

Ο ΥΜΝΟΣ ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑΝ
ΚΑΙ ΟΙ ΤΡΕΙΣ ΠΡΩΤΕΣ ΜΕΤΑΦΡΑΣΕΙΣ ΤΟΥ

—ΓΑΛΛΙΚΑ, ΑΓΓΛΙΚΑ, ΙΤΑΛΙΚΑ—

[1825]



THE *HYMN TO LIBERTY*
AND THE FIRST THREE TRANSLATIONS

—FRENCH, ENGLISH, ITALIAN—

[1825]

THE
SONGS OF GREECE,

FROM

THE ROMANIC TEXT, EDITED BY M. C. FAURIEL,

WITH

ADDITIONS.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

CHARLES BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

The profits of this Volume are given to the Society for the promotion
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11

DITHYRAMBICS
TO LIBERTY

- I. Yes! I know thee by the lightning
Of thy tyrant-slaying glaive,
By thine awful glances bright'ning,
As thou gazest on the brave.
- II. Kindle from our country's ashes,
Liberty! thy sacred fire—
Many a *Spartan* sabre clashes,
Breathe on *one Tyrtæan* lyre!
- III. Thou wert grovelling in the dust,
Humbled by thy bitter doom,
Heaven was still thine only trust—
Heav'n has uttered "Quit the tomb!"
- IV. Brooding o'er our hills and plains,
Silence watch'd the thunder near;
Every arm was cramp'd by chains,
Every heart was chill'd by fear.
- V. Though our father's glorious deeds
Form'd a sadly pleasing theme,
Yet a heart which really bleeds,
Is but mock'd by memory's dream.

- VI. Still thou didst await the cry
Which has shook each mountain crest,
And with frenzy in thine eye,
Tear thy locks and beat thy breast,
- VII. Shrieking: "When will slavery's shame
"Cease with all her wrongs and pains?"
From above the answer came:
Sobs, and groans, and clanking chains.
- VIII. Thou didst lift thy tearful eyes,
And thy robes were dyed in blood—
Hellas was the sacrifice,
Pouring forth that sanguine flood.
- IX. With a garment dropping gore,
And a silent stealthy pace,
Thou didst quit thy native shore,
To adjure the Christian race.
- X. Here thou hast return'd alone,
As thou didst depart before,
Seldom Misery's feeble moan
Opens Power's repulsive door.
- XI. Some dropp'd o'er thy wither'd heart,
Barren, unavailing tears;
Others play'd the tempter's part,
Trifling with thy hopes and fears.
- XII. Others, with a barbarous mirth,
Saw thee woe-begone and pale:
"To thy native Crecian earth,
"Tell", they cried, "thy whining tale."

- XIII. Thou didst shrink in horror back,
And retrace, with hurried tread,
Every plain or mountain track,
With thine ancient glories spread.
- XIV. Still thy frame and spirits pined,
Stretch'd by haughty wealth's abode,
Like some starving wretch reclined,
Bow'd by life's oppressive load.
- XV. Now thy sons, defying danger,
Strike beneath their native sky,
And distrusting every stranger,
Swear to free *themselves*, or die!
- XVI. "Kindle, from our country's ashes,
"Liberty! thy sacred fire!
"Many a Spartan sabre clashes,
"Breathe on *one* Tyrtæan lyre!"
- XVII. Scarcely had the glorious Sun,
Doom'd to ripen fruits and flowers,
On a soil where tyrants won
Every prize that once was ours,
- XVIII. Seen thee rise, than brighter gleams
Made our sunny plains rejoice—
Only heard before in dreams,
Came, like Riga's hymns, thy voice.
- XIX. Isles and mountains, lands and waves,
Hail'd thee with a deaf'ning shout—
Millions, now no longer slaves,
With their hands and hearts spoke out.

- XX. Seven young sisters from the main,
Raised on high applauding hands,
Though protection's treacherous chain
Bound them in its flowery bands.
- XXI. Though that Guardian stamp'd her seal
Upon every Orphan's brow,
And impress'd with martial steel,
Sign of peace, the olive bough.
- XXII. O'er the vast Atlantic deep,
Those, who once knew slavery's woes,
Wish the day, which breaks our sleep,
May, like theirs, in glory close.
- XXIII. While the Spanish Lion roars
From his proud ancestral tower,
Every thundering tone he pours
Seems to welcome Freedom's hour.
- XXIV. See the British Leopard glare (a)
With a jealous bloodshot eye,
On the savage Scythian Bear,
While the Eagle hovers by.
- XXV. If his glances glow with fire,
'Tis lest Scythia's fleets should sweep,
Heedless of Britannia's ire,
O'er the freed Aegean deep,
- XXVI. Where the fount of daylight springs,
See the Austrian eagle soar,
Nourishing her claws and wings
In Ausonia's noblest gore.

