belonged to the body of Greek sailors forced on board the ships of Egypt and the Porte. When the fleet was overthrown, they escaped wounded by the explosion of the powder magazine. Arriving at Poros, they seemed to have stepped upon the platform of liberty, and rested their

aching frames upon the arms of the philanthropist of America. The association of Dr. Russ, with this period, presents the coincidence of European alliance and American friendship and relief.

Mr. Stuyvesant, of New York, distinguished by his persevering benevolence, even to the present moment, unites his name with many a Grecian heart. Such men left the circles of opulence and learning, braved the perils of the ocean, and gained that respect and love which every grateful Greek entertains for America.

During these events Lord Cochrane visited Poros, having the frigate *Hellas* under his command. His gigantic stature and his red hair made an impression, associated with English prowess, wandering to the classic soil on a pilgrimage of martial pomp, to pay homage to the shades of Leonidas and Themistocles, and to draw examples from Bozzaris and Canaris.

The victory at Navarino, by the allied powers of England, France and Russia sealed Grecian freedom in the blood of five thousand Egyptians and Turks. Navarino is the Salamis of regenerated Greece. The French troops landed and assisted the Greeks in routing the Egyptians and Turks from the whole country. In the days of Grecian glory, Gauls were exterminated on the same spot where their descendants now came to extirpate the enemies of the Greeks. This turning of the tables, in favour of law, religion and humanity by the French, displays the gratitude of that gallant and polished people for the genius which they caught from the classic shores. Would to God that nationality should continue to base itself upon community of sentiment and intellect, and no longer upon the natural boundaries which jealousy or hatred may interpose to separate the

human race into hostile armies! The events of this date show that the epoch of universal union between nations is advancing.

CHAPTER IX.

VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

ONE of the ships which had brought charitable supplies, from America, was preparing to return. Dr. Howe warned me to be ready. The very idea of visiting the glorious land of democracy buried all my sorrow on quitting home in the extacy of pleasurable anticipation. The desire of acquiring useful information had haunted me from infancy, and could be repelled by no visions of peril or suffering. The immense amount of scientific and historical lore, diffused in the English language, required a voyage to America to understand and incorporate in my own judgment. Longing after wisdom was the first passion that guided me through so many labyrinthic windings from my native isle, to foreign shores. There was no sacrifice of personal comfort, nor irksome toil, which I would not cheerfully make to obtain the privilege of gaining instruction.

Parting with friends before going abroad cost many tears, prayers, invocations to St. Nicolas and fond embraces. A few specimens of the Grecian race were snatched from the bleeding bosom of their mother and embarked on board the American ship. Three lads, Zachos, Anastakis, and Christopher, and a girl named Sappho, went forth like juvenile pilgrims to the new world, from their respective homes, Constantinople, Thebes, Megara and Scio. Under the charge of Dr. Howe and Mr. Stuyvesant they left the scenes of war and were soon under way to a land of peace.

As they sailed along, they gazed intently upon the lofty summits of Taygetus, and bade them an eternal adieu. Doubling Cape Matapan, they launched into the Ionian sea and were met by the angry gales almost forcing the ship back to Cithaera, the isle where they formerly brought Venus the goddess of beauty, from the foam of the Cyprian wave. The billows lashed our prow and stood like Tritons guarding Neptune, and hindering the children of his most faithful devotees from quitting their strand. But the American ship, fearless of the earthshaking Diety, resisted his trident and breasted the onset of the waves. The roaring of the wind and the surges, the creaking of the timbers, and the breaking of the sea over the deck, excited terror in the juvenile wanderers. The shock of some huge wave vibrated through every nerve of their frames and destroyed repose and pleasure. Sea-sickness overthrew every earthly longing and made them drown all hopes in religious resignation. Then was the time for supplications to the Virgin and all the Saints of the Greek church. They turned their eyes to the picture of the Mother of Christ, and crossed themselves, begging her interposition in their behalf, at the Mercy seat, to save them from dangers upon the great waters. In the fervency of adoration they cried aloud to her for succor, and were answered by the laughter of the hardy tars. While their hearts were flowing with emotions of piety, and their eyes were moist with tears, the sailors replied with a dry joke. Their superstition was a source of merriment to persons born beyond the influence of barbarous, cruel and ignorant Musulmans. The jocose bursts of jollity from the crew acted as useful reports of instruction, checking the tide of thoughtless worship.

Christopher had a cross, asserted to have been a bit of

the original tree to which the Saviour of mankind was nailed. He set great value upon it, supposing that salvation was derived from its possession, and christeniag it, Timion Xylon (inestimable wood). An accidental jostling from a powerful wave, while he was leaning over the bulwarks, caused it to drop overboard into the sea and float away. The loss of the Timion Xylon was felt as a great calamity; tears of repentance flowed, and he made signs of the cross in rapid succession and uttered prayers with great fervency. The sign of the Greek cross differs from that of the Romish church only by joining the thumb and two first fingers for the Trinity, during the operation, and not by the plain open hand. These varieties are regarded of thrilling consequence and are subjects of debate and frequently excite virulent hostility and even blows between these sects. The aforesaid Timion Xylon had been tested in water; was blessed by the priest, and warranted to be a *safeguard*. Imagine then, Christopher's grief at the loss; the dangers seemed to increase from that moment; the billows heaved more furiously; the sky lowered more gloomily; and in his dreams, he fancied that the angel Gabriel on horseback, had come to strangle him. Perhaps, however, this vision was only a *night-mare*, like that by which the Arabian prophet was visited, when he made his trips to his falsely styled seventh Heaven. Still all hope was not lost; every wave was not a whirlpool, nor every breeze a hurricane, as long as the portrait of St. Nicholas lay under his pillow. In times of great emergency, he ran below and tried to appease the saint with kisses, crosses, prayers and invocations. He regarded the Americans as Atheists, for their neglect of such forms, and for their contempt of such worship. Their supposed impiety had no influence to discourage

his devotion; and in the severest weather, he prayed St. Nicholas to spare the sailors; and while their thoughts were directed to reefing topsails, he fondly cherished the idea that their safety was owing to his persevering attention to sacred matters. Among the modern Greeks, St. Nicholas is considered as the heir of the domains of Neptune, and the protector of ships and seamen. Churches are erected to him on capes and seaports.

One night, a terrific storm swept the sea, and shook the ship with unwonted violence. The three Greek lads lay, all in one berth. Suddenly a mountain-surge nearly capsized the ship; tossed them into a heap and then scattered them far and wide out of their couch. Fearing a watery grave, they vociferated most obstreperously to St. Nicholas, to save them from drowning.

A furious blast came against them from that notorious Cape de Gat, of Spain, and kept the ship about its stormy neighborhood until they could not bear to look at the shore. Off Sierra Nevada, the lofty snow-capt mountain of Grenada, a chilly blast from the cavernous recesses of frost came below and made them shiver.

On reaching the great pillars of Hercules, they gazed from the distance between them, and saw beyond them, the great Atlantic panting, with heaving bosom, to receive their frail bark beneath its stormy brow. On the left arose Abyla, (Apes Hill), in Africa, black and bleak; on the right, Calpe, (Gibraltar Rock) girt with fortifications, capt by towers, and bearing a city (Gibraltar) on the side, fronting the land and the harbour. This immense fortress appears so detached from every other eminence, and so lofty, that it may be compared to a fire-breathing, Argus-eyed,

Hydra-headed monster, overlooking and commanding at once the ocean and the sea.

As they entered the harbour of Gibraltar, on Christmas day, (1827), the beautiful scenery reminded Christopher of his native Scio. Oranges, grapes and olives were purchased, and the taste of these productions awakened the emotions of his infancy. The red caps of the Spaniards, at a distance, resembling those of the Greeks, recalled the events of his life, with thrilling associations of war and peace. Some of the natives could speak Greek, and thus added a tone to the memory of the youthful wanderers. The ship remained several days in the harbour and took a supply of water, and a cargo of salt, quicksilver, and other articles. The thriving cities of Algesiras and Gibraltar, were noisy with boisterous jollity and business.

On departing from the enchanting prospect, while nature seemed rejoicing in a robe of green, in spite of winter, a solemn ceremony of human life, mingled a gloomy shade with the smile of daylight. One of the American sailors, a boy, having died of illness, was thrown overboard in the harbour. The ship soon entered the straits and rode forth upon the vast expanse of the Atlantic. The beautiful city of Zariffa was the last view of human life which could be telescoped, and when the heights of Trafalgar and Sparte vanished, the broad Ocean commanded the prospect, and sent his billows leaping from the far horizon, and his breath of wintry chills to hinder the progress of the adventurous bark. The spirit of tempest awoke with increased fury, threw the spray over the ship, without warning or ceremony. The Gulf Stream raised a host of clouds above, and resisted us with a double current, deluging the deck and hindering the keel. The monsters of the deep thronged in all directions, ranging freely in apparent contempt of

our slowness. Several whales sported with the towering billows, and made their playful defiance of the raging elements contrast with the feeble and retarded efforts of frail man. In after voyages, I have not seen at once, so many wonders in the great waters.

For several days, little could be eaten by the Greek wanderers, while terror kept appetite at bay. Finally, the concentrated hunger of many fasts, burst forth into one wild scene of carnivorous longing. Pork was reckoned palatable, and remained constantly on demand. The ship began to assume a domestic air, with kitchen associations.

An English widow, whose husband was lost overboard during the voyage, was a passenger in the steerage with the Greek lads. Forgetful of her lost spouse, she was playful, well acquainted, and extremely odd. Her friends were objects of the most tasteful attention, for she presented them with sweet-meats, and allowed her favourites a ration of figs. Unluckily the Greek lads were set down in her mind as enemies, against whom, perpetual war was declared. Christopher, longing for a taste of the delicacies, could not be checked by neglect, but determined to pay tribute rather than lose a bite at the fruit. He offered her a shilling for two figs of Smyrna, and she agreed to the bargain. This brought on a pacification for a while, and left the political horizon clear of warlike forebodings. But her gastronomic grossness, and barbarous uncouthness, gave indications of an imminent rupture. The disgusting airs which she assumed at table, were ludicrous in the extreme. Her invasions upon cheese, and inroads upon butter, beyond the territorial boundary of propriety and equality, were a subject of loud altercation and complaint on the part of the Greek boys. It was curious to observe with how much

care, the hussy endeavoured to play knife and fork, in a lady-like manner. The insipid widow gave her fingers the most affected attitude, on eating before company, but in her private apartment, while feasting on delicacies, she exhibited the most unceremonious and uncivilized greediness. Once with his imperfect English, aided by gesticulations, Christopher instituted a comparison between her manners, public and private, and mocked her peculiarities. The lesson was salutary and followed by some improvement, yet she could not bear to be taught by a lad, and meditated revenge. While I was passing unsuspectingly in a brown study, promenading the deck, she rushed from ambush, armed with a paint brush, and making a furious onset, belabored my cheeks with an unbecoming colour. Poor Christopher retreated to his quarters meditating retaliation. The two other lads were summoned to hold a council of war concerning the course to be pursued in punishing the aggressions of the widow on the sanctity of social decency. A messenger was sent to demand the alliance of the captain, mate, and all hands. They refused the proposals, and were next required to stand as umpires of the matter. No answer but jokes and laughter was returned. They all seemed to be interested in her favour, and I despaired of justice when the captain ordered me to go below. After some hesitation, the boys laid the subject before the cabin passengers, and received unanimous encouragement; the Americans shouted "paint her face." Dr. Howe was then in another portion of the ship, writing his sketches on the Greek revolution, wholly unaware of the breaking out of hostilities between Greeks and the daughter of the mistress of the seas. The sanction of the Americans inspired the boys with ardor, and they opened a campaign immediately, on the retaliative system. After a little philosophical specula-

tion on hues and shades, we procured such tints as we thought would best throw her into undignified contrast with nature. Having armed ourselves with brushes, we loaded them, each with a different color.

It was agreed to attack the hussy while she was arranging her toilet. Zachos burning with eagerness to avenge my insulted honour, rushed forward and drew a broad streak of *blue* across her left cheek! Next Anastakis with similar impatience hurried forth and streaked her right cheek with his *black*. In the mean time, Christopher came furiously along with a large brush, and laid his red, all about her eyes and nose, and across the mouth and chin. She reared, kicked him over a chair, and ran up stairs calling for aid. Her eyes were so full of paint that she could hardly see, and was forced to shut them to avoid the pain. The laughter of the spectators was irrepressible. The mate hearing the confusion, arrived and exclaimed sarcastically, "Dear Elizabeth, what is the matter?" At his solicitation, I brought a towel, and wiped, from her eye, the cause of the pain. But this benevolent service was no sooner ended, than she treated me with the rudeness engendered by passion. I was beaten about by her most unmercifully, until I seized her by the hair and threatened to box her ears if she would not compromise. At this juncture, the black-eyed Greek girl, Sappho, appeared in a suppliant attitude and entreated me to spare the unfortunate Elizabeth. At last, after many screams and groans on both sides, and a great deal of scratching, a treaty of peace was signed by Elizabeth and Christopher in the presence of the laughing Greek and American witnesses.

The effect of this affair was highly beneficial to secure a respectful demeanour on the part of our female opponent. Her effrontery ceased, and she consented to an equal division

of *butter* and *cheese*. Whenever there was not enough of one article for all, she submitted to the alternative of casting lots. Here then we see that Mars is the god of harmony and often of equal laws.

Our captain was addicted to scolding and blasphemy. His profanity was shocking ; and the improper expressions which he used were remembered by the Greek boys, who through ignorance of their meaning, pronounced them often afterwards on shore, to the astonishment of the listeners. His severity^ε was very displeasing ; and if we appeared on deck, in stormy weather, he kicked us down the gangway. In all my recollections of the war-cries of the Turks, I found nothing so frightful as the guttural tones of the English tongue, spoken by an angry and ill-natured seaman. He seldom was in good terms with the passengers, and the misbehaved tars were often bastinadoed, a la Turque. We had been at sea sixty days and were in the midst of the ocean ; I began to think that we should never see land again. During a storm, I fell upon my knees and implored St. Nicholas to save the ship, promising a beautiful illumination to his holiness, if we reached safely the destined port. I resorted to the caboose and requested the cook to permit me to take all the tallow which he could spare from the candlesticks and allow me a portion of his stove to stand at, and make tapers in anticipation of fulfilling my vow. The favor was granted, and with a little sail-thread used as wicks I constructed a sufficient number of tapers to illuminate every part of the vessel.

Many a time despairing of ever reaching land, I repented of my voyage and called aloud to my mother.

Our fears increased, when the captain announced that the supply of water for each person would be limited to a

smaller quantity. As usual, the water-casks had very large bung-holes, into which, an hand pump was introduced, until the stated quantum was abstracted, and then said pump was locked in the Captain's closet, to prevent the passengers and crew, from diminishing the supply at will. The Greek lads lying under peculiar interdictions were oppressed for several hours with a burning thirst, which made them cry for a little water to cool their tongues. Being refused, they reached desperation, and were driven by suffering to a crafty expedient. They held a consultation and formed a conspiracy to assail a large cask near their bed. Christopher kept under his pillow a little flinjan, so called, a Turkish under-cup, which he attached to a ring, and aided by a string, dropped it into the barrel through the bung-hole, and drew it out filled with a refreshing draught. Their watchword being Colocotrones, in the mean time, one of the boys stood sentinel at the gangway, and the other at the caboose, so that if any one approached, they shouted Colocotrones, whereupon Christopher pocketed the flinjan and wiped the cask with a handkerchief. In that manner, their thirst was partially allayed, by a process more roguish than exemplary.

Their curiosity could not fathom the science of taking an observation of the sun. The aiming of the quadrant, the squinting of the eye, the reports of the degrees, and the slate calculations, all haunted their guessing faculties to discover the secret springs of navigation. One of the lads thought that magic was employed to foretell distances like that employed by Astrologers to tell fortunes.

Feeling the utmost confidence in one of the sailors at the helm, I asked him frequently how many miles remained to

reach New York. As I was unacquainted with the English language, he took his fingers, as indices, and clapped his hands together as many times as there were tens of miles in the remaining part of the voyage. At the same time the sailors anxiously watched the report, and longed for land.

The most miserable and patient being on board was a native Grecian dog, Poros, named thus from the island where we embarked. The lads made a pet of him, and cheered him over the stormy wave. The sailors also conceived an affection for Poros, and lavished so much attention upon the hapless brute that the captain, in an evil hour, declared hostility against him. The animal was terrified at his approach, and dared not resist when, for amusement, he balanced him on the rigging.

Once, in a storm, Poros was running about over the deck, and chanced to slip between the captain's heels. Whereupon enraged, he caught the animal by the tail and threw him overboard. Elizabeth was delighted to see his ruin and our sadness. The cause of her dislike was his habit of intruding into her apartment.

Dr. Howe assisted the Greek lads during the passage in reading the original New Testament and the history of America. The account of Columbus's discovery inspired them with increased anxiety to arrive. They determined like him, to kiss the soil if they should ever reach it. The sight of a few ships restored confidence, and warned them of their proximity.

After a passage of nearly three months, the chilly air off soundings began to assail them. A wintry mist surrounded them with Cimmerian darkness, like that which Ulysses met in his voyages.

“When lo! we reached old ocean’s utmost bounds,
Where rocks control his waves, with ever during mounds,
There in a lonely land and gloomy cells
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The sun ne’er views th’ uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.”

CHAPTER X.

ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

TERRIFIED by the thick fogs, the Greek boys imagined that they were about to enter the abodes of gloom and horror. In Greece, excepting Bœotia, mists are almost unknown. In the midst of unwelcome and dreary anticipations, a far more beautiful and cheering prospect than they had expected, was revealed by the dispelled mist, and almost in an instant burst upon the vision like some fairy dream. America greeted them, arrayed in a gorgeous robe of snow.

They had left the ruins of a nation, and were in view of a people just risen to commercial greatness. Every object was changed from old to new. The Greeks gazed on America in silent wonder. New York at last presented itself to their view, with her towering spires, her ships and steamboats roaming abroad, or sheltered under her wings, and all that tide of commercial prosperity, ebbing and flowing at the bidding of the mighty Hudson. The numerous and splendid monuments of art and trade made us even forgetful of what Greece had lost amid the terrific struggle for liberty.

The Greek youths raised their hands to heaven, thanked the Virgin, St. Nicholas and Christ, and prepared to perform the promise of an illumination to the patron of mariners.

The tapers were brought forward with pious reverence and ceremonious pomp in a *cigar-box*. They were then singly stationed around the vessel and lighted. The cap-

tain in utter amazement demanded what I meant. I then explained, as well as I was able, the reason of the rite, and showing them the saint's picture, I kissed it, and pronounced the name of St. Nicholas, and gesticulated in a mode to denote the protection, which he had afforded his vessel. The captain and crew excited by the association of sacred and profane ideas, gave way to noisy laughter. Zachos, my assistant in the ceremony, persevered in spite of reproach, and contributed fresh tapers to the illumination.

Before leaving the captain I informed him in a pantomimic manner rather than with English words how I had secretly obtained our supply of water. He winked like a yankee, and told me no doubt, "I'll remember you, old boy!"

On landing, the boys dressed in their national costume, jumped on the wharf, made the sign of the cross with the thumb and two first fingers, and kissed the ground, in imitation of Columbus. Hundreds of boys surrounded us and many offered us money and fruit.

Having been accustomed to see the Greek ladies wearing a slight fes (gold wrought cap), hardly covering the crown of the head, we were surprised at the extensive bonnets, cavernous and light, which surrounded the face of Broadway beauty. On inquiring their name we were answered by the term "Navarino." "Pooh," said Christopher, in his native language, "that was burnt up!"

Trudging through the snow was a tiresome novelty on foot and a pleasurable entertainment in a sleigh. The sharp cutting cold was almost intolerable.

We remained with Dr. Howe three weeks at the hospitable mansion of Peter Stuyvesant, Esq. The first English phrase which I acquired to perfection, during the cold snap, was "shut the door!" The peculiar frequency of conso-

nants in the language, combined with guttural tones, gave the most good natured speaker's voice an appearance of scolding. During my stay at Mr. Stuyvesant's, the New York girls and boys exhibited a generous sympathy for my condition, which I shall never forget. Their attentions and politeness to me, more than confirmed all that I had anticipated of the kind and noble hearted youth of America. Whenever they visited me, they lavished presents of various sorts, calculated to ensure my gratitude and love. Once while I was besieged with juvenile visiters, I cast my eye upon one American boy who resembled my brother Demetrius. Unable to restrain the emotion associated with the coincidence, and not sufficiently acquainted with English to express my mind, I burst into a fraternal greeting in my native language, rushed from my position and embraced him, bestowing kisses upon his brow. This burst of tenderness excited amazement, but in Greece this kind of salutation is universal.

At a public address on Greece, by Dr. Howe, I was delighted to witness the American philhellenism. Tears flowed from many an eye while Dr. Howe was describing the miseries of the Greeks. The three Greek boys, dressed in their native costume, were present and placed on a conspicuous place on the platform. One of the generous contributors, having dropped two hundred dollars, took by the hand Christopher, and accompanied him around the hall to receive the donations of the friends of his country. The collection was a generous index of the praiseworthy zeal and active humanity of the citizens of New York. A great sum of money was collected that night; the hat which I passed around was full of bills.

The family of Mr. Stuyvesant received the poor wander-

ers to their welcome hearth and treated them with parental attention. The remembrance of so much disinterested philanthropy inspires the heart of the Chian exile with gratitude and respect. The sacred rite of ablution to voyagers from a far land, performed on our little band, associates the name of the mother of that family with patriarchal hospitality. To meet with oriental favors from a nation so distant, endeared their affections to every thing connected with exile. We had been banished, by want, to a home equivalent to that which we had lost by Turkish invasion.

From the exile-befriending city of New York, I was wafted by steamboat to New Haven, where Stephanos Galates and brother, and Constantine Ralles and brother congratulated me in sharing the benefits of their home-like exile. These young Sciotes were students in Yale College. From this place, we went by stage to Boston. The view of the thick forests, on the bosom of scenery, excited my deepest astonishment and admiration. The passion of the Americans to spare and cherish nature is a praiseworthy trait. The bountiful care of Providence is acknowledged by the face of the country; the hills repose under a drapery, shining with green foliage, or glittering with transparent icicles; and the valleys teem with habitations and temples of piety, industry and wisdom. The means of education seem to be engrafted on the forest, and planted in the remotest field. No improvement is confined to the city alone, but the seeds of good works are cast upon the soil and the waters, producing an hundred fold under the skilful care of the Christian labourer. Aristocratic Europe may draw lessons from democratic America, and learn that not only the city, but the hamlet and the cottage, and the houseless exile himself in this enlightened land may govern the mind,

and receive their share of public love and reverence, unhindered by titles, degrees, and the mummery of pedigree and *étiquette*!

ARRIVAL IN BOSTON.

On arriving at Boston, I met the consolations of that energetic community, and found many a friend of Chian sufferers. Dr. Howe's father's house became my home. What a source of delight is derived from freedom unsophisticated and without bigotry! The Protestants everywhere display a charity which *never faileth*. Superstition cannot resist such open-hearted and clear-minded arguments. I began to change my ideas of religion, and was almost persuaded to be a Protestant; yet the generous, mild and indulgent character of that sect looks more to opinion than to formality, and desires not to convert the body but the soul. Such liberty allowed me to remain as I was, a Greek in church, but a Protestant in feeling.

By the assistance of a Boston ladies association, and through Mrs. Laura P. Hill, daughter of Rev. Dr. Porter, of Catskill, I was admitted into the Mount Pleasant Classical Institution at Amherst, conducted by Drs. Colton and Fellows. At that beautiful school were several Greeks; Gregory A. Perdicares and Mengouses, (teachers;) and Constantine Fundulakes, (now no more,) John Zachos, Christopher Evangeles, and the Chian Paspates, (scholars.)

I express my gratitude to the principals of this institution for their liberality to me and to all the Greeks there, and particularly for the kind attentions of one of my English teachers, namely, John E. Lovell, Esq. This gentleman led the Greeks in the path of elocution with patience and

success, in spite of our imperfect knowledge of the English language.

The beautiful scenery at Amherst, connected with boyish sport, occupies a field of lively and promising associations in my memory. After two years, I quitted that delightful spot with regret, and returned to Boston.

I entered Crocker & Brewster's printing office, and was desirous of gaining a new title in addition to those which I had been forced by want to assume, since the time when I adopted self-banishment from Scio, to avoid being punished with death as a runaway captive. The name of printer's devil, associated with my preceding offices, may be regarded as an improvement on all the preceding. What is a more intellectual title? even count and marquis may fall to an undeserving individual, but no one can usurp the insignia of *printer's devil*, without performing the works that belong to that noble profession, honored by the gigantic-minded Franklin.

The Boston climate proved prejudicial to my health and interrupted my occupation. The final proceeds of the Greek committee amounting to a sufficiency to defray the expense of returning to Greece, were placed in my hands by Henry Hill, Esq., treasurer A. B. F. M. Thus in six months I was reduced, by the severity of the climate, to relinquish my favorite vocation, and bid adieu to America, after two years and a half of delightful associations.

The change wrought upon the Chian exile's mind, will appear in the succeeding narration, and show the beneficial influence of American society to dispel superstition. The friends of Greece can perceive the effect of their institutions upon a nation which looks to America as the Elysium of its hopes and prayers.

CHAPTER XI.

RETURN TO GREECE.

I EMBARKED on board a ship bound for Malta, in company with the missionary Rev. Mr. Temple, and family. A prosperous voyage of only thirty-nine days brought us to this islet of thrilling associations. Here the great apostle of the Gentiles was shipwrecked, and in a neighboring isle was the abode of Calypso, who hospitably received Ulysses and grieved to part with him. The Maltese ladies are even at present, attractive for their personal charms, and would be also agreeable in mental qualities, if their jaw-cracking, coarse and guttural dialect did not distort almost truth itself. They often ape Italian and murder English, but never think of polishing their own tongue, a vulgar branch of the Arabic. Scarcely a book in Maltese is found, much less read. The parents follow the bad policy, of instructing their sons either not at all, or in every dialect except the native. Their sons grow up ignorant, superstitious and piratical. The Maltese are numerous, considering that the whole extent of the island is only twenty miles by twelve, and the inhabitants occupying this tract amount to one hundred thousand. But this great population is confined to a small part of the island; for the most of the surface is one continued series of tremendous forts, which, combined, are said to be almost as powerful as Gibraltar. The immense quantity of warlike stores, placed there by the English, are sufficient evidence that the mistress of the

seas intends to make an attempt to subdue all nations to her sway. The trenches and tunnels cut through the soft rock give the island the semblance of a vast labyrinth of destruction. The shade of Calypso could no longer recognize the trace of her natural glory and hospitable hearth. Rapacity and ambition occupy the home of love and peace.

