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EXCURSIONS IN ALBANIA;

COMPRISING

A DESCRIPTION

OF THE

WILD BOAR, DEER, AND WOODCOCK SHOOTING

IN THAT COUNTRY;

AND

A JOURNEY FROM THENCE TO

THESSALONICA & CONSTANTINOPLE,

AND

UP THE DANUBE TO PEST.

By CAPT. J. J. BEST, 34th Regt.

LONDON:

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TO

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS, BART.,

G.C.B. & G.C.M.G.,

AS A

TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD AND ESTEEM,

THIS WORK

IS,

WITH HIS PERMISSION,

INSCRIBED BY HIS MOST OBLIGED,

MOST OBEDIENT, AND VERY FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

During a residence of nearly six years at Corfu, I was enabled, through the kindness of Lieut.-General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., on whose military staff I had the honour of holding the post of aide-de-camp, to make two very interesting tours in Albania—a magnificent, but almost unknown country. In the first, I visited Janina, the celebrated but now nearly ruined capital of the renowned Ali Pasha; and in the second, I penetrated still further into the interior of the country, and making my way to Thessalonica, passed on to Constantinople, and by the way of the

Danube to Pest and Vienna, returning to Corfu by Trieste.

Finding, on my arrival in England a few months since, that the notes which I had hastily thrown together during these excursions were more voluminous than I had anticipated, it occurred to me that I could not better employ my leisure time during my leave of absence than in revising them, and I now give them to the public with no other pretension than that of an attempt on my part faithfully to depict some very interesting scenes it fell to my lot to witness.

The observations in the following pages on the countries through which I passed were suggested to me—an impartial observer—by the actual state in which those countries appeared to me to be. The tottering condition of the Ottoman empire—the very evident waning of the Turkish moon—cannot fail to strike forcibly any one who penetrates into the interior of any of the unhappy provinces whose Christian populations are still under the rule of the Musselmaun despot—Great Britain's ally.

I have been rather particular as to dates, time, and distances, because I found it a great inconvenience not to be able, when travelling, to calculate how long I might expect to be on my journey. Many persons will say that it can be of no possible consequence to a reader whether the traveller arrived at a particular place, at a particular day and hour, or no. It may be of no consequence to the casual reader, but to one who wishes to make the same journey, it is of the utmost importance.

Whilst endeavouring to amuse, I have been careful to confine myself strictly to matters of fact; and I must take this opportunity of stating, that in describing the barbarities that were practised upon the unfortunate Albanians at Thessalonica, I have been obliged to suppress some which were not fit to meet the public eye.

As connected with Albania generally, I have devoted two chapters to an attempt at describing the magnificent shooting in that country during the winter season; and if I shall have succeeded in recalling in a pleasing manner to the recollec-

tion of any of my sporting friends the happy days we have spent there together, I shall not regret having stept forward before the world as an author.

MAIDSTONE, *Jan.*, 1842.

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EXCURSIONS IN ALBANIA,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARATIONS FOR JOURNEY—PRINCE PIERRE NAPOLEON—SAYADES—PHILATES—TURKISH SOLDIER AT PRAYERS—KHAN—FIGHTING BEFORE DINNER DISAGREEABLE—GREEK MARRIAGE PARTY—ENTER JANINA—TAKEN PRISONERS—RELEASE FROM DURANCE VILE—SIGNOR CLERICI—FORT—BAZAARS—DRESS OF ALBANIANS—WOMEN CARRY IMMENSE LOADS.

In the month of November, 1838, Captains Murray and Cunynghame, of the 60th Rifles, Lieutenant Shaw, of the 5th Fusiliers, and myself, agreed to make a short tour in Albania; and, arranging to pass the seven days' quarantine, to which we should be subject on our return to Corfu, on board Captain Cunynghame's yacht, we found that we could, by taking on board a guard-

ian from the Health Office, relieve the tedium of our imprisonment by cruizing to the coast of Albania, and, under the eye of the guardian, shooting woodcocks and other game with which that country at that season abounds.

Having accordingly made our arrangements, and hired as a travelling servant Giovanni Zaruchi, a native of Suli, in Albania, well acquainted with the country we wished to visit, and speaking both Greek and Albanian, as well as the Italian and English languages, we sailed from Corfu at night, and landed the next morning at Sayades, a small village, or rather a collection of dirty hovels, on the coast nearly opposite to the citadel of Corfu. Here we procured, without much delay, a sufficient number of common pack-horses to carry ourselves and our baggage, and, having agreed with the guides to reach Janina on the evening of the second day, proceeded on our way, at the slow but sure rate of about two miles an hour.

