

A SCENE AT THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

HOW A MEMBER OF THE CHINESE EMBASSY RETURNED TO A QUARTER.

[From the Alta California, April 22.]

No people on earth are more quickly disgusted by the tone of patronizing familiarity which snobs of all nationalities assume toward those they deem beneath them in the scale of civilization and intelligence than the educated Chinese, and they generally manage to prick the bubble of snobbish self-conceit in a very quiet but effective manner. A case in point occurred at the Occidental Hotel billiard room on Saturday. One of the members of the Chinese Embassy had strolled into the room, and was intently watching the play of two first-rate amateurs, who were making some capital shots, and evidently fully understanding the game in all its bearings. At last one of the players made a brilliant shot, and getting the balls cornered nursed them until he made an immense run. At this a member of the genus snob, who stood looking on, slapped the grave Celestial on the back familiarly, and said, "Well John, how like a star, eh?" The reply, in perfect English, in a loud, clear voice, attracted the attention of all around: "Sir, you should know that this is not the proper manner to address a stranger." The young man, somewhat abashed, but not yet ready to get down from his high horse, blurted out, half apologetically, "Well, you needn't take any offense, you know I don't happen to know your name, and when we speak to a Chinaman we always call him John, you see." The Celestial bowed, and waving his hand in a manner that said unmistakably, "Go about your business," replied: "Well, sir, if you have any more communications to make to me, you had better see Mr. Burlingame and have an introduction." This hint was as good as a kick, and the officious youth slunk away in silence, while the Celestial turned quietly to watch the game as if nothing more important had occurred.

ARKADI.
THE HEROISM OF THE CRETANS.

The following is an extract from an address on the subject of the war in Crete, delivered at Albany, New York, on the 23rd ult., by Lieutenant Governor Stewart L. Woodford:

In August, 1866, within a few days after the call for arms, nearly 20,000 Christian Cretans were in the field. As many Turks stood opposed to them. The latter were in concentrated masses, while the insurgents were divided into a dozen different bands, occupying the mountain region in the center and west of the island. At first the Turks secured every where the success. But doubt began to be cast upon their boasts of speedy victory when their arms of 8,000 men laid siege to the town of Zuba; and after a heroic defense of two days by its little garrison of 500 Cretans, were repulsed with severe loss. This rocky nest among the Sphakian mountains received the name of "Zuba, the impregnable," and opened its gates at once as a safe retreat for the wives and children of the patriots.

Turkey instantly put 40,000 men into the field. Outnumbered at every point, the insurgents foretook the valleys and withdrew to their mountain fortresses. Then in their insane wrath the Turks bared the scimitar against the defenceless and the flame finished what other cruelty could not accomplish. The blood of the aged stained their hearthstones and the fire left only a heap of ashes where happy homes had stood. Children were tortured; women treated with infamy; boys slain lest they might grow to be warriors, and girls sent to grace the harems of the jaded voluptuaries of Constantinople. Even when permission had been granted to the men of war of the Christian powers to carry away to Greece the starving wives of the insurgents, Turkish vessels bore down upon the coast, summoned the waiting creatures from their hiding places in the caves, and then swept them down with grape and canister. Still the world looked on with apathy and accepted the announcement of the Turkish Grand Vizier in the autumn of 1866 that the rascally robbers of Candia had been driven to their holes and that the rebellion was ended.

Then, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, came the story of the sublime tragedy at Arkadi. The patient endurance of the women and children and the heroism of the men of Crete found their apotheosis in that act. So grand a story will bear brief repetition.

At the foot of one of the secondary slopes of Mount Ida, in the midst of a beautiful plain, stood the monastery of Arkadi. Erected originally in the days of the Emperor Heraclius, more than 1,200 years ago, its gray walls had been strengthened by the Venetians during their subsequent occupation of the island and made well nigh impregnable. Here the Cretan National Committee had their headquarters. Here, also, Coroneas, one of the insurgent chiefs, was wont to rest himself and his little band from the fury of Mustapha Pasha. The latter determined to surprise him, made a forced march from Retimo, on the night of the 18th of November, 1866, and succeeded in entering the surrounding village unperceived. But Coroneas was absent with his band and the National Committee had but a few hours before removed to a place of greater security and further within the mountains. There were in the monastery, all told, but 540 persons, of whom 348 were women and children and nearly all the rest were old men and priests. But all were heroes. The brave Turk summoned them to surrender. With one voice they declined. Less than 200 in number these old men and priests determined to defend their post. The very men and children helped to stand guard. On the morning reinforcements arrived, which swelled Mustapha's force to nearly 1,500 men with 26 cannon. For three long days this host besieged the monastery.

For three long days this handful of heroes fought the battle of despair. At last the artillery had breached the wall so valiantly defended. With the Cretan Museum at their head the Turk swept up to the charge. From door and window, from gate and loophole and rampart the fight was kept up, and the storming party withered under the deadly fire. For well nigh six hours the work of carnage went on, and the

breach was piled with Muslim wounds and slain. Then, when the fire grew slack and the end was nearly come, the leaders embraced each other in mute farewell and fell by their own hands. The heroic Gabriel, the Hegumenos or Governor of the monastery, fighting to the last moment, blew his own brains out as the foremost Turk reached forward to take him prisoner. The remainder fleeing to the inner shrine, where the vaults of the dead served as the powder magazine, gathered around an aged priest and besought deliverance from the horrors of captivity. With sudden inspiration of despair he touched his match and then

"Spirits, vanish, the shrine, the spoil, the slain. All that of living or dead remain. Buried on high with the shivering fane. In one wild roar expired and slain. The shattered town, the walls thrown down."

The hills that shake, although unrent, As if an earthquake passed, The thousand shapes of things all driven, In cloud and flame athwart the heaven, By that tremendous blast.

Proclaimed the desperate diet o'er, On that too long afflicted shore. Three thousand wounded and dead were the price paid by the Turks, for this fearful victory. Mustapha Pasha went back to Retimo, but there was no exultation in his ranks. Every building on his line of march was destroyed; the olive orchards were cut down; the vineyards pulled up; the very cattle sheds all burned, and, literally, no green thing was left where his infuriated followers passed.

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