

they live, the utter ignorance of their sister was a subject of painful contemplation. She had forgotten her native language, and was completely a pagan—having no knowledge even of the white man's Sabbath.

When we left Wyoming, Mr. Joseph Slocum was about commencing a second journey to see his sister, to be accompanied by his two daughters. We have heard that the visit has been performed. Frances is said to have been delighted with the beauty and accomplishment of her white nieces, but resolutely refuses to return to the abodes of civilized man. She resides with her daughters in a comfortable log building, but in all her habits she is as thoroughly Indian, as though not a drop of white blood flowed in her veins. She is represented as having manifested, for an Indian, an unwonted degree of pleasure at the return of her brother; but both mother and daughters spurn every persuasive to win them back from the country and manners of their people. Indeed as all their ideas of happiness are associated with their present mode of life, a change would be productive of little good, as far as temporal affairs are concerned.—*American Paper.*

From a late Austrian paper.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

It was at Djouni, in Syria, that Lady Hester died, after a long illness, at the age of sixty-four. That reader must be indifferent who reverts not with interest to his recollections of a woman who has expired on the borders of the Desert, amidst the Druses and Turkomans, over whom that noble daughter of the infidels once exercised so strange and so marvellous a sway! The destiny of Lady Stanhope presents one of those features of which not another instance could perhaps be found in the annals of the East. Only imagine forty thousand Arabs suddenly assembled upon the ruins of Palmyra, and these wandering, savage and indomitable tribes, surrounding, in silent astonishment and admiration, a foreign woman, proclaiming her Sovereign of the Desert, and Queen of Palmyra! Convey yourself in thought to the scene of this incredible triumph, and you will then conceive what woman that must have been who imposed silence on Mussulman fanaticism, and created for herself, as it were, by magic, a Sovereignty in the domains of Mohammed!

"Lady Hester Stanhope," says M. de Lamartine, "was a niece of Mr. Pitt. On the death of her uncle she left England, and visited various parts of Europe. Young, handsome, and rich, she was every where received with the attention and interest due to her rank, fortune, mind, and beauty; but she constantly refused to unite her fate to that of her worthiest admirer; and, after spending some years in the principal cities of Europe, embarked with a numerous suite for Constantinople. The real cause of this expatriation has never been known; some have ascribed it to the death of a young English officer, who was killed at that period in Spain, and whom an eternal regret must render forever present in Lady Hester Stanhope's heart; others have imputed her voluntary banishment to a mere love of adventure in a young person of an enterprising and courageous character. However this might be, she departed, spent some years at Constantinople, and then sailed for Syria in an English vessel, which carried also the larger part of her fortune, as well as jewelry, trinkets, and presents of all sorts, of very considerable value."

The vessel encountered a storm in the Gulph of Maori, on the passage to Caramania; the ship was wrecked, Lady Hester Stanhope's property was all lost, and it was as much as she could do to save her own life. Nothing, however, could shake her resolution. She returned to England, gathered the remainder of her fortune, sailed again for Syria, and landed at Latakia, the ancient Laodicea. She had at first thought of fixing her abode at the foot of Olympus; but Broussa is a commercial city, situate on the avenues to the Ottoman capital, and reckoning not less than sixty thousand inhabitants; and Lady Hester Stanhope sought the independence and solitude of the Desert. She therefore selected the wilderness of Mount Lebanon, whose extreme ramifications lose themselves in the sands. Ruined Palmyra—Zenobia's ancient capital—suited her fancy. The noble exile took up her residence at Djouni, prepared for every vicissitude. "Europe," said she, "is a monotonous residence; its nations are unworthy of freedom, and endless revolutions are unworthy of freemen." She applied herself to the study of the Arabic language, and strove to obtain a thorough acquaintance with the character and manners of the Syrian people. One day, dressed in the costume of the Osmanlis, she set out for Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, and the Desert; she advanced amidst a caravan loaded with wealth, tents, and presents for the Scheiks, and was soon surrounded by all the tribes, who knelt to her, and submitted to her supremacy.

It was not solely by her magnificence that Lady Hester had excited the admiration of the Arabs; her courage had been proved on more than one occasion, and she had always faced peril with a boldness and energy which the tribes well remembered. Lady Hester Stanhope knew, also, how to flatter the Mahomedan prejudices. She had no intercourse with the Christians and Jews; she spent whole days in the gratto of a santon, who explained the Koran to her; and never appeared in public without that mien of majestic and grave inspiration which was always unto Oriental nations the characteristic of prophets. With her, however, this conduct was

not so much the result of design as of a decided proneness to every species of excitement and originality.

