

that every thing unpleasant in my situation was attributable to the state of society in which I lived. Every political change now seemed to irritate and affect me. Whereas before I heard a word of politics, I used to work on with hope and activity—encountering hardships boldly, and feeling them the less, because I did not let my mind rest upon them.—I now dwelt upon every discomfort, and magnified it in my own eyes, for the purpose of making it a greater reproach to the government, whose evil measures, I thought caused it. I would pause long in my work to read scraps from a newspaper, and to comment on the folly and tyranny of our rulers; and thus I met several reproaches for my slowness and negligence. The fires in Normandy I heard of with indignation and horror, and I attributed them all to the ministers, whose wickedness I thought was capable of any baseness, till one day I heard one of my republican companions observe, that the incendiaries were very much in the right, to burn down the barns and destroy the grain, as by making the great mass of the people as miserable and penniless as themselves, they would force them to bring about a revolution, which would set all things to rights. Besides, he asked, what right had a rich man to corn, when the poor were starving?

The elections for the chamber of deputies was another great source of anxiety to me; and when I found they were all liberal, I felt nearly as much satisfaction as if I had been elected myself. At length the meeting of the chambers approached; and many a warm discussion took place among the journeyman printers, on the questions likely to be brought under consideration. Every one said that the ministers must go out, or dissolve the chambers; and many observed, with a shrewd glance, that neither the dissolution of the chambers, nor the resignation of the ministers, would satisfy the people. "We must have a change," they said—"a complete change;" and several began to talk boldly of revolution.

The continual irritation and discontent I felt, had their effect on my countenance; and Mariette grew anxious about me. She did all she could to soothe me—sat with her arms round my neck, and endeavored to persuade me that I should be happier if I did not think of politics. "Kings and governments," she said, and said truly, "could only provide for the general good; and that there must always be many in every country whose fate destined them to labor and live hard. She could not but think," she added, "that the way to be happy, was for every one to try, by his own exertions, to improve his own condition; and neither to envy his neighbor nor to meddle with affairs in which he was not well practised." She sought to induce me, too, to return to Bonnières. We had never been so happy since we left it; and so sweetly, so perseveringly did she urge and request which I saw was made for my sake more than her own, that at length I consented to go, and, quitting all the vain dreams which had led me to Paris, to reassume the class and occupation of my fathers.

We had not money to go by the Diligence; but we were both good walkers; and the baby, being brought up by hand—and that upon the simplest food—would prove but little encumbrance.

This determination was taken on Sunday the 25th of July, and the next day I gave my employer notice that at the end of the month I should quit him. In the meantime we determined to save every sous that was possible, in order to provide for the expense by the way; for which we had hitherto made no reserve. On the Monday following, I joined the rest of the printers, and we worked through the day in tranquillity. At night, however, as I was returning over the Pont Neuf, I met one of my companions, who grasped my hand, asking, with a look of intense eagerness, "If I had heard the news?" The suddenness of the question, and his look of anxiety, alarmed me. I knew not well what I dreaded, but at all events, my fears were all personal. His tale soon relieved me of my apprehensions for Mariette and our child; but raised my indignation to the highest pitch against the government. The King, he told me had violated the charter, struck at the liberty of the press, altered the law of election, and reduced the people to a nation of slaves.

Distant shouts met our ears as we were crossing

the Rue St. Honore; and hurrying on in the direction from which they proceeded, we came upon an immense multitude, who were breaking the lamps, and yelling execrations against the government.

I was well enough inclined to join them; but remembering Mariette, I returned home, and told her all that had occurred. As I spoke, a paleness came over her beautiful face, so universal, so ghastly, that it made me start. It seemed as if some warning voice had told her that every happy dream was at an end—that the eternal barrier had fallen between us and joy forever.

To be Concluded in our next.

SWISS HOME-SICKNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LAST OF THE TYROLESE MELODIES.

Wherefore so sad and faint, my heart?

The stranger's land is fair;

Yet weary, weary, still thou art,

What find'st thou wanting there?

What wanting?—All, oh! all I love!

Am I not lonely here?

