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THE AZAMOGLAN.

A TALE OF MODERN GREECE.

The sun was sinking in a flood of rosy light over the hills of the Morea, as the young and beautiful wife of Adrian Sotteris sat in the rosebound porch of her peaceful dwelling, casting many a longing look towards the bay for the returning sail of her absent husband's corvette, while she lulled to sleep her youngest child, a little girl of uncommon loveliness, and from time to time bestowed glances of ineffable fondness on her twin boys, Aledander and Eustachus. It was a group that might have afforded a subject for the pencil of a Raphael, as these fair boys stood on each side of their youthful mother, and, with their little hands fast locked in hers, united their lisping accents with her sweet voice as she sung the evening hymn to the Panigia. But while the words of praise and joy yet lingered on the lips of Helen Sotteris, a sudden thrill of terror robbed her cheek of its tender bloom, for she perceived a band of Turkish jamssaries approaching her dwelling, and recollected with unspeakable dismay that the revolving seasons had brought round the fatal year when the Ottoman Government claimed its inhuman tribute of male children from the enslaved provinces of Greece -" whom," says that accurate historian Knolles, " the Sultan taketh for the most part every third, fourth, or fifth year, as his tenths, or tribute children." It was from these devoted children that the military force of Turkey was chiefly supplied. Christian parents were called upon by this iniquitous impost to resign the fairest buds of paternal hope to the harbarous Moslem oppressers, who scrupled act to rend asunder the most sacred of social and kindred ties, and to punish with death such as endeavored to resist or even to evade this cruel law. At the sight of the authorities employed by the Ottoman Government in this unhallowed business, Helen Sotteris cast her sleeping infant into its cradle, and with a wild cry of plarm soutched the first fruits of a mother's hitter pains, her lovely boys, to her bosom, and folding her fair arms round them, she regarded the Turkish officers with looks of tearful supplication, that might almost have disarmed the fory of a bungry tiger, if he had marked her breathing treasures for his prey; but it failed to move the iron hearts of the pitiless instruments of Mussilman oppression. They were too familiar with the sight of anguish caused by the rending asuader of nature's holiest ties to regard the strong pleadings of a mother's love; and, callous to the tears and passionate entreaties of Helen Sotteris, they tore her twin blossoms from her frantic embrace, coolly examined the proportions of the children with technical precision, and at length selected Alexander, the firstborn, as the strongest and most promising of the twain, and therefore most worthy of the honor of being selected for the service of the Sultan .-The boy clung weeping to the neck of that brother with whom he had been so closely united by nature, and offering all the resistance in his power against those who were about to dissever those strong bonds of fraternity, he called aloud upon his mother to " save him from the wicked Os-

At that cry the young, the gentle, the timid Helen, appeared animated with the fury of a lioness, who beholds her offspring in the hands of the hunter. Those soft, languishing dark eyes that seemed formed alone to express the tenderest emotions of the soul, darted angry lightnings through their streaming tears, as she threw herself between her children and the officers, with an air of fierce determination, that for a moment awed even those who had been so familiar with the rage and grief of bereaved mothers. Her resistance, however, availed nothing, and it was equally in vain that she tore in despair the silver cross and rosary from her neck and the bracelets from her arms, and tendered them to the cruel Musselmans in exchange for her child, her beautiful Alexander, who seemed at that moment infinitely more precious in her sight than both the others, though all held an equal place in her fond heart. But when she saw him borne from his paternal roof by the Turkish authorities, she thought not of the others in her agony for him, and, yielding to the powerful instinct of maternal in the most heartrending accents, "Give me back my boy! my first born! my beautiful Alexander! Oh, you will make a misbeliever like yourselves, ye barbarous robbers, and I shall depended, now reclined on embroidered cushions objects of her love. never behold him again, neither in earth nor yet in heaven."