Lady Hester Stanhope's first abode was but a monastery. It was soon transformed into an Oriental palace, with pavilions, orange gardens, and myrtles, over which spread the foliage of the cedar, such as it grows in the mountains of Lebanon. The traveller to whom Lady Hester opened this sanctuary would see her clad in Oriental garments. Her head was covered with a turban made of a red and white cashmere. She wore a long tunic, with open loose sleeves; large Turkish trousers, the folds of which hung over yellow morocco boots embroidered with silk. Her shoulders were covered with a sort of burnous, and a yataghan hung at her waist. Lady Hester Stanhope had a serious and imposing countenance; her noble and mild features had a majestic expression, which her high stature and the dignity of her movements enhanced.

The day came when all this *prestige*, so expensively kept up, suddenly vanished. Lady Hester's fortune rapidly declined; her income yearly increased: in short, the substantial resources which had at one time sustained the magic of her extraordinary domination were daily forsaking her. The Queen of Palmyra then fell back into the rank of mere mortals; and she who had signed absolute firmans enabling the traveller to visit in security the regions of Palmyra—she whose authority the Sublime Porte had tacitly acknowledged—soon saw her people disown her omnipotency; she was left the title of Queen, but it was but an empty name, a mere recollection; and again the monastery's silence ruled over the solitude of Djouni. A Queen, stripped of her glory of a day, Lady Hester Stanhope has expired, the sport of fate, at the moment the East is convulsed. She has expired in obscurity and loneliness, without even mingling her name with the great events of which it is now the theatre.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

The *Turks*, or *Turkomans*, are of Tartar origin, and came from the regions beyond Mount Taurus and Inaus. Like the rest of their nation they were a freebooting tribe, living on plunder and without any permanent residence; but fierce daring and warlike beyond other tribes. These qualities rendering them formidable; one of the caliphs, a descendant of Houron Alraschid, mentioned so often in the Arabian Nights, employed a large body of Turks as his body guard. Like the Prætorian bands of the Roman Empire, these life-guards of the Caliphs soon began to interfere in affairs of state; and, taking advantage of some dissensions between two rival aspirants to the caliphate, seized upon the government themselves. Bagdad was taken by the Turks in 1055. Before the close of the eleventh century we find them on the borders of the Caspian sea. In process of time, extending their conquests daily, the Turks became masters of the whole vast empire of both races of caliphs—the race of Omar, and the Absaidæ, descendants of Mahomet. These extensive territories including Persia, Syria, Egypt, and the northern portion of Africa, now known as the Barbary States, together with the greater part of Asia Minor; and in the reign of Othman, preparations were made to attack the Greek Empire, of which Constantinople was the capital—the last remaining fragment of that stupendous dominion which the Roman power had built up through successions of ages. The threatened invasion was for a time averted by means of an alliance with John Cantacuzenus the Greek emperor, brought about between his daughter and young Ozean, the son of the Turkish Sultan. At length, under Bajazet, surnamed the Thunderbolt, the Turks not only entered the empire, but laid siege to Constantinople itself, which was saved from an immediate fall by the timely interposition of Tamerlane, the descendant of Ghengis-Khan, the founder of the great Tartar or Mogul empire in Asia. This prince, who had already checked the course of the Turks in Syria and Persia, was urgently solicited by the enemies of Bajazet to come to the relief of Constantinople. He harkened to an invitation so flattering to his prowess, and, as a preliminary, sent a polite message to Bajazet, requesting him to raise the siege of Constantinople, and give up immediately all his conquests. This modest proposal being received with the utmost scorn by the haughty Sultan, a battle ensued, in which the mighty army of Bajazet was routed, and he himself made prisoner. Some histories say that the captive monarch was confined in an iron cage, like a wild beast, and that he was made to stand with his body bent to serve as a footstool when his insulting conqueror wished to mount his horse.

The Turkish power, though checked, was not much shaken by this blow. After the death of Tamerlane, their designs against the Greek empire were renewed; and, after various interruptions from the Poles, who were then a powerful people, Constantinople was fully invested by the Turks under Mahomet the Great. This was in 1453. The indolent Greeks made few preparations for defence, trusting to an immense barricade of strong chains, which blocked up the entry to the port, and prevented all access to the enemy's ships. The genius of Mahomet soon overcame this obstacle. He laid a channel of smooth planks for the length of six miles, and in one night's time he drew eighty galleys out of the water upon these planks; and next morning, to the utter astonishment of the besieged, an entire fleet descended at once into the bosom of their harbour. The city was taken by assault, and with it fell the empire of the East, one thousand one hundred and twenty-

three years from the time when Constantinople removed the seat of Government from Rome to Constantinople.

