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THE STAR,

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LAWRENCE & LEMAY.

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FROM GREECE.

Letter to the Editor of the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

Napoli, Jan. 14, 1827.

Sir: You lament the want of direct and general information upon the condition and wants of Greece, and you have reason to do so, nor your alone, but now Greece has risen to a larger than her situation is not known to America, and it is Americans applying their means which they have sent here in a different manner, might have been the means of saving her from destruction. Greece, my dear sir, is in a deplorable state—it is useless to conceal the truth; her enemies without are ignorant and weak, but her enemies within are strong and terrible. The Turk brings trouble and distress upon the country, but the Greek brings cold misery, woe, and ruin. The accused intrigues and jealousy, the avarice and lust of power of her civil and military aristocracy, have brought the country to the brink of ruin, from which a miracle only can save her, and that miracle would be repentance and better conduct of themselves. Look, sir, at the state of the Peloponnesus there you see the flag of liberty waving upon the walls of their proud fortresses; but those fortresses are the scenes of intrigue, plotting of secret, nay, of open internal war. The other night, while the army of the Pacha was within eight hours' march of this place, I was aroused by roar of canons, and the rattling of musketry; I armed myself in the thought that the Turks had made a sudden assault upon the place, and was astonished to find no movement on the part of the inhabitants—each remained still in his house as though aware of what was going on, and I soon learned that Colocotroni, with a band of soldiers, had assaulted the castle, in hopes to master it, and make himself independent, both by its possession and that of the Treasures of Olympos, which he knew were concealed here. This is the man whom I see you hold high in esteem in America, for his courage and patriotism! Match me, ye Gods! with another man who has drawn upon the Peloponnesus so many miseries as Colocotroni.

They talk of Ibrahim Pacha; he has ruined and driven from their homes thousands of peasants—Colocotroni has ground them to the dust, and wrung from them their little gain by his enormous extortions: the Pacha has defeated the soldier, > Colocotroni has paralyzed the Pacha, the Pacha has openly assaulted and taken towns from his enemies Colocotroni has worked to gain by intrigue, and assaulted at midnight castles and towns held by mere acting under the orders of Government. The Pacha has distressed the Government by his movements and depredations: Colocotroni has still more distressed it by his demand for pay and rations for armies which he never raised, by his intrigue, and his becoming general-in-chief of the Morea; how often and loudly has he talked of the death and destruction he was preparing for the Turks; how often has he demanded and received large supplies from Government and from his Province, which he has either sold or given to his creatures; it is true he has suffered out against the enemy; he has examined them with his spy-glass from some mountain side, but never, no, not in one single instance, has he or his infinite hosts ventured their precious persons within the range of shot; he is bold and daring, but not before an armed enemy; it is in intrigue and plotting to get himself and friends in power; it is in plundering and wasting treasures for his own purposes. Where are the treasures of Tripoli, and Napoli, which he took in command-in-chief from the Government? Where his banks are in Zante and in different parts of Italy, where he has large sums, while he makes the poor peasant pay for the articles even of his own table. How he got his former reputation for courage I know not; but now his name here is getting to be mockery, and he is known only as a man who will sacrifice the public for party good, who would sell his country, nay, his soul, his God, for gold.

My language may seem to you strong and impassioned, but it is the language of a man who engaged with all his heart in the best cause for which a People ever yet drew the sword, sees that cause endangered by the selfishness of those most bound to support it; of one who sees his adopted country about to be sacrificed on the altar of avarice, selfish ambition of one who sees an ignorant, but naturally honest and virtuous People, neglected, nay, betrayed, by their leaders. I speak to you of Colocotroni—not because he is alone in the course of iniquity, nor because he is the worst—but because his name is known to you. I am not of the party, nor of any party; he has never done either me or my friends any good or ill; I speak of him as a public character, and I could speak to you of others. I could tell you of the characters of Dilios, of Notaras, of Zizinis, of Urondis, of Sisen, of Coletti, of Condurotis, &c.—men whose course has been uniformly one of intrigue, for their own private or party interest—neglecting their sacred duties to their country, to pursue selfish, nay, often criminal ends. But it is enough to say to you, that Greece is reduced to her present state, in a great measure, by the jealousy, the intrigues, and the secret opposition which one leader makes to another. I have, until now, abstained from making this known in America, from motives of consideration for the interest of the country—hoping, always something might unite them, but I see the hope is vain—and, perhaps, the sooner the world knows the truth the better.

