

ruins beneath. On the other side, in a small room, in one corner, we found the archbishop. He was sick, and in bed with all his clothes on, according to the universal custom here, but received us kindly. The furniture consisted of an old iron bedstead with a mattress, on which he lay, with a quilt spread over him, a wooden sofa, three wooden chairs, about twenty books, and two large leather cases containing clothes, napkins, and probably all his worldly goods. The rain came through the ceiling in several places; the bed of the poor archbishop had evidently been moved from time to time to avoid it, and I was obliged to change my position twice. An air of cheerless poverty reigned through the apartment. I could not help comparing his lot with that of more favoured, though perhaps not more worthy servants of the Church. It was a style so different from that of the priests at Rome, the Pope and his cardinals, their gaudy equipages, and multitudes of footmen rattling to the Vatican; or from the pomp and state of the English Prelates, or even from the comfort of our own missionaries in different parts of this country, that I could not help feeling deeply for the priest before me. But he seemed contented and cheerful, and even thankful, that for the moment there were others worse off than himself, and that he had it in his power to defend them.

Sweetmeats, coffee, and pipes were served; and in about an hour we were conducted to supper in a large room opening from the hall. Our supper would not have tempted an epicure, but suited very well an appetite whetted by exercise and travel. It consisted of a large chunk of bread and a large glass of water for each of us, caviari, black olives, and two kinds of Turkish sweetmeats. We were waited upon by two Priests, one of them a handsome young man not more than twenty, with long black hair hanging over his shoulders, like a girl's, stood by with a napkin on his arm, and a pewter vessel, with which he poured water on our hands, receiving it again in a basin. This was done both before and after eating; then came coffee and pipes. During the evening this young Priest brought out an edition of Homer, and I surprised him, and astonished myself, by being able to translate a passage in *Iliad*. I had translated it in French, and my companion explained it in modern Greek to the young Priest. Our beds were cushions laid on a raised platform or divan extending around the walls, with a quilt for each of us. In the morning, after sweetmeats, coffee, and pipes, we paid our respects to the good old archbishop, and took our leave. When we got out of doors, finding that the wind was the same, and that there was no possibility of sailing, my friend proposed a ride in the country. We procured a couple of mules, took a small basket of provisions for a collation, and started.

Our road lay directly along the shore; on one side the sea, and on the other the ruins of houses and gardens almost washed by the waves. At about three miles distance we crossed a little stream, by the side of which we saw a sarcophagus, lately disinterred, containing the usual vases of a Grecian tomb including the piece of money to pay Charon his ferriage over the river Styx, and six pounds of dust; being all that remained of a man—perhaps of a man who had filled a large space in the world—perhaps a hero—buried probably two thousand years ago. After a ride of about five miles, we came to the ruins of a large village, the style of which would any where have fixed the attention as having been once a favoured abode of wealth and taste. The houses were of brown stone, built together strictly in the Venetian style, after the models left there during the occupation of the island by the Venetians, large and elegant with gardens of three or four acres; enclosed by high walls, of the same kind of stone, and altogether in a style far superior to anything I had seen in Greece. The manner of living among the proprietors here was somewhat peculiar; and the ties that bound them to

this little village peculiarly strong. This was the family home; the community was essentially mercantile, and the most of their business transactions were carried on elsewhere. When there were three or four brothers in a family, one would be in Constantinople a couple of years, another at Trieste, &c, while another remained at home, so that those who were away, while toiling amid the perplexities of business, were always looking to the occasional family reunion; and all looked to spend the evening of their days among the beautiful gardens of Scio.

What a scene for the heart to turn to now. The houses and gardens were still there, some standing almost entire, and others black with smoke, and crumbling into ruins. But where were they who should now be coming out to rejoice in the return of a friend, and to welcome a stranger? An awful solitude and stillness that struck a chill upon the heart, reigned around us. We saw nobody; and our own voices, and the trampling of our mules upon the deserted pavements, sounded hollow and sepulchral in our ears. It was like walking among the ruins of Pompeii; it was another city of the dead; but there was freshness about the desolation that seemed of to day; it seemed as though the inhabitants should be sleeping, and not dead. Indeed the high walls of the gardens and the outside of the houses too, were generally so fresh, and in so perfect a state, that it seemed like riding through a handsome village at an early hour before the inhabitants had risen; and I sometimes could not help thinking, that in an hour or two the streets would be thronged with a busy population.