Gozo, an islet, five miles northwest of Malta, appears to have been anciently united with its companion. Between them, as where two seas met, St. Paul was wrecked at a place, now called St. Paul's Harbour. The fertility of Gozo entitles it to have been the favourite haunt of Calypso and Ulysses. But although the prevailing notion assigns these islets to the scenes of the Odyssey, I may be pardoned for introducing a wholly different opinion upon the subject, which may appear at least novel, if not plausible. In my rambles through America in my late visit, I have been frequently requested to publish a treatise upon this question. I shall not pretend to quote any reflections of my own, but beg the indulgence of my readers to an exposition from the mind of a distinguished philologist of Russia.

We cite a treatise composed in the Russian language, by the political counsellor, Basil Capnistes, and translated into Greek by Constantine Artenos. The author was born, and educated in Russia; he is known as an excellent poet and philologist. Descended from a Greek noble family of Zacynthus, he resided in Lesser Russia, in the province of Poltan. The translator, a native Greek, was born at Nisna, studied at the University of Moscow, and completed his education at Vienna. The former was an officer, the latter a merchant at Odessa, and the learning and good taste of these two praiseworthy men appear in the following singular

essay. Artenos was author of a Russian lexicon, grammar and chrestomathy, for the use of his fellow countrymen.

For the sake of the literary class of readers, this essay will be cited at large from the *Logios Hermes* (Literary Mercury,) a Greek Periodical published by Kokkinaky, of Scio, in Vienna, Austria, 1819.

THE OPINION THAT ULYSSES WANDERED NOT OVER THE
MEDITERRANEAN, BUT THROUGH THE BLACK SEA AND
SEA OF AZOPII.

I fear that many, even the learned, after reading the statement of the subject, will condemn me without examination. Before I learn their decision concerning my lately published proposition to transfer the fifth rhapsody of the *Odyssey* to the first, how dare I, contrary to ancient and commonly received accounts, remove the theatre of the wanderings of the hero of this poem from the western side of Italy to the southern shores of my native land, Russia? I confess that such audacity frightens even myself, as I foresee that certain prejudiced readers will, if possible, seize by force my pen, ink and paper, and deliver me to the charge of a discretionary committee, until my recovery from supposed insanity. Should I then keep silence? But my pious regard for the father of poetry hinders me from condescending to such pusillanimity. Out of respect for the chief of bards, I hear my conscience continually vociferating "Since you have determined to justify him for one accusation, endeavour to deliver him from another, still more weighty; demonstrate that he has not transferred the Cyaean rocks from the Euxine Sea to the Straits of Messina, nor removed Circe, daughter of the sun, from the house of Eo (dawn), from the east and the environs of Colchis, to

the western shores of Italy; that he has not transplanted thither the Phæacians, far distant, and at first unknown to Ulysses, to the island of Corcyra (Corfu) which is only about 75 miles from his beloved Ithaca; your conscience will continue to torment you, if from cowardice you do not proceed farther, to defend the immortal Homer from the assaults of men, blinded by prejudice."

To all these instigations what should I reply? Nothing less than the deposition of my opinion to learned and candid readers. Here then, I perform my task, and expose to the general clemency my concise opinion.

The principal circumstance which indicates that Ulysses wandered over the Black Sea is, that Homer refers to it, on returning from Circe, sailing twice between the Cyanean Rocks. (See *Odyssey*, *Rhap.* xii. 3, 4. *Herodotus* iv. 85. *Odyss.* xii. 61, 234, 428, 430.)

It is evident that what we call *Symplegades* or *Planetes*, (*Erratic*) were found at the passage from the Thracian Bosphorus to the Black Sea. There were also *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. Wherefore Homer, through *Circe*, first makes them known to Ulysses. (*Odyss.* xii. 69–110.)

High o'er the main, two rocks exalt their brow,
 The boiling billows thundering roll below;
 Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
 Hence named *Erratic* by the Gods above.
 No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
 That bears ambrosia to th' ethereal king,
 Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,
 The dire rocks meet and crush her as she flies;
 Not the fleet bark when prosperous breezes play,
 Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way;
 O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
 And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.

Scarce the famed Argo passed these raging floods,
The sacred Argo, filled with demi-gods!
E'en she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Winged her fleet sail, and pushed her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around, and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion, bright with day
Glow with th' autumnal or the summer ray;
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky forever lowers, forever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Tho' borne by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty hands.
Smooth as the polish of the mirror, rise
The slippery sides and shoot into the skies.
Full in the centre of this rock displayed,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the west, the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire passage down to Hell descends.
O, fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails
Ply the strong oar and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes
Tremendous pest, abhor'd by man and Gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terror roar,
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deformed and foul the fiend dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth:
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide!
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When stung with hunger, she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the watery way;

The swiftest racer of the azure plain
 Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
 Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
 At once six mouths expand, at once six men devours.

Close by, a rock of less enormous height
 Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous strait;
 Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise
 And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
 Beneath, Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
 'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main.
 Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
 Thrice in dire thunders, she refunds the tide.
 O, if thy vessel plough the direful waves
 When seas retreating roar within her caves,
 Ye perish all! though he who rules the main
 Lends his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
 Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly,
 'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.

From the above accounts, it appears clear that the Cyaean Rocks, or Symplegades, or Planetes, are found in one and the same place with Scylla and Charybdis, if they are not, identical. Hence, it is not wonderful that succeeding writers, leaving the former by the passage from the Thracian Bosphorus into the Black Sea, transferred the latter to the Straits of Messina. (Herodotus, IV. 85. Apol. Rhod. Argonaut. I. 20. 59. 786. Valerius Flacci Argon. IV. 561. Æneid, III. 561.)

But prejudiced readers will tell me that the general tradition of the old Geographers, assigning the aforesaid strait, both Scylla and Charybdis, must have weight and demand at least, a fundamental refutation. I agree; and it is not at all difficult to do this with the aid of the immortal Homer; since there is scarcely any doubt that Homer himself,

or rather the general respect for him, has caused the removal of those famous localities.

After the return of Jason, from Colchis, the Thracian Straits became better known to the Greeks; the wandering rocks were fixed firmly in their stations; the rapacious Scylla retired from her cavern, and the sea-monster Charybdis was no longer dangerous to experienced seamen, and lastly their memory was recorded only in the Rhapsodies of the Odyssey. After a long lapse of years, the Greeks, who began to extend their colonies to the western shores of Italy, in their voyages thither were obliged to pass through the Straits of Messina, where they met, not only difficulties, but dangers which are even now experienced by small craft. (Geograph. Phys. de la Mer Noire, et de la Méd. par Durrau de la Maille fils, p. 322, 323. 336. 338.)

The first navigators who were wrecked there, supposed them, certain frightful places, like the Scylla and Charybdis of Homer. Their fame was diffused abroad, and, by degrees, became universal, so that the credulous Greeks rejoiced, thinking that they had revealed the mythological monsters of the Bosphorus. Time and the mutilations of the poems of Homer confirmed, from superficial observation, this application of the terms, and consigned them to succeeding ages.

In my opinion, then, such is the reason why Scylla and Charybdis were removed to the Straits of Messina. But the broad passage between Italy and Sicily precluded all supposition of the Cyanean Rocks being there, consequently the Greek friends of fable allowed the Erratic Symplegades to remain at their true place, in the passage from the Thracian Bosphorus into the Black Sea; and from this circumstance arose the separation of these places which the father

of poetry had united. (Odyss., XII. 61, 73, 85, 101, 104, 235 ; XXIII. 326, 327.)

Having shown the discordance of succeeding writers with the tradition of Homer, and having assigned to Scylla and Charybdis their first location, I conclude with reason, that Ulysses, returning from Circe to Ithaca, after he had sailed between the wandering rocks of Bosphorus, been shipwrecked and had drifted back by the hurricane through the same passage, must have found himself in the midst of the Black Sea, and was cast upon the shore of the island of Ogygia occupied by Calypso.

Another circumstance, establishing the same truth, is the stay of Ulysses at the residence of Circe, the sister of Æetes, King of Colchis. Her kindred, doubtless, on account of the difficulty of navigation in those days, must have lived in the immediate neighborhood. Homer assigns the situation of this island at the dwelling of the choirs of the dawn, and by the rising of the sun. (Odyss. XII. 3, 4.) This forbids our locating Circe on the western shore of Italy, or the realm of the Cyclopes of the Æolian isle, or that of the Læstrigons from which Ulysses came to Circe.

Another circumstance to the same effect, is the description of the nation of the Cimmerians hidden in darkness and mist, to the limits of which Ulysses went, coming from Circe's isle, to call the shades from the realms of Pluto and converse with them. (Herodotus, IV. 12.) The acutest critics saw that the description of this portion made with poetic hyperbole alludes nevertheless to a certain place lying north of the Black Sea, whence, highly improbable is the assertion of those who contend for the western shores of Italy. (Odyssey XI. 11—19.) The description, in the poem, bears no necessary reference to Italy and the soil of Campania and

Lake Avernus, declared to be seventy-five miles from the dwelling of Circe.

The doubts of writers who place near it the abode of shades whom Ulysses accosted, must appear evident, and surprise every one who is unprejudiced, when we add that Sicily was known to Homer by its proper name, (*Odys.* XX. 383, XXIV. 211, 366, 389,) and that he could not assign to the eastern shores of Italy, lying opposite to it, the land of the nation concealed by perpetual darkness.

The most remarkable circumstance confirming the supposition, that Ulysses wandered to the borders of the Black Sea, is rendered still more probable by the local position of Phæacia, whither he was borne by the whirlwind, without sailing back through Scylla and Charybdis. From many passages in the *Odyssey* it appears that this spot was very far from Ithaca and Greece, and that by no means could any one suppose it on the island of Coreyra (Corfu) as the scholiasts of the poem have almost unanimously asserted. (*Odys.* IX. 18.)

In opposition to their opinions, I refer to the words of Nausicaca, daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phæacians. When Ulysses first appeared there she exclaimed (*Odyssey* VI. 199—205.) “Stand, whither do we fly, maidens, fearing this man? Do you think that he is our enemy? But as yet no foe has had the audacity to invade Phæacia. We are beloved by the Immortals, and inhabit a country separate and far distant from all others, in the midst of the billowy deep, at the extremity of the earth; nor does any foreign mortal mingle with us.”

Could these words refer to the island of Corfu, which is separated from the continent only by Thesprotia, a narrow strait well known to Homer? (*Odyssey* XIV. 315. XIX. 271. 287. 293.)

But perhaps the critics will reply that Ulysses sailing from Phæacia arrived in one night at Ithaca. But I object, that with such rapid ships as the Phæacian of Alcinous, a more than ordinary space could have been sailed over in one night. (Odys. VIII. 555, 563. VII. 317. 326.)

The King says to Ulysses :

Say, from what city, and what regions tost,
 And what inhabitants those regions boast ?
 So shalt thou instant reach the realm assigned
 In wondrous ships self moved, instinct with mind,
 No helm secures their course, no pilot guides ;
 Like man intelligent they plough the tides,
 Conscious of every coast, of every bay
 That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray.
 Though clouds and darkness veil th' encumbered sky,
 Fearless through darkness and through clouds they fly ;
 Though tempests rage, tho' rolls the swelling main,
 The seas may roll, the tempest rage in vain.
 E'en the stern God who o'er the wave presides
 Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
 With fury burns ; while careless they convey
 Promiscuous every guest to every bay.

* * * * *

Jove bids to set the stranger on his way
 And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray.
 Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes,
 The wakeful mariner shall watch the skies ;
 And seize the moment when the breezes rise,
 Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore
 Where thy soul rests and labor is no more.
 Far as Eubœa tho' thy country lay,
 Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
 Thither of old earth's giant sons to view,
 On wings of wind with Rhadamanth they flew.
 This land from whence their morning course begun
 Saw them returning with the setting sun.

With such wonderful ships, Ulysses could well pass, without danger, Scylla and Charybdis, and in one night reach his native land. Such an idea was highly necessary to the poet, in order to avoid the description of the same places already mentioned, and to accomplish betimes, his design, the winding up of his piece. Such is the character of his genius, surprising the mind by a sudden transition, to avoid tautology. •

My persuasion of the truth of the above assertions, and a faithful comparison of the traditions of the Odyssey, have strengthened me in the opinion, that the wanderings of Ulysses must have proceeded along the shores of the Black Sea. Subsequently then, at the passage from the Thracian Bosphorus into the Euxine, near the Cyanean Rock, Planetes or Erratic Symplegades, I found Scylla and Charybdis in the Straits of Constantinople. The habitation of Circe, in my opinion, lay on the shore of Lake Mæotis (Sea of Azoph), at the mouth of the river Aea, the name of which Circe had brought from her own country, after marrying the king of Sarmatia. In regard to the Cimmerians, concerning whom there are many fables, I have assigned their residence to the northern coast of the Euxine, near the gulf formerly called Necropyle. As to the Metropolis of the Phæacians, with its double harbor and petrified ship, I place it on the southern shore of Tauris near the present valley of Otouz.

Omitting to speak of other places of minor importance, to which Homer alludes, without assigning a definite location, I am waiting to see what decision the learned will make concerning my principal conjectures in regard to this curious subject. I am aware that many contradictions may be produced by critics against me, supported not only by

the traditions of ancient authors of celebrity but by testimony adduced from the *Odyssey* itself; and consequently, I am obliged to assert beforehand, that a great number of spurious passages have crept into that excellent poem, fabricated since Scylla and Charybdis were transferred to the Straits of Messina. This removal gave birth to others similar, because, in order to make the traditions of the father of poetry harmonize, certain learned men arose who began to give to places, near Scylla and Charybdis, names taken from the *Odyssey*, and these have been sanctioned by time. Also, at that period, Sicily, which was known to Homer under its usual name, was metamorphosed to Trinacria, and became the country of the Cyclopes, conformable with the northern Arimaspæ. (*Odys.*, XX. 583; XXIV. 211, 356, 389; XI. 106; XII. 127; XIX. 275.)

The southern Cimmerians were transplanted by the same error to the western part of Italy. (Herodotus, III. 96; IV. 13, 27.)

After this, it seems also that the sister of the King of Colchis, Circe was transported to the present Circæan Promontory. (Herodotus, IV. 12.)

The winds blew from any quarter whatever, according to the fancy of Homer's commentators, and the heavenly orbs were transposed by their arbitrary will; in fine, all the error arose from the transfer of the celebrated locations of Scylla and Charybdis.

I terminate this exposition sincerely praying, that my bold discussion may meet with a friendly reception on the part of my learned readers, and that the novelty of my propositions may not be regarded, without examination, as the blindness of a man wishing only to differ from others by the extravagance of his ideas. I dare persuade them that

the sole desire of revealing the truth inspired me to undertake this bold task, and that being sensible of my limited acquirements and the possibility of erring in these conclusions of mine, I shall greet with all due respect and gratitude any refutation of my opinions. The friends of art and learning should act as a society to assist each other in the investigation of truth and search of utility. This is my confession as a writer, to demonstrate the sincerity which I regard as a sacred and unimpeachable duty. Basil Capnistes. From the Russian Journal, "The Patriot," Novemb. 28th, 1819.

The island of Malta, called by the Greeks Melite, is generally acknowledged as the place of St. Paul's shipwreck. Some writers, however, assert that this event happened in the Adriatic, at another islet, bearing the same name. But we think that the term Dithalassos, (where two seas meet), could apply only to the strait between Malta and Gozo; and if the ship in which the Apostle was wafted had drifted up and down the gulf for fourteen days, land would have been seen. Adriatic probably applies to the whole sea, between Crete and Malta, including also the Adriatic Gulf. To drift fourteen days, in such a terrific storm, necessarily requires the open sea, otherwise, had the ship advanced towards any other point it would have reached land in three days. It seems that Ulysses and Paul suffered a great deal in these seas.

During my stay at Malta, I was hospitably entertained in the residence of the Rev. Mr. Bird, Missionary of the American Board, now at Hartford. Never shall I forget, likewise, the kindness of Dr. Temple. The time passed delightfully, while I was surrounded by such friends, who

left the comfort and charms of their homes, for the sake of the Saviour of man.

There I met Dr. Howe, just returning from Greece, where he had been distributing a ship-load of supplies for the destitute families. He was on his way to Italy. The sight of my former benefactor was cheering. Who thinks of tyrants and their sway, while such benevolent agents roam about the earth? If every nation imitated America, in her plans of charity, there would be no bodily or mental suffering in any country. Even tyranny would cease, and bloodshed never more stain the noblest works of God. The relief-ships were arks of saving effect to Greece, not for eight persons, but for thousands of families. Americans were sent to feed the Greeks, as the angels of God fed Elijah.

My desire of revisiting my country hurried me from Malta, after a month's residence under its lovely sky. I embarked upon a Greek vessel bound for Mesolonghi. We left the harbour, sailing through a forest of ships of commerce and Russian and English men of war. After entering the Ionian Sea, we neared Zacynthus (Zante), the flower of the Ionian Isles, which belong to England, seven in number. Zante has a castle of great strength, and Corcyra (Corfu) has another perched on a lofty rock, as impregnable as Gibraltar, or nearly so. This latter post has been rendered more formidable by additional expenditures from the British government. It is astonishing with what rapid strides Albion is conquering the coast, as mistress of the seas. She holds the Trident of Neptune, and shakes the earth. On arriving in front of the Gulf of Corinth we looked behind and saw the lofty peaks of Enos and Scopos, on Cephalonia and Zante, and beyond them to the north, the coast of Ithaca and Leucas, with many islets interspersed in great numbers. Gazing in front of our

vessel, we beheld the coast of Ætolia, on one side, and that of Peloponnesus on the other side of the mouth of the Corinthian Gulf (or Gulf of Lepanto). The mountain-scenery at this point was sublime, and associated with some of the greatest events of history, the battle of Actium, the victory of Lepanto, and the destruction of Mesolonghi, the city which formed the pillar of the Grecian cause for Western Greece and Rumelia. We entered the harbour and landed upon the ruins of former prosperity. We regarded this spot as the tomb of the bravest sons of modern Greece. There the corpse of the patriotic Marco Bozzaris was brought and buried by his gallant band; and here died Byron and Norman, two of the foreign benefactors of my country. This is the golgotha of skulls and shades of the noblest, most beloved and respected of the friends of liberty. The shade of the English bard, who was enrolled as a citizen of Greece, the Greek-spirited Byron, hovers about that scene, mourning that he could not have lived to save the gallant Mesolonghians from their dreadful fate, abandoned by indifferent Christendom to the jaws of famine. What Turk and Egyptian could *not effect, starvation accomplished*. In vain the muse of Byron startled all Europe, and awakened sympathy in the intellect, for selfish monarchs denied the Greek his nationality, and left the universally beloved, and eulogised families of Mesolonghi, to hurl themselves untimely to eternity in a terrible explosion, which entombed their sons and daughters in universal ruin, with myriads of their enemies.

“ Immortal Byron, thou whose courage planned
The rescue of that subjugated land !
O, hadst thou *lived* to rear thy giant glaive,
Thoud’st bid the Christian Cross triumphant wave,
Marked the pale Crescent wave mid seas of blood,

And stamp'd proud Græcia's freedom in the flood.
 But Oh, 'twas fate's decree thou should'st expire
 Swan-like, amid the breathings of thy lyre ;
 E'en in the light of thy own bright song,
 As sinks the glorious sun amid the throng
 Of bright-robed clouds, the pageantry of Heaven,
 Thy last retiring beam to earth was given."

THE AUTHOR'S SEARCH FOR HIS MOTHER.

From Mesolonghi, we sailed across the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth, and landed at Patras. Here I began to meet with Chians, but none who knew the fate of my parents. I learned that the Chian exiles, before the termination of the Greek Revolution, thinking that the Christian powers would liberate every portion which had revolted, fitted out, at their own expense, a formidable expedition against the Turks of that island. An army of regulars under Col. Fabvier, and several Albanian bands under their respective chieftains closely besieged the enemy in the citadel, but without success, on account of the settlement of the Greek question by the three allied powers, that surrendered Scio back to Turkey. The natives, fearing the renewal of slaughter, on the part of their masters, emigrated in a body to foreign shores. I was, therefore, in utter perplexity, about the fate of my mother, and had no Mentor to guide my search. Directing his course at random, the exile of Scio entered a mysticon bound for Lutraki, which lies at the furthest point of the Gulf. Leaving Patras, he looked back upon the scenery of this earliest theatre of the modern struggle for liberty. The frightful monster-shaped rocks exhibit the appearance of indomitable chimeras, to a fancy associated with history. Some of them piled upon one another became mountainous and snow-capt. Patras with its citadel vanished, and we entered the narrow channel of the Gulf. Naupactus (Le-

panto) with its strong fortress greeted us. The view now was enchanting, on both sides of this river-like passage. The sun was declining, beneath the tall summits of Livadia, and we distinctly heard the shepherd's lute, the mountain-boy's whistle, the bells of the returning flocks and herds; and the shouts and discharges of the huntsman. The sights and sounds caught lustre and tone from freedom, and resumed the beauty and joy of infant antiquity. Here was the scene of the defeat of the Ottoman Armada, in the seventeenth century, by the last naval crusade, when the Christian Renegade Ochali was put to flight; but the effect of that interference was not particularly beneficial to the Greeks. A later epoch, the modern naval crusade, called the victory at Navarino, sealed our freedom. Then the gallant French army landed, and completed the expulsion of the foe. Here, in this gulf, many a towering fortress was regained by their prowess, and restored to the Greeks. On board our vessel were soldiers who had participated in this enterprise, and related with enthusiasm the events, of which they had been eye-witnesses. Sailing in the moonlight, and starry glimmer of a dewy night, we beheld the gulf expand, until the shores, in the distance, seemed to be departing; suddenly towards morning, the passage grew narrower, as we entered the bay of our destined port, Lutraki. Here, let us pause and look behind, upon the thrilling traces of conquest, which history has impressed upon sea and land, and to the fancy's eye coloured with the veins of many nations slaughtered in the dread arena of invasion. Yonder arises the sky-piercing citadel of Corinth, where the Romans displayed their ambitious and rapacious disposition, by plundering, what they could not appreciate, except as mere robbers. Perhaps no epoch of the mistress of the

world is fraught with greater interest, than the cowardly massacre of the Corinthians, and the transportation of their unrivaled luxury of art to Italy. The Roman general, Mummius, placed so much value on the works of genius, that he ordered the trustees of the articles transported to beware of losing any, under pain of restoring others as elegant. It is sufficient to add that all the architecture and ornamental works of imperial Rome, bear no comparison to the taste and delicacy of those of Corinth. The ignorant Romans built themselves up by the ruins of their neighbours, and have in turn been plundered by the Germans; who next were robbed by the French; who in their order were stripped by the English, and thus the Grecian relics of art are wandering trophies never likely to be restored. In England, artificial ruins are constructed of plundered columns and statues, transported at great expense from Greece. It is astonishing, that the world attacks the mother of Phidias, abstracts her jewels and robes, and then bids her find more, that she may be robbed again. If she does not immediately proceed to fashion other works for the rapacity of nations, they shout against her, and call her children degenerate. Corinth stands a monument of the greatest injustice and ingratitude, embracing the widest range of any system of foreign aggression, that mankind ever saw. In the full glare of history, under the glowing page and tone of poetry and oratory, until within a short period, the European races appeared blinded by bigotry and uncharitableness, to such a degree, that every traveler felt or acted, as if he had a right to mutilate the Grecian monuments, and batter the Greek himself with sarcasm and insult. Thanks to God the era has arrived, when Goths, Huns, Gauls and Vandals are opening their eyes, and showing by practice, that they feel and appreciate the arts.

Who can gaze upon the lofty citadel of Corinth without thrilling with sympathy at the unjust suffering of that city, the honor of Greece and pilgrimage of Roman travelers, who placed it beyond all other resorts of elegance and splendor, which the world could boast. If the Pyramids of Egypt were huge wonders, tasteless, and watered with the tears and blood of slaves, not so *Corinth*, which rose like a forest of beauty and symmetry, growing up from the cultivated intellect, and the patronised skill. How painful the reflection that this most enchanting abode of peace and art, love and lore, should have excited envy in so many foreign nations! What terrible scenes have passed in that cloud-capt citadel, even in modern times, in the feuds between Turkey and Venice, and the late strife of the Aboriginal Greeks to repel the invaders!

Many a vanished year and age,
 And tempest breath, and battle's rage,
 Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands
 A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
 The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
 Have left untouched her hoary rock.

* * * *

The landmark to the *double* tide
 That purpling rolls on either side,
 As if their waters chafed to meet,
 Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
 But could the blood before her shed
 Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
 Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
 Arise from out the earth which drank,
 The stream of slaughter as it sank,
 That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
 Her Isthmus idly spread below:
 Or could the bones of all the slain,
 Who perished there, be piled again,

That rival Pyramid would rise
More mountain like, through those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capt Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

This keystone of Greece, so called by Byron, looks far into the land and sea on every side. The breadth of the Isthmus from Lutraki where we landed, to Calamaki, on the Saronic shore, is only six miles, level and capable of being separated by a canal comparatively easy, but never accomplished from fear of inundation. This narrow portion called Hexamilia, is the neck of Greece, and when that is trampled by the invader, the whole country shakes from end to end. Here is the passage of commerce in traversing Greece, and even now a continual line of mules, camels and horses transport produce from one shore to the other. In the triumphant days of Rome, her magnificent Triremes covered the Corinthian Gulf and landed innumerable legions, whose tread echoed across the narrow isthmus, until they embarked on the opposite coast to cross the Archipelago and overthrow empires and monarchs. What sensations possess the soul of the pilgrim now, while all these ancient thunders of Italian ambition are hushed in death and oblivion.

THE EXILE HEARS OF HIS MOTHER.

During my stay at Lutraki, I chanced to meet an acquaintance of one of my brothers, an officer in the Greek army, who knew all about my family and informed me that my mother had fled from Scio, and reached Nauplion, where I could find her still remaining. The inspiring intelligence of her proximity, drove all sorrow from my heart. I wrote a letter, and paid the warrior a small sum to carry the news

across the mountains to my mother, that she might not be too much surprised by my sudden appearance. After this filial duty, I mounted the towering load of a camel, and leisurely proceeded across the isthmus to Calamaki, that place which echoed to Spartan, Theban, and Athenian armies of old. I embarked upon a boat, and in a few hours reached Ægina, and was welcomed to the house of an exiled Chian acquaintance of our family.

The island was in a flourishing state, as there was an Orphan Asylum, a Lyceum, and public schools erected by Capodistrias, who was then the President of Greece. As we gazed upon Athens, we fancied the barbarous crescent still waving over the Parthenon, but looking at Ægina, we beheld the civilized tokens of the descendants of Socrates and Plato. The contrast was exceedingly impressive to my youthful mind, fresh from America. During my stay, I visited Contostaulos, a Chian, one of the agents who sailed to New York to obtain the frigates. It is well known that one of the ships was sacrificed, on account of the perfidy of some New York contractors, whose conduct has been generously exposed by the North American Review. Still, the Greeks imagine on the contrary, that not an American, but Contostaulos was the traitor to the treasury of suffering Greece. Unhappily, this impression, even now, exposes that noble Chian exile to unjust ridicule and sarcasm, from his fellow countrymen, who cannot suspect any deceit on the part of the Americans.