Constantinople became the capital of the Ottoman empire, which soon began to extend itself in Europe. All Greece was theirs, the island of Rhodes fell into their hands, and in a few years afterwards Moldavia, Wallachia, and a great part of Hungary, were subdued by Solymán, surnamed the Magnificent. In 1491, Cyprus was taken from the Venetians; and now the Christian nations of Europe began to be filled with anxious apprehensions of this formidable power. The Pope exerted himself to stop the further progress of these infidels, who carrying their religion on the point of their swords made every place Mahometan which fell under their sway. A league was formed by the holy See with the Venetians and with Philip II. of Spain, then the most wealthy Sovereign in Europe. A great naval armament was fitted out by the allied Powers, under Don John of Austria, consisting of two hundred and fifty ships of war, beside transports. The Turks were not behind in force. The two great fleets encountered each other in the Gulf of Lepanto, and an engagement ensued more memorable than any naval fight that had happened since the battle of Actium. The allied fleet under Don John was victorious—the Turks were wholly discomfited, losing over one hundred and fifty ships, and fifteen thousand slain—Among whom was Ali, their Admiral. This great victory saved Christendom, or at least the whole South of Europe from being over-run by the infidels, and checked the further advance of Turkish power for more than a century.

The battle of Lepanto was memorable on another account; a soldier there lost his left arm by the stroke of a sabre; but that soldier was *Cervantes*. It is a striking instance of the undying power of genius, that this incident happening to a private in the ranks, has given celebrity to a conflict in which the fate of Christian Europe hung suspended on an uncertain issue; and doubtless there are hundreds who remember Lepanto as the place where the author of Don Quixote was wounded, without calling to mind that Don John of Austria commanded in the battle, or that Ali was slain, and his head stuck on the flag-staff of the Admiral's mast.

After the terrible overthrow of Lepanto, the Turks made no great attempts at conquest in Europe for a hundred years or more, although wars occurred at various times between them and the Venetians, and their other neighbours the Poles and Hungarians. At length about the middle of the seventeenth century, the conquering prosperity of the Ottoman race again broke forth, backed by the whole power of the empire. A mighty array swept over Hungary, and moving up the Danube, penetrated to Vienna, and laid siege to that imperial city. Here success had well nigh crowned their efforts—Vienna was on the point of falling, when John Sobieski, the heroic king of Poland, came to its relief, compelled the Turks to raise the siege, and defeated them in battle with prodigious slaughter. This fearful invasion had been excited and stimulated by Louis XIV. of France, who scrupled not to use the Turks as the instruments of his animosity against the house of Austria.

From this time forward the Turks ceased to be a formidable power in Europe. The energy of the race had expended its ruder force; all internal elements of strength had been developed; the principles of their religion, carried to their full ultimates, had matured the evils inherent therein, and the mighty body of the Ottoman Empire lay like an unwieldy monster relapsing into a state of torpidity. From being the invader, Turkey was now called upon to repel invasions—for the power of Russia was on the increase since the days of Peter the Great, and as the ascending star of that northern colossus rose towards culmination, the crescent drooped and sent forth a paler ray. The essential principle of the Turkish Constitution—that unity of power which concentrates all the energies of the State, and puts them under the guidance of an individual will—however admirably adapted it may be for conquest and military operations, is altogether unsuited to the enlargement and prosperous growth of a nation in peace.

The history of Turkey, from the close of the seventeenth century, exhibits a succession of misfortunes, uninterrupted by any permanent success. Many of her best provinces have been appropriated by Russia; Greece has been torn from her; the Barbary States acknowledge no more than a nominal subjection, and hardly that; while at the present moment, Egypt and Syria, under a rebellious Pasha, so far from confessing allegiance to the Porte, are threatening Constantinople. The effects of Mahmoud's efforts to resuscitate the empire seem to have ceased with his life, as they depended in fact from the first upon his individual energy, which found little response in the thoughts and feelings of his subjects.

Three times has the safety of Christendom been jeopardized by collisions with them. The first great era was when the Saracens, overrunning Syria, Egypt, and Northern Africa, crossed into Spain, and, possessing themselves of the kingdom, (save some mountainous regions where the brave Pelayo preserved the spark of Spanish liberty,) penetrated through the Pyrenees, and marched into the heart of France. Here, between Tours and Poitiers, they were met and defeated by Charles Martel, in one of the bloodiest battles on record. One million men are said to have fallen in the fight. The two other epochs have been already mentioned—one, when the conquests of the Ottoman race were checked at the battle of Lepanto; the other when John Sobieski repulsed the Turks