

THE FATE OF IPSARA.

"Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word!
Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath thy withering name!
Whom but a day's—an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chilled at first,
And checked in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again;
But if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there."

Taking up a map of Asia Minor, and glancing over the Grecian Archipelago, the eye hardly notices the little islands which profusely dot the Ægean, but which, notwithstanding their apparent insignificance, have, in many instances, borne a very important part in the recent struggles for liberty, carried on by the Greeks against their haughty and despotic masters.

In Scio, justly termed the garden of the Archipelago, the bloody drama has been performed in a manner to attract the eyes of all Europe, and the smoking ruins of the Sciote homes have kindled the indignation of many a patriotic heart, and brought the tear of humanity to many a sympathising eye. In this, however, as in other instances, the Greeks have avenged themselves; and the ruin and spoliation of the homes and possessions of the vanquished, have drawn a speedy and awful retribution on the victors. The destruction of the Capitan Pasha's ship, after the sack of Scio, is fresh in every memory; but in the case of the siege of Ipsara, although the event has obtained less notoriety, the revenge of the wronged was even yet more ample and terrible.

A little to the north of the Cyclades, and about six miles from the coast of Scio, is a rocky inlet, called Ipsara. Its desolate shores and inaccessible cliffs frown haughtily over the blue Ægean, and contrast gloomily with the gay and sylvan beauty of the other island gems, which repose in "eternal summer" on her bosom. Its iron-bound coast, narrow dimensions, and sterile soil, seem to invite neither the visits of curiosity, nor the foot of invasion. Little is there to gratify the traveller,—nothing to reward the conqueror.

A population of about 4000 persons inhabited Ipsara, and filled its only town. Prevented by nature from becoming agriculturists, as the barren soil was almost insusceptible of culture, and possessed of nothing suitable for barter or commercial enterprise, the Ipsariotes became sailors, and were actively engaged in the trade of Anatolia and Roumelia. In this school of adventure and privation, those stern and hard qualities were acquired and strengthened, which were destined to be so sorely tried, and so awfully triumphant. The volatility, subtlety, and wariness of the modern Greek character, was in the Ipsariotes modified by the condition and attributes of their island home, which seemed to have stamped its children with something of its own stern, unyielding nature. The very smallness of the spot they loved and for which they lived, seemed to condense and concentrate their patriotism, and to impart a greater force and energy to actions which were to be displayed on so narrow a stage.

The Ipsariotes had purchased from the Porte permission to arm their trading vessels with cannon, for their protection against the pirates which infest the Cyclades; and thus obtain for themselves that safety which the government they recognised could not afford. By this means, Ipsara was enabled to bring more than its quota of strength and nautical skill to the league formed by the islands for the purpose of throwing off the odious and despotic yoke of the Turks. Such superiority the Porte resolved signally to punish, and for this purpose, the Turkish fleet appeared off Ipsara on the 1st of July, 1824. The magnitude of the armament proved the estimate formed at Constantinople of the character of those against whom it was sent.

The ships were so numerous, that on leaving Mitylene, where they made their rendezvous, they appeared literally to bridge the sea from thence to the devoted island. The fall of Ipsara was an object of the highest consequence to the Turks, as by the amputation of this limb of the Grecian confederacy, much of its vital energy would be lost. Ipsara had been independent nearly a year, and would, it was conjectured, and rightly, hold her newly acquired and dearly bought prize. The Ipsariotes were defending all that was dear to them, individually, besides being, in a great measure, the bulwark of the rest of Greece; and, were not these motives powerful enough, they were urged to desperation by the remembrance of the iron yoke which had been imposed upon them with cruel rigour by their late fierce and despotic masters. The Capitan Pasha at first sent a flag of truce, with proposals for a full amnesty for the past. To prove that he was authorised to do so, he accompanied this offer with the Sultan's Hattâ Sheriff, or sign manual, appended to it. The indignant Ipsariotes tore the paper, and scattered the fragments in the air, which, borne by the breeze to the deck of the Pasha's ship, gave an unequivocal answer to his overtures.