Through a fair land, in sooth, I rove;

But what like home is dear?

My home!—oh! thither would I fly,

Where the free air is sweet,

My father's voice, my mother's eye,

My own wild hills to greet.

My hills, with all thy soaring steep,

With all their glaciers bright,

Where in his joy the chamois leaps,

Mocking the hunter's might.

Here no familiar look I trace,

I touch no friendly hand;

No child laughs kindly in my face,

As in my own sweet land,

REVIEW.

FROM THE SCOTTISH LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

History of the War of Independence in Greece. By Thomas Keightley, Esq. (Constables Miscellany, Vol. LX.) Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1830.

SINCE the days of Adam men have delighted in activity and agitation. The humours of bodies politic and bodies corporate are ever apt to be converted into gall; and, if the tide of events run smoothly for any length of time, domestic broils and civil war are invariably the consequence. In the present state of Europe—indeed we may say of the world—this observation is receiving day after day, fresh testimony in favour of its truth. So long, however, as the Greeks struggled, and were induced to struggle for their independence, European nations were fully occupied in speculations regarding the results. The press too had its proportion of benefit. But when things came to a crisis, and comparative tranquillity was restored in that boasted country, the politicians of the day were at a stand-still. We cannot, however, look back to the period when the Greek war excited both attention and contention among ourselves; and though the object is fraught with unpleasant recollections, we regard the history before us as a work much wanted, and certain to be well received.

It is by no means necessary that we should recur to a POLITICAL consideration of the origin, character, and events of the Greek war; but we may observe, in passing, that it never could engage our sympathies or prejudice our judgment. People, especially Frenchmen and Englishmen, in their enthusiasm for what, on slight observation merely, appears the cause of oppressed humanity, are too apt to forget their own situation, and the controlling arrangements of society. They are thus continually establishing or countenancing precedents which run counter to their own interests, and which in general will be found to rise up in judgment against an order of things which they revere among themselves. It was thus that the Greeks received that degree of assistance from England and the Continent which enabled them to arrive at their present state of political liberty and general beggary. We do not quarrel with the EVENT, so far as it has evolved itself; but, nevertheless, we regard the false enthusiasm which the Greek war excited, as having been most injurious to the cause of rational liberty. On these things, however, we need not dwell; the Philhellenes have had their day, though they did little more than agitate; and we are now come to that point in regard to Greece and its affairs, that a revolution, which has not yet come to a final issue, is already looked upon as a fit subject for the pen of the historian.

Mr. Keightley, the author of the present work, as well as of one or two popular volumes, and not unknown as a contributor to the periodical literature of the day, observes in his preface, that his narrative is altogether founded upon the various books which have lately appeared from the pens of individuals who had been actively engaged, in the events he records. Such materials, though liable to objection, on the score of authenticity and im-

partiality, are just what historians a century hence would be compelled to follow; and it is no disparagement to say of Mr. Keightley that he has failed to consider both sides of the question as we believe no documents on the part of Turkey, from the Sultan's servants, are in any degree available. This is a deficiency, however, which has in some respects been adequately supplied by the numerous bands of disappointed enthusiasts, many of whom returned to their respective homes, breathing indignation and disgust against the Greek cause, Greek script, Greek liberty, Greek quacks, and Quackery of every description. We do not, however, see that the author has resorted to these AUTHORITIES, if such they may be called. He, as he states in his preface, has chiefly confined himself to the very excellent work of Colonel Leake, and the lumbering labours of Captain Blaquiere. We do not so much approve of the reliance that he has placed upon the statements of Pouqueville and Loutzo. In so far as regards Ali Pacha, however, Mr. Keightley's authority, we believe is the most minute, and therefore likely to be the most accurate. On the manner in which he has dealt with these respective narrators, we need not say much. The book is intended to be a popular one; and Mr. Keightley has kept this so steadily in view, that we certainly think he has succeeded,—except in so far as regards a few matters of speculation and opinion.