- XXVII. Soon as Freedom's accents speak,
With a raven's dismal croak,
And a vulture's greedy beak,
She upholds oppression's yoke.
- XXVIII. Thou art only bent to find
For thy deeds a glorious field;
And thy calm contemptuous mind
Scorns to answer or to yield.
- XXIX. Thus a huge and rugged rock
Stands contemptuous on the shore,
Baffling ocean's billowy shock,
Deaf to all his angry roar.
- XXX. Pouring rain and rattling hail,
All the torments tempests shed,
With a powerless wrath assail
His unmoved eternal head.
- XXXI. Woe to those, who meet the glaive
Grasp'd by Freedom's fearless hand,
And infatuated brave
Geæcia's roused and patriot band.
- XXXII. When the lioness perceives
That her cubs are torn away,
With a ceaseless roar she grieves,
Thirsting for her human prey.
- XXXIII. Through the vales and woods she flies,
Chasing mountain goats and deer;
Where she turns her glaring eyes,
Death and solitude appear.

- XXXIV. Terror, solitude, and death,
Freedom! mark thy withering path,
And the blade without the sheath
But inflames thy righteous wrath.
- XXXV. Tripolitza's haughty walls
Rise upon thy kindling sight—
Soon that Moslem fortress falls,
Suppliant to our Christian might!
- XXXVI. And thy bold, deliberate glance
Shows that victory now is thine;
Maugre many a blade and lance,
Bristling wall and lengthen'd line.
- XXXVII. Hark! the tramp and murmuring sound
Speak a mighty moving host;
Boys and aged men around
Clash their weapons, rage and boast. (1)
- XXXVIII. Crowds shall sink to endless sleep,
Till there scarcely shall remain
Lips to mourn, or eyes to weep
Those whose corses load the plain.
- XXXIX. Each exploding barrel flashes;
Throats of iron roar and rattle—
Many a dented sabre clashes—
Death is hovering o'er the battle.
- XL. Is the deathful combat done?
And in this, war's earliest hour,
Is the Moreor Stambol won?
No! they seek the Tabia's (2) tower.

- XLII. Countless myriads fly o'erpower'd
By a conscience-stricken mind—
Every once imperious coward
Pierced by shameful wounds behind.
- XLIII. While they wait our vengeful blades,
Destiny surveys the fray,
And, 'midst night's mysterious shades,
Singles our her helpless prey.
- XLIV. Now their answering trumpets sound—
Rage and Carnage wake anew;
And the mountains echo round
With that misbelieving crew.
- XLV. Hark, to murderous muskets firing,
Hark, to swords and lances clashing;
Shrieks and groans of men expiring,
Shatter'd beams and bridges crashing!
- XLVI. E'en the memory of those woes
Makes life's shuddering currents creep—
Not an eyelid knew repose,
Save the tomb's eternal sleep.
- XLVII. For that awful scene and hour,
Tumult, shrieks, unpitying rage,
Sulphury clouds, and iron shower,
Where the mingled bands engage,
- XLVIII. Lightnings flashing far and wide,
Seem'd the yawning gulph of hell,
Opening to devour the tribe
Which deserv'd its flames so well.

- XLVIII. Files of spectres floated by,
Fleshless skeletons that rose,
With the socket of an eye
To enjoy their tyrant's woes.
- XLIX. Dismally from van to rear
Lower'd that brotherhood of death,
Like the pall which shrouds the bier
Of a warrior reft of breath.
- L. From her cold and damp embrace
Earth released these glastly shades,
Every phantom's limbs and face
Seeming gash'd by Moslem blades:
- LI. Wither'd death-like wandering forms,
Dry and numerous as the leaves,
Which, when Autumn breathes his storms,
Earth's unfeeling breast receives!
- LII. While they mount the castle's height,
All is silence near and far!
All is darkness! save the light
Of one solitary star.
- LIII. As, when o'er the tranquil plain
Cynthia hovering, pale but bright,
Sheds the long and trembling train
Of her rich and slumbering light,
- LIV. While the midnight breezes wake,
And the forest rustles round,
From the branches, as they shake,
Shadows quiver on the ground;