His house, built upon the American plan, reminded me of a New England country-seat. His fluency in the English language brought me back to the scenes of my trans-atlantic wanderings. Wherever I strolled, the inquisitive students thronged about me, and pressed questions respecting the land of Washington and Franklin.

At last, a vessel bound for Nauplion, was announced, as ready to quit the port. I embarked on board, panting to greet my mother, and once more receive her blessing. The enchanting scenery began to assume sunset hues, when we lost sight of Ægina, and came in view of Hydra.

“Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
 Along Morea’s hills the setting sun,
 Not, as in northern climes obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!
 O’er the hushed deep, the yellow beam he throws,
 Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.
 On old Ægina’s rock, and Hydra’s Isle,
 The God of gladness sheds his parting smile.”

Entering the Argolic gulf, we soon came in view of that formidable array of forts, in the harbour, on the shore, and upon the mountains around Nauplion. (Napoli di Romania.) The loftiest of all, called the Palameda, was taken on the 30th of November, 1822, by Staicos, a daring Peloponnesian Greek, who scaled the walls by night, in company with a small band, and thus secured the bulwark and asylum of his country, during the bloody struggle. The common people celebrate the exploit of this hero, by a song, of which we give a paraphrase, to show that the ignorant class of Greeks, possess a descriptive power not without taste.

SIEGE OF NAUPLION.

A Turkish maiden, Nauplion’s flower,
 Ascends the Palameda’s tower,
 And overlooks a space immense,
 Of Moslem forts and battlements.
 She looks beyond and sees the land,
 Invaded by a Spartan band,
 And views the harbour stript of trade,

And muzzled by a Greek blockade.
 " Great Sultan, send the Armada here,
 Dispelling danger, doubt and fear.
 Command the Serasker to lower,
 With ruin on the rebel Giaour.

" Despatch thy vengeful force to chase
 The rude besiegers from the place.
 Ah, Nauplion can no more rejoice,
 Nor dance, nor waken music's voice.
 By land, she must the Prince defeat,
 By sea, fierce Bubulena's fleet.
 Balls fall like rain, and bombs like hail,
 And shot like sand, in desert gale !
 The Grecians cried, " O Nauplion yield,
 Give up the keys, thy fate is sealed !"
 Said Nauplion, " shall I mind your law,
 While all my ramparts thunder, ' War ? ' "

" I've orders both by sea and land,
 With fourteen frigates at my hand,
 And large three-deckers, I have eight,
 And seventy thousand men, await.
 Soon seven Pashas will come along,
 To make me quite securely strong,
 To ruin the Morea all,
 And make the rebel standard fall,
 To drive aggression from our face,
 And liberate the Moslem race."
 Said Greeks " Surrender, Nauplion, now
 Before de-spair shall make thee bow !"

Said Nauplion, " No, I am ashamed
 To yield, as Nauplion, lost, defamed.
 My picture is, in Venice known,
 And at Constantinople shown.
 How can I darken such a view,
 By treachery's black and graceless hue !"

November thirtieth, Andrew's Day,
Beloved Christians, don't delay.
So Staïcos and his men rushed on,
And scaled the walls of Nauplion.
The Palameda now is free,
The Citadel, Greek property !

THE AUTHOR MEETS HIS MOTHER.

In the above piece, the Prince refers to Hypsilantes, then generalissimo of the Grecian forces. Bubulena was a female admiral of a division of the Spetzian fleet, owned by herself, and employed for her country's good. The song was sung by the victors, and according to custom, in every warlike action verses are composed for the occasion and often sung behind the breastworks or on the battlements.

Landing at Nauplion, I hastened to greet my mother, after seven years absence from her smiles and counsels. As I strolled along the streets, I wondered at the mighty change of things and persons. Almost all my recollection of the former condition of Greece was associated with tyranny and war, but now liberty and peace beamed upon prospects full of consolation and hope. The air was no longer replete with sighs and groans and the echoes of deadly assaults, but mirth and jollity resounded on all sides. Meeting my brother, I accompanied him to my mother's residence. On entering, I received her expectant and overjoyed embrace. Seven years had altered my stature, and filled my mind with stores of information about foreign lands. Imagine therefore the wonder with which I was contemplated by a faithful and fond parent. She had preserved the picture of the Virgin Mary, my patron saint, and kept a light burning before it day and night for my sake, until I should return to her. After salutation, she rushed to the

picture, and kissed it fervently, thanking the mother of God, for having interceded in my behalf, to restore me to her bosom. As for myself, I neglected even making the sign of the cross, and after some days had elapsed blew out the taper, and assured my mother that I had transferred the light to my heart. This step completely astounded my mother, who stood mute and solemn. I told her, that such worship belongs only to the superstitious, and is improper in those, who believe in the omnipotence of the Supreme Being, who enjoins upon us to have no other Gods before him. I cannot and shall not attempt to describe the mingled emotions, depicted on her brow, nor the expressions which I uttered to display my American ideas on religion. She allowed me to believe as my American friends taught me, but begged of me to let her die in her father's religion.

Our family were in good circumstances through the enterprise of my brothers. My father was no more. My two sisters were living; the married one was at Argos, and the other, the youngest, remained at home. I was placed under a Smyrnian instructor of ancient Greek. Most of my time was spent at home, in conversing on the fate of our relatives and on the changes that took place during my absence. Most of my relatives had fallen by the scimitar, and about forty were and now are slaves in various parts of the Ottoman empire. For several nights my mother could not sleep from joy at my return; and all the day, she recited events which excited grief and sympathy.

The events of this epoch connected with the political affairs of Greece are important, and we refer the readers back to the period when Capodistrius was first elected, and terminate at his death.

ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

In 1828, Capodistrias, a Greek of Corfu, enjoying the title and riches of Count, was chosen president of the state of Hellas, (Greece.) Some provinces hotly opposed, and accused him of partiality for the Russians. The schools which he established, throughout the country, became theatres of discussion against his tyranny. Being an enemy of the Constitutionalists, he exhibited antipathy for the word independence, using dependence instead, and calling himself the constitution. For constitutional liberty, the Greeks had boldly contended against the force and cruelty of the Grand Seignior and were not to be intimidated by the threats of a President elected by foreign intercessions, nor prevented by him from studying the principles of such freedom. Greece was torn by the most frightful civil dissensions. The constitutionalists and the partisans of the administration declared open war against each other. Capodistrias was deserted by the entire naval department and forced to have recourse to a Russian Squadron, with which he assailed the revolters in the harbour of Poros. Miaulis, the admiral, rather than surrender his vessels to Russia, set on fire the largest, together with the American-built frigate Hellas, and retired on shore, leaving them to be destroyed. Poros was partially burnt and Hydra besieged by the tyrant.

Despotism could no longer be borne by the Greeks. Capodistrias was warned that his life was in danger, but every precaution was disregarded. His only bodyguard was a tall Cretan, whose right arm had been shot off. George the son and Constantine the brother of Mauromichalis Bey of Maina, while at Nauplion, determined to emulate Harmodius and Aristogiton, by destroying the tyrant.

Oct. 9th, 1831, they lurked for him at the entrance of the Church of St. Spyridon, and attacked him on the thresh-

hold, one of them addressing him at the same time, in the following words, (which I heard,) “*Τύραννε Ἕλληνας πρᾶχειλος ζυγὸν δὲν ὑποφέρει*, (tyrant, a Grecian neck will not bear the yoke!) The former discharged a pistol against his head, while the other stabbed him with a dagger. The president fell dead upon the spot; his lifeless body rolled before me; and I startled with horror. One of the assassins was killed by the single-armed Cretan; the other fled to the French consulate, exclaiming, “I have killed the tyrant.” The officers of government seized, and after trial led him forth to execution. He stepped forward with unbandaged eyes, requesting a few moments’ reprieve, and delivered an eloquent address, terminating in the dying declaration, that a Greek neck will not bear the yoke. He was a man of noble appearance, and his death was a sad sight even to his enemies.

After this event, the schools, dependent on the patronage of Capodistrias, were abandoned, and their instructors dispersed for want of means of support. Augustine, the president’s brother, managed the reins of power a short time, until the constitutionalists took Nauplion, and forced him to quit the country.

The American missionaries, at that time, afforded relief to many of the neglected instructors, by employing them in their institutions. Great gratitude is due to Rev. Dr. Robertson, Dr. King, and Rev. Mr. Hill and lady, located at Athens.

After the defeat of Augustine, Greece was for a few months a scene of anarchy, before the arrival of a regency of three members, appointed in 1832 by the allied powers, to govern the country until the king, whom they had nominated, should reach the proper age to assume the sway. Our new rulers introduced order throughout the state, and re-established in some measure the schools.

In 1831, the number of public schools in Greece was 112, containing 8,467 pupils. At Ægina, an academy was erected, having 400 scholars instructed in Greek, French, history and mathematics, with a preparatory school of 227 pupils. At the same place was established an orphan asylum, containing 700 boys. At Poros, was opened an ecclesiastical seminary for the Hellenic tongue, history, logic, rhetoric and theology. At Nauplion, arose a military school of 60 students.

The inhabitants of Syra, in 1833, erected a large gymnasium, in Hermopolis, a city of this island, introducing Nicolaïdes, a learned teacher, and Neophytus Bambas, a famous Greek philosopher whom they had invited from the College of Corfu. This institution now occupies a high stand, as one of the glowing luminaries of regeneration. The prime movers of this important engine of knowledge are Chian and Smyrniote refugees.

CHAPTER XII.

ARRIVAL OF KING OTHO AT ATHENS.

THE new king, Otho, son of Ludovic, (Lewis,) of Bavaria, and only nineteen years of age, arrived at Nauplion, in January, 1833, and on Feb. 14th, the people of Athens assembled in the temple of Theseus, and sang the doxology for the arrival of the royal personage. April 1st, King Otho and his body-guard went to Athens. There were demonstrations of joy at the announcement of his coming. The plains and mountains of Attica resounded with Ζήτω ὁ βασιλεὺς τῆς Ἑλλάδος, Zeetoh O vasseeléfs tees Elláthos, (long live Græcia's king!) He entered with his escort through the sacred way of Eleusis, and was met at the Olive Grove by a procession of the priesthood, the pupils of the schools, the citizens, and the American missionaries and their schools. The cannon of the Acropolis fired a continual salute, and the peasants came from the mountains bearing olive-branches, and shouting, "Long live the king!"

It was a beautiful day; Athena smiled, and wept, beholding a king over what had, for nineteen hundred years, been under some foreign yoke. There stood the uncrumbled fane of Theseus, awaiting the royal train, while the shade of the ancient hero looked down, through thirty centuries, with the same pride, as when he returned victorious, from the expedition against the Amazons. Otho, on reaching the portico of this temple, was greeted by the chief priest, with the invitation, Δεῦτε βασιλεὺ τοῦ Ἰσραηλ, Theste

vasseeléf too Israhéel, (Come, Israel's King.) When the audience were assembled, the Bishop of Talantion and Athens delivered an address, which moved the multitude to tears. I heard Dr. King saying to Mr. Riggs, that no divine in America could deliver a better address for the occasion.

The same day, the Acropolis was evacuated by the Ottoman garrison. The royal guard and the Athenian people rushed forward and filled the sacred enclosure. The Greek flag was seen floating once more upon the Parthenon; the priesthood sang the doxology, and then cheers were given and salutes fired. The plains of Attica re-echoed with salvos, as they had many times in the revolution, when the citadel was in Grecian hands, under the successive commanders, Ctenas, Sares, Odysseus, Guras and Criezotis, men of giant powers, whose lives though short on earth, their patriotic acts will be forever remembered by their countrymen. The Turks reduced by disease left their close confinement in a miserable state. Some Athenian Turks, while on the point of leaving their place of birth, fell upon the ground, kissed it, shed tears and then bade Athens an eternal farewell. Such, exclaimed an old man, such is the will of fate. These Turks uttered their sorrowful words in the Greek language, with so much pathos, that it moved the tears of many Greek bystanders.

The following proclamation was published by Otho, King of Greece on his arrival at Nauplion, of which we give a translation.

Otho, by the Grace of God, King of Greece to the Hellenes (Greeks).

Greeks!

Called before you by the trust of the High Mediating Powers, to whose protection you are indebted for the termi-

nation of a long and destructive war; and invited by your free suffrage, I ascend the throne of Greece to fulfil the engagements which I have contracted, in accepting the crown which was offered to me.

You have, after a bloody struggle with the sacrifice of all that was most precious, acquired a political existence and an independence, foundations of the happiness and prosperity of nations.

You have shown yourselves, by your courage, the worthy descendants of your ancestors, whose glory has traversed ages without losing its lustre.

But until now, you were deprived of the privilege of reaping the fruits of your noble efforts. Your fields are without culture; your industry has hardly begun to revive; and your commerce, formerly so flourishing, is completely paralyzed.

It is in vain that the arts and sciences awaited the moment, when, under the ægis of peace, they might expect to revisit the spot of their origin. Despotism, with you, has been exchanged for anarchy, which crushes you beneath its horrible scourge. What love of country had conquered for you by a noble impulse, discord and the most sordid egotism have wrested from your grasp.

To terminate your evils, a civil war, which consumes for nought, your most brilliant faculties, to concentrate in future your efforts upon one single object, namely, that of the prosperity, happiness and glory of your country which becomes henceforth my own; to efface, by degrees, under the influence of peace and public order, the numerous traces of misfortunes, which have weighed upon your beautiful land, gifted by nature with so much profusion, to take into consideration the sacrifices made and the services rendered

to the common country, to protect under the ægis of law and justice, your persons and your property against arbitrary and abusive power; to procure for you, by means of institutions well matured, solidly based, and fitted to the state and hopes of your nation, the benefits of a genuine liberty, which exists only under the empire of laws; to complete in fine the regeneration of Greece; such is the painful but glorious task, which I have imposed upon myself. I sacrifice to it a happy existence, in the bosom of a land cherished by my ancestry, and penetrated with the same sentiments which lately animated my august father, when the first among sovereigns, he extended to you a liberal hand, during your heroic struggle for your deliverance.

With full confidence, I address you, oh Greeks, and ask you to unite, henceforth, with fraternal concord, your endeavours with mine in the single design of the public weal. Let us not suffer the success obtained by your courage, perseverance, patriotism, and confidence in Divine Providence, to be sacrificed, now, in the convulsions of discord and anarchy; nor your name, for which so many lofty deeds have secured immortality, to be polluted by the vagaries of the grossest passions. Whatever be the efforts which this noble task exacts of us, our success will amply reward us.

In ascending the throne of Greece, I here give you the assurance of protecting conscientiously your religion, of maintaining faithfully the laws for enforcing an impartial administration of justice in favour of all; and to preserve undisturbed, with the aid of God, against all hindrance, your independence, liberties and rights.

My first care shall be applied to the settlement and stability of public order and tranquillity, that all of you may enjoy in peace, and without opposition, a full security.

Consigning to oblivion the bewildering policy of the past, I am waiting with confidence until each of you submits himself henceforth to the obedience due to the laws and authority, on which is imposed their execution. Let each of you therefore return peaceably to his fireside. Thus, I hope with firmness to be freed of the painful necessity of pursuing with all the rigour of the laws, the disturbers of public peace and the rebels.

May the Divine Providence bless your united endeavours, and cause again to flourish with new lustre this beautiful country, the soil of which covers the ashes of the greatest men and citizens; whose reminiscences recall the most brilliant historical epochs, and whose children have recently proved to cotemporaries that heroism and the elevated sentiments of their immortal sires are not extinct in their hearts.

In the name of the King,

Signed

The Regency.

CT. ARMANSPERG, Prest. DE MAURER, DE HEIDEGG.

THE BAVARIANS AND THE GREEKS.

The King introduced into Greece an army of about four thousand Bavarians intended as a means of protecting his majesty, and quelling the anarchy. After the noble assurances, on the King's part, that the Grecian rights should be respected and interests promoted, not the least disturbance ensued to destroy the harmony between ruler and subject. The Suliotes and the revolutionary soldiers in general welcomed joyfully the Bavarians; called them patriots; banqueted and made merry with them, as with fellow-countrymen. At last, however, these new comers began to assume a different aspect; hardly four months had passed when the Bavarians began to exhibit a spirit revolting to the Greeks

They became haughty, persuaded by flattery that they were destined to stand highest of all in the new state. By some mysterious means, many of those soldiers of Bavaria, who had never seen a battle were promoted to high office, with a heavy salary from the Greek treasury. The Bavarians, being in no real service, pursued other employments, and, at the same time, received wages as if they were on military duty, their families were settled in the midst of the country, and one would think that the Greeks were amusing themselves by supporting a German colony at their own expense and discomfiture. Nay, these *martial* immigrants, enjoyed better quarters than the native heroes of the revolution. Such undisguised intrusion was highly displeasing and irritating to the Greeks.

The regency was called upon by the citizens, and entreated to listen to reason. The Suliotes, Olympians, and Spartans, of whom many had each twenty scars on their frame, came joining in the Pyrrhic dance, and reclining beneath the peristyles of the temples of Theseus and Minerva. They demanded the reward of bravery, and the dismissal of the Bavarians, but were refused. They declared that, if they had a mind to revolt, twenty mountaineers of Greece would defeat the whole Bavarian army. These assertions were unnoticed, and the foreigners continued to drain the treasury without reserve.

Quarrels daily arose between them and the natives, until the regency, with an eye on the fountain-head of commotion, laid a plot to repress the impulse of the Spartans, by imposing severe regulations upon that excitable community. The laws of the realm being resisted, it became important to test the efficiency of the Bavarian Guard. The German troops, entering Sparta, were surrounded in the mountain-defiles, by the Maniotes, who, instead of contending, asked

a parley. The royal message was read, but the Spartans or Maniotes gave no reply except laughter, and the question, "Do you think that the Spartans, victorious over foreign invaders, will be awed by the Bavarians?" With laconic dispatch, the regulars were caught, disarmed, stript, and not released until ransomed. They were then dismissed, and ordered to return home, equip themselves with new arms, and invade Sparta again. The parting salutation was, "Go, you Snuffers, and tell our king that his good behaviour will be his best Guard!" The word Snuffers, ψαλιδοκέρια, (psalee thoughkareeah) is used to qualify those who wear tight pantaloons, as a term of ridicule of the European troops seeming to move like snuffers opening and shutting.

The king took the hint, sent home most of his Germans, and instituted a Grecian corps to protect the laws. At first the flowing tunics (phustanelæ), were required to be thrown aside, and the European uniform adopted. Ridicule and sarcasm followed this ordinance, and many were no sooner equipped than they escaped, fled to Turkey, and occupied the many peaked Olympus. Remaining there several years, they continually made incursions upon the neighbouring villages. Many a rich Turk was caught and ransomed. It was impossible to hunt them out; they were called the plagues of the frontier, and bore a standard, upon which was inscribed. "The unjustly treated Greeks." Οἱ ἀδικημένοι Ἕλληνες, (ee atheekeemenny elleeness).

Of late, however, circumstances have changed, and the deserters have been recalled by flattery to the capital. A regiment has been formed, wearing the native costume. The king and queen are often arrayed in the Suliot attire.

Thus much we have said of what Greece has gained by the Revolution, but of her loss in commerce and every

earthly privilege, it is impossible to make an estimate. A criterion may be drawn from her loss of life, but even of that, although much is known, yet it is probable that an immense number of massacres and assassinations were perpetrated, which have not been recorded. During eight years, Turkey was a bloody scene of slaughter, and the amount can only be rendered at the last judgment. We will confine our statement to the first year of the Revolution, and give an accurate census, composed by a distinguished personage.

Statistics of the Greeks of both sexes and all ages massacred by the Turks in one year, from Feb. 26th. 1821, till May 30th, 1822.

	Defenceless victims.	Warriors slain.
At Constantinople, publicly	187	
Imprisoned by day, and cut in pieces, tortured to death, or drowned by night at the same city	30,000	
At Trebizond and throughout Asia Minor	18,000	
Around Constantinople and Adrianople	12,000	
In Moldavia and Wallachia	25,000	4,500
Monastir Berlipè, Sophia, Nisi, Bitaglia	4,000	
Rodosto, Malgara, Tchesan, Terè, Merè, Enos, Genitsè, Isumurtsina, Orpha, Prausta, Demir-thissar, Kesanlik, and Seres	8,000	
Monte Santo, Cassandra, Thessalonica, Nani Æcaterina, Allasane	30,000	550
Zarissa, Ampelacia, Agia, Macrinitza, Volo, Armiros, Zeitoun, Domoco, Pharsale, Turnovo, Tricala	12,000	500
Livadia, Thebes, Athens, Negropont	7,500	450
Archipelago	70,000	300
Western Hellas (continental)	1,000	350
Peloponnesus	2,000	4000
Total	219,637	10,650

One may perhaps be surprised at the number of persons unjustly massacred at Constantinople, that Golgotha of Islamism, yet we easily understand the exactness of this calculation, knowing that more than two thousand Peloponnesians, merchants, and traders disappeared without any information being given of their fate; besides whom, there were at the capital more than sixty-five thousand Greek butchers, gardeners and workman, of whom upwards of fifty-thousand were slaughtered. In regard to the islands, no one can deny that, at Scio alone, sixty thousand individuals perished by the hand of the executioner.

In one single day, the murderers brought to the admiral, in regular talé, according to the Turkish custom, the frightful amount of 1,085 heads. I pass by in silence the horrors perpetrated at Tenedos, Cos, Rhodes, and Cyprus. Out of all the islanders of the Archipelago, only the Hydriotes, Teneotes, Spetzians, Samians, and a few others that revolted, escaped extermination.

At Constantinople, captives were sold for a trifle to Turks who wished to torture them to death. Such were the reforms of the great Sultan Mahmoud, whom many Christians, with more than Moslem depravity, affect to admire! Such has been the triumph of the Sublime Porte, over the weak and the helpless!

How long, O Christendom, wilt thou hesitate to rescue remnant of the oppressed? Arise, deliver the eight millions of Greeks who still groan beneath Turkish fanaticism. If thou wilt not form a crusade, tell thy invincible kings and potentates to command the obedience of civilized law, and punish the aggressions of the last Islamite. And thou, O Sun! thou that shinest on the just and the unjust, conceal henceforth thy light, that Egyptian darkness may hide forever, the crimes of ferocious and blood-thirsty tyrants!

ARRIVAL AT ATHENS.

My arrival at Athens was soon after the death of Capodistrias. The aspect of the city has much altered since that time and requires a short notice.

A few years ago, Athens the capital of the present Greek State, was a heap of ruins, where nothing broke the monotony of devastation, but those imperishable antique structures, those immortal earthly creations, the Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, the Temple of Æolus, and other vestiges of art. Only a few private Turkish buildings and a Mosque escaped the general destruction, half covered with surrounding rubbish. The Turks also burnt 50,000 olive trees of gigantic size and great age.

Now, however, Athens is a European city of importance and the central resort of Oriental travelers. Her limits extend beyond her last enclosure, the famous embattled wall, built by a former Turkish Governor of Attica, named Hasachi, who under pain of death forced his subjects to assemble and complete, in thirty days, a stone wall with strong gates and towers, surrounding the city on every side. This wall has been lately removed, in order to open a space for streets and dwellings. Much of the real estate is owned by foreign capitalists whose agents flocked in from all quarters at Otho's arrival. The streets are in most cases named after distinguished men and gods and goddesses. The city already contains 40,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing. Many magnificent mansions have been built by rich natives and particularly by foreigners. Distinguished personages from all parts of Europe, resort beneath the delightful climate of Attica.

Since the accession of Otho to the throne of Greece, a superb royal palace has been constructed of Pentelic marble. Otho's University possesses several fine edifices. Other public buildings are in process of erection.

Piræus, the harbor of the capital, displays several rich commercial establishments, and a considerable amount of shipping. Part of the land of the Piræus was offered to the Chians, whose well-known enterprise will not fail to aid greatly the extension of Athenian commerce. Between the port and city, a space of six miles, is a road constantly traveled by omnibuses. (παντοφορέα Pandophoreía.) Before the revolution, carriages were rarely seen in Greece. The most striking change is the substitution of the Areopagus for the Moslem Cadi. The Temple of Theseus is used now as a Museum. It exhibits many interesting works of antique architecture and sculpture in a mutilated state; but the reader cannot find in Athens all that belongs to her, no! he must look into the Museums of Europe to discover the masterpieces, which ought to be returned to their home, unless the unjust rapacity of the Crusaders is allowed to stain the brow of western art.

In the city of Socrates, I renewed my studies, attending the schools of the American Missionaries, Robertson, Hill and King, who employed many excellent Greek instructors and obtained universal eulogy for their disinterested patronage of suffering talent. Here I remained until 1835, listening to lectures and taking lessons in the classics. A teacher from Seriphos named Baseilios Delphos, also conducted me in the path of knowledge. He was private teacher of the son of a learned Constantinopolitan widow, named Sultanitsa, who lost her husband during the revolution.

The reputation of the Philosopher Bambas, who we have

mentioned was called from the College of Corfu to the Gymnasium of Hermopolis, attracted many students from all parts of Greece, among whom I numbered myself.

The exile of Scio here met with some of his relatives, who had escaped from the massacre and fled to various parts of Europe. He saw the traces of his former wanderings restored by many a renewed association, contributing to impress his existence with solemnity and loneliness. He joined a society of young men who hired the services of useful lecturers on the sciences and literature, and by continually seeking after knowledge succeeded in some measure in calming his troubled soul. In the course of his residence at this emporium of Greece, the frequent presence of American men of war revived the pleasing reminiscence of his second mother land; and whenever a son of Washington arrived, he greeted the visiter as a fellow citizen, in every light which reflects to the heart the joy of sympathy and the memory of the welcome hearth. The Rev. Dr. Robertson was there with his family, and was occupied in conducting a printing press, from which issued many valuable religious works in modern Greek, to be distributed throughout Turkey and Greece. This learned missionary had charge of a school, in which his accomplished wife and eldest daughter occasionally taught. He has left the scene of his labors in the East and returned to the United States.

CHAPTER XIII.