With all the obstinate pertinacity of despair she continued to pursue the steps of those who were despoiling her of her child, till she was some unites distant from her home, when one of the lord of the East lived but on her smiles, and on every other subject, was firm and immovable the Irish pulse and flush the Irish cheek with some miles distant from her home, when one of leader of the party to the circumstance, and be, trong wishes were all centered in her son; and altercation had arisen between them on this a rapid but striking retrospect of Irish politics turning about, surveyed the young mother with as the Vizier was childless, he had adopted him ground; and Alexander, finding that her resolusince 1848, coming down to the Crimean war, the Turkish officers called the attention of the an attention he had not hestowed upon her while for his own, and had taken such care to advance tion would conquer all the obstacles he could op- which gave to Ireland, he said, a better chance

than the boy. She is a perfect hours, and has eyes like those of the fair Ionian, whose death has rendered the Grand Vizier, my master, so disconsolate," "If now he should chance to take a fancy to this beautiful Moriet, this might prove a lucky adventure for us," said Murad .-Ay, and for her also," rejoined the other. " By the tomb of the prophet, it would be a happy chance for the dark-eyed peasant to exchange a life of poverty and obscurity to reign queen of the Vizier's harem."

CATHOLIC

Helen Sotteris, who had now overtaken them, imagining, in the simplicity of her heart, that their halt proceeded from motives of compassion, renewed her entreaties for them to restore her child to her.

"It were pity, indeed, to separate ye," said the chief officer, laying hands upon the fair pleader; "and so, my princess, you shall go with us and accompany your son." "Go with you! ye Infidel robbers, and leave my dear husband, my pretty baby and my sweet Eustachius! No, that I never will," cried Helen, indignantly.-' Nay, you must love this child better than all these, or you would not have forsaken them to follow him. But since you have accompanied us thus far on our journey for your own pleasure, you must now be content to go a little farther with us for ours, for we intend to take you to the great city of Istamboul." "But, my husband and my children," shrucked the terrified Helen. "Never fret yourself about them, fair Nazarene; you will still be permitted to retain your first-born son; and if you do not cloud your beauty with unavailing tears, you may possibly be fortunate enough to please the Grand Vizier, and then you will have a prince for your husband instead of a poor Moriet dog," replied the Turk, laughing. But their eloquence had no other effect on the lovely Greek than to make her redouble her lamentations. Even the restoration of her beloved boy failed to console her, altho' she bestowed the most passionate caresses upon tum as his cherub face rested on her bosom; for no sooner did he find himself once more in her arms, than all his little griefs were forgotten, and, wearied with long weeping, his head sank upon that dear maternal pillow, and his eyes closed in a sweet and profound slumber, while the tears yet hung upon his long black eyelashes, luntary sobs.

On their arrival at Constantinople, the Grand Vizier was informed of the adventure by which his officers had become possessed of the heautiful Moriet, and immediately expressed a wish to see her; and, notwithstanding the grief in which she was plunged, she appeared so charming in his sight, that he declared his intention of making ber his wife, and taking the little Alexander under his especial protection. Far from being elated with a change of for-

tune which filled the hearts of all the ladies of the Vizer's harem with envy and despair, the simple Helen remained in the deepest affliction for the loss of the husband of her youth, the father of her children. But it was in vain that she petitioned to be restored to him-her inclinations were not considered of the slightest importance in a place where the Grand Vizier's will was law; and in spite of her extreme repugnance, a former marriage, and pre-engaged affections, she became the favorite wife and sovereign lady of the Grand Vizier's harem.

In how few words may the important drama of a life be related, if we pause not to dwell on its minor actions and the complicated chain of anticipations, disappointments, and regrets, with which it is checkered, shaded, or brightened !-The twenty years which Helen Sotteris passed as the wife of the Grand Vizier were not marked by any event of decided importance, though the change of her destiny was followed of course by alteration in her dress, manners, and occupations.

