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ADDRESS

IN

BEHALF OF THE GREEKS,

ESPECIALLY

THOSE WHO HAVE SURVIVED

THE

LATE MASSACRES IN SCIO.

“If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, ‘behold, we knew it not,’ doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?”

Proverbs xxiv. 11, 12.

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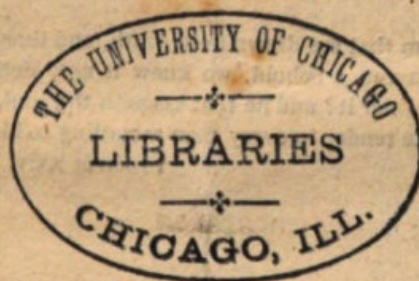
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*Any profit which may arise from this publication, will
be devoted to the cause it advocates.*



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ADDRESS IN BEHALF OF THE GREEKS

ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO HAVE SURVIVED

The late Massacres in Scio.

THE intelligence that has reached this country from time to time, for some months past, with respect to the Greeks subject to the Turkish government, has not failed to fix the attention, and deeply interest the feelings, of every humane and honest mind. In the struggle this oppressed race has had to maintain with a power which, having employed no means but the sword for the establishment of its authority over them, has no claims on their submission but those which force bestows—which, in the exercise of the authority thus acquired, has, for centuries, made it the object of its policy, not to foster and protect, but to spoil and depress them, as a prey reserved for the gratification of its avarice and lust,—in their struggle with this power, the Greeks have carried along with them the sympathy and good wishes of all to whom the rights of humanity, of liberty, or of religion, are dear. If, in the progress of this arduous conflict, the spirit of the Greeks, driven to desperation by the atrocious cruelties perpetrated

by their enemies, has, on some occasions, kindled into rage, and impelled them to acts of retaliation, no one, surely, who considers the circumstances, the provocations, the calamities, that surrounded them, can view these acts in any other light than as the necessary results of the constitutional and instinctive principles of human nature; movements which we must acknowledge were inevitable, unless we suppose the Greeks to have been either more or less than men. We do not blame the man who, when his dwelling is wrapped in hopeless conflagration, rushes from it with a precipitation that pays little deference to those that stand in the way of his escape. There are such crises in human events as annihilate patience, and, by a predominant law of nature, suspend the exercise of consideration and forbearance. If these subjects of oppression have, on any occasions, yielded to the strong impulse of resentment, and wreaked their vengeance on their persecutors, while their conduct in these instances must doubtless awaken the sincere regret of those who have learnt the lessons of a heavenly morality, it will at the same time inspire, in the reflecting mind, a profounder compassion for men whose deepest injuries are moral wrongs, and who may justly impute to the oppression of their conquerors not only the degradation of their persons, but the debasement of their minds. It were vain to look for the fruits of liberty in the soil of slavery—for generous feelings, or magnanimous conduct in men who receive no other lessons from their masters but those of treachery and rapacity. While, however, the accounts we received, presented only such scenes as are common in the struggles of an oppressed people with an arbitrary government, such deeds of valour and of violence, of aggression and re-

taliation, as invariably mark the progress of civil war, the case involved so many circumstances which it was impossible accurately to ascertain, and was intermingled with so many political questions of difficult solution, that many of the friends of religion and humanity seemed to have no other duty to fulfil than to give these combatants in the cause of freedom their affectionate sympathy, and to present their earnest supplications to Him, who, while just to punish, is merciful to reclaim his creatures, that the present calamities might be the means of recalling them to their God, of rekindling in their bosoms the decayed energies of piety and virtue, and preparing them for the restoration of the long forfeited blessings of liberty and religion.