SECOND VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

(1837.) AFTER a long series of vocations, what should enter the Chian Exile's imagination, but the idea of exercising the office of interpreter! Without pretending to the gift of many tongues, he set up as a teacher only of English, on the same spot where he had formerly started the smacking trade of water-peddling. However, his limited knowledge of that useful speech, culled in a hasty visit to America, was insufficient for such pupils as had already made some advances under other instructors. This want, combined with his ignorance of the laws, manners, and customs of the United States, turned his eye back upon the land of Washington. His desire of revisiting the friends of suffering humanity, awakened a determination to re-embark upon a second tour. Asking the opinion of his instructor, the Chian philosopher, Bambas, he was answered, "Go, my son, to America; go, imitating the industrious bee, and when you return, bring to your native strand, stores of utility. America is the only truly free nation of the world. When her independent republics are united, they can resist the combined insult and oppression of conquest-seeking empires. Her power when undisturbed, reposes like a lion in the wilderness, but when aroused it makes the earth tremble."

Such arguments from the mellifluous counsels of this silver-haired sage were irresistible. The die was cast. The

wanderer had tortured his destiny to a roaming course, and when it was ready to start nothing could restrain it. The letters which he had received from America by Capt. Alexandros's vessel, in his two voyages, were filled with the inspiring histories of old associates. The attraction of such delightful associations was powerful and subduing; New York came to mind; the shade of Boston hovered near; and the very atmosphere of transatlantic nature filled his heart, and wafed every affection to the rock-bound coast of the Pilgrim's wintry flight. His brain ached and reeled, under the hurry of thoughts and reflections, busying themselves in marking out the track to be pursued in obtaining a passage. Friends and relatives were active in dissuading him from rashly plunging into the perils of shoals, reefs, Charybdes, Scyllas, breakers, hurricanes, shipwrecks, and other terrors of a voyage. But what can make an habitual wanderer desist from his eternal round of careering from shore to mount, and from the peak to the main again. From his boyhood, he had been lionising, from necessity, foreign shores, beyond Scio, and if he should take a fresh step into the realms of Atlantis, and measure the breadth of the ocean and the seas once more, who could by force of reason or feeling dissuade him from launching anew into the billowy deep? Just as well might you descend to Hades and endeavour to persuade Sisyphus to let the rock rest on the summit, as to ask the Chian Exile to hinder the rolling stone of his adventures from taking another revolution. Its habit of roving forbids the supposition. Judgment is fixed on the height of imagination, and poised towards the sea.

“The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.”

With such precipitate resolve, the Exile of Scio was not

delayed by useless preparation, but hastened rocking along upon the waves until his feet attained the Boston pavement. The description of his voyage is noted down in the prominent land-marks of the passage. Crete assailed him with a furious storm, at the same point where St. Paul suffered from the fierce Euroclydon. Endeavouring to make some port or other, the ship beat under the lee of Mt. Ida, which frowned in the distance with a black wreath of thunder-clouds. Suddenly the rain fell upon the jagged ridges, the wind, of course, changed, and sent the ship westward, to our wish. The shower passed, and as the clouds died away, the pyramidal summit of Ida peered above the lower mountains with the same majesty as when Jove rose to birth, and took his first lessons about its peak. His juvenile practice in wielding the glittering bolt required an instructor worthy the home of that Minos, whose laws are now thundered by European artillery, not with a tyro's hand, but with the skill of a well-taught engineer. The modern Titans have grasped their rifles, and often defeated the Turkish invader, but unhappily, the interference of Christian monarchs favours the Sublime Porte and abandons Crete to slavery. If the shade of old Rhadamanthus could re-appear and greet the presence of the civilized diplomatists, who wrangle about the balance of power, and leave the fairest portions of earth to ruin, he would claim the thunderbolts of law and science, and order them back to Greece. Then, indeed, would Crete smile again with an hundred cities, thriving with unexampled prosperity, as in days of yore, when she supported her citizens all at the public expense, a perfection of policy which *no modern people* can boast! Oh, thou transcendent democracy of antiquity, centering about Mt. Ida! descend from thy celestial wanderings, quit

the historic page, and live once more ! Monarchs of Christendom ! you have the power to speak and let the oppressed go free ! Unfurl the eagle-banner of Minos, holding Jove's bolts, and thunder-strike the despot, until Crete regains her laws.

A tremendous gust of wind withdrew the ship from the sight of injured Crete, and sent her bounding, upon the broad bosom of the Mediterranean, until she rested her keel in the harbour of Malta. On landing at the quarantine, we saw perpetual funerals ; mourning filled the air with sighs ; and death was in every street. The cholera was busy like an angel of doom, invading all ages, and sacrificing all ranks without regard to the resistance of health or precaution. We trembled at the idea of infection, and were as much afraid of the island as Ulysses of the Sirens, when he was bound to the mast to avoid being charmed away by those fatal maidens. Anchor was weighed ; sails spread, and the ship beat with difficulty between Malta and Sicily, in company with an English man of war, which, being outsailed by our ship, lowered flag as a sign of cheering. We returned the salutation, with the Greek banner, and then hoisted American colours to show our destination. In the evening, a glare burst across the sky, and gave the clouds a frightfully horrid hue. Looking towards the northern sky, we saw a brilliant display of natural fire-works. Mt. *Ætna* was casting the burning lava from its lofty mouth, like some fabulous monster, bursting from his ancient sepulchre to terrify man again. The wind seemed to drive the ship toward the dreadful object, but, by tacking, she crossed over near *Pantellaria*, that piratical island, whose cloud-capt summit frowns inhospitably on the mariner.

A furious head-wind prevented our exit from the narrow

space between Sicily and Cape Bon, (in Africa,) and almost shipwrecked us upon the black rocks of the sunburnt coast of Africa. Many of the sable natives, male and female, came to the strand, expecting perhaps to gratify their rapacity, by exercising their usual hostility to all nations, in misfortune, that happen not to be Islamites. Making a cove, in safety, the ship awaited the termination of the gale. Next, she issued from her repose passed the *bad* Cape Bon, and came in sight of the dark and bloody-coloured rocks of the barren Sardinia, that nest of naval scorpions, the most merciless pirates who ever stung commerce with the deadly fang of outlaw aggression. The bounding keel sped angrily away from its view, the prow contemptuously cast the spray towards the disgraceful isle, and the mast shrank with impetuous haste, bending as if it would run a race to flee from the hated shores. Spain burst upon our view, and the captain recognized the harbour of Carthage, whither he had often sailed. Meeting some fishermen, a fresh cut was obtained to vary the monotony of ship food. It was a beautiful morning, and after breakfast, we came on deck, to take the air, and behold the charming scenery; but as if by magic, a thick mist covered the mountains and the coast, and almost concealed the sea itself. A Polander on board was enchanted at the sight, reminding him of the misty north; he sighed like a heart-broken exile, and found the Greeks ready to sympathize with him. Scarcely had we promenaded the deck a dozen times, when nature gradually withdrew the veil from her form, and revealed her charms to the astonished beholder. Not a vestige of the fog remained; the marshy smell departed, and the fragrance of the rosy hills, and embowered vales made the waves look *blooming*! We admired the gardens yellow with luscious

oranges, and the vineyards purple and white with clusters of good taste. Beautiful Spain!

“ Tall thriving trees confessed the fruitful mould;
 The red'ning apple ripens here to gold.
 Here the blue fig, with luscious taste o'erflows,
 With deeper red, the full pomegranate glows,
 The branch here bends, beneath the weighty pear,
 The verdant olives flourish round the year.
 * * * * * *
 Here are the vines, in early flower descri'd,
 Here grapes discoloured, on the sunny side,
 And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.”

The green mountains of Grenada, stript of forests, but, veiled about the base with fig trees and vines, retired, swelling our sails with their breath, until we found ourselves alone with the restless tenants of the deep. Hardly had the flowery image of Spain ceased exciting our fancy, when we neared the lightning-rifted, war-scathed hills of Algeria, where France is introducing the roses of civilization and the refreshing sway of Christian policy. Islamism, the thistle of religion, will ere long be rooted out of that once inhospitable clime and nest of legalized piracy. The sons of Washington have tamed the vultures of commerce, and the countrymen of Lafayette have destroyed their nest. One of our crew, Captain George, had been a captive on the burning sands of Barbary, and now shuddered at the scene of his misfortunes. Capt. Alexandros had battled with a Tunisian corsair, and taught the marauder that a Greek merchantman can defend the law of nations. He described the joy at Ipsara, on the announcement of the victory of the Americans, over the legalized outlaws of the Sublime Porte; and that thanks were offered to the Divine

Justice, and the Doxology sung. The very sight of the land where the United States of the persecuted pilgrims sent an armament against the scourge of every creed, brought the Anglo-Americans into forcible contrast, with the Mussulmans. We were reminded of Hercules who roved about, cleansing the seas of piratical infection, stationing two mountain pillars as the gate leading to the ocean, and inscribing them with the command, "No further." *Μη περαιτέρω*, (mee payraiteyro.) Disregarding this antique ordinance of a revered hero, his descendants baffled the opposing current, passed the Straits and entered the Atlantic. Sailing toward Cape St. Vincent, we prepared to bid adieu to Spain. The level, embowered, Andalusia, like a lake of verdure vanished leaving nothing in the mind but the remembrance of the great Columbus, who left those luxurious borders under the auspices of the fair Isabella, the world-seeking Queen. What monarchs and doctors discouraged and ridiculed, a woman brought to light, by her unprejudiced patronage of honest-minded genius.

On heaving in sight of Portugal, the Captain ordered the mariners to tack ship, declaring that he would follow the American fashion of running long distances each way, to *feel for* a favourable wind. As Portugal died away from view, we reflected on that little realm which, like a grain of mustard seed, in former times, grew to a large commercial tree, so that the seabirds of trade, spreading their white wings, reposed on her branches of supremacy by the wave, until Spain supplanted her, as mistress of the deep. The religious influence of her missionaries in Japan, preaching peace and love, and for a season, converting the royal family, make a bold contrast with the warlike operations of the English in that quarter, at that time. The chief failing

of the Portuguese was their unwarrantable hostility to the remains of art, and their wanton destruction of many monuments in the East Indies. The historian and the antiquarian feel a wound from Portuguese vandalism, incurable and unpardonable. Another bad example which they have set is their traffic in African captives.

There is a singular idea among some Portuguese; they say that the name of their city, Lisbon, is derived from Ulysses, whose wanderings terminated in Lusitania. But a Russian might as well assert that Odessa, called Odessòs, is derived from Odysseus the Greek name of Ulysses.

It began to grow sultry and insupportable when we were in the region of the Canaries, imagined by some to have been the ancient Islands of the Blest, (*αἱ νῆσοι τῶν Μακάρων*) mentioned by the poets. This point of navigation seemed but a commencement of a trans-atlantic voyage. The wind hauled more favourably, and we bore down upon the Azores; but scarcely had we reached their vicinity, when two terrific thunder clouds, charged with all the lightning of Dog-days, neared each other from the west, and met over our heads. At once they rushed together, their solemn volleyed thunders uttered their roarings, making the wave tremble like a leaf; and their forked flashes, and chain-lightning pierced the deep not far from our ship. This unwelcome reception, by Neptune excited terror in Captain George, who had never before been out of the straits.

While he was busy at prayer, and was burning incense before the picture of the Virgin, the sad but listless Polander was playing his violin with perfect indifference, like a dying swan. It was a comico-tragic scene, to see one praying and burning incense before the saints, and the other playing on the violin. The peculiar combative qualities of

the clouds, about this Portuguese colony, reminded us of the country of assassinations and bull-fights.

A favourable breeze arose and wafted us from the noisy and dazzling neighbourhood. Crossing the gulf stream we came to the latitude of 32° , and ran a risk of being becalmed, but by reaching in season the counter current, floated into the regions of *Æolus*, the borders of the stream. On seeing the dark blue Ocean-River, steaming with heat, stolen from its Mexican source, and overhung by huge canopies of black clouds, the Greek sailors were amazed. Our course was through several fields of Gulf-weed, started from its southern abode by the violence of the late tempest. Capt. George took them to be shoals, but Capt. Alexandros, having made two previous voyages to America, was aware that it was sea-weed, a spontaneous growth on the slimy surface of that part of the ocean south of the stream. Ships began to appear in sight, and wondered on beholding the Grecian flag waving over the ocean. The port-holes and cannon of our craft created considerable terror in some, thinking that our vessel was a corsair. On telescoping us, they tacked and bore off most precipitately. Provisions beginning to fail, Capt. Alexandros was desirous of hailing a certain vessel, which, on being overtaken by our rapid keel, brought to, and waited to be boarded by those whom they looked upon as pirates. As the moustache-wearing Greeks mounted her deck, the greatest horror was depicted on the countenance of the passengers, especially the women, who had a few days previous, left the harbour of Halifax. As I knew English, they were astonished at the familiar tone in which I addressed them, bidding them feel no gloomy apprehensions, as our vessel was a merchantman, bound to Boston.

After making them presents of fruit and various articles to restore cheerfulness to their brows, we bought from them some potatoes at a high price, shook hands with the captain and re-embarked.

On nearing the centre of the stream, a storm arose, blowing favourably and wafting us rapidly, from the blue abyss, to the green soundings. Arriving at last off Cape Cod, a moving forest of fishing smacks branched about, in all directions, Threading a thick mist we entered the harbour of Boston, sailing among the beautiful little islands, lying in the water like sirens half immersed, during the sultry days. The Polander, on seeing the city, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "O this is now my country!" I asked him if he had lost his patriotism. "Poland," said he, "Poland is gone forever, and America shall be my adopted home!" He then sadly touched his guitar and played a mournful tune. His melancholy contrasted with the lively enthusiasm of the Greeks. Captain Alexandros had taken this countryman of Kosciusko and Sobieski, from Greece to this asylum of the oppressed, free of expense, out of compassion for that unfortunate, but brave nation. Europe is under great obligation to this people; for it was their gallant son Sobieski who drove the Turks from the gates of Vienna, the key of Europe. I rejoice to learn that this exile Polander, is married in Baltimore, and is doing well, by giving lessons on the guitar, on which instrument he plays charmingly well.

SECOND VISIT TO BOSTON.

My knowledge of the English language was very serviceable to Captain Alexandros on shore; and I resumed my

office of interpreter, with greater success than before. Accompanying several Greeks to Faneuil Hall, I explained the history of that cradle of liberty. A great concourse of citizens were thronging, to listen to a speech from Daniel Webster, the friend of the Greek cause. The sight of that champion of democracy impressed our mind, as with a vision of some ancestral personage of our own nation. His expanded and prominent brow, and soul-stirring eloquence, connected with the unrestrained independence of the multitude, afforded a picture of Athens, in her earliest days of popular sway, when she had just rejected regal authority. As the city of Minerva, by the cultivation of free principles, reached the height of refinement, so may America yet arrive at greater celebrity, by imbibing their virtue, and rejecting their faults. On election day, for curiosity, we wandered along to see the process of voting. Coming in contact with the parties all at once, we met with a score of tickets, offered perhaps out of joke. Captain Alexandros refused, asserting that he was not an American, but was still in the Greek service, (as I interpreted.) However, they replied that his being a foreigner was no obstacle, he could be naturalized, in a few moments, and admitted as a voter, just in the same way, that thousands of emigrants are frequently Americanized on landing by some office-seekers. The captain exclaimed with his usual boisterous laughter, "How different this nation is from the ancient Athenians! Is it so easy to become an American?" The offer was probably made in jest. On entering State street, I told the Captain, that here the first American blood was shed by the British, and that in the country, around Boston, were fought the first battles for independence.

The arrival of Black Hawk at that time and other Indian

chiefs at Boston, excited great curiosity in the Greeks. We proceeded over the Common through the spacious paths shaded by elm-trees, and we were as curious to the Aborigines, as they were to us. The interpreters on both sides fell busily at work. The Indians, hearing of the Greek bravery and ancient glory, expressed their admiration, and called upon their interpreter to pour forth their feelings and opinions, stating, that they had been exhibited like tamed elephants and lions, throughout the United States, without taking any interest in the scenes around them, except by increasing their sorrow for the loss of their dominions. They added as the greatest favour asked of them on their tour, that they had gratified the multitude with their war-whoop, and shown them the mode of dancing before the scalps of their enemies.

Since my previous visit to America, the face of society had undergone an important change. Formerly, plain matter of fact was the chief characteristic, but now a host of new sciences were brought to light and practice. New employments had thereby sprung up, following in the wake of discovery. Phrenology was in full cry, after heads! The presence of the Greeks contributed much to heighten the enthusiasm, and many thousands of people visited our ship; among whom several phrenological practitioners, from Washington street, or elsewhere, came, bringing the instruments and emblems of their profession. Some of the Greeks wondered what mystery was at work, and dreaded enchantment, until they saw Capt. Alexandros submit, without uneasiness, to the operation. Next Capt. George was called upon to undergo a *feeling*. Being very superstitious, he bethought himself of an expedient to avoid the evil effects of magic, and while the phrenologist was rolling up his sleeves,

George, sitting à la Turque, made the sign of the cross three times, repeating in Greek, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" "Ἰπαγε ὀπίσω μου Σατανᾶ! The performance of handling was now borne without apprehension, but when the phrenologist pressed too hard on the *combaticiveness* of the warrior, the subject begged me to assure the cranioscope, that his head was not a water-melon to test its maturity! The schedule was found to agree well with his real character; and George, hearing the statement, rendered so exactly, by a person whom he had never before seen, made the sign of the cross, spit in his bosom, uttered a short prayer, and then retired, changed his apparel, and burned frankincense in the cabin. Afterwards he often reverted to this astonishing science, and declared that the Americans would soon be able to raise the dead from their tombs.

My return to Boston, after seven years absence, was attended with favorable auspices. The celebrated Dr. Howe, Director of the Boston Blind Asylum, and friend of Greece and Poland, gave me a cordial welcome. I immediately found patronage as an instructor of the Greek language in Boston and Cambridge. In the institution for the blind, (Pearl Street), Dr. Howe submitted to my charge, two hours a day, one of his most talented and well-known youths, Joseph Smith, for instruction in ancient Greek. In one month, notwithstanding his loss of sight, he became familiar with the nouns and verbs, pronounced like a Greek, spelled and accentuated with facility, and translated from Greek printed in Roman characters. This youth was sent to Harvard University, Mass. The Chian exile found employment and hospitality wherever he went. The Faculty of Harvard University displayed an earnest attachment to the "clime of the unforgotten brave," and listened to his in-

structions and lectures upon the modern dialect, manners, customs and character of his countrymen. As *Socrates* could boast of having many scholars who afterwards became ornaments of literature, so *Custanis*, in preparing the present work, was surprised in looking back upon his past labors to see how many of his early private pupils in modern Greek, are now climbing the loftiest summits of Parnassus. Not having space to mention them all, he will select one name which in his view has rendered himself worthy of the lofty trust confided to him by his country. I speak of Hale, the Philologist of the Exploring Expedition, a son of the celebrated Sarah J. Hale, whose literary fame upholds Godey's Lady's Book. His work published at the expense of government is a gigantic collection of facts relating to the aboriginal languages of America. In that book, I was surprised to find among the languages of the Pacific island, about two hundred words almost identical with the Greek; such as *Olelo*, for $\lambda\alpha\lambda\omega$, *uma* for $\omega\mu\omicron\varsigma$, &c. Besides this, the Greek positions of the article, such as \acute{o} $\tau\omicron\upsilon$, η $\tau\tilde{\eta}\varsigma$, &c., are imitated in the Hawaiian, a circumstance found in no other language. Truly science has been greatly promoted by this cosmopolitan investigator.

Josiah Quincy, then President of Harvard, was conspicuous among the Phillhellenes whom I met during my stay in this retreat of the muses. His warm attachment to classic reminiscences was expressed in personal kindness to the unfortunate sons of Hellas. Professor Felton exhibited a truly noble ardor in Greek learning, and his excellent lady was the only female pupil whom I ever taught in America. Her attachment to the language, which formed her husband's profession exhibited itself in the enthusiasm and exactness with which she mastered its complex dialects.

After spending two years in teaching in private, his health suffered from the severe climate, and he was advised by the physician to relinquish this profession. The next year was spent in preparing lectures on Greece.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOUR THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.

IN consequence of a close application to the task, and feeling his health fail, with the prominent symptoms of consumption he was advised by the physician to journey. Being provided with general letters of recommendation from Gov. Everett and the faculty of Harvard University, in the year 1839, he commenced a course of Lectures at Boston, and thence started on a tour through the Union. In the fall of 1839, he visited New York city, and lectured in Clinton Hall. Nearly twelve years previous to that time, he had been snatched from the burning embers of revolutionary strife, and brought to the same strand, as a living monument of Turkish cruelty and American philanthropy. But now he had come from regenerated Greece to cast the light of historic truth before the minds of those friends who were desirous of learning the statement of the thrilling struggle for liberty, from an eye witness. He met many persons who remembering the Greek lads, were glad to see one of them arisen to manhood and expressing his gratitude to the benefactors of Greece. The great friend of my country, the well-known Dr. Russ, met me with the same kind sentiments, with which I had seen him healing and consoling the wounded warriors at Poros. From the benevolent family of Mr. Stuyvesant (descendant of Governor Stuyvesant,) I met with the same cordiality, with which they still welcome and relieve many an unfortunate Greek.

From New York I proceeded to Princeton, New Jersey,

where I lectured at the hospitable and learned college. I found there three Greek students, natives of Epirus, pursuing a course of education, under the auspices of charitable associations. There was also a Constantinopolitan Armenian, named Sennacherib. It is truly a home-like place, and it seemed that Princeton was a spot, transported from the soil of Attica, and capable of rearing Greeks with the principles of their ancestry. The beautiful situation of this institution and its excellent Professors render it a choice haunt of the muses. After a happy visit of several days where I had the pleasure of conversing in my vernacular tongue, I resumed my wanderings and lectured at other places, in this truly hospitable state, and finally took a trip to Philadelphia, the city of peace and love. Anxious to see the counterpart of the unwarlike and industrious Chians, in the followers of the philanthropic William Penn, I mingled with that society of brotherly love, and enjoyed uncommon gratification. To a native of Scio, there is a peculiar charm in pacific and instructive institutions, and what city of the whole world can display a more fascinating air of benevolence and humanity than Philadelphia? Hospitality, the essence of charity, gives out its fragrance to the wanderer, and consoles him for every afflicting remembrance of past suffering; and when I trod the wide regular streets of that open-hearted, strict, and candid community, I felt that Quakerism, or rather Philadelphism is a blessing. Let bigots and quibblers declaim in favour of warlike and passionate nations, but let me live among the Brothers and die among the Friends, as these people style themselves, supporting their title by appropriate demeanor. If all mankind would take lessons of such fraternity, rapacity and ambition would die away, and no battles would be fought except with the bloodless *pen* of reason. May the Divine Providence

multiply the peaceful seed which they have sown, until the whole Earth shall blossom with love, harmony and the works of art. The chaste architecture of Philadelphia following the Grecian orders, renders that city of peculiar interest, as a patron of the classic taste. West, the celebrated painter, has revived the biblical scenes, by his unrivaled genius, and added lustre to the advocates of peace and virtue. Philadelphia comprises, in her character, all those generous and magnanimous resources which tend to true refinement. One of the most striking features of her social policy, is the custom of the parties established by Wistar, for the purpose of conversing on scientific topics; where many a literary foreigner, through this means, introduces himself, at once, into the highest circles. The exile of Scio had the honour of being invited on three occasions to these *re-unions*, through the polite and hospitable attention of the late John Vaughan, Esq. one of the worthiest adopted sons of that city, who like Lot, regardless of declining age, made every exertion to render the stranger's visit agreeable and profitable.

This system of improving the intellectual faculties reminds me of the Symposiums, established by Xenocrates and Aristotle, at Athens, in her days of glory. These Grecian parties were conducted by the philosophers in the Prytaneum, Academy and Lyceum, and regulated by strict rules which the pupils were bound to obey. All conversed for the improvement of the mind and the welfare of their country.

I cannot avoid expressing the pleasure with which I frequented the Franklin Library, an institution which has not its parallel in the Union for the readiness and promptness with which the trustees fulfil to the letter the requisition of

America's incomparable sage, who snatched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants. (Eripuit fulmen cœlo, sceptrumque tyrannis.) A stranger, who wishes to peruse a book, (a privilege for which no fee is required), is accommodated speedily and politely, and not as in other places, tardily and sullenly. Philadelphia surpasses in its literary hospitality most other places. The Philosophical Society is praiseworthy for the facility which it affords to strangers who desire to examine its books and documents. The Franklin Mechanics' Institute patronises munificently all gentlemen of literary worth, and of artistic or inventive genius. Franklin adopted truly a worthy city.

Concerning the excellent taste of the Philadelphians in architecture and their love of the Grecian orders we might say much, but the details for this and other places will be more interesting to the Greeks.

I thank heartily the trustees, teachers and pupils of the private and public schools of Philadelphia, for the burning interest they exhibited in listening to my accounts of the sufferings, sacrifices, exploits, customs and manners of my countrymen. Let the children of America be assured that their love towards the country of Marco Bozzaris will be made known to the children of Greece, and *they* know how to praise them.

In the present work, of course, it cannot be expected that I shall describe or even name all the institutions, benevolent and literary, in which the cities of America abound, but it certainly belongs to a Greek to speak of the magnificent temple of learning, bearing the name of Girard College. It does honour to America. Its durable outward appearance, its luxurious interior, and the exactness and beauty of its architecture astonished me. It seemed like a trophy of gratitude left by a generous son of that

generous nation, whose sword interfered to secure both American and Grecian independence. Girard made his earliest gains from the French Colonies of America, and his last from the trade of Philadelphia, and thus regarded America as the home of his spirit. Yet not blinded by the love of gain he left a brilliant bequest, before which that of monarchs sinks into insignificance.

Like the Athenian Academus, he has immortalized not only himself but the city which his generosity has honoured. May the trees in its enclosure never serve to raise bulwarks against the citizens, as those of Academus' olive grove served Mithridates in besieging Athens.

My interview with President Allen was a delightful one. I shall bear the remembrance as that of the restoration of some Greek ruin to its pristine beauty, and the re-embodiment of the friends of literature that moved beneath its stately columns. One thing there reminded me of Plato's prohibition, though perhaps the comparison may not be a happy one, for he refused to admit into his academy all persons ignorant of geometry, but Girard excludes all the *professional* servants of Christ.

The Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, a citizen of Philadelphia, was a valiant defender of the Grecian cause during the whole period of the revolutionary struggle. With a press for a bulwark, a pen for a weapon, and an excellent journal for a banner, he fought against those narrow-minded politicians who alarmed the country with their pusillanimous fears, that the anger of England, France and Russia would chastise America for her sympathy towards the suffering "clime of the unforgotten brave." Through his influence, an extraordinary effort was made in favour of establishing a relief society. A Greek committee was organized in the

Masonic Hall, Dec. 10th, 1823. The Right Rev. William White, (Bishop of Pennsylvania,) was chairman of the meeting. Matthew Carey Esq., a Roman Catholic and truly one of the most efficient friends of the noble cause which he had espoused, was appointed secretary.