It is not my own single private opinion, which I express to you; every enlightened man in the country has long felt and lamented it, and now things have arrived to such a pitch, that all feel it. Ask a common soldier, ask a simple woman, what has brought the country to its present state, and the reply will invariably be “*ai magaloi!*” (the great)—and what is the cure? “*ai tous mehemou!*” (that they heads may fall). It is those men

who have invariably opposed the introduction of order into the country. And now, however, with it, they must fall, in the fleet, in the army, in every department of administration, it is the same. The soldier looks not to Government, as his director, for he receives not his pay from it; he knows only his chief, and will blindly follow him against another chief, or stand against the Government itself, with almost the same alacrity as against the Turks. The chief being thus superior to the Government, practice the most abominable extortions, and have been growing rich while the people have become extremely poor. One fact will give you an idea of this system. I have known the time when Greece had not 3,000 men on foot, while Government was giving daily pay and rations for 40,000 besides the pay of the Generals. And when Government could not find means to satisfy any important claimant, they tried to pacify him by some high title. Any one, be he his professor, what is right, who had claims upon Government, could then have had a command of Colonels or Generals, as for Major or Captain, it was beneath one's notice. This was, and is so common, that titles here are made ridiculous, so many among them who cannot support them there are hundreds of foreigners, men who were once corporals or sergeants in European armies, who have got titles, and about with one or two ragged soldiers at their heels, and call themselves Colonels or Generals.

I remained once being with a body of three hundred men, and, on a council of war being called in a moment of alarm, there appeared three Generals, four vice Generals, five Colonels, and more than twenty Captains. This made the business to ridiculous; the officers who have really held any rank in a regular army are not willing to put themselves up to a rank with corporals and sergeants, many of them the scum of Europe, and they choose to serve as volunteers, or they quit the country in disgust. And they do well; for as much as they pretend to despise the Europeans, the Greeks have, in reality, a respect for them, and for their opinions; and they rejoice to find English men, who, for their own interest, by action, word and writing, uphold their system; men who cry that the *Paxton System* is the only one to save Greece, and comparing them, (perhaps with justice) to the guerrillas of Spain, lauding their skill in pilaging, their bravery in fighting, sheltered behind a stone wall, or their expertise in whipping off the head of a dead Turk, but they know not, or rather know and care not, for their distressing the country; the disputes among themselves; their readiness to fight out the quarrels of their chiefs, for the produce of a province, or for the possession of a town, and last, their disobedience, their rebellion to Government. Greece has now very important resources, but yet an order from Government's Governor caused by the unanimous suffrages of the People) would be but laughed at by the commandant of any one of them, except that of Methoni, which is held by the remnant of the regular troops; that unfortunate band, which has so often been doomed to destruction by all the wise chief-generals—been again and again assaulted by all the arts of intrigue—has been the victim of open treachery. It is true that the bravest of the soldiers never would enter its ranks, despising what they called the life of a slave; still, though composed, as it was of mere boys, the outscouring of the islands, it showed what discipline may do; and when in face of the enemy, conducted itself often better, invariably as well, as the bravest of the irregulars; and, eight months ago, when Athens had not one hundred pounds of powder, and the other chiefs had been in vain implored to relieve it, six hundred of them, with each forty pounds of powder on its back, marched with charged bayonets upon the line of the enemy, on a clear moonshiny night, forced themselves through, and saved the place from falling—a thing which, six weeks ago, I saw 10,000 irregulars in vain attempting to do. But the word *irregular* must convey to you a very imperfect idea of Greek soldiery: picture to yourself rather a *Lord of men* who have each a gun and two pistols, but who know nothing of a bayonet, rifle, or cannon; who know nothing of discipline, even enough to form in line, who never are enlisted, but come and go as they please; who are never mustered, and whose number it is impossible to calculate; are without any of the appurtenances of a camp, with neither drum nor any musical instrument, nor uniform, nor even tent; but, what a worse than all, they have nothing of *esprit de corps*, the real soul of an army; and, though personally rather brave, they are cowardly as a body.