The active, cheerful Moriet wife and mother, who was wont to rise with the early dawn and cross the dewy mead with naked feet to fetch homewards, singing, to milk the ewes and prepare the morning meal for her husband and chultheir simple garments were manufactured, and cultivated with the labor of their own hands the little garden on which part of their subsistence in listless manity, loaded with the most costly Jewels, and dressed in all the splendor of eastern magnificence, surrounded by slaves who watched

second person in the Turkish empire. But at what a price were these lofty distinc-

tions purchased. As a preliminary to his worldly advancement, the boy had, in common with all the tribute children, been bred a Mussulman .-His mother had, it is true, instructed him in the Christian faith, and with great earnestness, during the period of his childhood, when he was much with her; but when he was enrolled in the body of the jamssaries, and associated with none but those with whom Christians and Greeks were held in the most profound contempt, he soon ceased to be a Christian, and grew ashamed of having been born a Greek. His mother was still the dearest object of his affections; he loved her with the same fervor and intensity as he did in his guileless infancy; but his time was now so fully occupied with the pursuits of business and pleasure, that he had fewer opportunities of seeing her than formerly; and when he did, she was so completely engrossed in lavishing her doating fondness apon him, who was the absorbing idol of her soul, that she seldom found time to address him on the solemn interests of his eternal welfare. To see him was happiness enough; and though she saw his baptised trow encircled with the turban of Islamism, and knew that the sciuntar by his side was wielded in the armies of the Crescent against the hosts of Christian nations, and felt at times uneasy sensations on the subject, yet, with the acquired indolence of the Asiatic, she avoided the pain of remon-strating with him when she found her representations were offensive, and tended to deprive her of the pleasure of his company, till, by degrees, she tacitly acquiesced in all his Mahometanisms, save that she never could frame her lips to address him by any other name than Alexander .-With every one else, and to himself he was Selim Pasha; and though he knew that, both by birth and baptism, he was Alexander Sotteris, vet the syllables sounded harshly in his ear, even from the sweet lips of his mother; for his young heart was hardened by ambition, and tainted by the plague-spot of selfishness; and his was that friendship with the world which is enmity to God. He had ceased to be a Christian without becoming a Mahometan. Who, indeed, that had been instructed in the pure precepts of the One Faith, could ever receive the gross absurdilong continued to heave even in sleep with invo- be a zealous follower of the doctrine of the false form—bringing light and music to the darkest prophet-a doctrine which he secretly despised.

The death of the Grand Vizier rendered him the master of great wealth, for the old man bequeathed his vact possessions between his favorpeared to have dawned upon Helen Sotteris from that day. Her langor, her manity and indolence, were gone; her downcast eyes were raised from the ground, and were beaming with hope and animation. The term of her splendid slavery was ended; her gilded fetters were broken; she was free. She could now return to the land of her birth, and might be united to the husband of her youthful affections, and should behold those long-lost objects of a mother's fond love, her young children, once more.

The recollection of that brother and sister was still dear even to the blunted affections of Alexander Sotteris. The events of that evening on which he was torn from the lovely companions of his early days, were of too striking a nature ever to be effaced from his mind. He could still picture to himself the cottage porch, with its embowering roses glowing in the rich him nothing but vexation and defilement? Was sunset, and casting a brighter reflection on the face of his beautiful mother, as she sat beneath shaping his course by the prevailing taste and their shade, with her babe upon her knee-that fashions of the day, he had come to the conclufair girl, just old enough to know him, and to return his coresses, and essay to lisp his name the living, laughing plaything of Eustachius and himself. And Eustachius, too, that once so fondly beloved brother, how could be ever forget him? Memory, more tenacious with him than ling propensities of England? (loud and continuthe ties of natural affection, forbade him to do that; but what was the fate of either brother or sister, he attempted not to ascertain; for what clear water from the spring, and then returned had the Pasha Selim to do with the inglorious destinies of Greek peasants? And he heard with mingled surprise and mortification his molove, she followed her lost treasure, exclaiming dren, who spun and carded the wool of which ther's declaration, that it was her design, as with a sorrowfulness and despair that had no soon as the days of mourning for the deceased Vizier were accomplished, to revisit her native no, and lond cheering). Let these who quesland, for the purpose of seeking out those dear | tioned him look back to Ireland, survey her his-