The chairman made a short but eloquent address, which resulted in the immediate organization of a society which was a noble rival of those of Boston, New York and Baltimore. It seems that Catholics and Protestants went hand in hand in accomplishing this laudable work.

Feb. 28th, 1827, Rev. G. T. Bedell, of the Episcopal Church, preached an elegant and affecting sermon in St. Paul's Church, in aid of the Greek fund.

The impartiality of Chandler's mind was seen in the justice which, in his columns, he rendered to the injured Costtaulos, the agent of the Greek government for the purchase of the frigates, of which one was at last rescued from the rapacious contractors, and sent full of supplies to Greece. Such men belong not to their country alone, but to all mankind.

Having procured private recommendations, the only passports required in this free land, I departed, directing my course to Delaware.

In my rambles through that smallest of the States, I lectured at the principal towns, and met everywhere with the most cordial attention. Wilmington is a hospitable city. At Newark, I delivered a course before the College, and enjoyed the honour of a numerous audience through the kind influence of the faculty, and especially of Prof. Allen. My next trip terminated in Maryland. Arriving at Baltimore, I stopped at the City Hotel, Barnum's, an excellent house. This beautiful and enterprising city nobly contri-

buted to the relief of the suffering Greeks, during their Revolution. The liveliness and jollity of both sexes, in that community, combined with her black-eyed fair, reminded me of Grecian society. Since that epoch Baltimore has placed herself foremost in the ranks of temperance, and, under the watchword of Washington, has secured a trophy of reform. She has rendered her monument to the father of American liberty, an emblem of one of the greatest, and most saving moral revolutions of the age.

VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

Having spent a fortnight at this place, I proceeded to Washington, (D. C.) There Mr. Mills, the architect of the public buildings, received me in his house with marked attention; his fondness for the classic orders endears his heart to every thing pertaining to the land of Phidias; and his son-in-law, acknowledging a noble Greek from the isle of Hydra as his sire, naturally creates a kindred feeling for the land of the muses.

Through the politeness of the late Mr. Forsyth, (then Secretary of State,) I was introduced to many distinguished personages. I thanked personally Henry Clay for his eloquent speech in behalf of Greece. I often attended the congressional debates, and heard the opinions of this rival of the Amphictyonic League.

The general sympathy of this Grecian-minded assembly, in their hall, supported by Greek architecture, was displayed in favour of Greece, in the darkest hour of her misfortunes when her fate was trembling betwixt extinction and deliverance. The piracy perpetrated by despairing Greeks, on some American vessels, called forth, from a prejudiced member, considerable sarcasm; but should the fault of two

or three individuals, be cast upon the nation at large? As well might you call America a pirate-community, because many of the most daring marauders of the seas, have been Americans. It was remarked that piracy was not regarded as dishonourable among the Greeks. This terrible accusation of an injured and almost expiring nation, on the floor of Congress, is enough to call tears from the eye-witnesses of the sufferings that Greece endured from the piratical Moor and the lawless Turk. Greece is the victim, not the organ of piracy. She is the mother of Castor and Pollux, with their star-spangled banner of free trade; her sons Theseus and Hercules, first cleansed the sea of Pirates, and she it is that lately was honoured by the thanks of the Sublime Porte, lavished on the immortal Canaris, who went about like Hercules, destroying all the rapacious monsters of the Mediterranean. Who, in the brilliant glare of the Grecian annals, will expose his dastardly soul to the stigma of the fanaticism of ignorance, by condemning a nation on the score of a few rascals? Such an argument may be retorted with the most cutting effect, and on such principles, America must be made accountable for all the piracies of Kid, Mason and others, perpetrated on all nations, with a cruelty unequalled by the Algerines.

The good sense of this independent land, allows every man to speak his mind, and it is useful to know what opinions are entertained, on Grecian character, that we may answer them. Those bigoted, unjust tyrants of mind, who assail the general character of a race from the crimes of a few members, are too despicable to need an answer; but the elevated rank of a certain orator, who attacked the Greek nation, with the venomous fang of back-biting reproach, has called forth the present burst of sympathy for my national

honor, polluted, but well avenged by abler statesmen who reflect glory on this democracy,

Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, by their demosthenic eloquence, have dispelled all the accusations that arose against Greece, in her days of torture; and have started millions of their countrymen to return a share of gratitude to the land of Solon, and to relieve agonizing humanity. But in this hasty sketch, I have no space to depict the tie of sympathy which, through these mighty intellects, has bound America and Greece forever in unison.

The architecture, disconnected with sculpture, (except the Capitol,) is grand and elegant. The Treasury department, Patent Office, and General Post Office, are beautiful in their frame work; nothing is wanting but an Athenian mixture of sculptural and bas-relief ornament, to render them perfectly attractive. The Patent Office, within, contains a host of entertaining objects of American invention, presents from foreign kings and potentates, and many a sabre of an Islamite, sent as an emblem of the means of converting mankind to the doctrines of the false Prophet of Arabia. These gifts from abroad, especially those from the Mussulmans, are sent to the *Monarch of America*, because they know not that whatever they send to him belongs to those that have chosen him. Such is their ignorance of the hostility to bribery, enjoined by the Constitution of this democracy.

The Capitol is unsurpassed from the base to the lower border of the domes, above which it wants only Minarets to assume the appearance of a Mosque, at a distance. The ancient Athenians built their Odeon, from the spoil of the routed Persians, and surmounted the edifice by a dome, constructed of the masts and spars of the Persian ships, intending thereby to remind the common people of the dome-like pavilion

of Xerxes. The Odeon was a useful trophy, a historical memento of the overthrow of the barbarians, and when the Athenians beheld the dome, they regarded it as the symbol of a despotism which they must always abhor and repel.

On looking at the American Capitol, two associations arise to the classic mind. The splendid columns typify the refinement of the free people of this democracy; the domes, on the contrary, indicate the barbarous acts of the civilized English invaders, burning the Hall of the purest policy of earth and devoting its citizens to the sword of tyranny.

In these remarks, I have avoided sarcasm against the sons of Albion, except, in such proceedings as those which the immortal Pitt and other gigantic and classic English minds have reproached, in the terms of unsurpassed eloquence, before the Parliament. Whatever, I say therefore, is nothing but a reflection of Albion's mind. She has been a great benefactress to mankind but often acts the part of old Rome.

The paintings and bas-reliefs of the Capitol, representing distinguished personages and revolutionary and colonial scenes, are tasteful. The monument erected to those who fell in checking the Turkish corsairs, in Barbary, is a thrilling object of contemplation to a Greek spectator. The exile of Scio, on beholding the bas-reliefs, portraying the turbaned heads of the myrmidons of the Grand Seignior, was convinced that the wrongs inflicted upon his nation by the Sublime Porte, had given a share to these transatlantic shores. The mythological emblems on the top of this trophy are appropriate and well designed.

THIRD VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

On my third visit to Washington, (April, 1842) I saw the statue of the father of his country, by Greenough, a distinguished American sculptor. This good specimen of rising talent does honour to America, but should be placed in a more conspicuous location. Let it stand on the front of the capitol, facing the Presidential residence, and overlooking a portion of the vast territory of this democracy. Position is half the statue; and on contemplating the confinement of this work, we imagine that it pants for the outer air, and longs to see the land, which the typified spirit rescued from despotism. If the climate forbids the removal of this manly emblem of the wielder of the modern warlike thunders of artillery, in favor of liberty; if the exterior air would mar its noble proportions by the storms, let it remain where it is, not alone, but attended with kindred emblems, ornaments of bas-relief, and miniature statues. A nation which personifies its means of thought, and its springs of action by sculpture and painting, presents to the world an irresistible charm, capable of soothing savages, and reducing demons to clemency. It is the special duty of democracy to patronise the labourer and the artist. The building of public edifices in the Ionic, Doric, or Corinthian order, calls out the greatest variety of ability. The quarries of granite and marble were intended as materials to exercise the mind. Should the noble specimens of this land be neglected, while sculptors are springing up, or at least ready to arise at the touch of the magic wand of patronage? Has God left marble as a dead weight upon nature? Shall it lie like an incubus upon this country? I need not say that

the American sculptors and architects, are giving expressive life to the enduring marble which God has placed beneath their feet. Many of these champions of the chisel and the compass, have gone to Europe and challenged her mightiest intellects. The halls of monarchs are often indebted for an ornament to American talent. Some of the pilgrims of art have returned to commence a glorious career on their native stand. The most able defenders of national credit, are such men.

If a universal call is made for sculpture and painting, a host of competitors would start up from the city and forest. Perhaps the aborigines, by turning their attention to such performances, might rival civilized men. But patronage is the only means of discovering genius. In this respect the age of Pericles is a proper model. Phidias received for the statue of the Olympian Jove its weight in gold. It is astonishing that the single city of Athens became so capable of superior excellence above the mightiest nations. The Egyptians, forgetting their pyramids, were impressed with awe on reaching Greece, where they behold the mountains girt with temples, and capped with clouds and porticoes. The lofty promontory of Sunium appeared like the vestibule of Attica saluting the approaching mariner far o'er the wave. In Egypt the scourge of despotism heaped rocks on rocks, in stiff outline, as if to scale heaven in a war of giants. But in Greece liberty paid and repaid her ablest labourers and artists, not only with the myrtle-wreath of honor, but with the gold and silver crown of recompense. What a magnificent contrast between despotism and liberty! The former heaps rock on rock, and excavates huge caverns in the bosom of the earth. The latter on the contrary arrays nature in charms of divine significancy, emblems of virtue,

and tokens of heroism, love, gratitude, and piety. Look at the lofty Acrocorinthus of antiquity, crowned with splendid monuments, the summit of which was nearly two thousand feet above the surface of the sea. The sides of that magnificent hill of Corinth were decorated with temples and statues down to the water's edge. The statues on the roofs of the temples on the peak of this mountain were seen standing apparently in the clouds—they seem to defy the bolts of Jupiter and commune with the Olympian messengers. The eagle alighted upon their crest, and mocked the rage of the elements. When the sky was arrayed in summer azure, the hill where the Corinthian elegance congregated its master-pieces, exhibited itself as the sublimest combination of art and nature which the whole world afforded. The olive groves embraced the sacred enclosures of the fane. The golden apple, the pomegranate and the vine enriched the luxury of the view and enlisted the senses in the cause of refinement. The birds gave a tone to the scene, and made the statues vocal with harmony and instruction. The mariner sailing up the Corinthian Gulf riveted his gaze upon sublime Acrocorinthus. The traveler from the summit saluted Athens, far in the distance, greeted Parnassus, and hailed the most memorable heights of the classic land. Grandeur, magnificence, and sublimity of nature were the basis of Greek art. Is America unable to cope with such pre-eminence? I answer, she is capable of the highest attainments in the pursuit of civilization and improvement. Her sciences have already subdued steam and electricity, those furious elements of nature. She has made the first practical and conclusive demonstration of the efficiency of many inventions. The monarchies of Europe are sometimes thrown into the shade by the talent of this land.

The materials for American statuary and painting afford a broad field of genius. The heroes of their revolution have been painted to the life, but not to the fancy. They must be divested of too much drapery, and thrown into expressive attitudes. Nature must not be copied with servility. Beau ideals of the most common figures should be formed: Phidias in his bas-reliefs of the Athenians, at the battle of Marathon, divested the heroes of armour and shields, and denuded them as much as possible, in order to display the action with more force to the imagination. In representing the Persians, he allowed them only a turban and tchakshir, because those emblems were sufficient to denote their race. Besides marble, the Athenians used ivory, gold, bronze and other substances, to represent not only heroes, orators and poets, but even insects, animals and plants. The capitol of the Corinthian column, was a perfect imitation of the acanthus leaf. Nature affords resources for elegance which man cannot exceed. For that reason the Corinthians followed nature in every representation, and stamped the most elegant flowers upon the enduring marble. It is therefore impossible to find any thing to surpass the works of our sovereign architect. They differ in excellence, and the object of the artist is to select, his skill consists in choosing the best models of imitation. The unrivalled statue of the goddess of beauty was copied from an assemblage of maiden charms.

In the American sculpture it is necessary to introduce ornaments to accompany the work. If Pericles had called out the talent of Greenough on Washington's statue, that primeval patron would have directed the same artist to add a few embellishments to adorn the masterpiece. A colossal image cannot stand alone. Phidias surrounded Olympian

Jove with bas-reliefs, small figures of nymphs or goddesses, and every thing calculated to attract attention, and save the statue from the gloom of solitude. Let the statue of Washington be surrounded with ornaments of bas-reliefs, a small image of liberty, a group of the graces, emblems of all the States of the Union, and other insignia of democracy. Let the Father of his Country speed the eagle from his palm, and have the lion in a tame attitude under his foot. By such means, the immortal work of Greenough would assume true life, like a master-spirit, and rule over a world of beauty and allegorical truth. At present, the absence of ornament gives the statue a solitary, dreary and stern look. When artists wander abroad, let them study nature on the hills of Corinth and plains of Attica. The remnants which stand there even now are fine lessons for taking sights and prospects of architectural effect. When they return to America let them shape the Alleghany mountains to similar objects of majesty and splendour. The hills about their cities would delight the beholder if they were crowned with architectural masterpieces blended with the branches of their primeval forest. Pilgrims would come from every land to visit the attractions of the New World. The influx of rich travelers would add life and animation to business. The expense of erecting the most costly ornaments would be amply repaid by the tribute of admiring millions of the devotees of curiosity or talent.

THE CAPITOL.

The commanding position of the capitol, and its unsurpassed communication by sea and land, render it the most convenient resort for the deputies of the new world, and the ambassadors of the old. Here seems to be the Thermopylæ of liberty, and the Salamis of victory combined at one point.

It is the left side of the ocean-bounded democracy ; and here is the heart, from which the veins of colonization reach the Atlantic and Pacific. Virginia, the mother of states, lies under the constant gaze of the guardian-genius of Union. Here let the proud European make his pilgrimage, and imbibe useful teachings, from this fountain of international peace, and constitutional rejection of the rapacious conquest-making and world-seeking plans of absolute monarchs, or ambitious aristocrat-leagues.

At Georgetown, a city separated from Washington by Rock creek, I was hospitably received at the celebrated Jesuit College. Fathers Joseph Lopez, George Fenwick, Virgil Barber, and other members of that kind and benevolent community, displayed an attachment for Greece consoling to the Chian exile.

I was rejoiced to see that the Latin Church, as it exists among the Franks in Greece and Turkey, is no criterion to judge of its members at large. If bigotry and servitude, handed down from the dark ages, deface the papal devotees in the Orient, we find proofs of a better spirit in other places. The association of the Roman Catholics of Georgetown with my wanderings and their enthusiasm for Chrysostom, Gregory, and other Greek fathers of early Christianity, display the most convincing signs of the restoration of union and fellowship between all sects and communities of the followers of Christ.

VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

Descending the river Potomac in a steamboat, for seven miles, I reached the city of Alexandria, on the right bank. The citizens kindly granted me the use of one of their best halls, (free of charges,) for lecturing. During my stay, I

mounted a horse, invested with my red Fes and shaggy Capote, and started without a guide for Mount Vernon, nine miles distant; the road was irregular, and in some places almost impassable, but the spirited steed surmounted every obstacle; the negroes, unaccustomed to behold the rider's Greek cloak with its hood over the head, to avoid the rain, frequently left their occupation, and fled behind the trees. Perhaps they thought that some wild Indian had broken loose from the boundary, in spite of the *territorial agents*. Being desirous of inquiring the way, I pursued a flock of them at full speed; and although they scampered like ourang-outangs, I succeeded in *running them down*.

On reaching Mount Vernon, I met *not Joice Heth, Washington's nurse*, but a venerable negro of intelligent look, one of the gardeners. He took charge of my steed, and guided me to the former residence of the hero. The simplicity of the house made a powerful contrast with the luxury which the Greek exile had seen in the abodes of his tyrants. Portraits of various members of the family, and a beautiful bas-relief under the mantle-piece were the principal ornaments. Being requested to enroll my name in the register of visitors, and fearing lest I should never return to this holy spot, I wrote the following lines in Greek and English, "C. P. Castanis, one of the few who escaped from the dreadful massacre on the island of Scio, in 1822."

We went to the old tomb which is near the house, and overlooks the river; and next entered a grove, and visited the new sepulchre of the warrior, recently constructed of brick, and enclosing two marble sarcophagi, one of which contains the remains of his wife. The negro told me that they were presented by a Philadelphian. The only ornament upon the plain stone was the name of "Washington." That is a plenty, I exclaimed.

I tasted an orange, raised upon the solemn soil of Mount Vernon, and found it as sweet as the golden apple of Scio. I purchased from the green-house a nosegay, comprising various flowers and plants, similar to those of my own country, and still preserve them with reverence.

Standing amid the primeval forest trees on the Mt. Vernon estate, I felt a mysterious influence, like that arising from a ruin of ages past, although it was but in the memory of thousands now living that the hero was consigned to his sarcophagus. I recalled my emotions at the sight of the marble tomb of Themistocles on the Attic strand, kissed by the Ægean billow and greeted by sea-girt Salamis. Washington and Themistocles then appeared to my fancy. The trees assumed the appearance of Persian ships; and the Potomac that of the purple wave of the Salaminian straits. Washington stood as a spectator of the victory of Themistocles. Anon, Hellenic glory greeted my vision; anon barbaric darkness loomed terribly around. The clash of ancient armor was exchanged for the thunder of modern artillery, and bloody Mars hovered in the midst of the sulphur smoke of destructive explosions, like volcanic eruptions hurling nations out of existence and causing magnificent monuments to crumble. The spirit of liberty fled in distress from her native land and roamed westward, and soon the trackless wilderness became her domain. There the spirit of Washington acted, while that of Themistocles beheld the revival of popular sway and gave the Greek name of Democracy to the American form of government.

The name of Washington should be ever associated with that of the hero of Salamis; for America's warrior was not unassociated in intellect with the glorious past. He knew Themistocles in spirit, and acted as the Grecian would have

acted under the same circumstances to support the cause of freedom and give a lesson of terror to ambitious and merciless tyrants.

At this revered point of my travels, terminates the detailed description of my journeying in America, and I call the reader's attention to other topics. My intention is to make a separate work upon America and to publish it first in Greek for my countrymen. The *notes* which I have taken will embrace more time and space than those perhaps of any other traveler, not excepting even those English lords and other travelers of a lower grade, who have satiated the world with accounts more or less false of a land which they feel bound to satirize. I could not introduce into the present work the voluminous tale of names belonging to the places I have seen, much less touch upon the curiosities of all kinds, such as caves, natural bridges, cataracts, Indian mounds, and whatever improvements in art or beauties of nature I have met with in this adopted home. I have wandered in all directions through the United States from Maine to Louisiana, at least a hundred thousand miles by steamboat, railroad, stage-coach and canal, and have lectured in nearly all the principal towns and villages of the Union.

CHAPTER XV.

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

DURING his rambles, he has been enchanted with the system of education, pursued in the colleges. The study of the ancient dialects of his native language is carried on with enthusiasm, and cultivated to such an extent, that the poor Exile himself felt proud of his Grecian origin, in spite of misfortune. The inquisitiveness of the Americans, he regards not as a vice, but as the virtue which characterized the ancient Athenians.

During his ten years' wanderings in his second motherland, he has found traces of his ancestral spirit and fresh mementoes of the indissoluble *connexion*, he might almost say *identity*, of the Greek and American character. A Greek here beholds home-like objects, crowding about his path; the government is democratic; the architecture is classic; the people are inquisitive; the society is unprejudiced; and the literature of the country, even some of the highest models of oratory and poetry, are grounded on Greek subjects. The muses here acknowledge many an inspiring name, and Apollo has snatched immortal titles from forest-born genius. The old Roman spirit of Europe, combined with gladiatorial murders has not dared to invade the Pierian wilderness of the new world. Here, the peaceful love and lore of the golden age breathes from every rock and river, while the gigantic strength of the backwoodsman with the flaming sword of national protection, keeps Europe's tyrants at bay, and exerts his influence to make the world respect the classic shores. As the gigantic

primeval Cretans nourished and educated infant Jove, about Mt. Ida, so the strong and refined arm of American philanthropy fed, clothed and educated many an infant descendant of those god-like fathers of the Grecian race.

The writings and doings of Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford (Conn.), those of the generous hearted Mrs. Willard of Troy (N. Y.), and Mrs. Phelps, sister of the latter, in favour of suffering Greece, echo to the heart of the classic land.* Gov. Everett's noble and liberal-minded defence of the misrepresented character of the Greek nation, and his many treatises upon its language, manners and customs, are models of taste and historical accuracy. The writings of the Hon. John Pickering of Boston, present a learned series of treatises, on the modern and ancient Greek tongue, indispensable to the man of letters.

The lofty and copious compositions of Bryant's muse, the grand and energetic effusions of Percival, and the brilliant and spirited verse of Halleck, have opened a new Castalian source, breaking the bounds of national prejudice, and acknowledging the whole world as its home.

The historic and traveling sketches of Howe, Post and J. P. Miller, of Vermont, and the innumerable productions of other benefactors and friends of Greece forbid the attempt to cite them even by name in this limited work. The efforts of Yale College, Harvard University, Princeton College, Amherst College, Kenyon College (Ohio), and others of the prominent institutions of learning in behalf of wisdom-seeking Greeks, deserve eulogies which should be given by the classic land itself. Rev. Dr. Durbin, Rev. Dr. J. Colton, of Cincinnati, Gov. Seward, of New York, the late

* One of the latter ladies, (Mrs. Willard,) had given \$500 for the education of Greek females at Athens.

Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, and the late Dr. Henry T. Farmer, of Charleston, S. C., and the Rev. Ezekiel G. Gear, of Ithaca, New York, have employed eloquence, poetry, and action, in favor of my countrymen. Among the noble women of America, there has been no one who has added more lustre to the magnificent social state which props this transatlantic power, this "mother of a mighty race," than the late Mrs. Mary Chandler. As if she would bind her own land to foreign hearts more strongly, she employed her energy in favor of the Greek nation, at that period when the descendants of Leonidas were treading on the neck of the oppressor. It is even said that her devotion to the Greek cause hastened the decay of her delicate frame. She has left the world, but from her heavenly seat she can witness the radiance of Grecian gratitude smiling near her own Philadelphian home and destined to be promulgated as widely as knowledge itself is diffused. Her companion in life whose name is proud among Pennsylvania's highest intellects, must rejoice to have been united to a co-equal in the higher qualities of the heart, whose usefulness no fear of death arose to check. I heard also much of the philhellenism of Mrs. Ann M——.

We could mention others, but I prefer to speak of them in my vernacular tongue, when I revisit my native land. Thousands who have contributed in secret to this cause will be openly rewarded by the Supreme Ruler of spiritual recompense.

THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

I feel it now my duty to reply to several questions of learned men who, during my tour, have shown to me a particular anxiety to settle several philological points.

What is the nature of the written accents in Greek? I answer that they denote stress of voice, and prove it by the fact that the modern Greeks, in conversation, follow strictly the written accent by giving it forcible impulse of the breath. If they did not denote stress of voice, originally, they would by no means have fallen in, so exactly and scrupulously with the prevailing accent of conversation. This deduction is incontrovertible. If the accents denote stress of voice, why do they clash with quantity? They must naturally clash, as in English, for example, you pronounce the words "*constantly*" with the accent on the first syllable, but to follow the quantity you should accent the second syllable, because it is long, having two consonants. The word *circumstance* displays a gross violation of quantity, because not only the second but the third syllable is long, being with two consonants according to Greek prosody. This conclusion is decisive. If accent clashes with quantity, how can we read the ancient poetry without breaking accent? The verses of the old bards were sung; in music the accent of conversation departs, as the language bends to the will of euphony with perfect obedience. Look at Homer, creating even a poetic dialect, and introducing a consonant just when he pleases to favor euphony or quantity. Talk no more against the accents used from time immemorial in Greek conversation, and marked upon the manuscripts of antiquity, to denote stress of voice. These ancient accents harmonize with the impulse given by a modern Greek speaker, and if you suppose that they answered any other purpose, you must attribute the present coincidence of books and lips on this use of the accents to a miracle, a chance, or some other cause equally absurd and ridiculous. The greatest philologists of the world assert that the modern Greeks have

preserved the pronunciation of their forefathers. In regard to the sound of the vowels and diphthongs, there exists in the modern speech, perfect harmony with the spelling.

Iota, Eta, Upsilon, and several diphthongs have one and the same sound ; so in English the sound of the letter e long, has ten different representations in the following words ; people, field, meet, eat, machine, mete, æta, æneas, conceive, key. This example may appear strong or unusual, take another. Likewise l long, has nine different spellings, in pine, sigh, die, fly, eye, dyes, height, buy, aisle. If this is not convincing, here is another still. So also, a long, has ten different modes of writing ; in haste, day, sleigh, bey, waist, break, aye, guage, gaol, straight. The other letters might receive a similar exposal, but the above suffice to explain the point in question. The Arabic and other oriental languages, as well as western languages, have similar characteristics, and why should not the Greek be allowed the same privilege ? If you try to pronounce all the vowels of the written diphthongs, you create a twisting, monotonous and disagreeable jargon, offensive to the ear, and drawling to the reader. Suppose that the word " eye," were ee-i-ee, you would call the man crazy.

The Greek, pronounced in the Greek manner, is euphonous, and variegated, without the monotony of the Italian or the harshness of the English.

The modern Greek language has been called by some persons, the Romaic ; this word means Roman, adopted by the Grecks, as a foreign title of pride, under the Byzantine Empire, but this improper term is almost obsolete, now in Greece. The language of the high classes is pure, and differs from the old dialect chiefly in the use of certain words, just as in English, not a quarter part of the words

are used by one person in conversation, and thousands of terms are known only to the literati.

The moderns use the same alphabet, accents and spelling with the ancients. The Italian language, even where it preserves the Latin word, in a recognisable form, alters the spelling; but not so in Greek; and this remarkable fact can only be accounted for by the partiality of the Greeks to preserve their tongue, even after their heart has been broken by merciless tyrants. The rules of pronouncing modern Greek, are so simple and uniform, that a few hours only are requisite to learn them. There is no other language in which a child can begin so soon to read correctly, as the Greek spoken in the native style. The vowels and consonants are known when the mere alphabet and diphthongs are learned, and the accents are all marked to denote the stress of voice, a circumstance which we believe occurs in no other tongue. If the point where the impulse of breath is given, in English polysyllables, were marked, how much easier English reading would be rendered? Yet, in Greek, great scruple is used to mark the accent to facilitate the child and the foreigner. The Greek tongue seems to lend itself to the ignorant, and assist their progress.