About eight months previous to this, an affray had taken place between some Albanians and Prince Pierre Napoleon, son of Lucien Bonaparte. The prince, in company with some other

persons, was shooting on the coast of Albania, not far from the place where we landed, and some misunderstanding having arisen between him and some Albanians who were near the spot, shots were exchanged, in which two Albanians were severely wounded. Considerable exasperation on the part of the Albanians towards all persons, especially Franks, who might land from the Ionian Islands was for a long time the consequence of this unfortunate adventure; and the English officers of the garrison, who had for years been in the habit of frequenting the coast of Albania for the purpose of shooting, and who had always contrived to keep clear of hostile collisions with the half-savage people that are found near the coast, were for a time prohibited from landing there, the Ionian government judging it expedient to suspend the granting of the indulgence of a guardian of the Corfu Health Office to accompany them; without which guardian all persons communicating with the inhabitants of Albania are subject to a quarantine at Corfu, of from seven to twenty-one days, according to the less or greater prevalence of the plague in the Ottoman dominions. All shooting was accor-

dingly put an end to for that season; but an arrangement having been made with the persons who had been wounded, the Ionian government granting them a compensation of a few hundred dollars, communication, under the sanitory regulation of being accompanied in shooting excursions by a guardian, was again to be allowed.

On starting, therefore, on our expedition, as we were the first English who had entered Albania since Prince Pierre had met with his adventure, we all felt somewhat doubtful as to the reception we might meet with from the inhabitants, who might very possibly be disposed to avenge themselves upon any Englishman who might land in their territory for the injury inflicted upon their countrymen by Prince Pierre Napoleon; and therefore, after consideration, we thought it advisable to travel well armed, in order to be prepared to defend ourselves in case of an attack. To this end each carried a double-barrelled gun and a brace of pistols, besides a sword strapped on to his saddle. The event, however, proved that there was no need of these precautions; we never, during the whole of this or of my second journey in Albania, in which I penetrated much

further into the interior of the country, met with the least difficulty or the slightest molestation from any of the inhabitants. We were accompanied from Sayades by what was supposed to be a soldier, who acted as our guard, if a badly armed Albanian, with a wretched firelock, could be considered to be any protection to four Englishmen, well armed with swords, pistols, and double-barrelled guns. However, the appearance was all that was required, it shewed that we were persons of consequence, and that the shield of the authorities was held over us, but whether that shield was capable of sheltering us or not did not very much signify.

Arrived at the khan at Philates, where we were to rest ourselves and horses for a short time, our first care was to get something to eat, but the Moslem soldier's thoughts were turned to a more spiritual occupation. Whilst we sat down cross-legged to devour cold meat and eggs, and drink wine-and-water, the pious Turk, at a little distance from us, on the same verandah, a very old wooden one, which extended all the way along the first floor, and from which were the entrances to the different rooms of the khan, was on his

knees, with his face turned, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of Mecca, going through his mid-day prayers and prostrations. A Turk does not like to be looked at whilst he is praying. He does not mind a casual observer, and seems rather gratified than otherwise at shewing that he is praying; but he will avoid, if he possibly can, being closely observed by a Frank, and I have known other Turks stand in the way, so as to prevent his movements from being too narrowly watched. As it happened, we were much too hungry to cause the least uneasiness to our friend; and the sight of a Moslem at his prayers not being a novelty to any one of us, he was allowed to pursue his devotions, unmolested by look or act as far as we were concerned. We had hardly satisfied the first and most urgent demands of hunger, when our attention was aroused by a violent altercation, and on looking up, we found the Turk in serious, loud, and earnest conversation with another, apparently influential, person, and much better dressed than himself. We listened, although at the time we had not the good fortune to be aware of the subject of their conversation; but at last the soldier, apparently with

great unwillingness, was seen to retire slowly to the spot where he had been going through his devotions, and kneel down again. Again the other Turk spoke to him in an authoritative tone, again he slightly changed his position, till at last being fixed with his head fairly towards Mecca, he went through the same prostrations as he had done before. On inquiry, we found that the unfortunate soldier had gone through the ceremony wrong, and that his superior had obliged him to commence and do it all over again, because he had said his first prayers with his face, by some mistake, slightly averted from the direction of the holy city.

Having finished our frugal repast, we began to think of mounting our horses and proceeding on our journey, when, to our surprise and dismay, the guides, with the greatest imaginable coolness, said we must remain at Philates for the night. "Not proceed!!" We were by turns indignant, furious, and inclined to treat it as a joke. Did the guides really mean to force us to obey them? We soon saw that they had made up their minds that they had travelled quite far enough for that day, and that, right or wrong, proceed they would not.