My friend continued to conduct me through the solitary streets; telling me, as we went along, that this was the house of such a family, this of such a family, with some of whose members I had been acquainted in Greece, until stopping before a large stone gateway, he dismounted at the gate of his father's house. In that house he was born—there he had spent his youth: he had escaped from it during the dreadful massacre, and this was the first time of his revisiting it. What a tide of recollections must have rushed upon him! We entered through the large stone gateway, into a court beautifully paved in mosaic, in the form of a star, with small black and white round stones. On our left was a large stone reservoir, perhaps twenty five feet square, still so perfect as to hold water, with an arbor over it supported by marble columns; a venerable grape vine completely covered the arbor.

The garden covered an extent of about four acres; covered with orange, lemon, almond, and fig trees, overrun with weeds, roses and flowers growing in wild confusion. On the right was the house, a melancholy spectacle it was: the wall had fallen down on one side, and the whole was black with smoke. We ascended a flight of steps with marble balustrades, to the platform, about twenty feet square, overlooking the garden. From the terrace we entered the saloon, a large room with high ceilings, fresco painting on the walls; the marks of fire kindled on the stone floor, all still visible, all the wood work burnt to a cinder, and the whole black with smoke. It was a perfect picture of wanton destruction. The day, too, was in conformity with the scene: the sun was obscured, the wind blew through the ruined building, it rained, was cold and cheerless. What were the feelings of my friend, I cannot imagine; the houses of three of his uncles were immediately adjoining; one of these uncles was one of the forty hostages, and was hung: the other two murdered; his father a venerable looking old man, who came down to the vessel when we started, to see him off, had escaped to the mountains, from thence in a caique to Isparae and thence to Italy. I repeat it, I cannot imagine what were his feelings; he spoke but little; they must have been too deep for utterance. I looked at everything with interest; I wanted to ask question after question, but could not, in mercy, probe his bleeding

wounds. We left the house, and walked out into the garden. It showed that there was no master's eye to watch over it; plucked an orange which had lost its flavour; the tree was withering for want of care; our feet became entangled among weeds and roses and rare hothouse plants growing wildly together. I said that he did not talk much, but the little that he did say amounted to volumes. Passing a large vase in which a beautiful plant was running wildly over the sides he murmured indistinctly "the same vase?" (le memo vase) and once he stopped opposite a tree, and turning to me, said, "this is the only tree I do not remember." These and other little incidental remarks showed how deeply all the particulars were engraved upon his mind, and told me plainer than words, that the wreck and ruin he saw around him, harrowed his very soul. Indeed how could it be otherwise? This was his father's house, the home of his youth, the scene of his earliest, dearest recollection. Busy memory, that source of all his greatest pains as well as greatest pleasures, must have pressed sorely upon him, must have painted the ruins and desolate scene around him in colours even brighter far brighter than they ever existed; it must have called up the faces of well known and well loved friends, indeed he must have asked himself in bitterness and anguish of spirit, "the friends of my youth! where are they?" while the fatal answer knocked at his heart—"gone, murdered, in captivity, and in exile."

FOREIGN.

From the St. John, N. B. Observer, July 26.

American papers brought by the steamer *Royal Tar*, with which we have been favored, furnish the subjoined extracts from Paris papers received at New York. The Princess Victoria, it will be seen, if the statement be correct, has chosen a husband for herself, in the person of the eldest son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, in preference to the son of the Prince of Orange.

PARIS, JUNE 11.

A Correspondent of the *Messenger* affirms, that on Saturday last, M. Dedel, the Dutch Ambassador at the Court of St. James, made, on behalf of the eldest son of the Prince of Orange, a formal application for the hand of the Princess Victoria. Although the King and Queen were personally in favor of the young candidate, the Privy Council determined on leaving to the Princess the choice of her husband; and communicated the result of their deliberations to the Duchess of Kent. Her royal Highness replied, that her daughter had already decided for the eldest son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. As soon as the answer of the Duchess of Kent was received, couriers were despatched to different parts of the continent; and the formalities which precede the nuptials of royal Princesses are already in progress. The court of the Tuileries has, it is said, invited the Duke of Saxe-Coburg to pass some time with the royal family at Fontainebleau.

It is positively announced that Lord Granville yesterday communicated to the President of the Council, the resolution taken by the English Cabinet, to occupy all the accessible points on the coast of Biscay. We also learn that the English fleet off Portsmouth is destined for the coast of Spain. On Thursday the King admitted to a private audience Captain Cazy, of the *Duguesne*. It is affirmed at the Hotel of the Marine, that he is charged with a mission to the Bey of Tunis, whom government has at length resolved to protect against the intrigues of the Russians and Turks. The presence of a superior French officer at Tunis, will afford a moral assistance that will no doubt be understood by the Sublime Porte, and it is not likely that the Ottoman government will expose its fleet a second time to the