You ask what is the versification in use among the modern Greeks? I answer rhyme and blank verse, which sprang up in Greece at an uncertain period previous to the twelfth century. The origin of this kind of poetry is remarkable. The aristocratic and arbitrary structure of the ancient quantity and prosody was adapted only to music; but rhyme and blank verse, depending entirely on accent, are well fitted to reading. This new order of poetry, invented by the Greeks, was first called "National Verse,"

by a sort of democratic freedom of breaking through established rules, the despotism of the mind and the aristocracy of words. One of the most celebrated ancient writers in this kind, (as ancient as the preserved old lays of the Germans and French), was Prodromus, a Greek monk who displayed much genius in satirizing the clerical order of the reign of Manuel Comnenus, in two poems, still extant, written about the year 1150. His blank verse is the earliest specimen of the systematic equal-measured blank verse of any language; it forms an era in poetry. Milton and others have, in modern times, consigned this kind of versification to immortality. This new fashion of song has been transmitted, by the exiled Greeks, to the Saracens and Italians, and from them to other nations. In fact, had it not been for Grecian influence, the old system of quantity never would have been overthrown with its arbitrary and oppressive regulations, perplexing and numberless; and if rhyme had been used at all, it would never have entered the higher departments of poetry, if the Greeks had not set the example under the Byzantine Empire, which, down to 1453, was courted by the first minds of Europe, and imitated in things pertaining to literature. Constantinople, before its capture by the Turks, was the great rendezvous of the arts of peace. Here we find the Greeks influential in opening a novel fountain of song, which suits the reader and pleases the ear without singing, and this is the turning point, which forever separates the modern from the ancient versification. Even ancient reading and oratory were a sort of recitative, but the modern freedom, introduced by the Greeks calls up the varied tones of real conversation, and discards all breach of conversational accent. This new epoch in diction, should

be regarded as one of the greatest revolutions in mind, that the world has ever witnessed. In our days music goes almost alone, and when it is accompanied by words, the meaning can seldom be comprehended, on account of the drawling of the vowels and the deadening of the accent. We find in English no public singing of long poems nor recitative of Congress speeches, because the accentual system forbids music. Some of the ancient orators were accompanied by musical instruments, but who, in our days, would hold a caucus with a violin and flute? Music has become a separate art, an affair of mere emotions, whose multiform expressions need no words to heighten or explain the meaning; the works of Rossini, Mozart and Beethoven are understood by the heart, without an interpreter. Poetry has become an independent art, an affair of ideas, conceits, contrasts and images, which need no music to enhance their euphony and their impression on the mind. Nay, many persons read a novel in one night and gain entertainment through sight, without pronouncing aloud a single word.

Greece, at present, offers an attractive view to the friends of letters. Every city teems with authors and writings; even Turkey herself is penetrated by Greek books and periodicals, and many printing presses are established in the Ottoman empire by the Greek subjects. The Grand Seignior boasts only of two Turkish papers, one of which was composed and published by an Englishman, but in the single city of Smyrna, there are five native Greek presses in operation, constantly publishing various productions in poetry and prose.

Athens contains upwards of twenty native printing presses; and such is the facility for diffusing knowledge, and the patronage lavished on talent, throughout Greece and Tur-

key, that the literary profession thrives with unexpected vigor, beyond what could have been fancied after our destructive Revolution, and the confiscation of a great part of the Greek property.

Among the poets just before and during the insurrection of the Greeks, were Calbos, Chrestopulos (the modern Anacreon), Perdicaris (satirist), Rhigas (the modern Tyræus), Rhizos (dramatist), and others. At present have arisen, Alex. Soutzos, Panagios Soutzos, Lambises, Orphanides, Rancaves, Salteles, Scylitzes and others. These are sufficient to show that not only the blood but the spirit of the ancient lovers of learning has descended to modern times.

I have often been questioned if the modern Greeks are direct descendants of the ancient. As a criterion, let us examine the last four hundred years, and see if the Greek empire can claim any descendants at present. When the last brave monarch of the classic people fell under the Turkish scimitar and the Latin artillery in 1453, the Turks advanced to the centre of the nation on one side, and were met by the papal adherents on the other. The Romish Church and the sword of Islamism stood on the bosom of Græcia, alternately snatching portions of her mangled form, and fighting for her possession until 1715, only a century previous to the late Revolution. Thus we have two epochs, one of three and the other of one century, subsequent to the fall of imperial Græcia. During the first three centuries, the western Christians and the Sultan's myrmidons are concentrating like a double deluge, lashing both sides of Taygetus and Parnassus, and commingling their bloody torrents in the defiles. At this period, the Greek nation is an idle spectator, in some cases, and in others an ally to one or

the other party. As long as the powers of the west and east were fighting for the possession of Greece, they looked upon the Greeks as mere instruments of tribute or alliance, and never intended to grant them independence. The Venetians and Genoese were as tyrannical as the Turks, and knowing well enough, that the Greeks were Greeks, they determined to make them smart for their pedigree. If they had harboured the most fleeting supposition, that Greeks were French, German or any thing else, they would not have enslaved them, plundered their property, and destroyed them by fire and sword. When the Venetians gained some of their victories by means of Cretans, they felt that the Cretans were descendants of the Titans, and they proceeded to oppress that island with the blackest ingratitude, in order to prevent the Greek blood from gaining the credit of superior ability. Do you think that Venice would have lost Crete, if she had properly rewarded those mountaineers for their services? Crete fell under the Turks, when her unconquered mountaineers deserted the cause of Venice. The Grecian blood boiled at the mention of papal authority, and disdained to amalgamate with Goths, Vandals, Huns, Romans or their descendants. The Greek race was left at the mercy of the Turks in 1715. At this epoch, the Turkish blood flowed into the country, but was refused by the Grecian vein. During this period of one hundred years, Greece was almost a perpetual scene of revolt. The Turkish, instead of increasing the Grecian race, endeavoured to destroy it. The celebrated revolt of the Peloponnesians, in 1769, the terrible wars of the Suliotes, at the close of the past century, and many other insurrections, by land and sea, contributed to show that the blood of the remaining children of Græcia was not extinct. When finally the Re-

volution of 1821 was echoed, and trumpèted throughout the world, exciting poetry and oratory to the climax of expression, it seemed that the ancient heroes had burst from their tombs.

CHAPTER XVI.

WIDE DIFFUSION OF THE GRECIAN RACE.

We have given sufficient proof that the influx of invaders has not polluted Grecian blood with impunity. We now proceed to show that Greece has also been sending out a population both eastward and westward. First, the wealthy and the learned Greeks, on the arrival of the Turks, dispersed in great numbers to western Europe, colonising Corsica ; and at the present day, large communities of Greeks with their costume, language, religion and manners are found in Marseilles, (a Greek colony,) in Venice (which has a large Greek quarter), in Trieste, (one-third of it is Greek) ; in Sicily, in Calabria, and various parts of Austria and Hungary. These colonies are the remnants of the fugitive-Greeks of the fourteenth, fifteenth and other centuries. Besides these relics of the race abroad, a great many Greek families took Italian or French names, and have given birth to some of the greatest men of Europe. In Germany, the traces of Grecian blood distinguish their higher classes. It seems therefore, that the Grecian veins have not only retained their original fountain, but have been a prolific source of high blood in western countries.

Let us quit the west, and examine the progress of Grecian blood eastward. Most of the early Sultans' wives were Grecian captives ; the most energetic Pashas and Admirals were renegade Greeks ; the Janissaries and Spahis, their bravest soldiers, were originally Greeks, forced to em-

brace the Koran, under Orchan and others. Even at the present day; the principal physicians of Turkey are Greeks, taken captive in boyhood and trained up as Turks. The colonies of modern Greeks, retaining their religion, language and manners extend along the whole Ottoman coast, and the borders of Russia and Persia. Trebizond and Odessa are essentially Greek cities, under foreign sway. Moldavia and Wallachia have been, for the two past centuries, ruled by the Greek princes, whose influence in civilizing and colonizing their vast territory, has displayed the truth that Greek blood is a kind of spontaneous fountain, which will never cease to flow, as long as the world exists. In vain have crusaders and Islamites employed steel and powder to bathe Greece in foreign gore. In vain have concentrated Goths and Tartars burst their heart upon the classic soil. The Greeks refused obstinately and successfully all amalgamation with their tyrants, and continue even now, to favour none except the lovers of Apollo and the patrons of the Muses. The primeval Greeks who conquered Troy, and gave birth to Homer, the monarch of literature, were oppressed by the disasters of war, and enveloped in the thickest darkness, until Athens and Sparta suddenly sprang forth. From the fall of Troy to the days of Pythagoras, it seems that the Greeks roamed abroad to collect what they had lost. Herodotus wandered about the world to restore the knowledge and science which had been destroyed in the time subsequent to the Trojan disasters. The space between Homer and Sophocles resembles the space between the downfall of Byzantium and the restoration of Athens. The glorious ages of Greece claimed their descent from the heroic age, and in like manner, the late heroic epoch of Greece claims its descent from the enlightened

instructors who fled from the Turks, and have civilized modern Europe. The present day displays the Greeks issuing from a new heroic age and roving abroad like Pythagoras, Plato, and Herodotus, to collect what they have lost by the scimitar's assaults. The modern Greeks wander beyond the bounds of the rambles of their ancestry, and the love of learning and other objects, have brought many to the New World. Previous to the American revolution, a colony of Greeks from Smyrna, were brought over by an Englishman, for the purpose of cultivating the olive. They settled in Florida, and built a town called New Smyrna. During the revolt of the Seminole Indians, these Greeks removed to St. Augustiue, and Cuba, where their descendants may now be found.

About two scores of Greek youth were brought by American philanthropists, during the Greek revolution to this country, and educated in the Colleges of Yale, Amherst, Princeton, Hartford, Athens (Ga.), Kenyon (Ohio), Easton (Pa.), and Knoxville (Tennessee). The young men were Chians, Epirotes, Athenians, Macedonians and Ionians. Most of them have returned to their native homes.

Of the improvement of those brands, snatched from my burning country, it is improper for me to speak, by way of national pride, but patriotism obliges me to proclaim that Greece regards them as worthy insignia of American philanthropy and wisdom. Their influence, in dispelling superstition and ignorance, even now flows to the utmost bounds of the Ottoman empire. Nicholas Petrocokkinos, a Chian indebted to America for his education, was the editor of a periodical at Smyrna, directed by the American Missionary Rev. Temple. This literary and scientific work attended with engravings of scenery, distinguished individuals, an-

tiquities, and other useful objects of curiosity, was a Greek production under American auspices, highly creditable to both nations. It circulated freely throughout the east and was perused by the wandering Greek, in the depths of Persia and Russia. I know not if it is still continued. The importance of Smyrna, as a Greek city, though under Turkish sway, is not sufficiently appreciated. It surpasses even Constantinople in knowledge and usefulness and may be called the central point of communication with Asia. Every Christian who desires to see Christianity restored to the Apostolic scenes, that paradise of soil and association, ought to crown with assistance, imperishable Smyrna, the only one of the seven churches that takes the lead in the diffusion of Gospel truth. Great facilities are now offered for the extension of pure religion to the heart of Asia.

The Russian eagle has built his nest on Mt. Ararat, where Noah's ark rested ; the wall of China shines in the glare of his world-seeking eye. England has destroyed the rebellious empires on the south. Tartary, that mother of the wildest and most merciless races that ever wielded the scourge of mankind, is bereft of her most powerful and wealthy conquest and remains at the mercy of those whom she has never spared in fanatical strife. Her Tamerlane and her Gengis Khan are no more seen extending their stayless march from Tartary to the German Ocean, and back over trackless deserts and wilds, to the Pacific. Poland, Hungary and Russia are no longer the marks of Tartar invasion.

The Scriptural Paradise appears to lie within the grasp of the believers in the God who fashioned its first inhabitant. This is true, and why stand we here all the day idle? Arise, ye champions of truth, and prepare the way of the

returning Prince of Peace to the New Jerusalem. Should the holy mountains of Zion and Lebanon be left a prey to the fire and sword of the Bedouin, and the noblest work of God be defaced and dishonoured by the attributes of Satan, while Christendom is buried in the chilly snows of the north, and rearing cities in the howling wilderness of the west? Should the very nations which cultivate the earth, and make art flourish be forever confined to the most inconvenient portions, in Cimmerian darkness and perpetual storms? Should Asia, the largest, fairest, loveliest, earliest, and most cheering abode of man be almost deserted by Christians, and abandoned to the cruelty of Turk, Saracen, Tartar, and Bedouin? Forbid it Heaven! Jehovah will call to account those Christian monarchs who, through mutual jealousy, leave Asia unredeemed. Divine Providence will chastise your neglect of the master-piece of soil and climate in Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and Mesopotamia. "Arise, or be forever fallen!" Do you not think that the spiritual New Jerusalem is entitled to enjoy a natural New Jerusalem, a holy city of a peculiar people? I am no advocate of the in-coming of the Jews, but what Christian does not feel that he has a better right, through prophecy and revelation, to the identical hill of Zion than those Mussulmans, who only a few years ago massacred thousands of Christians in Syria, and burnt to death, with horrid tortures, hundreds of Greek priests and innocent families, and destroyed several monasteries. The English and Austrians (1841) interfered and saved the Syrian Christians from total extermination. Why does Europe's mighty diplomacy disregard the cries of innocent blood, steaming in its eyes from the birth-place of our Saviour, without speaking the glorious voice of Jubilee to those Christians, and issuing a

command to the now humbled Sultan to let the oppressed go free. Shall a Greek merit less favor than a Roman? If perchance a few English subjects had been destroyed by the Turks, Constantinople would have burst, in a volcano of English revenge, and vanished from the face of the earth. If a few Frenchmen had been massacred, the Sublime Porte would have fallen like a Lucifer, under the retribution of insulted honor. But, forsooth, because the martyr is a Greek, should Christendom look tamely on?

The terrible massacres perpetrated by the Ottoman troops in Crete and Wallachia, (1841,) were not censured, much less hindered by Christian diplomacy. How long will the Greeks be doomed to perpetual martyrdom and tyranny? Arise, thou shade of Chrysostom, and preach with thy ancient boldness to the heartless Christian monarchs! Ye patrons of the Seven Churches, quit your abodes of bliss, and talk of judgment, until the modern Agrippas shall tremble!

But what do I say? Already many a Grecian youth dripping with the blood of his relatives butchered by Christian permission and the lawless Turk, is welcomed in his flight to Europe, and presented with the benefits of education, as a substitute for all that is near and dear to him. England, France, Russia and Germany emulate each other in conferring knowledge and science upon the wounded, houseless, plundered and starving fugitives.

The age of Crusades is past, and if all Christian sects were united, their simple order would be sufficient to make Asia Minor and Syria smile and blossom like the rose. How long shall we behold the thistle of Islamism usurping the dominion of Sharon's deathless rose? How long shall the Gypsy and the Bedouin trample vegetation out of existence, and leave nothing but a hot-bed of poisonous herbs

of wrath on those valleys and hills, where formerly gardens and flowers of art grew in beauty and magnificence, under Jew and Greek? The Crusaders, united with the Turks, destroyed the last plant and threshold, but the descendants of the Crusaders, having imbibed a taste of improvement from their destruction of Jew and Greek, are bound in duty to rebuild the victims of injustice and reinstate them on their ancient welcome hearth and everlasting inheritance, decreed by the prophecy that assigns Jerusalem to the Jews, and Asia Minor to the Greek Seven Churches, when the day of restoration arrives. The revival of all Asia Minor, under Greek influence, will soon prove the truth of the Apostle, who proclaimed that he that persevereth unto the end shall be saved. With such promises from revelation, the descendants of the old congregations of the seven Churches, in Asia, will take advantage of every religious and political event, to become independent of the scimitar and the Crescent. They look at the practical bearing of St. Paul's declarations, and are up and doing, with a full intention to regain the land which Christ, through Paul has decreed as their inheritance. The crown of life revealed in a trance, at Patmos, will soon take the place of the Turban. Every event denotes the approaching termination of the struggle against Satan. The thundering force of European artillery has opened a breach in the walls of iniquity and allowed the Missionaries of the Bible to penetrate the recesses of Asia. The heralds of the Cross have compassed land and sea to convert all nations to the saving precepts of the Son of God. Since Greece is the nearest of all Christian countries to the Apostolic scenes, and as the Greeks are the most widely diffused over the biblical territory, they ought to be the principal pioneers of the Gospel.

Their knowledge of Oriental tongues, manners and customs is of great importance to the dissemination of religious truth.

Let this statement encourage the Americans to continue in their useful and benevolent plans of educating Greek youth. The wise refusal of conquest enjoined by your constitution withdraws you from all political sway in the old world. But by educating Greek youth, you create Ambassadors who will put in practice your precepts, and accomplish your pious wishes and hopes, even beyond what you could ask or think, as long as the Divine Providence guides your influence to the hearts of these trustees of your opinions and morals.

INDEX.

THERE is a point to which I would invoke the consideration of my American friends, the study of the modern Greek language in connection with the ancient. The utility of this object is evident from the medium of information between America and Turkey, being now opened almost entirely by Greeks, especially since the Revolution. The multitude of Greek periodicals and books springing up from the classic soil are immense resources of oriental life and character, and more than all, intellect. We are no longer forced to peruse the Arabian Nights, the Koran and other degrading compositions of the followers of Mohammed, but a new and more prolific source of knowledge is opened by the Greek printing press. The missionary to the orient, associates principally with Greeks wherever he goes throughout the Ottoman empire. The language is becoming more widely diffused from day to day, and every traveler, ignorant of modern Greek, is unable to appreciate oriental society and genius.

On the facility of acquiring this language, I need not enlarge. Greeks have already published in this country every elementary book, necessary to obtain a knowledge of its structure. The bookstores of Boston and New York have grammars, readers and text books of modern Greek. Col. Negris, a celebrated Greek, of Constantinople, has edited several works in this country, and excited the first start to the study of the modern dialect, besides giving a spur to the

pursuit of the ancient. Sophocles and others have added their labours to those of their predecessor.

Allow me to remark that with a knowledge of the ancient Greek, the modern is comparatively an amusement to acquire. The difference in the words is less than in the structure of phrases. The style of books is entitled to be more complicated, but the privilege of conversing in modern Greek is, we venture to say, more easily gained than a knowledge of French. The Greek has the stress of voice, marked by an accent over the proper syllable, and it is natural that such a circumstance should facilitate in a high degree the pronunciation. If the English language had its accents noted in polysyllabic words, much of the difficulty of foreigners, in learning it, would vanish. In fine, the chief complaint made against the faults of a stranger is, that he gives the wrong accent. Yet in Greek that disadvantage is obviated by writing the accent, and the language seems to invite and encourage the student onward. Independently of accents, the vowels and consonants are a trifling task; their rules are so perfectly concise and simple that even a child, in a few lessons, would be able to understand their application.

ESSAY

ON THE

PRONUNCIATION OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

“Go, little work, unfold thy page,
And cool the angry critic's rage;
Now burns his breast with ire:
Lest he should call a judgment down,
And on thy margin wreak his frown,
May *peace* his mind inspire.”

THE pronunciation of the modern Greek dialect is allowed by the literati to be the same as that of the learned men who fled westward on the dissolution of the Greek Empire, after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. This pronunciation continued to be used in all Europe a century later, until Erasmus of Rotterdam, proposed a new method, which after his death continued to gain ground during one or two centuries in western Europe, but was finally lost in the custom now prevalent in the same countries, and in America, of sounding the Greek mostly according to the corresponding spelling of words in their vernacular tongues. Some persons have even doubted of Erasmus's sincerity, since he used in his literary intercourse the pronunciation of the Greeks; and they have attributed the spread of his notions, on this subject, to the rivalry of German learned men who wished to present a barrier to professors and teachers from Greece. Certainly, to pro-

nounce in a barbarous manner, differently from every other nation, has the effect to veil ignorance, rather than to display knowledge, and while there are thousands of Greeks who speak the ancient Greek, there have never been found any famous men who spoke the language following the sounds proposed by Erasmus. The truth is that the *hoy* and the *hie*, the *how* and the *hew* of the proposed artificial system is too cumbrous, too drawling, and withal too cacophonous to favour rapid conversation and easy delivery. Assuredly the *ore rotundo* of the Greeks, praised so much by the Latin, did not consist in such uncouth diphthongal articulations which their authors gravely assert to be imitated from dogs, sheep, horses, and other brutes. This *ore rotundo* was the oval-mouthed or open and clear manner with which the Grecian orator delivered his sentiments. This *ore rotundo* may be heard to-day in the courts and councils of Athens. It distinguishes the more animated conversation of the polished circles of the Grecian State. Voltaire hearing it spoken by learned Greeks, asserted that that the modern Greek is the most harmonious of all languages. It is true that an English scholar glancing at the rules for Greek pronunciation exclaims, "what a number of representations for ee!" What has become of the *ore rotundo*? Now it must be recollected that the sound of *ee* is the basis of the alphabetic gamut, thus to speak, of all tongues; and the other sounds in Greek being all open and full there is a greater chance for a bell-toned character than in tongues where, instead of the full vowel sounds, ah, ay, o, oo, of the Greek, a large number of slight variations from these sounds are found, often uttered in a sharp or confined manner, a process fatal to euphony. In the Greek, on the contrary, there are no vowel sounds whatever, but the full

sonorous ah, ay, ee, o, oo. In the Sandwich and Marquesas Islands, where the savages speak a language of which several hundred words are nearly identical both in sound and meaning with the corresponding Greek terms, we find only the same vowel sounds. Whether Alexander's Indian colonies had by commerce an influence over the speech of these savages we will not debate, but their language has certainly the *ore rotundo*, though not the force and variety of the Greek. If nature elaborated so beautifully those wild dialects, she has certainly most effectually been the handmaid of art only in the Greek where the monotony of Italian softness is broken by Olympic strength. We can cite strains in Greek where one vowel sound prevails over the others, as in the entire kleptic dirge, commencing,

Διψοῦν οἱ κάμποι γιὰ νερὰ καὶ τὰ βουνὰ γιὰ χιόνια
Καὶ τὰ ἱεράκια γιὰ πουλιὰ καὶ οἱ Τοῦρκοι γιὰ κεφάλια.

Here the alpha prevails and adds much to the effect of the grief of the mother, at the loss of her son, slain near the Danube in a fight with Turks. The English version is wanting in this peculiarity.

“The fields for rain-drops thirst; the mounts for snow;
Hawks for the blood of birds; Turks that of Grecian foe.”

The harshness of the above is relieved only by the single vowels at the end of both lines which contrast singularly with the other vowels whose sound is crushed between serried consonants.

We have not space or we would cite here other pieces where each of the other vowels prevail. Let any one who acquires the modern Greek rules avoid contracting the

sounds as in other languages and let the accented vowel always be sounded in a full and gliding manner.

In order to satisfy those whose ears need to be led by their eyes, let us examine the history of the Greek alphabet.

It is asserted that Cadmus introduced the Phœnician characters into Greece. Subsequently Palamedes arranged the first Greek alphabet having its forms and powers adapted only to that language. The letters which he employed were α , β , γ , δ , ϵ , ι , κ , λ , μ , ν , \omicron , π , ρ , σ , τ , υ , being sixteen in number. Cadmus, the Milesian added ϱ , ϕ , χ . Simonides, the Chian, next invented η and ω . Epicharmus, the Syracusian, formed ζ , ξ , ψ . Here were four improvements successively introduced into the alphabet between the time of the Trojan war and the flourishing period of the Greek colonies in Sicily whose influence seems to have left its impress on the language itself.

Let us now take the letters singly and discuss the merits of the modern pronunciation.

Alpha is sounded like ah. Its name is said to be derived from the Hebrew aleph, meaning ox. No writer finds fault with the modern Greeks in sounding the letter; yet the American and English literati violate their own logic by sounding it either like *ey* in *they* or like *a* in *hat*.

Beta is sounded Vectah, that is like the Spanish soft *b* when it occurs in that language between two vowels or before *r*. Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, says that this letter is a labial "intermediate in quantity between Pi and Phi, and lighter than the one and thicker than the other." Now *b* as pronounced by the Erasmians would certainly be thicker than *p*, because it is allowed on all hands to be the cognate of that element, differing from it only in having a peculiar pectoral tone. Dionysius's remarks, therefore, are suited

only to the sound *Veeta*; since *v* is indeed lighter or less forcible than *p*, and thicker of course than its aspirate cognate, the letter *f* or *ph*. The description of this letter by Dionysius so far back in antiquity ought at once to convince any candid inquirer who is not too prejudiced in favor of imitations of the sounds of beasts for the sake of which Erasmus pleads so furiously. Our opponents often reply that Juvenal spells this Greek letter *beta* and not *veta*, and that the Latins pronounced the *b* hard. Now to contradict this, it is enough to state that the Latin *b* was very frequently sounded like *v*; for in old inscriptions and manuscripts we find *bernam* for *vernam*, *besicam* for *vesicam*, *balbas* for *valvas*, according to Adamantius Martyrius. We find on an inscription *Danubius* for *Danuvius*; *primitibo* for *primitivo*, *bixit* for *vixit*, &c.

Cicero declared that the Latin word *bini*, was sounded like the Greek *βίνετ*, a term of reverence in the former language, but of baseness in the latter. The Erasmians, our adversaries, say this proves their side of the question; yet they are entirely, and of course most unreasonably silent in regard to the final syllable of those words *bini* and *βίνετ* which by their own theory would be widely different. Now this difficulty does not occur if we consider that the Latin *b* in that particular word (as we have shown in others,) was pronounced like the Greek; because in the Greek way of pronouncing the *iota* and the *epsilon iota*, there is a perfect identity of sound with the Latin *i*. If the Latin *b* was inconstant in its powers as we have proved, shall we violate the pronunciation of the great Halicarnassian grammarian of antiquity, to suit a Dutch scholiast of yesterday? If the plain and lucid description of Dionysius cannot convince our opponents, we doubt if they would give a particle of

faith to that sublime writer even if he should rise from the dead. Prejudice blinds some minds to natural as well as historical truth.

In the alphabets of the Hebrews, Copts and Russians this letter is acknowledged to be sounded like *v*. The Hebrew *beth* is sounded like *b* only when it is marked with a *dagesh* or dot. The word David is spelt in Greek Δαυίδ and Δαβίδ.

But our opponents cite the βη βη or sheep's cry used by Aristophanes. The Greeks say vee, the Erasmians *bā*! but the sheep make a noise which can be imitated with as much effect in one articulation as in the other. *M* or *p* would answer equally well. The fact is that this animal's speech varies in different latitudes. Mother Goose and Erasmus heard the sheep and lambs cry *bā*! or *bah*! but Aristophanes heard them cry *vē*!

Lastly, as to proper names in Latin, the argument of our opponents falls to the ground from the fact of the custom in all languages of using a letter suited to the language; for the Greeks having no sound of *b*, rendered that letter by their *veta* in the proper names drawn from other tongues.

In manuscripts of the Apostles and first fathers of the Church, the dotted Hebrew *b* as in *beth* is spelled with *μπ*, thus *μπέδ*.