We argued with them, then tried persuasions, then threats. At last they explained, and fairly told us that it was utterly impossible for us to proceed, because one of the horses which we had hired belonged to another person, who had taken him away because he was lame, and that another horse could not be procured to supply his place until the next morning. They thought this reason would satisfy us of the impossibility of proceeding, and that we should quietly resign ourselves to our fate. We coolly asked them if they would proceed if another horse was procured. "Oh! certainly," they replied (knowing well that we should not be able to get one). "Very well, then," said we, "we will put the baggage which the horse carried on one of the other horses, and we will *take it by turns to walk*." To shift the baggage was the work of a few minutes, and the guides, with downcast countenances and evident feelings of reluctance, left the town in which they had made up their minds to pass the night. We had not proceeded half-a-mile before the missing horse, with no signs whatever of lameness, came trotting up to us with his owner on his back, who was in evident dismay at the probability of our

rejecting him, and that he would thereby lose his job of going with us to Janina. We however forgave him, and they, after so signal a failure of their scheme to detain us, did not attempt to give us any further trouble.

Leaving then Philates, which is the only Turkish town of any size on the road between Corfu and Janina, we took up our abode for the night, after a ride of nine hours, at a khan or public lodging-house, situated in a barren, uninhabited country, having on our way thither ascended sides of almost perpendicular mountains, where the bold and romantic scenery, becoming if possible more striking at each turn of the rugged path, which has been so appropriately called the Scala (or steps), was beautifully illumined by the silvery rays of a brilliant moon. These mountains are all wild-looking, rocky, and barren; there is a little cultivation in the valleys and plains; but the whole country generally has a most deserted appearance, and hour after hour did we ride without meeting a human creature. Villages are very thinly scattered throughout the country, and the want of population generally cannot fail to strike with astonishment any person coming from

the more thickly inhabited parts of Western Europe.

The khans are buildings erected by the government for the accommodation of travellers, and are very plentiful on all the main roads. They are entirely unfurnished; in some there are a good many rooms, and the building itself is surrounded by a wall enclosing a court-yard, in which the horses are turned for the night. The gate of the khan is kept carefully locked, lest a marauding party of Albanians should carry off the animals whilst their owners are asleep. The khangee, as the keeper of the khan is called, generally sells wine and Indian corn-cake or bread. There are khans in the towns likewise, but these are inhabited generally by the lowest and dirtiest rabble, consequently cleanliness must not be looked for in them. After taking the precaution of sweeping the floor, we used to place our quilts to sit cross-legged upon whilst we ate our frugal meal, and then in a short time forgot our cares. The khans are seldom water-tight, and travellers may have opportunities of star-gazing occasionally through the roof; but these are minor inconveniences, not worth mentioning. Vermin are certainly abun-

dant, but to this, too, a good ride of from twelve to sixteen hours renders a traveller astonishingly callous.

The second day of our journey we were on horseback for about sixteen hours, the greater part of this time in as pouring a rain as can be imagined, much more heavy than is ever seen in England. After about eight hours' riding, finding ourselves very cold and very wet, we began to think that some cold mutton we carried in a pannier would console us, in some small degree, for our misfortunes. We came accordingly to the determination to halt for a short time in an open space on the side of a hill, where there was grass for the horses to eat. Scarcely, however, had we commenced to unpack the provision basket, when we observed, at a little distance, twenty or thirty Albanians coming towards us with considerable rapidity, shouting, and firing their guns, like riflemen skirmishing. As they continued to approach us fast, we quickly stood to our arms, and made up our minds to shew as good a fight as we could. The numbers were on the side of the Albanians, but our guns were double-barrelled, and not so likely to miss fire as theirs. Still we should

have a hard fight, and none of us relished the idea of fighting before dinner. I believe we should have laughed at them, if we could only have had time to get something to eat; but to find oneself, after a ride of eight hours and drenched to the skin, obliged to stand up to be shot at, instead of cutting into a cold shoulder of mutton, which was at that instant most invitingly paraded before us by our provident servant, is, I can assure any one who has not experienced it, a very provoking, somewhat annoying, and certainly not an "agreeable thing."

However, it was of no use talking, or wishing the Albanians anywhere but where they were; on they came, in spite of our hearty good wishes that they were in a place it would not be polite to mention; and as to all appearances fight we must, even with empty stomachs, we shewed a bold front, and waited patiently for the bullets, which we expected every minute to whiz past our ears. In the meantime, the shouting and discharge of fire-arms continued, the Albanians neared us fast, and we were watching them closely, though, at the same time, casting many wistful glances towards the shoulder of mutton, when on a sudden

one of our party observed a female on horseback in the midst of the attacking body of skirmishers. "Very odd," thought we all. In an instant we perceived another walking by her side. "More and more unintelligible." We had heard that the Albanians were a curious race, but for our lives we could not comprehend what two females could possibly have to do with so warlike a looking party. As soon as Giovanni saw the women, he began to laugh. We stared, and for a few moments he could hardly recover his gravity sufficiently to explain to us, that, so far from having any hostile designs upon us, the apparently belligerent host of Albanians was a peaceable Greek marriage party, escorting home the bride and bridegroom to their own village, and, according to their custom, testifying their glee and delight by shouting and discharging their guns and pistols.