phistry and all his influence over her mind, to junything to justify from him the language of endeavor to dissuade her from a scheme that hopefulness-anything to inspire an exhortation her very looks, and were obedient to her slight- filled his proud and selfish heart with unnatural to arms—anything to sanction an appeal to the paid the most unbounded attention to her wishes. in her determination upon this. More than one pride? (hear, hear.) Mr. Mengher here took an attention be had not bestowed upon ner wine and not bestowed upon ner wine and not bestowed upon ner wine gave to treiand, he said, a netter chance intended intent only on securing her son for the service of this interests in the Ottoman army, that the young his interests in the Ottoman army, that the young his interests in the Ottoman army, that the young than she ever had, since the days of the Voluntian she ever had, since the

the mother may prove a prize of greater value and was considered as very likely to become the allow her to accompany him on his morch to the instead of doing so, they found the aldermen of Morea, whither he had been ordered to repair by half a dozen cities, from Ballyback to Lough the Sultan, in order to assist in reducing the pa- Neagh, down on their marrow-hones, in their red triotic bands of Greece.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH CONNECTION AND FRENCH INVASION.

(From the New York Phanix.)

T. F. Meagher delivered his great lecture on he above subject at Irving Hall, on the 20th of February. The following is only an incomplete outline of it; but, as far as it goes, it is correct. When the cheering that greeted Mr. Meagher

HRONICLE.

had closed, he said:— A recurrence to old scenes and partialities. was one of the happiest recreations of their lives. Men sickened to death in exile with the thought they should never look upon their natives falls and fields again. This was the story of the Foscari-one of the tenderest and grandest ever written-and the Sacred Volumes contained no verses more sublune than those which pictured the sorrowfulness of the daughers of Jerusalem, weeping by the waters of Babylon, when they remembered Zion (applause). The vivid pencil, that left them, in an imperishable sketch, the career of Warren Hastings, napressed no incident or feature of that career more foreibly upon the mind, than the constancy with which the impeached magistrate of India reverted to the home of his ancestors (hear, hear). Years before he was born, this home-the beautiful old domain of Daylesford-bad been sold. But in the very dawning of his boyhood, when he was not more than seven years old, as Macauley tells us, he vowed to recover it. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and his fortune rose. When, onder a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiaties, his hopes, amust all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford (hear, hear). And when his long public lite, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die (hear, hear, and loud obsers). Active in every mind, throughout every life, clouded or radiant though it may be, throbbing more or less powerfully-in many cases operating as the strongest tears yet hing upon his long black eyelasnes, One karth, count of the other? Yet, Alexander affected to and genued his crimison cheeks, and his breast ties of the other? Yet, Alexander affected to exertions of genius, and heroic goodness in every his principality, was, to say the least of it, as reincentive to generous deeds, bold enterprises, the hearth-flashing new splendors over the wealthy house on the after of which it burned - the first breath of liberty, as it was the soul of nations they might rest assured that the friend who spoke ite wife and his adopted son. A new light ap- to them that evening, born, as he was, in a country where it was most vehement, acknowledged no passion stronger than this eternal love of home (loud and enthusiastic cincers). For a long time he had been silent on this theme. Rarely, indeed, for eight years past, had he approached

it. Never, in truth, since he first set foot on American soil, had be spoken of Ireland-her wrongs and rights-her claims to an insular sovereighty and her ability to maintain it-as his Irish pride, his affections, his memories, and the assurances of others less doubtful and bolder than houself, prompted him to speak (hear, hear) .-Wherefore this silence? Was it that his heart had grown cold and hard in exile ? Was it that his mind had been embittered by the capraciousness and calumnies with which some of his countrymen thought it decent to visit him, and that he had fore-sworn the cause which thus brought it, as some of his generous critics alleged, that sion that it vulgarized an Irish gentleman to be identified with the revolutionary sentiment of his country, and that a reputation for good sense, perfect decorum, and high blood, was best secured by a graceful acknowledgment of the plundered cheering). Was it, in fine, that he had lost faith in the reiterated purpose of Ireland to govern, advance, enrich and exalt herself, and that, convinced of her inability to break the chain which bound her to England, he had numbered her amongst the dead untions of the earth, and, voice, taken his leave of her in silence ? (No, tory for the last eleven years, and, in the vague-It was to no avail that he exerted all his so- ness and darkness of those years, affirm there was