The Greeks and Turks then engaged in a contest so deep and

dreadful, that it is hardly to be exceeded in the annals of war. Four batteries had been erected on the island, one which was garrisoned by 3000 Albanians, who, having opened a treacherous communication with the Pasha, agreed to surrender their charge at the first assault. Scarcely had they fulfilled their perfidious promise, before their due reward followed. The Turkish sword bestowed on each the death of a rebel and a traitor.

Stung by this breach of faith on the part of their allies, and maddened by the cruelty of their tyrants, the Ipsariotes fought desperately; but at length were driven to their last stronghold, which after further, but unavailing resistance, they resolved to make the scene of their revenge and triumph. They were brought to the alternative of slavery for themselves, and worse than slavery for those they loved, or a voluntary death, shared alike with their foes, and those dearest to the heart of the patriot and warrior. They chose the latter.

On a sudden, all show of opposition ceased; the cannon were hushed—the flags struck—the ramparts were unmanned, and it seemed as if despair had succeeded the impetuous bravery of the gallant defenders. Those awful minutes were spent by the islanders in tender, heart-breaking farewells—in exhortations to meet death with firmness and fearlessness, rather than endure ignominy, worse than death; and in arranging finally the train, laid from an immense magazine of gunpowder to the ramparts. The fortress was built on a lofty rock, excavated into large caverns, for the reception of military stores; and here were treasured the elements of destruction for 10,000 people. The Turks rushed over the now unresisting barriers, and poured their whole strength into the hapless fortress. Scarcely had its walls received their furious invaders, that a white flag waved conspicuously from a lofty tower, which, as its heavy folds were slowly unfurled by the breeze, displayed the words, "LIBERTY OR DEATH."

A few seconds passed, during which the Turkish scimitars were commencing the work of death; while every Greek had his eye steadily turned to the proud signal of defiance, which intimated that the moment of fate had arrived.

A dense cloud obscured the sky—a loud explosion followed, echoing over the sea, and shaking the neighbouring islands—the cloud passed away, and Ipsara was a mass of ruins, with no living thing on its surface.

For the Pearl.

SCOTTISH SCENERY.

No. 4.

The Trosachs.

There lies the deer slain by the sportman's shock,
Who springs from crag to steep his prize to view—
There sits the water-angel on its rock,
Watching its eyrie on proud Ben-venu,
And there the Trosachs burst upon the eye,
With those bold outlines of sublimity,
(Wild as the storm—majestic as the sea.)
Which cannot fail the mind to stupify
However high it soared on wing sublime;
The glen down which the torrent roars unseen,
The jutting headland where the wild goats climb,
Fring'd with the shady woods which intervene,
And flanked by hills which brave the hand of time,
Are the component parts of this most lovely scene.

Th' arrangement seems to invite the soul's expansion,
A wild concatenation of variety,
Number and order without contrariety;
Rocks like the corner stones of heaven's high mansion
Hiding their peaks within the fleecy cloud;
Lakes, like reflective mirrors, to relume
The scenery round—grand in its native gloom,
But full of points, which in the mind's eye crowd;
Like lofty subjects waiting for a song;
And truly such are fitted to inspire
The mind's best feelings echoing from the tongue,
Or the heart's raptures swelling from the lyre,
When reason, linked with fancy, strikes the chord
To the excessive glory of creation's Lord!

NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHING.—In an account of a distressing accident by a coal-pit explosion this week, the provincial news-writer says, that the sufferers were instantly blown into "everlasting eternity!"

LINE-OF-BATTLE PEERAGE.—When it was understood that Sir James Lowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale, was to be elevated to the peerage of England, as a reward for offering to furnish government with a ship of seventy-four guns, completely equipped at his own expense, a lady said to Mr. Kemble, "Dear me, what a whimsical thing this seems altogether! I wonder what title they can give him for supplying a ship; what can they call him Mr. Kemble?"—To which he happily replied, "Why, madam, I should think he will be called Lord-ship."

A FAITHFUL LOVER—"Dick," inquired the maid, "have you been after that saleratus?" "No, I haint." "If you don't go quick, I'll tell your mistress." "Well, tell mistress as soon as you please. I don't know Sally Ratus, and won't go near her. You know I am engaged to Deb."