- LIV. Thus they dance, with piercing cries,
O'er each mangled trunk of head,
Gazing with their hollow eyes,
Where the pools of blood are spread.
- LVI. Others quit the coffin's rest,
To augment the Grecian band,
And on every warrior's breast
Lay a cold and wither'd hand;
- LVII. Cold, yet like a touch of fire,
Shooting through the inmost soul;
Till the reign of headlong Ire
Chases Mercy's soft controul.
- LVIII. Warfare roused to vengeance urges
Every blade that lays them low,
Like the Ocean's angry surges,
When stern Winter's tempests blow.
- LIX. Strokes are rattling fast as hail;
And the wound which Grecians deal,
Roused by freedom, never fail
To make even Moslems feel.
- LX. While their eye-balls fiercely roll,
In the fury of the fray,
You might deem that every soul
Long'd to quit its shrouding clay.
- LXI. Thought the throbbing heart is still
In each warrior's awestruck breast,
Yet the firm determined will
To be freed is not repress'd.

- LXII. Heaven and earth, and skies and seas,
Fade before their dizzy sight,
For the universe to these
Is the spot on which they fight.
- LXIII. Of the myriads now alive,
Blindly, desperately engaging,
Turk nor Grecian will survive,
Such tremendous wrath is raging.
- LXIV. Under walls and arches shatter'd,
Where the struggling columns meet,
O'er the gory soil are scatter'd
Mangled heads, and hands, and feet,
- LXV. Swords and pouches, human brains,
Skulls, that many a horseshoe crushes,
Hearts, now dead to earthly pains,
Whence the crimson life-stream gushes.
- LXVI. But our warriors scarcely heed
Greek or Moslem, dead or dying,
And while thousands round them bleed,
March where Hourschid's Tugh is flying. (b)
- LXVII. Every soldier quits his post
Only when he quits his life,
And it seems as if that host
Had but just *begun* the strife.
- LXVIII. Aga, Zaim, and Timar dies, (c)
Vainly yielding, vainly striving;
Till desponding prayers arise
From the Moslems yet surviving.

- LXIX. "Allah! Allah!" still they shriek,
Shrinking from the avenger's blow;
"On for freedom!" shouts the Greek,
Chasing many a turban'd foe.
- LXX. All around is fear and terror,
Feeble moans, or piercing cries,
Smoke, confusion, doubt, and error,
As each victim fights or dies.
- LXXI. When the fourth bright morning shed
Light o'er nature's dewy tears,
As they lay, the whistling lead
Froze not now their blood with fears.
- LXXII. Though, alas! the flowers no more
Drank with downy lips the dew,
But were steep'd in all the gore
Of that slaughter'd Moslem crew;
- LXXIII. Yet the breezes of the morn,
Which had fann'd the crescent's pride,
Breathed on banners proudly borne,
Where the Cross was waving wide.
- LXXIV. "Kindle from our country's ashes,
"Liberty! thy sacred fire!
"Many a Spartan sabre clashes,—
"Breathe on one Tyrtæan lyre!"
- LXXV. Now I gaze on vales and streams,
All Corinthia's wide domain!
Fiercer fires than solar beams
Gild the foliage of that plain.

- LXXVI. There no more the sportive breeze
Wafts the music of the flute;
Bleating flocks and whispering trees,
Murnuring birds and founts are mute.
- LXXVII. Living streams of Turks are roll'd,
Like the waves against the shore;
But the Grecians, calmly bold,
Keep their post, and wait for more.
- LXXVIII. Ye three hundred Spartan spirits!
Gaze upon your children's glory!
See how Maina's race inherits
All that mark'd her ancient story!
- LXXIX. Like some dire and hateful ghost,
Fading when morn's herald calls,
All that vast tumultuous host
Has retired to Corinth's walls.
- LXXX. While the thrilling trumpet sounds,
With the avenging angel's cry,
Plague and Famine walk their rounds,
Spectres livid, thin, and dry.
- LXXXI. Death, with unrelenting hand,
Heaps each blighted gory field,
With such victims as a band
Worn by lengthen'd woes can yield.
- LXXXII. Glorious Freedom! Thou, whose blow
Never yet was struck in vain,
Thou art pacing stern and slow
O'er the corse-encumber'd plain.