But events have recently occurred of so appalling and harrowing a nature as leave us no longer at liberty to satisfy ourselves with the exercise of insulated sympathy and secret indignation. Scenes have been brought to light which, while they fill the mind with horror, call aloud for the immediate active interposition of those who have it, in any way, in their power to mitigate the distressful consequences. The Turkish authorities, in reference to a large portion of their Greek subjects, have thrown aside all pretence to be viewed in the character of rulers, however oppressive—of a government, however tyrannical, and present the appearance of a band of conspirators and murderers, who have vowed to enslave and exterminate the objects of their malignity. It is not of a series of corruptions and abuses accumulating under a government that still retains in it some principles entitling it to the name, that these Greeks have to complain, but of such subversion and violation of every principle of that divinely appointed ordinance as leave to it not one of its

elementary characters—as make the exercise of it no government, and opposition to it, if this had been in their power, no rebellion. It is well known that the Island of Scio remained peaceful and neuter, while a large portion of the Greek population in the other parts of the Turkish dominions had taken arms against their oppressors. Having been left in possession of a larger portion of liberty than most of their countrymen, placed under the government of their own elders, and free from the presence of Ottoman barbarians, the Sciots had attached themselves to commercial and agricultural pursuits. Accustomed to peaceful arts and occupations, they remained submissive to their Mohammedan masters, and resisted the solicitations addressed to them to join their countrymen in arms—affording a proof that a small portion of liberty yielded to an industrious people is sufficient, even amid many grievances, to deter them from a doubtful appeal to the sword. To satisfy the jealousy of the Turkish government, eighty-five of their principal men voluntarily surrendered themselves as hostages; and the people at large appear to have acted toward that government with the most scrupulous fidelity—a fidelity dictated, no doubt, by a concern for the safety of these hostages, as well as for their own honour. For, when the Samiots meditated a descent on Scio, for the purpose of recruiting their forces, the Sciots themselves were the first to apprise the Turkish commander of the project; and, after the invaders had effected a landing, though it was inevitable that some individuals should be found to join them, the people at large stood completely aloof—they even endeavoured, by remonstrances and entreaties, to induce them to depart, and sheltered the

Turkish soldiers when compelled to retire. What was the reward of their fidelity? The Turks no sooner found themselves strong enough, in consequence of the arrival of their fleet, to gratify those brutal and avaricious passions which waited only an opportunity of indulgence, than, with that blind fury so characteristic of the nation, that cares not whether its vengeance fall on the innocent or the guilty, they proscribed the whole population of Scio. Beginning with the capital, they massacred the males, seized and carried off the women and children as slaves, destroyed the public edifices, and reduced the city to universal desolation. And then, spreading themselves, like wild beasts in quest of prey, over the whole island, they filled that rich and beautiful country, the cultivated abode of a peaceful people, with scenes of devastation and cruelty to which no parallel can be found, except in the blood-stained annals of Mohammedism. It is computed that, of a population of 120,000, only a sixth part has escaped; the rest have either been murdered or reduced to slavery, or else are concealed in the mountains, where they are pursued by their barbarian persecutors.

The statements contained in the following extracts have already been given to the public through the medium of different newspapers. They are so important that we shall be excused for reprinting them:

Extract of a Private Letter from a Young Greek.

“ Smyrna, May 15.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ Prepare yourself, on reading this letter, to summon to your aid the strength of your character;

the blow which has struck us is so terrible, that all my reason is required not to succumb under it. This opening alarms you—estimate at once the extent of our misfortunes—we have to weep for our country, the beautiful Scio, in the power of our barbarous enemies—we have to deplore the loss of our numerous family.

“Of all our relations, my youngest sister alone escaped; by a miracle, owing to the protection of a generous Frenchman, she has been restored to my embraces. How can I speak to you of our father? Alas! this venerable old man now implores the Supreme Being for his country, and for the unfortunate children who have survived him. The following are the details of his dreadful assassination:—You know that he and our two brothers, Theodore and Constantine, and your father-in-law, were amongst the hostages shut up in the castle on the 8th inst.; they went out with the Archbishop, and it appears that, notwithstanding the promises of the barbarians, they had been all the time confined in dungeons; they were placed in two lines, and were either hung or put to death with prolonged torments.