petticoats, begging for a biass gun or two, as Ireland's share of the spoils [loud laughter and cheers). Then came the desperate revolt in India. Once more was Ireland the supreme mistress of her destinies [cheers]. But once again did it strangely happen that she thought fit to abdicate in favor of that power to which she owed vengeance instead of fealty, and the presence of which, upon her soil, had been to her the source of excessive misery at home, and great shame abroad [bear, hear]. These events occurring, how could be have spoken with pride and hopefulness of Ireland? Not able to speak of her with hopefulness and prole, he was onwilling to speak of her at all [hear, hear] .-Hence his silence. Those who knew him intimately, knew that it was the result of a mournfulness which the events transporing in Ireland, during the period to which he attacled, tended every day to deepen [hear, hear]. But now there was an awakening baginness flishing across the lash sky [enthusiastic cheering].-There was the return of the Brigide from Rome [tremendous cheering.] headed by an O'Reilly, who was in every respect a worthy kinsman of Andrew, of Ballinlough, winese splendid charge with his army of dragoons saved the wreck of the Austrian at Austerliaz - and who was well entitled, moreover, to wear the spuls of Myles the Slasher, (laughter and threes), who fell at the bridge of Fines, fighting against the Cromwellians, having, with his own hand, dain four and twenty of the for floud the . As to the righteousness and glary of these in which they fought, there was, as the . 6 Freew, a wide difference of opinion. Son said it was the noblest and holiest of causes. O have regarded it as the cause of the tankest desputem. Lord Brougham praised Garibalds to the kies. The Marquis of Normanly recognized in amoriciere the foremost champion of civilization and religion. Catholics, as well as l'estestants, were divided on the question. Nevertheless, the Pope, as the beneficent old man stood there is his beleagured palace, protesting against the invasion of his ancient and illustrious domain, could not but be regarded with respect and sympathy, [hear, hear, and foul cheering] and ail putable a military service as that which Austria exacts from her soldiers in the occupation of Venetia, or that which the Hase Courds of London compensate with satin saddle-doths, claret jugs of gold, and the pillow of in Empress torn from the royal sanctuaries of Pekin Thear, hear, and loud cheering]. But the English mess had denounced it as an infamous cause; and whilst the Orange press of Ireland had with a virulent alacrity taken up the cry against it, they had here the Poritin press, though it condemned lager-beer and brass bands on Sundays as the rifest profanities, shricking-" To hell with the Pope, in at a pitch which, had it been heard in Scotland in the time of Macbeth, would have scared the scraggy witches themselves [loud laughter and great cheering]. Not satisfied with this, however, the English press went forther; and faithful to its malignant mission of detraction, wherever an honest manhood repudiates its teachings, a torrent of defamation was let loose upon the soldiers who had gone forth from the cities and fields of Ireland, from the ancestral mansion as well as from the poorest cabin, to vindicate on foreign battle-grounds the onmemorial fidelity of Ireland to the oracular authorty of Rome [enthusiastic cheering]. Mr. Meagher recapitulated here the slanders of the London Times and other papers against the Irish Brigade, saying that, in the end, they had charged the soldiers of O'Reilly with cowarding and an ignominous capitulation [sensation] .-"When they came," wrote the Times, " within reach of the soldiers of Cialdini, they literally threw down their arms and begged for quarter." Those words flashed like lightening to the core of the Irish heart. They awoke a slumbering race-stung it to the quick-inflamed its jealousy, indignation, and resentment-and instead of a tranquillized, an obsequious and abject province, they now behold the old nation on its feet once more, haughtily flinging back the aspersions cast upon her children, and, to prevent the recurrence of such insults, as well as for still higher nurposes, demanding a distinct and sovereign voice in the political controversies, the commerce, and great transactions of the day [Inud and enthusiasic cheering]. The calumniated soldiers are everywhere received with enthusiasm and pride. The steamship which conveys them to Cork is hailed by a swarm of boats and yachts, dancing brightly on the waters of the noblest harbour in the world; and as they ascend the river of Gougane Barra, the bells of Shandon and Saint