- LXXXIII. But beneath the plane-tree's shade
I behold a graceful choir,
Form'd by many a snowy maid,
Bounding to their Grecian lyre.
- LXXXIV. In the bright and joyous dance
Glitters many a love-fraught eye,
While at every zephyr's chance
Gold or sable tresses fly.
- LXXXV. When I think from every breast,
Manly virtue's milky tide
Will by Freedom's lips be prest,
All my Being swells with pride.
- LXXXVI. Stretch'd beneath o'er-shadowing bowers,
While I drain the generous wine,
Crown'd, as Pindar was, with flowers,
Freedom! thus, my song is thine:
- LXXXVII. "Kindle from our country's ashes,
"Liberty! thy sacred fire,
"Many a Spartan sabre clashes—
"Breathe on one Tyrtæan lyre!"
- LXXXVIII. Thy benign and welcome sway
Cheer'd sad Misolonghi's gloom,
On that hallow'd mystic day
When Christ bade the desert bloom. (3)
- LXXXIX. Pale Religion strode before,
With her glittering Cross on high;
And her saintly fingers bore
Keys to unlock the flaming sky.

- XC. "Liberty!" Religion cried,
With a sister's fond embrace,
"Guard our walls in fearless pride,
"While I tread this holy place."
- XCI. Many a censer round her breathes,
Leaning on the altar's rail,
Till those fragrant misty wreaths
Shroud her with a silvery veil.
- XCII. Hymns are murmuring sweet and faint,
Round her countless tapers flame,
Lighting every pictured Saint,
Each within his gilded frame.
- XCIII. See! the Moslem foes advance—
Hark! they shout, and fiercely shake
Many a musket, sword, and lance—
But they find thee still awake.
- XCIV. And that light, which seen afar
Crowns thy brow with threat'ning rays,
Bright as morning's lingering star,
Is no common earthly blaze.
- XCV. O'er thy princely form and head
Quickly varying lustre flies;
And intenser glories spread
O'er thy brow, and lips, and eyes.
- XCVI. Thou dost lift the glaive of power,
And, advancing on the foe,
Tall as some tremendous tower,
Deal the long retarded blow.

XCVII. Thus thy thrilling accents speak:—
“’Tis the day which saw the birth
“Of an infant poor and weak;
“The Redeemer of the earth.”

XCVIII. “I am come,” the Saviour cried, (4)
“The Beginning and the End.
“Where shall trembling sinners hide,
“When my vengeful bolts descend?”

XCIX. They shall pierce, rewarding well
Othman’s unbelieving crew;
Till the threaten’d flames of hell
Seem like April’s balmy dew.

C. They consume, like crackling splinters,
Forests fill’d with roaring beasts;
Mountains bleach’d by countless winters,
Cities gay with regal feasts;

CI. Earth, and all man’s guilty kind;
Leaving not a vital breath;
Save the cold funereal wind
Scattering wide the dust of death.

CII. Who bestow’d thy glorious being,
Mightiest Freedom? Heavenly wrath!
Vain is struggling, vainer fleeing,
From thy desolation’s path.

CIII. Earth has felt the fearful strength
Of thy bared and gory arm;
Which will sweep like chaff at length
Othman’s Asiatic swarm.

- CIV. Ocean own'd thy might before,
Startling Europe's jealous ear,
Like the lion's angry roar,
With the surge of wrath and fear.
- CV. Wretches! terror makes you try
Wild Aspro-Potàmo's waves;
Better were it far to die
By the fierce pursuers' glaives
- CVI. Heaven prepares a dreadful doom
Where that swelling current flows;
Every Moslen finds a tomb,
Ere his dying struggles close.
- CVII. Thousands, as they sink or float,
Shout, and shriek, and groan, and wail;
And from many a gurgling throat
Curses, gasp'd in death, exhale.
- CVIII. Many a neighing sted has sunk,
Plunging 'midst the o'erwhelming water;
Trampling each his rider's trunk,
In that scene of bloodless slaughter.
- CIX. One with clutch'd and stiff'ning hand
Grasps his comrade, ne'er to part;
One has plunged his desperate brand
In his own rebellious heart.
- CX. Heads unturban'd, shorn, and bare,
Roll supine their haggard eyes;
Gazing, with a ghastly glare,
On the dim and fading skies.