From the Monthly Chronicle.

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

The earth provided for our dwelling-place is a mass of matter very nearly globular in its form, and measuring 8,000 miles in its diameter. Its magnitude was ascertained with tolerable precision at a comparatively early period in the history of physical discovery; but the inconceivably difficult problem of weighing it was reserved for modern times, and for an individual who has, by its solution, conferred more lustre on the House of Cavendish, than hereditary wealth and ancestral rank can bestow. The balance in which this eminent person weighed the earth is easily described. He placed a small ball of lead delicately suspended at a short distance from a comparatively large globe of the same metal. In the absence of the large globe, the small ball would be attracted by the mass of the earth alone; but when the larger globe of lead was brought near to it, the small ball was drawn aside by the attraction of the large globe. The extent of this effect supplied the means of comparing the amount of the attraction exerted by the large globe of lead, with the attraction exerted by the large globe of the earth, and these attractions were evidently the exponents or representatives of the respective weights of the globe of lead and the globe of the earth.

The result of this inquiry was the discovery, that the globe of the earth is five and a half times as heavy as it would be, if it were from the surface to the centre, composed of water. Imagine, then, a reservoir of water, a mile in length, a mile in width, and a mile in depth. This would weigh thirteen hundred and sixty-two millions nine hundred and forty-four thousand tons. If we could add together two hundred and sixty-eight thousand millions of such reservoirs we should obtain a weight equal to that of the earth.

Such is the mass, whose attraction gives stability to all structures raised for human convenience; and gives us, as well as the animals subservient to our uses, steadiness of position and motion.

Had the earth been materially less heavy, no structure could have existed on it with any degree of permanence; and we should ourselves be at the mercy of every gust of wind, to be blown like feathers from place to place. Had it been materially heavier, our strength would have been either inadequate to sustain our weight, or we should have had too little to spare for the pursuit of the objects of our physical wants and enjoyments. Yet, between the weight of the earth and the muscular strength of its animal occupants, there exists no necessary relation. This mutual fitness and adaptation is, therefore, one of the marks of the designed appropriation of man as a dweller, and the earth as a habitation, each for the other; and if we find other habitations possessing a like circumstance of fitness, we shall be enabled to infer the probability of similar dwellers there, which probability will be swelled into moral certainty, if corroborated by a crowd of other analogies.

The earth is one of several globes which moves at different distances from the sun, in nearly circular paths, of which that luminary is the common centre. Counting from the sun, the earth is the third of these bodies. Those which in their excursions come nearest to it are the planet Venus, which is the second from the sun, and revolves within the path of the earth and the planet Mars, which is the fourth from the sun, and embraces the path of the earth within his range. Yet these bodies are, when nearest to us, at distances which, even with the most improved powers of telescopic observation, render any minute examination of their surfaces impossible. When nearest to us, the distance of Venus is above twenty-eight millions of miles, and that of Mars is about fifty-two millions of miles.

Great as these distances are, we are still enabled to obtain some knowledge of the circumstances, not only of these bodies, but of the other planets, which are many times more distant.

When sufficiently powerful telescopes are directed to the planets, we discover their faces diversified by light and shade, the lineaments of which possess a certain degree of permanence. By carefully observing these outlines, it is found that on one side they are continually withdrawn from our view, while new features are so constantly coming into view on the other side. After the lapse of a certain time, the entire face of the planet will have thus disappeared, and a new aspect will be presented. If, however, the observation be further continued, it will be found that the traces first noticed will gradually come once more into view in the same order in which they disappeared, but on the opposite side of the planet; and after an interval equal to that in which the face first observed had altogether disappeared, the same face will be completely restored.

It is easy to be seen that such appearances can only be produced by the fact of the planet turning on an axis like the earth; and the time in which it so turns will evidently be the interval between the moment at which any particular set of lineaments are observed, and the moment at which the same set of lineaments are restored after having disappeared.

Observations of this kind have been made on all the planets, whose distances are not too great, or whose magnitudes are not too small to render such observations possible. It is evident, then, that such planets, receiving as they do, in common with us,