“Our father and his companions witnessed with tranquillity the preparations for their execution, and these martyrs to their fidelity did not lose their presence of mind for a single instant.—Our sister Henrietta is a slave; and I have not yet succeeded in discovering to what country of Asia the infamous ravishers have carried her. Nor have I yet been able to obtain the least information respecting the fate of our dear mother and three other sisters; the destiny of your wife and her family has also escaped my search. In short, our misfortunes are so great that I can scarcely credit them.

“On the 11th instant I quitted Scio—saved by a miracle from the dangers of the most sanguinary catastrophe, of which any one can form an idea. But I do not feel that joy which one might experience on being delivered from the dreadful perils to which I have been exposed. Hatred and indignation against our executioners are the only sentiments which can henceforth dwell in my heart. Thanks to the European costume, which I have adopted, the captain of an English vessel agreed to take me on board; but my dreadful situation interested neither Turks nor Englishmen. The captain of the vessel would not allow me to embark till I had reckoned out to him 300 piastres; and it was not till after he had examined them one by one, that I received from him permission to set my foot on board the vessel, whatever was my danger in remaining longer on board the chaloupe. I have left the island in ashes. The Turks, after pillaging all the houses, set them on fire, and joining sword to fire to demolish them more readily, they demolished them to the last stone, in the hope of finding concealed treasure.

“Throughout the opulent Scio, only fifteen houses are standing, containing our mothers, our sisters, and our daughters, reduced to the most dreadful slavery. There the monsters profane every thing to gratify their rage and their passions; and often the virgins whom they have sullied by their embraces, receive from themselves the death which they wish for. All the chateaus which rendered our island the most agreeable in the Mediterranean, our academy, the library, the superb edifices of Saint Anaigirosso, Saint Victor, the Apostles, 86 churches, and upwards of 40 villages, have been consumed by the flames.

"The ferocious incendiaries then scoured the mountains and the forests, and they are now at the 24th village of Mastic. These tigers, a thousand times more cruel than those of the forest, have vented that hatred upon the dead which they bear to the living. They opened the tombs, and threw into the streets the bones of our fathers, and the corpses of their own victims were dragged by the feet through the brooks.

"Every day women of the first families in the island are exposed to sale in the public markets; articles of great value, such as the sacred vases of the Greek and Catholic churches, and the habiliments of the priests, are by these wretches sold at a vile price. Through the intervention of the Charge d'Affaires of the French consulate, I have succeeded in purchasing thirty-five women, whose names I send you, and who are now in safety at the consulate.

"Since my arrival here, the same scenes have been renewed every day; there are sales of diamonds, rich pelisses, jewellery, chalices, fine stuffs, in short, all kinds of valuable articles, which are in the streets, and are given away for nothing. How should it be otherwise, when all the inhabitants of Asia, from children of fifteen to old men of eighty, embark every day for Scio, from whence they return laden with our spoils? We can only return our thanks to the Europeans who reside at Smyrna; they have done all they could to purchase our women; to purchase all, the treasures which the country of Homer possessed before its disasters would scarcely suffice. Amongst the ravishers of them, there are some with souls so atrocious that they will not listen to any species of arrangement.

"One of these monsters refused 10,000 piastres for the ransom of the wife of Gaba, and replied, that he

would not restore her for 200,000. I have contributed to the ransom of Theodora Halle, purchased for 5000 piastres. M. Petrochochico, on learning the death of his brother, precipitated himself from a window; his sister Julia threw herself into a ditch; the other, made a slave, was brought here, where she was immediately purchased. Our good friend, Jean D'Andre, was killed in his house in the presence of his wife, whilst hastening to save his two sons, who shared the fate of their father, also in the presence of their mother; the latter has been conveyed in slavery to Algiers.

"My hand refuses to trace at greater length the atrocious scenes which I have witnessed, and others a thousand times more dreadful might be added to these I have cited. In one word, the sanguinary catastrophe of Scio has produced the death or misery of 40,000 individuals, for to that amount may be estimated the number of our fellow-countrymen and women put to death or reduced to slavery. Just God, when will the day of vengeance come, and what vengeance can ever inflict upon our odious assassins all the chastisement which they deserve?"