I have been witness of numerous instances of personal courage on the part of the soldiers and sailors, but never of what could be called a general gallan affair; perhaps I may except their dexterities, which are often very fine; I have lengthened out my letter, fed on from one observation to another, without detailing to you the occurring events; but you will see that affairs are at a low ebb, and you have gained, perhaps, some new ideas of the causes of this, and now, for the future prospects of Greece. The question of her ultimate success must be difficult to decide; if she can get the mastery of the sea, all is finished; the Morea, Candia, Cyprus, Negropont, in fact all the islands must, in six months, be in her power. Ibrahim Pacha cannot remain with his army in the Peloponnesus, not hold his castles three months without supplies from Alexandria. If the Greeks can only hold their own, they must be content with the islands they now have; the Morea, with the exception of Napoli di Romania, Napoli di Malvasia, and the province of Vana, must fall into the hands of the Turks, though doubtless a partition war will for years be carried on in the mountainous districts.

I say we must be content with the islands, and they are enough, if their revenues are properly formed to a man of Cochran's and his fleet: what has the Morea and Romania done for the public chest for several years past? Nothing! all has been paid by the Islanders. Calculating then upon the very worst, Greece has a resource; she can and will hold out perhaps for years, but in that time it is probable some star in Europe, some arrangement of the too nicely balanced interests of the great Powers, will make it for the interest of some one of them to give her a helping hand. Do not think I am less a friend to Greece than, probably, from the gloomy accounts I have given you; I look upon the cause as my own, I shall stick to it while there is a shadow of hope. That it is time to tell the truth, and so far from assisting Greece by concealing it, I think her true interests will be best promoted by detailing things as they are—and letting the world know the hopes and fears, the wants and resources of the country. In no next, but a singular change in the mind of the lady, society had no spell to soothe his memory and change no charm to dull it;

Still slowly paid'd the melancholy day, And still the stranger was not where to stay, And still a still subject to wanderings and abstraction; but the new passion

of love.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The Augt. number of the London New Monthly Magazine, says the Mississ. Magazine, contains a highly interesting story, entitled “Letters from Lazarus.” We are unable to find space for more than the following pathetic extract:

“On our return to the hotel, we found the landlord in a fiery dispute with two English gentlemen, who had just landed from a French brig in the bay. One was a fine looking young man of about four or five and twenty, — apparently in the first stage of convalescence and disease; & his companion, rather more robust, was endeavoring to persuade the Italian to give him quarters in the loggia. This, however, he obstinately refused.

“On the piece of land, a young gentleman's illness, who was reclining in a sofa, in a state of reflected exhaustion, with sunken cheek and listless eye. W. lost the debate, was soon visible to her parents, containing a detail of all the circumstances, her quick recollection, her relapse, and the apparent ease of both; and after some confidences, it was resolved that W. should be invited to renew his visits, and the all be permitted to take its natural course. He accordingly repaid to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent rapture. He now saw her as often as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing, till at length she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own home—and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

“There were here some circumstances which M. W.'s companion, Mr. R. related indistinctly, or of which I retain but an imperfect recollection; and he who could alone her, informed me of them was gone to his long home before I heard this singular story. It appeared, however, that, after some farther intercourse, he was obliged to be absent from Ireland for some time, and during that interval, the progress of her mind might be watched by friend's eyes, and his bones rest with his fathers. The particulars of this inhospitable reception I have already recounted; but we at last saw him fixed under the care of an old French officer at Smyrna, who engaged to pay him every requisite attention, till he should depart for Europe, or for another world.”