But to me the most convincing of all proofs (next to that of Dionysius of Halicarnassus,) is the form of a large number of the oldest Latin words which must have been derived from the Greek at the time when Paestum and the other Greek colonies dotted the entire peninsula, long before Romulus and Remus, of which epoch we see now architectural ruins, which are more astonishing than those of Cæsaric splendor.

The words to which we allude are such as *volo*, from βούλομαι, *vado* from βαδίζω, *navis* from ναῦς, *vox* from βοή,

vis from βία, *vita* from βίος, etc. We mean not to assert that the Latin *v* was always sounded like the Greek β, but that it sometimes had that sound. At other times it seemed to have the sound of the Greek υ; and the shape of both υ and *v* was originally *v*. In short, all circumstances show that the Latin pronunciation was unfixed and that of the Greek fixed, since the dialectic variations in the pronunciation of the Greek were expressed by the spelling, a fact foreign to the Latin.

Now the Greek β is pronounced as *v* by all the Greeks scattered throughout Europe and Asia. There is no dialectic variation from it. Why could not the Crusaders, Turks and other invaders of Greece whose languages abound in the hard *b* exert some influence to alter the Greek pronunciation? The answer is, "Because the Greeks would not lose their ancient pronunciation, which they revered as a holy relic of their glory."

The Latin is a dead language; the Greek in all its Attic purity is spoken by the learned men of Greece, while the style of the higher circles of society is gradually tending to the same purity. Would you substitute a harsh for a smooth sound in that noble tongue, on the faith of the uncertain and ever-varying Latin? If so, you seek to violate the laws of nature, and nature's God.

This matter is more serious than some persons imagine. The portion of students and teachers who advocate the modern Greek pronunciation has been stigmatized by a certain American publisher of the classics as a "vile heresy." We think it is high time to do away with fanatical rage in this land of free opinions; yet Anthon prepares for the centre-table and the desk a neat Greek grammar in which he lays violent hands on the Grecian *ore rotundo* and calls the

Greeks and Philhellenes by a name which Napoleon had buried in the ruins of the Inquisition.

GAMMA.—This letter, when hard, is sounded as the Germans of Saxony sound their *g* in *tag*. Dionysius of Halicarnassus makes it bear the same relation to τ and ϑ that *b* bears to π and ϕ . Therefore gamma cannot have the hard sound of *g* as heard in English in the word *get*. Plutarch also describing the Latin *g*, says that it is allied to the Greek *kappa*. Besides, in ancient Latin, both *c* and *g* were represented by one sign. Plutarch adds that at a late period Carvilius Sporius introduced the *g*. Gamma preceding the sound of *i* or *e* is sounded like *y* in *young*; and before γ , κ , χ , ξ , like a nasal *n* as in $\alpha\gamma\gamma\epsilon\lambda\omicron\varsigma$, in Latin, *angelus*, in English, *angel*. These two accidental sounds of gamma are very beautiful and expressive. It is sounded like hard *g* only, after a nasal ν or a nasal γ as in $\epsilon\nu$ Γαλλία, *eng gahléa*, $\epsilon\gamma\gamma\iota\varsigma$, *eng-ghees*.

DELTA. This letter is always pronounced like *th* in *thee*. Dionysius of Halicarnassus institutes the same relation between it and τ and ϑ as between *b* and π and ϕ . We have then his mutes classed thus; labials π , β , ϕ ; dentals τ , δ , ϑ ; laryngical κ , γ , χ ; and thus; thin π , τ , ϑ ; thick ϕ , ϑ , χ ; intermediate between them β , δ , γ . On account of this arrangement, whatever proof we adduce in support of one, has an influence to support all the other mutes as pronounced by the modern Greeks. There is reason to believe that the Egyptian Δ was pronounced like δ , and not like *d*; for the name Darius in Egyptian cartouches is spelled by letters which correspond to Ntroosh. Now the Greeks, in representing the hard *d* of other tongues at the present day, employ the same spelling, $\nu\tau$. In manuscripts of the apostles and fathers of the church, the Hebrew *daleth* with the

dagesh is represented by $\nu\tau$. Now Greece was colonized by Egyptians; and as late as Aristophanes, we find Egyptians employed as porters in that country, forming a distinct class as the Turkish Hamàls do now in Constantinople, Smyrna and other places. The Greeks regarded Egypt as their motherland; and why with such concomitant circumstances, may we not suppose the letters of their respective languages to be somewhat similar in their powers? The Greek letters were called Phœnician; but were not the Phœnician evidently as well as the Hebrew originally from the hieroglyphics? None of the ancients assert the contrary; and we have the very object declared by the name of the letter, as signified by the hieroglyphic, from which it was copied.

Moreover the Hebrew names, which are generally supposed to be identical in sound with the Phœnician, are spelled for the most part differently from the names of the things which they signify in Hebrew. This circumstance favours the idea, that even the Hebrew names were corrupted from the Egyptian. The Phœnicians used the letters only as letters, and not as the Egyptians did, sometimes as letters and sometimes as emblems. The Phœnicians used generally one character for the same sound while the Egyptians used various. In short, Cadmus brought letters from Phœnicia; that is, the letters which the Phœnicians had taken evidently from the hieroglyphics. But it must be remembered that Herodotus says that the powers of the Greek letters were altered from those of the Phœnician. Here then the prevailing hard sound of the Phœnician or Hebrew Beth, Gimel and Daleth was no doubt altered and fixed to the accidental β , γ , δ as heard in the approved Hebrew pronunciation when written without the *dagesh*; for in the names of the

letters of the alphabet those letters bear the dagesh in Hebrew. Thus the letters would appear indeed altered from the Phœnician, which were pronounced usually hard, while the Greeks always bore the smooth sound.

EPSILON.—This letter was named $\epsilon\tilde{\iota}$, before the introduction of *Eta*, in the Athenian alphabet, the year 403 B. C. It was also employed sometimes for the rough breathing. It is sounded like *e* in *met* or like the French \acute{e} .

ZETA.—This letter Dionysius of Halicarnassus declares to be compounded of $\sigma\delta$. But it is proved that sigma had this sound before a smooth consonant. For $\Sigma\mu\acute{\iota}\rho\eta\eta$ was often spelled $Z\mu\acute{\iota}\rho\eta\eta$. Now it is impossible to give the hissing sound of σ , then the smooth δ and then μ at the beginning of a word. Both must either be smooth, or both harsh; besides this, the ancients regarded σ a disagreeable and ζ that is $\sigma\delta$ an agreeable sound. To support then consistency, we must most naturally conclude that the smooth σ was sounded like the English *z*, and so it is by the modern Greeks, who always sound it so before $\beta, \gamma, \delta, \mu, \nu, \rho$. Now if this is true then the Greek ζ was sounded like the English *z* in such words as $Z\mu\acute{\iota}\rho\eta\eta$. But Dionysius adds that the σ and δ in ζ are blended together so as to form a peculiar sound. This peculiar sound must have been the English *z*, for thus the *Zeta* is pronounced by the modern Greeks. To pronounce $Z\mu\acute{\iota}\rho\eta\eta$ exactly as if written $Z\delta\mu\acute{\iota}\rho\eta\eta$ is a species of harshness ill comporting with that quality of sweetness which the ancient fancied in ζ . It is evident that Dionysius gave what he supposed to be the elements of the sound. But what confirms us still more in this, is that when $\sigma\delta$ was substituted for ζ , it was considered as a Doricism. Still more; in compound words as $\pi\rho\sigma\delta\acute{\epsilon}\omega$ where the separation of the elements of ζ occurred, the ζ was not substi-

tuted, but in Αθρήναζε from Αθρήνας δε the σ and δ were evidently blended for euphony to form the peculiar sound ζ. Our adversaries entirely revolt from historical testimony, and place no faith even in the great Dionysius, whom they declare to have by mistake placed σδ instead of δσ which they in their Dutch conceit regard as the Latin, and consequently the Greek sound, but the Byzantine writers on the contrary represent the Latin ζ as equivalent to the Greek τζ, and this is its Italian sound, although the Italians pronounce the Latin ζ like the modern Greek ζ.

ETA. This letter is pronounced like the English *e* long. Previous to the year 403, B. C., ει was used in its place. Our adversaries state that as ει was regarded the long sound of ε, therefore Eta should be pronounced ayta. So in English, the Greeks might retort that the long e, or the *ei* in conceit, of the time of Shakspeare, should be sounded like ay, because the short e is like the Greek epsilon. Then *meat* and *conceit* would be sounded, *mate* and *consate*, and the Irish brogue, would be then the purest English! There is no end to the ridicule consequent on the assumptions made by our opponents. They would probably reply that this assertion strengthens their side, because the Milesian Greeks colonised fair Innisfail, landing at Galway! But, enough of such absurdity! Yet what is this compared with another proof which they adduce? They say that Aristophanes exhibits the voice of a sheep in the word βῆ! To this it would seem sufficient to answer bah! But must we go to brutes for instruction, when men have thrown all the necessary light upon this topic? The voice of the sheep varies in different latitudes, and in different tongues, it is differently expressed. The Greek word βλήχω, also describes the cry of a sheep. Now, if Eta in this word, should, as some allege, be sounded like *a* in fat, then, with

equal propriety in reading the great English poets of past days, we should pronounce the word *bleat*, so as to imitate that animal's twang to the full extent. We should say of course, *blatt* under such circumstances! Indeed some of the up-country Yankees say *blatt*! Then indeed the Yankee's amusing patois would be the dialect of the Bard of Avon. What an addition, combined with graceful sounds from the Emerald Isle! Then under all circumstances, the words having long *e* in them, would be blatted out by the mutton-heads who imagine that the Greeks have lost their pronunciation and that the sheep have restored the same to an admiring world!

Now we do not deny that *Eta* had in some words, a shade of difference from *Iota*. That difference was like that in Russian, between *I* and *bl*, which are pronounced, the one like *ee*, and the other like *i* prolonged. The corresponding Greek forms are *I* and *H*. The *Eta* was sounded therefore sometimes like *Itta*, except in giving the peculiar short *i*, it should be prolonged as in Russian. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says, that "Near the basis of the tongue, it supports the issuing sound, but not upward, yet with the mouth moderately opened. In English this sound is always short, but the same sound in Russian, Turkish and Chinese is given with a greater lowering of the tongue, and it seems to be an attempt to sound *ee* as deep in the throat as possible. This sound is foreign to all European tongues. Aristides describing ϵ declares that it requires a position of the mouth as in gaping; and indeed this description suits the French *è*; but in regard to η , he speaks differently, "for in η the sound is diffused and strained through."

Now ϵ , as Aristides says, causes one "to gape," but η on the contrary according to Dionysius, requires the mouth only "moderately opened," so that the sound is not borne up-

ward as for alpha but is muffled by being more confined than for ε. Had our adversaries studied well the authors who describe η and ε, they would not have called them the same in the manner of their formation. What more light can be reasonably desired to prove that η and ε were entirely different?

It is well to observe that in the Turkish books printed in the Greek character at Athens for the Greeks of the interior of Asia Minor, the character η is given to the sound which we have described as being the old Greek sound of that letter. This sound easily glides into the iota, and is often exchanged for the latter; and that the same circumstance occurred in the ancient Greek, we have ample testimony.

In the first place we cite a parechesis (resemblance in sound) of Justin, the philosopher and martyr. "As to this name (Christian, *χριστιανοί*) which is imputed to us as a crime, we are the most excellent (*χρηστότατοι*)."
Now without a perfect identity in his pronunciation of ι and η, the force of the words is lost.

In giving the vocative and accusative of Iris which were the same as those of Hera (Juno) in sound, the poet always adds an epithet to distinguish the former. For after saying "Ὅτι καλέσατο Ἥρη Ἀπόλλωνα Ἰρὶν τε, he adds ἧ θεοῖσιν ἄγγελος.

Eustathius introduces instances of parechesis where ι and η are confounded.

Had we space we would add more proofs from a work to which we are much indebted, entitled "Treatise on the pronunciation of the Greek Elements by Anastasius Georgiades, of Philippopolis, in Greek and Latin; Paris, 1812."

ΘΗΤΑ, θ, is sounded like *th* in *thick*.

ΙΟΤΑ, ι, is sounded like *ee*.

ΚΑΡΡΑ, κ, is sounded like *k* except after the nasal υ or γ,

where it is sounded like *g* hard as ἀγκῶν pronounced ahngōn.

LAMBDA, λ, is sounded like *l*.

MU, μ, is sounded like *m*.

NU, ν, is sounded like *n*, except before π, as in ἐν πολέμῳ pronounced *em bo-lēm-o*; ἐμπειρία, *embeereéah*; ἐν καιρῷ, *eng ghayró*.

XI, ξ, is sounded like *ks*.

OMICRON, ο, is sounded like *o* in *note*. Before the archonship of Euclides 403, B. C., the name of omicron was οῦ.

PI, π, is sounded like *p* except after μ and ν as shown above.

RHO, ρ, is a trilled *r*, never mute as in English.

SIGMA, σ, ς, is a harsh *s* except before a liquid consonant, where it becomes like *z*.

TAU, τ, is *t*, except after ν, where it is *d*.

YPSILON, υ, is pronounced like *ee* when not in a diphthong, (concerning which see, under diphthongs.) Dionysius of Halicarnassus describes it in such a way that any one would understand that he sounded it exactly like the French *u*, the German *ue* and the Swedish *y*. This letter in Russian is pronounced according to the modern Greek. To distinguish words especially ἡμεῖς from ὁμεῖς, the modern Greeks sometimes give to it the sound of the French *u*. But as the German *ue* is almost universally corrupted to *ee*, so the ancient Greek ypsilon was also sounded by the mass of grammarians, as can be testified by numerous quotations.

☞ Aristophanes made a whole Iambic of this letter to represent the act of smelling pork. Some of our adversaries, having had experience in snuffing up the odor of swine's meat, declare that the true way to sound ypsilon is to shut the mouth and draw the breath inward through the nose. What a porkish proof?

PHI, ϕ ; this letter is sounded like an *f*, or rather as a cognate of the beta, made with both lips and not with the under lip and upper teeth. It was doubtless this difference between the Greek ϕ and the Latin *f*, which caused Cicero by a stroke of wit, to try to nonsuit a Greek, who prosecuted a certain Roman named Fundanius. The orator intimated that the accuser had nothing to do with *Fundanius* but with *Phundanius*! However the pronunciation of this letter depends much on the position of the lower jaw, which, if set a little back of the upper, facilitates *f*, but if even with the upper, facilitates ϕ .

PSI, ψ ; this letter is sounded ps, as in claps.

OMEGA, ω ; this letter is sounded like omicron, and was not introduced into the alphabet till the year 403, B. C. We see on some ancient inscriptions that σ was used instead of ω .

DIPHTHONGS.

After beta and eta, the diphthongs have been the greatest subjects of alphabetic controversy. First, let us see the genius of the Greek alphabet. It is of course Oriental; and we find in the Hebrew and Arabic orthography, continual instances of a simple sound being represented by two characters. Let us not then be at all surprised that such should be the case in Greek.

Now in regard to the Greek diphthong *ai* which is the ϵ prolonged like the English *ai* in *maiden*, we find in the Oriental languages the same mode of representing this sound. It is wonderfully to the point to notice that in Sanscrit (a tongue fancied by some to be the mother of the Greek), this sound, represented by a sign shaped much like *e*, is substituted when two words are written together thus,

bala irba, written consecutively, are spelled and pronounced *balerba*. The Pundits even call this simple sound a diphthong because they suppose it to be composed of *a* and *i* melted together! Here now is a study for the American Erasmians who doat so much on the literary remains of India! There are consecutive vowels enough in Greek without expanding the simple sounds to produce a drawling monotony which the Erasmians mistake for the *ore rotundo*.

From the extreme south to the extreme north of the vast continent of Asia, we find the custom of representing simple sounds by diphthongs. Nor is the custom wanting in the English language. The words *maiden*, *they*, *day* and others ought to be pronounced *miden*, *thy*, *die*, if the Erasmian mode of reasoning has a particle of truth in it.

Sophocles, a Greek, author of a Greek grammar for the Americans, gives what he terms, in his last edition, the probable pronunciation of the ancient Greeks. He seems to endeavour to keep half way between the Erasmians and Greeks. Now some of those passages which he refers to without quoting them, do not contain any proof whatever in regard to sound, but mostly in regard to the spelling and the mere classification of the letters. Cannot our countryman tell us the reasons for placing such a pronunciation before the public? We admire his learning, but would ask of him as well as of Anthon, the why and the wherefore. Let us quote something to the point from Callimachus.

Αἰσανίη, σὺ δὲ ναίχι καλὸς, καλὸς, ἀλλὰ πρὶν εἰπεῖν
 Τόδε σαφῶς, ἤχῳ φησὶ τις, ἄλλος ἔχει.

Here we see that the sound of the vowels in *ναίχι* must be the same as that of those in *ἔχει*. How could the poet

play with those words if the sounds were different?

'Theon, the Sophist, exhibits the following pun,

Ἀύλητρις ἔστω πεσοῦσα δημοσία.

Ἀύλητρις παῖς οὔσα, ἔστω δημοσία.

Here *πεσοῦσα* and *παῖς οὔσα*, it appears were sounded alike; and that these are the words intended for the pun is shown by the position of *ἔστω* first before and then after the same.

Arios, in the Church council, declared that in the Apostle Paul's writings, in hearing the word *κενοφωνίας*, he understood *καινοφωνίας*.

Anonymus says the following sounds correspond; *ο* to *ω*, *ε* to *αι*, *ι* to *η* and *ει*, and *υ* to *οι*.

Michael Glycas speaks of an ignorant Patriarch reading *Ματθαῖον* for *Ματθαῖον*. A bystander exclaimed, "Don't divide the diphthong." At which the Patriarch angrily retorted, "Thou speakest foolishly; for diphthongs and triphthongs my soul hateth!"

The following pun is from Palladas.

Οὐκ ἐθέλω Δόμινε, οὐ γὰρ ἔχω δόμεναι.

(I will not, sir, for I have none to give.)

It is remarkable that in the Latin tongue this Greek *αι* is spelled *ae* and sometimes *e*. In Italian and French only the *e* is retained. Now if the Romans represented two sounds by those two letters why did they not choose the right letters? They should in such a case have written *ai* and not *ae*. But the custom of blending the forms in one, thus *ae*, is calculated to give the idea that simple *e* alone is sounded.

Aulus Gellius says that the ancient Latins wrote *fænus* for *fenus* as if derived from *φαίνεσθαι*. It is therefore evi-

dent that *ae* and *e* had the same sound ; but Terence says that the Greek *αι* and Latin *ae* are sounded alike ;

“ Αλφα semper et ἰῶτα quem parant Græcis sonum
A et e nobis imitant ; sic enim nos scribimus.”

(The sound *αι* which the Greeks have, our *a* and *e* always imitate ; for thus we write.) Therefore, the Greek *αι* was pronounced like long *ε*.

Our adversaries appeal to the meaning of the word diphthong ; but we reply that the ancient Greeks no doubt regarded the sound which the English call long *a* in *fate* as a diphthong ; for that very sound is now considered so by some learned pundits and scholiasts both in England and India. Analyze it. Can you not make it up from *e* in *met* and *i* in *fit* ? If you can, then you still have a diphthong.

The diphthong *αν* is sounded *af* when at the end of a phrase or before a rough consonant, and *au* in other positions. Plutarch intimates that Calabria is written Καλαυρία but by the correct writers only Καλαβρία. Here then we have the Latin *b* the same as beta and ypsilon, which latter in this position, Athanasius says “seems to be the Æolic digamma, sounded like *v*.”

Cicero relates an amusing pun to the point. “Marcus Crassus leading the army against Arundusium, met a man selling figs from Cavnus, and crying ‘Cavneas,’” (the Cavean, that is, figs from Cavnus). I would say that Crassus was dissuaded by that (evil omen) from advancing (since “cave ne eas” means “beware, not to go.”) Thus if in *Cavneas* and *Cave ne eas* the *v* were not a consonant, the pun would have excited disgust, and the fears of the general would have disgraced him. Now the Greeks spelt the *αν* in *Cavnus*, with their diphthong, *αν*.

It is remarkable that in sanscrit an *u* at the beginning of a word is changed to *v*, by the precedence of *a* or *o* in another word; and the spelling of the two words is altered to suit this euphonic law. Thus we see that the Greek euphony must be based on some very ancient and very widely diffused principles of pronunciation.

In French a dog's bark is represented by the syllable hap! This is evidently derived from the Greek αῖ as employed by Aristophanes, and pronounced *af!* Now English mastifs say bow wow! and the Erasmians say au, au! Consequently our adversaries assert that αῖ should be pronounced ow! But the French hap! hap! should also be perverted to ow! ow! and the Frenchman should be told that he does not know how to sound his own language.

Without diving deeper into the philosophy of a dog's bark, we will conclude that the Erasmians in this country have barked up the wrong tree, if on such *brutal* authority they stigmatize the Greeks and Philhellenes with the inquisitorial epithet of "vile heretics!"

As to εἰ, which is sounded like *eta*, we will give a good pun from Aristotle, who represents Theodore saying to Nico the Thracian lute-player θράττει σε (it disturbs thee), intending "Θράττη σε" (Thrace is thy country). The native Greeks understood the double meaning, while the Thracian was unwittingly the object of their laughter, as an Irish lutist would be of an inhabitant of the Athens of America. Can our antagonists place limits to the time when εἰ and η were not sounded alike?

There is an old proverb containing a parechesis or pun; "Ζεῖ χύτρα, ζῆ φιλία." (The pot boils, friendship lives!) Among the puzzles proposed by school boys is the following. "Εἰ ὡὰ νησῶν φιλεῖς, πόσω μᾶλλον τὰ χηνῶν!" the solu-

tion of which is Ἰωάννης ὃν φιλεῖς πόσῳ μᾶλλον ταχινόν. (If you love duck's eggs, how much more should you goose-eggs; or John whom you love by how much the more swift.)

Diogenes the Cynic being in a bath saw a thief carrying off a cloak and said Ἐπ' αλειμμάτιον, ἢ ἐπ' ἄλλ' ἰμάτιον, meaning by the same sound "Are you going to get oiled, or, after another cloak?"

There are thousands of words in which *iota* and *ει* are interchanged in spelling. This is proof enough that both were pronounced alike.

The diphthong *ευ* is pronounced *ef* at the end of a clause or before a rough consonant, and in other positions like *ev*. In proof of which are the double spellings, Ἐβρος Εὔρος, Σεβήρος Σευήρος, &c.

The diphthong *οι* is sounded like *iota* by the modern Greeks. In support of which is the oracle related by Thucydides, Ἡξει δαριακός πόλεμος καὶ λοιμὸς ἅμ' αὐτῷ, in which from the sound it was doubted if *λοιμὸς* (plague) or *λιμὸς* (famine) was prophesied.

As Anonymus declared that *οι* bore a relation to *ypsilon*, which seems to have been the French *u*, there is reason to suppose that *οι* was pronounced like the French *eu*, a sound which often passes into *i* in some mouths and into *e* in others. The German *oe* is thought to be the correspondent of the Greek *οι*; it is sounded like the French *eu* by the learned and like *e* by the people. In the potential mode of the Sanscrit verb, answering to the Greek optative in form, *ε* takes the place of *οι*.

Neither the French *u* nor the French *eu* sound so well as *iota*, and it is certainly preferable to have sounds which are consecrated by time and by the usage of the people of

Greece. Whatever over nice distinctions were made by grammarians we have shown, that the people did not use them. I would advise that they be used only to distinguish ambiguous words. Among the old dramatic puns we find, Γαλήνην ὄρῳ which sounded like Γαλήνην νῦν ὄρῳ; and Τί σεῖσι ὀκύων which sounded like, τίς σὺ εἶ ὀκύων. The diphthong *ou* is pronounced as the French *ou* and English *oo*.

The diphthongs *ηυ*, *ωυ* are pronounced *if* and *ōf* at the end of a clause or before a rough consonant, but in other positions *iv* and *ōv*; *υι* is pronounced like *iota*. *Iota* subscript is mute. The breathings are not sounded. The accents mark the syllable that receives the stress of the voice.

We have endeavored for the progress of philology, faithfully to discharge our duty in proving the high antiquity of the modern Greek pronunciation. As to some letters, particularly *β*, *γ*, *δ*, which are among the most contested by our opponents, we have drawn our reasons from the epoch when Darius invaded Egypt, and we have brought the new discoveries in hieroglyphic spelling to bear on the questions which we have answered. We have shown that where grammarians made a very slight difference from the people in the pronunciation, the people, nevertheless, from the time of Homer down to the present day, have preserved their pronunciation inviolable. We have appealed to Sanscrit usage in euphony, and have endeavored to show a kindred harmony on the banks of the Ganges resembling somewhat that on the banks of the Ilissus. If there is any thing which we have overlooked, we hope we shall hear of it as soon as possible. We entertain no ill feelings against the Erasmians, and we hope that the epithet "vile heresy," used by Anthon, will yet be expunged from his work, which

appears much disfigured thereby. We wish to ply no sarcasms, nor return epithet for epithet, after the manner of those literary speculators who endeavor to raise an excitement, fill their pockets, and then abandon entirely the subject of investigation, thus rendered odious to the community. If attacks against the opinions of the Greeks are made, let them be made in a gentlemanly manner. We are prepared to continue the discussion soberly and candidly, for the sake of promoting the cause of Greek learning.

But why should we dilate upon the pronunciation, and wage a useless war against suppositions? Is not the *sense* of far greater importance than the *sound*? Let those, who learn Greek, avoid disputes about minor matters, which have nothing to do with the object, for which the immortal monuments of the Grecian mind were designed. Had the sound been of any consequence, volumes would have been composed to deliver to posterity the exact pronunciation of the flourishing period of Athens. What then is the utility secured by the student of this language? We reply; this utility is manifold like the character and duties of the world, to which it has been handed down. The theologian is indebted to the Greek for a portion of the Sacred Scriptures, and for most of the writings of the apostles and fathers of the Church. The statesman finds in Greek an exhibition of the greatest variety of government that the world has ever known, experiments undertaken by kings and nations, the history of their duration and fall, the domestic and public character of the men who planned them, in short such a pageantry of innovations, political convulsions and explosions that the present age with all its boast of invention and discovery is comparatively barren and tame. Who can read without emotion Plato, Xenophon, and the other phi-

losophical statesmen who analyzed both tyranny and democracy, and who reveal the springs of many political phenomena which America seems to have been reserved to exemplify. The benefits and evils in their full magnitude appear no less astonishing now than at that period, when they were first announced, because they are almost unaffected by difference of time, climate and races.