Extract of a Letter written from Leghorn, by a Greek to his friend in London.

"Leghorn, June 18, 1822.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"IN my last of the 15th instant, I informed you of the arrival here on that day of our countrymen, Mr. M. Rodocanachi and Mr. G. Zizinia, from Scio; they had obtained their passage on board an Austrian ship of war, and had performed their journey in 37

days from Scio, and 30 days from Smyrna. I know the anxiety you must feel respecting the deplorable situation of our unfortunate island : of that we are able to judge by the keenness of our feelings on the subject, and as these two friends had come direct from Scio, had been witnesses of part of the horrors committed there, I hardly left them for two days, during which time they gave me the following vivid picture of the misery of our dear country, as nearly as I can remember.

“ It was on the 11th April that the Captain Pacha landed several thousand men, but the Turkish fleet had scarcely hove in sight when the commander in the castle began bombarding the town ; and from that time till the day of our departure, it was one continued scene of murder, conflagration, and plunder, both in country and town : nor were they even satisfied with the ravages fire made upon the houses ; its progress was too slow for their fury, and the hands of men aided and assisted the raging element. They took to the castle about 800 of the gardeners of the principal and most respectable families, whom, by dint of threats of instant death, and promises of liberty, they forced to confess, as far as they knew, where any property had been hid ; in almost every garden, at six or eight yards distance, were seen pits dug for the purpose of grasping the supposed concealed treasure. All the women were sent into slavery, the men and male children above twelve years of age were massacred, the children of the tenderest age, and the most beautiful from among the young women they sent on board the ships, with great pomp and solemnity, under a salute of guns. They circumcised the male children in token of conversion to the Mahometan faith, and then sent off the children,

of both sexes, by land to Constantinople, by way of Smyrna, under an escort of a body of Turkish soldiery. Two regiments of Turks had assembled and shut up, in a place in the country, about seven hundred persons, chiefly peasants, which they meant to divide among themselves as slaves, but not being able to agree in the partition, began disputing. An Iman, or priest, more humane than the rest, expostulated with them upon their dissensions, and exhorted them to concord ; when one of those savage brutes exclaimed, that the only way to avoid dissension was to put them all to the sword ; and, to the lasting shame of the human race, in less than half an hour all those innocent men were put to death ; others of these butchers had in their possession four families of distinction ; the women and children they sent to the city, and the men they bled to death as sheep in a slaughter-house, near which they were passing at the time. By all we have been able to gather, it appears, that from the very moment the Turkish fleet was destined for Scio, the total destruction of the island, and annihilation of its inhabitants were resolved upon, without any examination of their culpability or innocence. On the 8th of May, the Pacha ordered 35 respectable men, that he had on board, to be hung up as a signal to the governor to do the same with the 85 hostages ; ordering, at the same time, the 800 gardeners who were still in custody to be strangled.—Till the 10th of May, on which day we left Scio, there has been no cessation to murders, conflagrations, and enslaving, with all their accompanying ferocity. Do not be surprised if you hear that there have been nearly 60,000 Turks on the island ; the report of the numerous and rich spoils of those who first went over, the sight of gold, silver, jewels, &c. shipped off by the

captors to places of safety, enticed over a horde of these barbarians, thirsting for Christian blood and plunder. The number of slain amounted to 25,000, of captives to 30,000; those who have saved themselves by flight are comparatively few; those who already have reached the Continent, and those immediately expected, are the only ones that are saved; all the others you may reckon among the dead or the captive. Those even who have escaped from the Turks must soon fall a prey to famine, as they are lurking about the mountains, without food or raiment."