- CXI. Life's and Death's conflicting roar
Cease like some distemper'd dream;
And the conscious currents pour,
Shrouding all, their hurried stream.
- CXII. May the sea, with vengeful haste,
Thus devour that guilty nation;
As the boundless watery waste
Once o'erwhelm'd earth's whole creation!
- CXIII. May celestial vengeance cast
All their corpses bathed in gore,
Tost by every wave and blast,
On the Hellespontine shore!
- CXIV. May stern Mahmoud see them heap'd!
May his own imperial hands
Bind the sheaves which Death has reap'd,
And inter those lifeless bands!
- CXV. May each stone become a tomb!
Through the land let Freedom stalk,
Marking for the avenging doom
Victims on her awful walk.
- CXVI. Achelous vainly drunk
Limbs that struggle, lips that quiver!
Soon each corse, or head, or trunk,
Rose upon the buoyant river;
- CXVII. And it bore with eager sweep,
On its angry, foaming waves,
To the huge and greedy deep,
Othman's unlamented slaves.

- CXVIII. Would that I could breathe a song,
Such as warm'd the prophet's lips
When the ocean, doubly strong,
Swallow'd Egypt's hosts like ships.
- CXIX. On that shore he thank'd his God,
With a deep, sonorous voice;
Israel, which had felt the rod,
Dared at length again rejoice.
- CXX. Miriam, holy, young, and fair,
In that proud and thrilling hour,
Mingled with her brother's prayer
Music's most ecstatic power.
- CXXI. Israel's tender virgins meeting,
Struck the timbrels in their hands!
While their measured steps were beating
Wild Arabia's pathless sands.
- CXXII. "Yes! I know thee by the lightning
"Of thy tyrant slaying glaive;
"By thine eager glances bright'ning,
"As thou gazest on the brave."
- CXXIII. Long did sorrowing Hellas mourn thee,
Overwhelm'd, but unsubdued;
Now her soil and seas have borne thee,
With thy glorious steps renew'd.
- CXXIV. Round her shores the briny deep
Spreads its tutelary waves;
When aroused, like thee, from sleep,
Fear'd as much by Stambol's slaves.

- CXXV. Like the whirlwind's savage sport,
Freedom's storm invades the ear;
Fleets and tyrants seek the port,
Wing'd with speed by guilty fear.
- CXXVI. Peace, like nature's calm, returning,
Brings to glad the mental eye,
Glory's sunshine brightly burning,
And Hope's boundless azure sky.
- CXXVII. "Long did sorrowing Hellas mourn thee,
"Overwhelm'd, but unsubdued;
"Now her soil and seas have borne thee,
"With thy glorious steps renew'd".
- CXXVIII. Countless keels are hurrying past,
Wheresoe'er the Aegean roars;
Forests form'd by many a mast,
Crowd with foes its peopled shores.
- CXXIX. All those ships shall soon be beat,
Sunk, or grounded, burnt, or taken,
By thy small and feeble fleet;
And thy strength remain unshaken!
- CXXX. Scarcely has thy glance descried
Two vast tyrants of the deep,
Bearing down in barbarous pride,
Ere thine iron volleys sweep;
- CXXXI. And successive sulphurous flashes
Down thy lowering tiers are bright'ning;
Till each floating mountain crashes,
Pierced by bolts of mortal lightning. (5)

- CXXXII. All the Moslems, chiefs and crews,
In those guilty waves have sunk;
Where the heaven-detested Jews
Cast the patriarch's mangled trunk.
- CXXXIII. Dearest friends, and bitterest foes,
Through Byzantium's streets had met;
On the day when Christ arose,
To forgive, and to forget.
- CXXXIV. But the patriarch's holy feet,
Tho' the laurel leaves are spread, (6)
Press no more the crowded street:
Græcia's hallow'd sire is dead!
- CXXXV. Christians! mourn your saintly Lord!
Mourn Gregorious, good and great!
He has felt the strangling cord,
Met and borne the assassin's fate!
- CXXXVI. See, those lips are forced asunder,
Which imbibed Christ's mystic blood;
E'en in death they seem to thunder
Curses on the unchristian brood,
- CXXXVII. Who, with hands and arms beside them,
Can forbear at once to seize
Rights that Mahmoud's pride denied them,
By such manly means as these.
- CXXXVIII. Hark! I hear an angry sound,
Rolling o'er the sea and earth;
Echoing mountains shout around,
Hailing Freedom's second birth.