“The following day we called to see W.—but we found that human sympathy would soon cease for him the step of death was already on the threshold. The surgeon of H. M. S. Ambrion had been to see him, but all prospect of his surviving had fled. The fatigue of his removal from the vessel, his exposure to the sun in the boat whilst landing, and his annoyance at the inn, seemed to have buried down the few remaining seeds of his glass; and he fell himself that time was drawing to a close with him. He was perfectly collected, and as fully as he could, was giving his last directions to his friend, who had so generously attended him; he spoke much of his family, and gave particular messages to each pointing out to R.—the various little trinkets he wished to send them as dying memorials of himself; a ring which he still wore on his finger, and which bore the inscription, “To the memory of my dear mother,” he desired might be buried with him, together with a locket which was suspended from his neck, and contained a lock of raven hair; he did not mention whose. But words could not paint the expression of his countenance, nor the suddenness of voice, when for the last time, he feebly grasped the hand of his affectionate friend, thanked him for all his former kindness, and bade him his last mortal farewell; he shortly afterwards died.

“In the mean time, W. returned, and eagerly flew to her embrace, after so long a separation, her who had never passed from its thoughts and remembrance. Her family felt for him the warmest gratitude and affection, from the consciousness that he had been the main instrument in the restoration of their daughter, but the issue of this interview they awaited with the most painful suspense. She had long ceased to mention his name, or betray any symptom of recollecting him; he seemed to have passed from her memory with the other less important items of her situation, and this moment was now to prove to them whether any circumstance could make the stream of memory roll back to this distracted period of his intellect. From the shock of that interview W.—never recovered. She received him as her family had anticipated; she saw him as a mere uninterested stranger; she met him with calm, cold politeness, and could ill conceal her astonishment at the agitation and despair of his manner, when he found too truly that he was no longer remembered with the fond affection he had anticipated. He could not suppress his anxiety to remind her of their late attachment, but she only heard his distant hints with astonishment and hasty surprise. He now found that the only step which remained for him was to endeavor to make a second impression on her renovated heart; but he failed. There was still some mysterious influence which attached their minds, but the alliance on her part had totally changed its former tone, and when she did permit her thoughts to dwell upon him, it was rather with a veneration than esteem; and her family, after long encouraging his addresses, at length persuaded him to forego his suit, which with a heavy hopeless heart he assented to, and bade her adieu.

“But the die of his fortune was cast; he could no longer walk heedlessly by these scenes where he had spent hours of happiness, and he felt that, wonder where he might, that happiness could never return. At length to drown his misery, the last ray of hope was shortly after shaded by the marriage of his mistress.” W.—now abandoned every prospect at home, and, in order to shake off that melancholy which was gathering like rust around his heart, went to the Continent; but change of scene is but a change of ill to those who must bear with them the cause of their sorrow, and find within that aching void the world can never fill. He hurried in vain from one scene of excitement to another; society had no spell to soothe his memory and change no charm to dull it;

Still slowly paid'd the melancholy day, And still the stranger was not where to stay, And still a still subject to wanderings and abstraction; but the new passion

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“At length he joined the ranks of the straggling Greeks, and his name has been often and humorously mentioned among the companions of Lord Byron at Missolonghi. After his lordship's death he still remained in Greece, but his constitution was too weak to be of active service as a Pashali. He had, therefore, taken a post in the garrison, which held possession of the castle and town of Navarino, in the Morea, and was wounded in the action of Sparta, in the summer of 1825. The accidental management of a native surgeon during his confinement in the fortress, proved to be of great service to him, and he was soon able to leave the camp, and resume his former occupation as a physician. He accordingly repaired to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent rapture. He now saw her as often as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing, till at length she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own home—and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

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