The extracts that follow are taken from letters received by a Greek merchant in London, *the originals* of which, in the Greek language, are now in this city, and may be seen at the publisher's:

Copy of a Letter written to Mr. —, by his Son in Trieste, 7th June, 1822.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"I AM certain that you will already have received the news of the misfortunes that have happened to our Island of Scio, and, therefore, will not bring it back to your recollection, but in a few words tell you how we have been able to escape from that miserable place. On the 11th March, old style, the Samiots landed on our Island, and the Turkish fleet arrived on the 30th, who immediately began the massacre. We were, therefore, obliged to leave the country house with all our family, to endeavour to reach Lithi, a village on the sea shore. We were many days on the mountains without bread, chased by the Turks, sometimes on the point of falling in their hands, and despairing of our safety. By the grace of God we at last

reached the said village, where, in a little time, arrived a small vessel from Ipsara, which carried us, along with another Greek vessel, to Idra, and from thence we were dispersed here and there. My grandfather, with his family and ours, took passage for Zante in a Cephalonian brig; there they refused to receive us, but at last, owing to my grandfather's great age and infirmities, they permitted him to go on shore with the females and the little children. I was in consequence obliged to continue my voyage for Trieste, which I accordingly did with my uncles, Peter and Anthony, and where we arrived in twenty-five days; we found there the family of G. and M. —, which we had reckoned among the victims. Those who have been able to escape the savage fury of the Turks, have arrived in different ports of Europe, naked and half dead with fatigue and privations of every kind. The father has lost his son, the son his father, the wife her husband; in short, the horrors that have been committed cannot be detailed. Out of a Christian population of 120,000 souls, hardly 20,000 have escaped; the remainder have been butchered, dragged into slavery, or are hid in the mountains, where they must sooner or later die of hunger. I remain here expecting your orders what to do; but I hope you will tell me to come to London. When I see you, my dear father, then I shall relate to you minutely all we have seen—all we have suffered. It is almost incredible; I return thanks to God that we are saved. I am commissioned by all our friends in Zante to remember them to you. My mother, my two sisters, my little brother, my grandfather and grandmother, they are all well."

Copy of a Letter written by Mr. ———'s Sister, in the Castle of Scio, to her Brother in Constantinople, 4th May, 1822.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"IT is with the greatest sorrow I have to inform you of the heavy misfortune that has happened to us; I and my poor husband were taken as slaves by a Turk belonging to the Captain Pacha. We were imprisoned in the castle; and after they tore my dear husband from me, and massacred him in my sight, Oh God! in a short time, he in whose possession I was, prepared to go into Asia, and I was doomed to accompany him; but one whom I do not know, but who was a friend of our father's, seeing my situation, took me out of the hands of the barbarians for 800 piastres; that was just the amount my poor husband had been able to save. I repaid him, and repaired to the Austrian Consul. The only reflection that makes me bear my fate with patience and resignation is, that, alas! I am not alone, but that there are a great number of families who have equally suffered. I am here without a piastre, or any one to assist me to fly from this place. I have written to Mr. ———, in Smyrna, my husband's partner, to send me, if he himself is not dead, one thousand piastres, that I may embark for some port of Europe. I am rejoiced to hear that your family, with our mother, have saved themselves by flight,—where I do not know. If you know where they are fled, send them a copy of this letter; give advice of it also to our brother John in London. I have learned that you are hid securely with your English friend; thank God, you have not fallen in the hands

of the Sultan, like some of our unfortunate countrymen. May God preserve you, and aid you in your escape."

Another copy of a Letter, written by Mr. ———'s Mother to the same Mr. ———, in Constantinople, from the Castle of Scio, 4th May, 1822.