The materials of the present volume cannot be altogether new to the general reader; and we shall therefore abstain from reviewing the details into which the author has entered. He begins with a sketch of early Greece, and then rapidly descends to the period when the Turks became the masters of the country. Many interesting details of the life of Ali Pacha are also given, chiefly derived from a very graphic account published some years ago by Lupton Relfe. As we said before, we cannot descend to details; nor can we indulge in lengthy extracts. To us the most interesting portion of this volume relates to Ali Pacha, and we accordingly select a passage, showing that singular man's early propensities.

Ali began to put the lessons of his mother early into practice, and before he was 14 years old he had acquired some fame by carrying off the sheep and goats of his neighbours. By what he made in his way, and the savings of his mother, he collected about him a set of idle thieving vagabonds; and he soon felt himself strong enough to attempt carrying into effect Khameco's plan's of vengeance against the people of Gardiki and Cernovo, who had made her a captive. He failed, however, in his attempt on the latter people, and ran away back to Tebelin as fast as his legs could carry him. His mother received him with sarcasms and contempt. Galled by her reproaches, Ali left Tebelin, at the head of thirty palicars, and went and took service with the pasha of Negropont; but soon wearied with this idle sort of life which he led there, he moved into Thessaly, and became a highway robber. Having made some money in this way, he went up into Mount Pindus, where he plundered some villages, and he then returned to Tebelin, where his wealth at once procured him consideration.

Repose not being suited to his temper, Ali soon resumed his former courses, and he carried his depredations to such a length as drew on him the attention of Khoord Pasha, the governor of Middle and Lower Albania. Troops were sent in pursuit of him, and he and his comrades were taken, and cast into prison at Berat, the capital of Middle Albania. The others were forthwith hanged as robbers; the old vizir took compassion on the youth and beauty of Ali, who was, moreover, his relative, he gave him his life, and kept him for some years with himself, in hopes of weaning him from his evil courses; and at length yielding to the repeated solicitations of Khameco, he set him at liberty, assuring both mother and son that they had no more to expect if they persisted in disturbing the public tranquillity. They promised to remain quiet, and as long as Khoord lived, they kept their word.

Epirus, or Lower Albania, was at that time divided into three pashaliks—Delvino, Jannina, and Paramythia; the districts of Chimera, Gardiki, Zoolati, Argyrocastro, and Sooli, were free autonomous, but acknowledging the superiority of the pashas; the vizir Khoord exercised the supreme authority over the whole. Jealousies and animosities prevailed among the people of the different districts, and petty wars were continually breaking out; but a kind of balance of power was instinctively maintained, and when any district was menaced by a more powerful neighbour, some of the others hastened to its defence.

Ali now looked for occupation as a partisan in the quarrels of others, and he soon took a distinguished rank among the boys of Epirus. Being at this time about 24 years of age, he was anxious to strengthen himself by some matrimonial alliance; and he sought and obtained the hand of Emine, the virtuous and amiable daughter of Capelan, the fierce and turbulent pasha of Delvino, who resided at Argyrocastro. Capelan was one of those pashas who had taken up the chimerical idea of becoming independent, and he reckoned on having an able ally and instrument in his son-in-law.

It was at this time that the adventurer named Stefano Pircolo (Little Stephen) who gave himself out to be Peter III., the murdered husband of Catherine, had excited the Morla, and grins to take arms against the Porte; and agents sent through the Epirus, had induced the Soolites and the Chimerae to join, in the same cause. The astute Catherine, who was but too well aware of the falsehood of the pretensions of Stefano, refused to participate in the actions of the Montenegrins, who had been for some years subjects of Russia, and left to the Porte the task of chastising them, as well as its own rebellious subjects. Orders were therefore issued to all the vassals of the Sultan to lend their aid to subdue their insurgents.

Caplan, instead of hastening to the standard of the vizir Khoord, hung back by the advice of his son-in-law, and secretly thwarted the plans and measures of the vizir, and the incomplete success which was obtained against the rebels was ascribed to his disloyalty. He was accordingly summoned to appear before the Roomeli-Valesi (Governor of Roomeli), at Monastir, to give an account of his conduct. Ali did all in his power, and made his wife Emine in vain entreaties to induce Capelan to obey the summons. The pasha went to Monastir, and was forthwith seized and beheaded.