The remains of Grecian oratory are so grand and beautiful as to compensate in part for the loss of architectural creations. One oration of Demosthenes does the nation more honor than if, in its stead, the gigantic temple of Olympian Jove with its three hundred columns were still standing to attract wondering pilgrims from the extremities of the civilized world. Such labour was spent in the composition of the master-pieces of Athenian eloquence that their proportions are always needed to be beheld by the modern speaker, that he may not too hastily regard his own performance as perfected till it can bear comparison with the Demosthenic model. The Greek orations should be studied in their original structure, for a translation necessarily impairs the meaning, either from the inferiority of other languages, or from the ignorance which the reader would have of any peculiarity in the Greek idiom, which often has as much effect on the sense as a different word.

The poet, without a knowledge of the Greek language, is like a ship without a pilot. To him equally with the statesman and the theologian, belongs the advice so often given by teachers to students of the classics, "*Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*" (Peruse them by night, peruse them by day.) The epic, the dramatic, the erotic and the bucolic styles have their spring in Grecian diction; and the names of Homer, Sophocles, Anacreon and Theocritus

are significant of perfection in their various departments. Their writings present a beautiful temple of thought, whose proportions are scarcely marred by the lapse of ages. What models must those works be, which, notwithstanding their unrestrained liberty of expression, have been handed down with no less reverence by the enemies than by the friends of the Greek nation! Truly America is the most appropriate place for the study of that magnificent language, because here there is the most practice of the ideas which it enshrines. Italy, in the midst of her republican sway, her artistic splendor and her literary renown, was torn in pieces by the virulence of faction, but America is united in the cause of exemplifying all that is excellent in the ancient world.

We might add other professions of life for which a knowledge of the Greek is necessary, but another reason of great weight remains to be mentioned. It is the wide diffusion of Greek words through the languages of the world. There is not a cultivated speech on earth without a large number of terms and idioms derived apparently from that language; and even in the wild Indian dialects of the new world are found hundreds of names almost identical with the Greek. Add to this the vast nomenclature of science and art drawn from the Greek, and used in every country.

The blending of the Grecian tongue with all the early history of mankind, its use as the key of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, its philosophical mode of forming compound words, and its varied and imitative euphony, recommend it to the attention of every individual who seeks that gratification which the knowledge of the original language alone can bestow.

Next, the full understanding of the innumerable Greek

words found in other tongues, requires an acquaintance with the Greek; and that acquaintance is facilitated by these very words. In fine, the task of learning in an arbitrary and isolated manner those names is far greater than that of acquiring the whole language itself; because the language from its peculiar structure contains within itself the mnemotechnic principles which fix all its words in the memory of the learner.

Lastly, the rising of the Greek nation from servitude to liberty with the same words which were uttered by Leonidas and Themistocles, and the same glorious features both physically and intellectually, has a powerful influence in recommending the study of their language. To the student who acquires Greek in the modern pronunciation, the modern dialect seems like a *Hellenic* dialect proceeding from a blending of the *Æolic* and *Doric*. He finds all the primary forms of words spelled exactly as in the ancient, and when he hears the language uttered, a brilliant dream of the past immediately rushes before him and fascinates him onward as if happiness itself arose partly from the same source. Like a recovered strain of Orpheus, the modern tone melts his heart and causes his mind to pursue earnestly the lore of that all-pervading, all-revivifying tongue.

There was a time when Greece on the map was merged in the unclassic title of Turkey, and when the heads of Greek rebels in the Seraglio gate either petrified the devotees of art and science or drove them to the profession of arms. Now, however, destiny's fiery finger has traced upon the heavens in Greek characters of starry splendor the "mene tekeli upharsin" of Ottoman supremacy. Henceforth the sword and musket will no longer be needed while diplomacy and learning cause even the power of the Sultan to patronize education and to send envoys to democratic

countries to see their improvements! Greece is free, and the Greek population of Turkey have forced the Ottoman government to milder measures.

As soon as Turkey is restored to its right owners, then all impediments to the progress of art will have been removed.

THE TURKISH ENVOY TO AMERICA.

Before closing these random sketches, it would naturally be expected that the *exile of Scio* should notice the arrival here of a Turkish envoy. I am glad to see the impartiality that the Americans exhibit towards all mankind, including those individuals who seek shelter under the wings of their mighty eagle together with those who visit their institutions in search of knowledge.

The American Congress appropriated ten thousand dollars as a *peshkèsh* (present) to aid the Turkish Envoy to travel through the Union in search of information. May this *peshkèsh* bring forth a hundred fold!

More than two thousand years ago the proud Quirites sent envoys to democratic Greece to bring to Rome the twelve tables of her code. The Greeks considered the message of so sacred a character that they dispatched in return envoys to the Roman people to ascertain whether they were worthy of such a gift. But the Turkish envoy to *this* republic comes with a different purpose. Instead of examining the *political* system, he travels, as he remarked, to witness the *mechanical* improvements of the Americans and to enrol the names of all who wish to offer themselves to the Sultan!

Have the Mentors of this Bey explained to him the source and mainspring of these improvements? Whence comes

the superiority of American mechanics but from the excellent nature of the American democracy, which calls forth skill and remunerates industry?

These are reflections which the Sultan would do well to digest; but the munificence of the Americans will have more effect in convincing his Greek subjects of the prosperity of a republic that borrowed its outlines from that of their forefathers, than in persuading the Turks to make a spasmodic effort to compete with other nations in mechanical improvement.

The complimentary reception of the Bey by the Americans, exhibits their impartial desire to see other nations improve, but we must let him know that the *laws* of this country render it the asylum of the oppressed mechanics of all other nations, and how can the Sultan presume to expect that their craft can advance in Turkey as it does in America? If the heterogeneous subjects of Turkey were attracted beneath the Sultan's sway by an enlightened policy, would not the arts flourish as they did in Rome, that mother of nations, that received her laws from Greece? How much better then it would be to commence in the right way, instead of endeavoring to uphold the Turkish race which constitutes a *minority* of the subjects of the Sultan! No land ever progressed for a long time, where one race was allowed to flourish over the ruins of another.

A NEW ALPHABET
FOR THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

ON the following page we give to our readers a Cadmian invention by an American; and the subject is very appropriate, we think, after speaking so much of the Greek letters.

The alphabet of Comstock contains several Greek letters, one of which, still found on the pyramids, we have proved to have been sounded three thousand years ago, on the banks of the Nile as it now is, on the banks of the Ilissus and the Delaware. We mean the triangular Δ , *delta*, (pronounced like *th* in *the*,) a form immortalized by giving its name to the most commercial portion of that wonderful country. The letter Θ , *theta*, figures in the name of the original inventor of letters, the great $\Theta\acute{\omega}\theta$ (*Thoth*), whom the Greeks supposed to be no less than Mercury the god of reason. I was agreeably surprised to meet in Philadelphia such tokens of the past, such relics of my nation's glory, in the very type, prepared by an uncompromising hero of letters for this gigantic republic. I cannot cease admiring the idea of letters being brought to America from Greece. It is a beautiful fact to associate with the doings of that Phœnician prince whose name is a watchword to lexicographers. We have in Comstock the first instance of a

man in this department starting up from the sovereign people to dictate the laws of utterance not only to his own country, but to the world. His discovery is not a mere phonetic one ; but the melody of the human voice has been systematized by him, and the laws of gesture made intelligible according to a method, peculiarly his own.

Comstock is descended from a noble family of Germany that fought against the Turks. His coat of arms represents a sword piercing the crescent. The name was originally spelled Komstohk. The portion of the family which emigrated, passed through England and Wales, and finally three brothers reached America. The father of the present author bestowed much thought upon the formation of Phonetic letters and the idea in the blood of this family was at last realized in type.

A PHONETIC ALPHABET OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.

IN the following Table there is a character for each of the 38 elementary sounds of the English Language. For the sake of brevity, there are also 6 compound letters, each to be used, in particular instances, to represent two elementary sounds.

THE 38 SIMPLE LETTERS.

15 Vowels.			14 Subvowels.			9 Aspirates.		
E e	ale		B b	bow		P p	pit	
A a	arm		D d	day		T t	tin	
O o	all		J j	azure		C c	shade	
À à	an		G g	gay		K k	kite	
Ï ï	eve		Z z	zone		S s	sin	
È è	end		V v	vile		F f	fame	
I i	ile		Δ δ	then		Θ θ	thin	
Î î	in		L l	light		H h	hut	
Ω ω	old		R r	roll		Q q	what	
Û ù	lose		M m	met				
O o	on		N n	no				
Û ù	tube		Ŋ ŋ	song				
U u	up		W w	wo				
U u	full		Y y	yoke				
Φ φ	out							


THE 6 COMPOUND LETTERS.

Α α	oil	Δ δ	job	Τ τ	etch
Θ θ	air	Γ γ	tugs	Χ χ	oaks

THE LORD'S PRAYER,

IN COMSTOCK'S PERFECT ALPHABET.

NOTE.—The first line is the original Greek; the second is the same in Comstock's Alphabet; the third is a literal translation in Comstock's Alphabet. The reader will perceive that Comstock's accentual marks not only represent *accent*, but also *inflection* and *intonation*. Hence one who is entirely *unacquainted* with the Greek, may read this classic language, when printed in Comstock's characters, with perfect ease, and with the proper elocutionary expression.

 In the Greek below, *o* should be pronounced like *ω*, but with shorter quantity. We could not obtain Comstock's letter for this sound, which is the common *o* with a short stem at its base, thus, *ο*.

Πάτερ	ἡμῶν	ὁ	ἐν	τοῖς	οὐρανῶις,	ἀγιασθήτω
Pa'ter	xmωn' o		en	txs	ϋranxs',	ayxasθx'tω
Fa'dur	on us	hɔ [art]	in	de	he'vnz,	ha'loed bx

τὸ	ὄνομά	σε·	ἐλθέτω	ἡ	βασιλεία	σε·
to	onoma'	sɔ.:	elθe'tω	x	vaslx'ra	sɔ.:
de	nem'	on dx.:	let kum	de	kxh'dum	on dx.:

γενηθήτω	τὸ	δέλημα	σε,	ὡς	ἐν	οὐρανῶ,	καὶ
yenxθx'tω	to	θelxma'	sɔ,	ws	en	ϋranow',	ke
let bx dun	de	wɪl	on dx,	az	in	hevn,	so

ἐπὶ	τῆς	γῆς·	τὸν	ἄρτον	ἡμῶν	τὸν	ἐπιούσιον
epx'	txs	yxɔ.:	ton	ar'ton	xmωn'	ton	epxɔ'sxon
on	dx	urθ.:	de	brəd	on us	de	de'lx

δὸς	ἡμῖν	σήμερον·	καὶ	ἄφες	ἡμῖν	τὰ	ὀφειλήματα
dos	xmxn'	sx'meron:	ke	a'fes	xmxn'	ta	oflx'mata
gxv	tx us	tx-de.:	and	fɔrgxv	tx us	de	dets

ἡμῶν,	ὡς	καὶ	ἡμεῖς	ἀφίεμεν	τοῖς	ὀφειλέταις	ἡμῶν·
xmωn',	ws	ke	xmxs'	afx'emēn	txs	ofxlē'tes	xmωn.:
on us,	az	ol'sw	wx	fɔrgxv'	de	det'urz	on us.:

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμῖς εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι
 ke mx xsenej'gxs xmas' xs pɪrazsmɔn' ala' rɪ'se
 and not lɪd us ɪn'ts tɛmte'cun, but dɪlɪ'vur

ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ· ὅτι σοῦ ἔστιν ἡ βασιλεία
 xmas' apo' ts ponɪrɪ: o'tɪ sɪ' ɛs'tɪxn x vasɪlɪ'a
 us from dɪ x'vɪ: fɔr ts dɪ ɪz de kɪj'dum,

καὶ ἡ δύναμις καὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.
 ke x dɪ'namɪs ke x dox'a xs ts ɛw'nas. Amɪn.
 and de pɔ'ur, and de glɔ'ri, fɔr dɪ ɛj'ɪz. Amen.

THE APPROVED ENGLISH VERSION.

(In both the old, and the new orthography.)

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
 ɔr Fa'dur hɛ art ɪn he'vn, ha'lɔəd bɪ dɪ nem.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is
 dɪ kɪj'dum kum. dɪ wɪl bɪ dʊn ɔn ɪθ, as ɪt ɪz

in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And for-
 ɪn he vn. Gɪv us dɪs de ɔr de'ɪ bred. And fɔr-

give us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead
 gɪv us ɔr detɪs, əz wɛ fɔrgɪv' ɔr det'ɪz. And lɪd

us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For
 us not ɪn'ts tɛmte'cun, but dɪlɪ'vur us from ɛvɪl: Fɔr

thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
 dɪn ɪz de kɪj'dum, and de pɔ'ur, and de glɔ'ri,

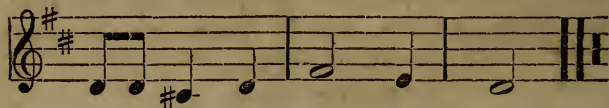
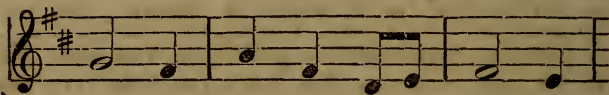
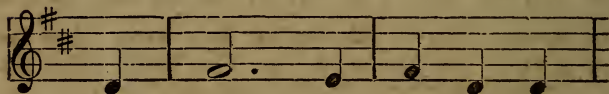
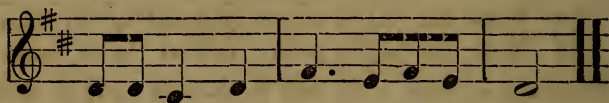
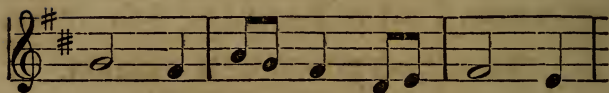
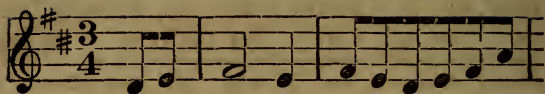
forever. Amen.

fɔrɛ'vur. Amɪn.

BIRD OF PASSAGE.

BIRD OF PASSAGE.

Πουλάκι Πέγον.



Arranged by Professor Charles Jarvis, of Philadelphia.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

ΠΟΥΛΑΚΙ ΞΕΝΟΝ.

Πουλάκι ξένον ξενιτευμένο
 Πουλί καϊμένον τιθά γενῶ
 Ποῦ νὰ καθήσω νὰ ξενυκτήσω
 Νὰ ἐγλεντίσω νὰ μήχαδῶ.
 Κάθε πουλάκι βαστᾶ κλαδάκι
 Βαστᾶ κλαδάκι τσαταλοτό.
 Μάγώ τό ξένον τὸ λυπημένο
 Τὸ καϊμένον τί θὰ γενῶ.

PRONUNCIATION.

Poolakky xennon xenneetevmeno
 Pooleé kah-eemménno teè tha* yennòh
 Poo nah katheéssoh* nah xennykteéssoh
 Nah eglendeéssoh nah mee hathoh*
 Kathey* pòollákký, vastáh klathákký
 Vastàh klathákký chattallottòh
 Maggòh toh xénno toh lyppeeménno
 Toh ky—eeménno tee thah* yennòh.

Pronounce *th*, where the * is placed, like *th* in thought; in the words that have no star like *th* in thee.

GREEK WAR-SONG.

THE MUSIC

OF THE

GREEK WAR-SONG.

Ο ΕΝΘΟΥΣΙΩΝ ΕΛΛΗΝ.

PIA.
ANDANTE.

The musical score consists of five staves of music, all in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff is marked with a 6/8 time signature. The music is written in a single melodic line. The notation includes various note values such as quarter notes, eighth notes, and dotted notes, along with rests and phrasing slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Arranged by Professor Charles Jarvis, of Philadelphia.

Ὁ Ἐνθουσιῶν Στρατιώτης.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC SOLDIER.

WITH A LITERAL TRANSLATION.

ὦ λυγρὸν καὶ κοπτερὸν σπαθί μου

Oh my shrill and sharp sword !

Καὶ σὺ τουφέκι φλογερὸν πουλίμου

And thou gun my burning bird !

Ἐσεῖς τὸν Τούρκον σφάζατε

You slay the Turk

Τὸν τύραννον σπαράζατε

You shatter the tyrant.

Ν' ἀνάσκηθ' ἡ πατρίς μου

Let my country rise.

Νὰ ζήσῃ τὸ σπαθί μου.

Long live my sword.

Σπαθί μου σὰν σ' ἀκούσω νὰ κλυγίξῃς

My sword when I hear thee ringing

Καὶ σὺ μαυρον τουφέκι νὰ βομβίζῃς

And the dark musket roaring

Νὰ στρώνονται Τουρκῶν κερμιᾶ

Let bodies of Turks be prostrated

Ἀλλὰχ νὰ σκούζουν τὰ σκυλιὰ

Let the dogs yell "Allah !"

Αὐτ' εἶν' ἡ μουσικὴ μου

This is my music.

Νὰ ζήσῃ τὸ σπαθί μου.

Long live my sword.

Ἡ ὥρα ἔφθασεν ἡ σάλπιγξ κρᾶζει

The hour has come the trumpet calls.

Ἀπὸ χαρὰν σκιρτῶν τὸ αἷμα βράζει,

With joy leaping my blood boils.

Τὸ μπάμ, τὸ μπούμ, τὸ γλυγγ, γλύγγ, γλοῦγγ
 The roar of artillery and the clash of swords
 Ἄρχίζου τὰ βρεντολογῶν
 Begin to resound.
 Κ' ἔγω τοὺς Τούρκους σφώζω,
 And I slay Turks.
 Ζήτω Ἑλλάς, φωνάζω.
 And "Hurrah for Greece," I shout!

On account of several words in the above piece not having corresponding terms in English, the original cannot be appreciated without a knowledge of Greek. See "Essay on the Ancient and Modern Greek," published at Andover by the author of the present work.

Specimen of the modern dialect from Bambas' Moral Philosophy, with a literal translation.

Πατριωτισμός.

PATRIOTISM.

Ὁ πατριωτισμὸς εἶναι ζῆλος θερμὸς διὰ τὰ συμφέροντα τῆς πατρίδος, ἀπὸ τὸν ὁποῖον ζῆλον ἐμψυχονόμενοι οἱ πολῖται native-land, by which zeal, being inspired, the citizens συνεισφέρουσιν ὅ,τι δύνανται ἕκαστος. Ὅλοι εὐρίσκομεν ἡδονὴν contribute what they can, each. We all find (a) pleasure, ἐνθυμούμενοι τὸν τόπον, εἰς τὸν ὁποῖον ἐγεννήθημεν καὶ sure (in) remembering the country in which we were born and ἀνετράφημεν, τὰ ὑποκείμενα μὲ τὰ ὁποῖα ἐλάβαμεν τὰς brought up; the individuals with whom we received the πρώτας συνηθείας καὶ τὰ πρώτα αἰσθήματα. χαίρομεν first familiarities and the first impressions. We rejoice (in) φανταζόμενοι ἕως καὶ αὐτὰ τὰ ἄψυχα πράγματα τῆς imagining even the very inanimate objects of the πατρίδος ὡς συντρόφους τῆς παιδικῆς μας ἡλικίας, καὶ καθὼς native land as associates of our youthful age, and as

λεγει εἷς τῶν μεταγενεστέρων σοφῶν, ὁ ἔρως τῆς πατρίδος
 says one the modern sages, the love of country
 εἶναι ὁ νόμος τῶν κλιμάτων, ὅστις ὑποχρεώνει ὅλους τοὺς
 is the law of climes, which obliges all peo-
 λαοὺς νὰ εὐχαριστῶνται εἰς τὸν τόπον τῆς γεννήσεώς των,
 ple to be content with the place of their birth
 ὡς τὰ φυτά, νὰ, εἶπω οὕτω καὶ τὰλλα ἐμψυχα ὄντα.
 as plants, thus to speak and the other inanimate existences.
 Ἡ φύσις λοιπὸν φαίνεται ὅτι ἐμπνέει εἰς ὅλους τὸν ἔρωτα
 Nature therefore seems to inspire all with that love
 τοῦτον τῆς πατρίδος, ὡς καὶ τῆς ὑπάρξεώς μας.
 of country, as also of our being.

*Modern Greek popular songs, paraphrased into English,
 by A. G. Alexander, Conn.*

We add a highly popular song, intended as a reproof to drunkards who abuse the spoils of victory and perpetrate sacrilege, while they stagger along through life, to gratify the thirsty passion. This mode of insinuating a temperance principle may amuse some readers.

THE VOICE OF THE TOMB.

We drank, around the spoils of fight,
 All Saturday and Sunday ;
 But found our wine-casks empty quite,
 Ere morning dawned on Monday.
 Our captain, wanting more, saw fit,
 For th' errand, to select me ;
 I missed the road, and seeking it,
 Found no one to direct me.
 Night came ; I wandered like a wave,
 Glaring at moonlight's gleaming,
 I reeled, near tombs of Grecians brave,
 I staggered forth half dreaming ;

I stumbled on a grave, perchance,
For great was my confusion ;
A thundering voice, from Pluto's haunts,
Reproached me for intrusion.

I answered : "Why, complaining, groan,
What sufferings can distress you ?
Say, does the dark sepulchral stone
Have power to oppress you ?"
A voice retorted from the tomb,
"No stone creates reproaches ;
No monument, in deathly gloom,
Upon my rest encroaches.

"Your reason's tomb, your fuddled head,
Is cause of my vexation ;
Why pass indifferent o'er my head,
And show no veneration ?
Was I not once as young and strong,
Of deeds of valor dreaming ?
But soberly I walked along,
The moonlight o'er me streaming.

"With sword six spans long, gun six feet,
Think you not, friendly stranger,
I went with bravery oft to meet
Whatever threatened danger ?
I killed, in one night, thirty foes ;
Abandoned by my brothers,
In self-defence, I dealt my blows,
And wounded forty others.

"My sabre broke at last in twain,
A horseman made me rue it,
He grasped his yatagan ; in vain,
Upon my breast he drew it.
My left hand turned it ; but alas !
His pistol-ball has *won* me,
And stretched me here upon the grass !
Weep, friend, but tread not *on* me."

THE ENTHUSIASTIC GREEK SOLDIER ADDRESS-
ING HIS WEAPONS.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GREEK BY A. G. ALEXANDER.

My smooth and cutting scimitar resplendent !
My dark and burning gun, beloved attendant !
Come on, the Moslems scattering ;
The tyrant's forces shattering ;
With blood our freedom nourish :
And you shall ever flourish !

Amid the lightning's flash, the thunder's roaring,
The tempest-whistle, and the torrents pouring,
O'er mountain passes, hovering
I go the foes discovering,
Whose blood our land shall nourish,
Sword, ever mayst thou flourish !

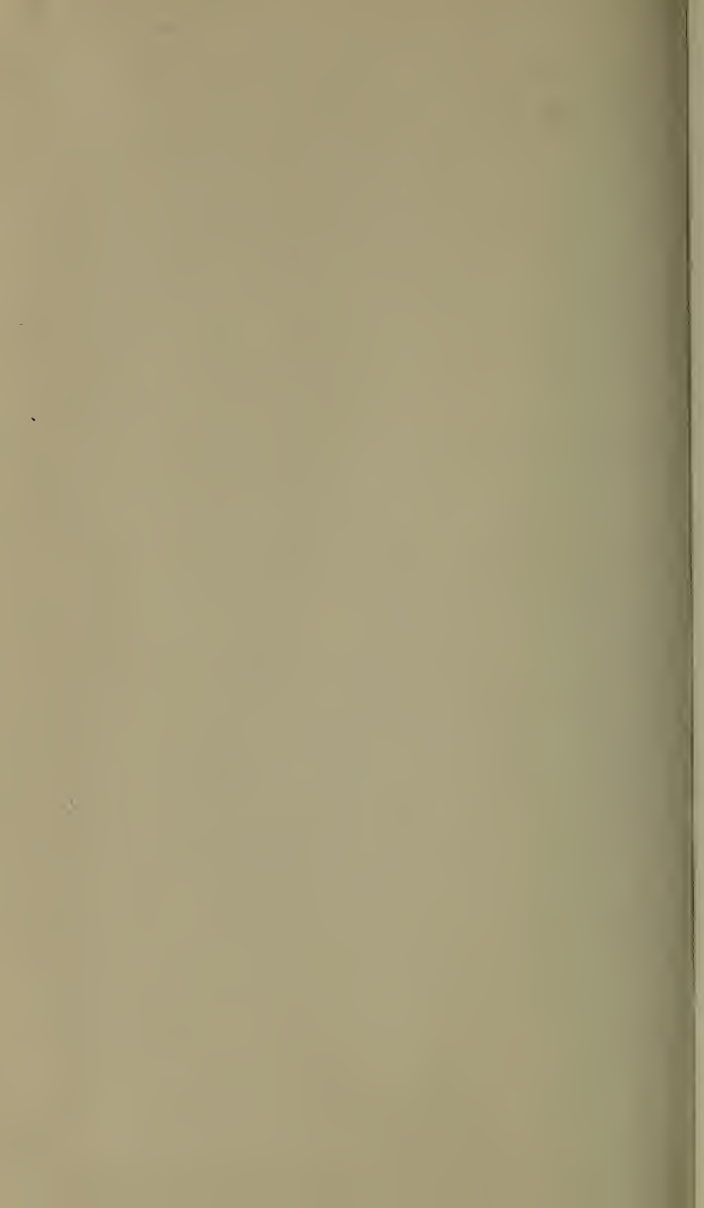
When, sword, I see, o'er thee the purple gushing,
And when, my gun, I hear thy bullet rushing,
The Turkish dogs we're falling on,
And Allah they are calling on,
Such music only send me,
Live on, sword, to defend me !

The hour has come, the trumpet notes are sounding,
And wildly through my veins the blood is bounding ;
The roaring guns are flashing,
The ringing swords are clashing ;
The miscreant Turks are routed,
And " long live Greece " is shouted !

A lady of Mt. Pindus, losing her husband by the pestilence, composed a dirge which displays a sort of allegorical idea of an angel of destruction, much like what the Jewish prophets described. This piece is called, "The Widow of Pindus."

THE WIDOW OF PINDUS.

An angel tall, of threatening look,
About whose shoulders, white wings shook,
Came hither, in celestial state,
Yestreen before our outer gate.
Upon our threshold, he did stand,
And held a flaming sword in hand.
"Inform me, lady, where's thy spouse ?
Is he not staying in the house ?"
Said I, "He wipes our infant's tears,
And kisses it, to chase its fears.
Youth, enter not, so fierce and wild,
You'll terrify our little child !"
The white-winged youth would not retire,
And took no notice of my prayer.
I tried to force th'intruder out,
He foiled me, as I was not stout ;
He burst in fury through our house,
And on thee rushed, beloved spouse !
He struck thee with the sword of death,
He smote, and took thy vital breath !
Oh, luckless spouse, here is our son,
Dear Pericles, our lovely one,
Whom he desired from me to take,
Look on him for his mother's sake !



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