"Mr. ———, after my salutations, I come to beg and intreat you to assist me, if you can, in liberating myself from the hands of the Turks, and my son, Michele G——, your brother-in-law, will repay you every thing with gratitude. I have fallen a slave to the barbarians, with my husband and my two daughters, and am now shut up in the castle. The ruffians massacred my dear husband before my eyes, as also a young daughter of my daughter; two others of her daughters, Smaragda and Catherina, ten and twelve years of age, they have sent as presents to the Sultan, on account of their extreme beauty, which you have so often admired. Two children only now remain with her. Her husband is no where to be found; he is either killed, or hid in the mountains. I lost sight of my dear son Stefano about thirty days ago, and I have not heard of him since: God only knows where he is also. I want two thousand piastres to deliver myself out of slavery; have the kindness to remit them by the surest way, if it is in your power. As soon as I shall be liberated and gone from hence it shall be returned to you. Pray do not leave me in the hands of these barbarians: For the love of God, save me, and write to my son Michele in Leghorn! I have heard with pleasure of the escape of all your families. We had here with us, a short time ago, your unfortunate

sister, whose husband has also fallen a victim to the blood-thirsty Turks. She has had the good fortune to ransom herself, and is now at the consulate. I am still a prisoner in the castle with my two daughters. Assist me, for the love of God !”

The following extract is taken from a letter addressed by four Greek merchants, resident in London, to a gentleman in Edinburgh. It has not yet been given to the public :

London, 13th July, 1822.

“ WE are asked to furnish you with documents to prove the cruelties inflicted on our innocent countrymen. Alas ! we cannot again follow, step by step, those monstrous atrocities which, with an aching heart and a trembling hand, we have been obliged to trace. They are most particularly described in three letters, inserted in the Times, Morning Chronicle, and other papers ; those letters contain not one iota which is not in every thing conformable to truth ; the picture, however frightful, is not overcharged ; the details, however numerous and heart-rending, still fall far short of the reality. They are written to us from Constantinople, Scio, Smyrna, and Leghorn, by actual sufferers, by eye-witnesses, by enlightened men of the most scrupulous attention to veracity, whom we all personally know, and the originals of which we have in Greek, and can exhibit whensoever it may be required. But why seek for written documents when we are living proofs of the barbarous treatment our nation has experienced ? We are seven in London, and out of that number not one, that has not lost either a father, a

brother, or uncle, some of whose female near relations have not, with their infant progeny, fallen into the hands of the merciless Turk and been dragged into slavery.

Surely these are irrefragable proofs, and undeniable documents. We are too intimately connected with them not to feel them most poignantly. As to the charge of cruelty affixed to our countrymen, we can only speak of what has come to our knowledge. The Greeks may, or may not, have committed excesses at Tripolizza ; they may or may not have been excited to revenge, by the non-performance of the terms of capitulation ; we cannot enter into a defence of, or animadversion upon, their conduct, as we have had no official statement to guide our judgments. It is the scene of havoc and destruction, almost unparalleled in history, to which our devoted island has been wantonly given up, that claims our attention ; the Sciots had remained for the space of one year, (while many of the surrounding islands had asserted their freedom,) faithful to their tyrants ; eighty-five of the principal and richest inhabitants of the place had cheerfully come forward and placed their persons in the power of the Turkish governor, to mitigate the hard lot of their fellow countrymen, by thus becoming answerable for their conduct ; the Samiots for some time, had threatened the island with an approaching invasion ; the Sciots, far from wishing for them, gave advice to the Turkish Pacha of the intended visitation, upon their landing, expostulated with them, and endeavoured to induce them to return to their ships ; threats were their only answer from the Samiots, death their only reward from the Turks. When these latter were at last obliged, by reason of the advance of the Samiots, to retire into the citadel