- CXXXIX. Yes! 'tis She, adored of old!
But her eyes glance shame and fire;
With a motion proud and cold,
She has bid me hush my lyre.
- CXL. Thrice she turns an anxious gaze
Over Europe's seas and lands;
Then rewards, with words of praise,
Græcia's now victorious bands:
- CXLI. "Never will my sons receding,
"Purchase slavery's life by flight;
"For the last among them, bleeding,
"Would expire with stern delight.
- CXLII. "Othman's threatening power is crush'd;
"Europe waits to own your fame,
"Till one hostile voice is hush'd,
"Which is whispering guilt and shame.
- CXLIII. "One, whose breath, howe'er, returning,
"Ye may bring the spoils of glory,
"Which your valour has been earning,
"Long will dim your country's story:
- CXLIV. "DISCORD, whose perfidious hand
"Holds a sceptre to beguile,
"With the visions of command,
"Each who trusts the sorcerer's smile.
- CXLV. "Though that sceptre seems so bright,
"Trust it not, ye sons of Greece!
"For its slightest touch would blight
"All your budding hopes of peace.

- CXLVI. "Warriors! let it ne'er be said,
"In this consecrated strife,
"Discord whets a Grecian blade
"To destroy one Christian life.
- CXLVII. "Mark their base intestine hate"—
Thus will hostile nations cry:
"Leave those Christians to their fate
"Who deserve not liberty.
- CXLVIII. "Show them, that a race, which draws
"For their country's sake their swords,
"Seeks their guerdon in *the cause*,
"Not in plunder'd Moslem hoards.
- CXLIX. "Let those streams of precious blood
"Which from Grecian bosoms flow,
"Be a bond to link the good,
"Thro' each dire extreme of woe!
- CL. "Think of all that yet remains
"For your conquering blades to win;
"Recollect your recent chains!—
"Prudence now is shame and sin.
- CLI. "Warriors of immortal worth!
"Show the cross, your sacred sign,
"To the monarchs of the earth,
"Waving o'er each marshall'd line.
- CLII. "Tell them, 'tis for this ye fight;
"Say: 'for this, our common creed,
"Through oppression's cheerless night,
"Grecian martyrs sought to bleed.

- CLIII. "This is what the Moslem mocks,
"Fearless, unchastised blasphemer;
"Slaughtering your helpless flocks,
"And reviling your Redeemer!
- CLIV. "'Tis for this that Hellas gave
"Streams of life-blood vainly shed
"By the Moslem's thirsty glaive;—
"Hear ye not the martyr'd dead?
- CLV. "Monarchs! if ye scorn'd their cry,
"When it sounded shrill and clear,
"And, while centuries glided by,
"Vainly smote each Christian ear?
- CLVI. "Hear it *now!* 'tis not the breeze
"That, when evening's shadows fall,
"Whispers through the bending trees,—
"But a voice like Abel's call.
- CLVII. "Say, what mean ye? shall our race
"Yet again be great and free?
"Or deliberately base,
"Will ye crush our liberty?
- CLVIII. "If ye meditate the deed,
"When ye join our Pagan foes;
"Let the cross for which we bleed,
"Feel each Christian monarch's blows."

NOTES OF THE POET

1. All the male inhabitants of Tripolitza, above the age of fourteen, took up arms.
2. The "Tabia" is the citadel of Tripolitza.
3. Isaiah, chap. XXXV.
4. Apocalypse, ch. XXI.
5. The burning of the Capitan Pashas and another ship off Tenedos, Oct. 29.
6. The Christians of the East strew laurels on Easter Sunday.

NOTES OF THE TRANSLATOR

- a. Two lions and two castles quarter'd are the arms of Spain; an eagle those of Austria; and three leopards are supposed by M. Salomos, to be those of England; which is, however, an error, arising from the bad heraldic drawing of our three lions.
- b. The *Tugh* is the standard of a vizier, composed of three horse-tails. Hourschid Pasha, although absent in Albania, commanded by deputy in Tripolitza, where his Harem was found, and *respected*.
- c. Different ranks of Feudatories.