with their wives and children, did the Sciots molest them in their retreat? Did they, when it was so easy for them to do so, ill-treat any of their oppressors? No; they did not; they behaved throughout, (as Englishmen who were present at that time in the island testify,) with the greatest moderation; and it is this people—innocent in thought, word, or deed, of any machination against the Turkish government, of any act of cruelty towards their barbarous and savage masters, whose lives have been sacrificed—whose wives and children have been driven in the most abject state of slavery—whose property has fallen a prey to the plunderers and ruffians by whom they have been attacked. Even those who have been fortunate enough to escape from their native soil, and find a refuge in those friendly ports that line the Mediterranean shores, even they have to suffer unspeakable hardships. Having left their all to save their lives, they are exposed to all the horrors of want—to all the miseries attending the sudden and unexpected change from affluence in their own country, to the extreme of poverty in a foreign land, far removed from friends, or, if within their reach, too much sufferers themselves to be able to afford any efficient relief. From what precedes, you will easily draw these conclusions: 1stly, That our countrymen have been most brutally and wantonly treated by the Turks; and, 2dly, That they gave them no provocation, but that it was their thirst alone for Christian blood and plunder that stimulated them to the total ruin and destruction of our island. It now remains for us, Sir, to point out the best method, according to our ideas, of aiding our distressed fellow countrymen. They may be divided into two classes,—those who have already arrived, or are on the point

of arriving in the ports of Leghorn, Trieste, Ancona, and Malta, stripped of every thing—without money, without clothes, and without food; and those who have been carried into captivity, and are now daily exposed to sale in the markets of Constantinople, Smyrna, and Scio. In the first case, we submit it to the consideration of the charitable contributors of this work of mercy, that a respectable English house be selected in each of the above ports, to receive whatever quota of the contributions may fall to their share; that, (as they cannot exactly be able to discriminate between those who are actually in want, and those who, although seemingly so, have friends both able and willing to give them every assistance they may stand in need of,) one or two respectable Sciot residents may be joined to them to select those who are in the greatest distress, so as to divide the donations as equally and fairly as possible, according to the degree of want in the relieved. In the second case, that English houses may be chosen in Constantinople and Smyrna, (without, however, having any Greeks subjoined to them, as they cannot appear with safety in either city,) for the same purpose. Such are, Sir, what we conscientiously believe to be the means best calculated to alleviate the sufferings of the poor Greeks that have not fallen a sacrifice to fire, sword, pestilence, or fatigue.”

The facts set forth in these letters address an irresistible appeal, in behalf of the sufferers, to all who are placed in happier circumstances. The knowledge of them brings along with it an important moral obligation. While that wide circulation of intelligence by which the present age is distinguished extends our field of observation, it also enlarges our sphere of duty;

and when it brings under our view such scenes of affliction as have been detailed, suggesting, at the same time, the means of alleviating them, it unquestionably demands something more than sympathy. What bosom, warmed with the throb of humanity, burns not with the desire to impart, if it were possible, to the defenceless fugitives, a place of refuge—to the despairing captives, the hope of rescue—and longs not to meet them with those expressions of sympathy and encouragement that may help them to bear up, for a while, under the fiery persecution that now assails them, or save them from despairing for ever of the recovery of those rights that render existence a blessing worth an expiring effort to preserve? To the present case, we may certainly apply these emphatic words of Holy Writ; and to those who have read the preceding extracts, we address the admonition contained in them: “If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, ‘behold, we knew it not,’ doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth he not know it? and shall he not render to every man according to his works?”

In a case which addresses itself so powerfully to the common sympathies of our nature, it might perhaps be descending from the merits of the argument to make our appeal to those interesting recollections that are associated in the minds of scholars, and of persons of taste, with the name, language, and history of the Greeks. Yet who can look, without mingled veneration and pity, on the descendants of that celebrated nation that excelled all others both in arts and in arms—the cradle of liberty—the nurse of genius—the patron of philosophy? And, in these associations, how dis-

tinguished the place held by that famous island, now the seat of desolation and wretchedness, once the favourite residence of the father of poetry, who is still the prince of poets? Who can contemplate the progress of its history, from that distant epoch to the present time, without the most affecting reflections on the mutability of human things, and the sovereignty of the divine dispensations!

Interesting, however, as these recollections are, there are considerations still more affecting, because associated with the higher destinies of man, involved in the union of the *Greek* with the *Christian* name. In these despised Greeks, you behold the descendants of those who, in the early ages of Christianity, formed the chief ornament of the Christian community. The representatives of those churches which an illustrious apostle prized as the highest conquests of his apostleship, and to which he addressed several of those epistles that continue to minister to us the treasures of heavenly wisdom. Their history presents an instructive memorial of the inconstancy and unfaithfulness of the human heart, but we trust is yet to prove an example that God does not cast off for ever. The churches of Greece were unfaithful, and have suffered, during lengthened ages, the retribution of apostacy; but, though cast down, they have not been destroyed. Oppressed by a foreign despotism, victims of the persecution of an intolerant superstition, and, alas! still more weakened and debased by the corruptions of a degenerated Christianity, the Greeks appear, nevertheless, to have retained in the bosom of their churches the grand principles of revealed truth, together with their veneration of those holy oracles which are the fountain of all religious knowledge and purity: and to this, we apprehend, is to be attributed the preserva-

tion among them of those attainments in civilization, and those habits of industry which still distinguish them from their ignorant and barbarous masters. Nor are there wanting symptoms of improvement. It is pleasing to recollect, that in most of the great towns in the Greek islands, Bible Societies have been formed, and that an eminent agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, when he visited those islands two years ago, found every where some who heartily espoused the cause, and lent their aid to the benevolent object of diffusing the Scriptures among their brethren. May we not entertain the hope that these desolations have been permitted by Providence, to humble and to purify, not to destroy? Does not that "name by which they are called"—which, however imperfectly inscribed in their character, is really the grand cause of the enmity of their oppressors, or, at least, the constant apology for the remorseless violence of their persecution—give them a peculiar claim on our regard? How affecting to think of those lambs of the flock of Christ, ravaged and torn for their adherence to that distinguished cause that yields them not its renovating influence—having enough of Christianity to provoke the malevolent rage of its enemies, without those elevating and sustaining principles that carry their reward with them into the bosom, and that wreath the martyr, while sinking in the contest of no dubious issue betwixt truth and error, with a crown of never-fading triumph! May we not hope, that, as they have been preserved by a watchful and guardian, though frowning, Providence, in the profession of the Christian name, amid the changes of so many generations, they may yet be revisited with a restoration of their ancient privileges, the more dearly prized, and

more faithfully cultivated, from the recollection of the crimes and sufferings that attended their loss?

The object of the present address is confined to the simple measure of raising subscriptions for the relief of those Greeks who have escaped with life, after suffering the loss of property or of liberty in the late calamitous events at Scio, or in similar disasters at other places. The case of these unfortunates has already attracted the attention of many benevolent individuals in London, and in other places; and it is not doubted that there are many in this city who are only anxious to be informed in what way they may contribute to the mitigation of such accumulated distresses. To these it must be gratifying to observe, that these respectable Greeks in London, from whose letters extracts are given above, see no insurmountable difficulty in the way, and have pointed out different modes in which the bounty of the benevolent may be safely and effectually applied to the relief of their distressed countrymen.

It is computed that 20,000 Greeks have escaped from the desolation of Scio, to various ports of Europe, stripped of all their property,—in many cases the valuable acquisition of years of industry, whose situation, while it admits of relief, presents, alas! too ample a field for the exercise of the most enlarged liberality.

But that fuller information may be given on the whole of this interesting subject, that an opportunity may be afforded for the expression of public feeling, and that a Committee may be regularly appointed to take charge of the distribution of the funds, it is highly proper that a public meeting should be called, in this city, on an early day, to which all interested in the cause of the Greeks should be invited to attend.

Surely there will not be wanting some public-spirited persons to step forward and give this call; and, from the known humanity and liberality of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, it cannot be doubted that such a meeting, if called, will be numerous and respectable.

Edinburgh, 30th July, 1822.

Since this Pamphlet was sent to press, an Advertisement, to the following effect, has appeared in the Edinburgh Newspapers.

“**THE GREEKS.**—Those who take an interest in the case of the Greeks, are requested to attend a Meeting to be held in the Merchants’ Hall, Hunter’s Square, on Wednesday the 7th of August, at 12 o’clock, to consider of the most effectual means of alleviating their Sufferings.”