They stopped when they came to the spot where we were resting, and we soon became great friends. The bride was well covered with a thick veil, sufficiently transparent, however, to let us see that she was very young, I should say not more than fifteen years old, and rather

good-looking. She was riding on a donkey, and attended by only one female, an old woman on foot, probably her mother, who walked by her side. The bridegroom, a man of perhaps five and twenty, came and kissed our hands, and we wished him good luck. His friends were all in their holiday costume, and the whole procession, divested of the disagreeable impression it had first occasioned in us, was really most picturesque, and a pleasing sight.

We reached Janina very late at night, after having been on horseback about sixteen hours. In tolerable weather we ought to have performed the distance in twelve hours; but the roads were very heavy, and the rains had caused the rivers to swell so as to occasion us some trouble in fording them. We had entered the town, and were wending our way in a most peaceable manner towards the house of one of our guides, who had offered us lodging for the night, in order that we might not take up our abode in the common khan, when I (who was leading, and on foot to keep myself warm, as the rain was falling in torrents) was most disagreeably surprised at finding a bayonet close to my breast, and a fellow talking

to me in a language of which I did not comprehend a syllable. I called to our servant, but he could not help me, because it was a Turkish soldier that had stopped me, who understood nothing but his mother tongue (Turkish), a language not spoken by either Greeks or Albanians. A respectable Greek, attracted to the spot by the altercation, came and interpreted for us, when it appeared, that by a municipal regulation, no person whatever is allowed to stir out of his house at night in the streets of Janina without a lantern in his hand, and that we, for having transgressed the rule, had been taken prisoners by a Turkish guard. It was in vain for us to offer to go quietly to the guide's house, and promise to appear in the morning to answer for our offence. The guard had caught us, and there we were prisoners; but at last, as a favour, we were escorted to the common khan, and, a guard being placed over us, we were left there for the night.

It is no small luxury to find oneself under cover of a roof, however bad an one it may be, after a long exposure to torrents of heavy rain; but really the khan of which we were thus most provokingly compelled to be the unwilling tenants, was so detestably dirty, so perfectly horrible,

that, glad as we all were to find shelter, we could scarcely make up our minds to lie down on the floor of the exceedingly miserable-looking hole, about twelve feet square, and dignified with the appellation of a room, where a ragged, beggar-like Albanian boy was in his first slumbers, and out of which he was aroused to make way for us. The room was covered with a few worn-out mats, which had served as couches for years for the most ragged and wretched of the Albanian population; beneath these mats were boards which could never have been scrubbed, and on which an almost inconceivably thick layer of dust shewed the marks of the mats which had for many years lain upon it, whilst every movement made in the room would force the dust through the interstices of the mats, and affect, in any thing but an agreeable manner, the olfactory nerves of the unfortunate tenants.

I shall not easily forget our countenances of horror and disgust when we found ourselves compelled to occupy for the night, under the guard of a Turkish sentry, this vastly disagreeable abode. We were wet to the skin, and yet were too much excited to unpack our small allowance of baggage and change our clothes; we

were hungry, and yet we were too indignant to eat; we were most superlatively miserable, and yet we could make no attempts to better our condition; until at last, after we had worked ourselves up to the highest state of excitement, indignation, and misery, on a sudden one of the party, struck with the exceedingly ridiculous appearance and rueful countenances of his companions, became alive to the absurdity of the scene, and burst into a long and loud laugh. The others were for an instant disposed to look more grave, if such were possible, and to consider it no laughing matter, but "Momus" having once gained a footing amongst us, very soon drove away "melancholy," and we proceeded, first to eat a few mouthfuls of what remained of our travelling stock of provisions, next to console ourselves with some brandy-and-water, and lastly two of us soon found ourselves indulging in a rest on the floor, disturbed, however, by horrible visions of PLAGUE, which word seemed to flit eternally before our faces, and appeared written in legible, but bloated and distorted, characters on every spot in the room on which our half-closed and wandering eyes chanced to rest.

The next morning, however, brought our release from durance vile; and having sent a letter we had brought from Corfu to Signor Clerici, the Ionian agent, we soon found ourselves in very good quarters under his roof. He lodged and boarded us during our stay, and we made him a present of twenty dollars on our departure, which I have no doubt was an ample remuneration to him. The accommodation he gave us was very good. His house, one of the best in Janina, is remarkably clean, and we enjoyed not a little many a good laugh at the expense of our host, who appeared to be a most original character. He had been a medical man in the French army, had served in Napoleon's army in Italy, was present at the battle of Marengo, and had never returned to his native country, Italy, from the time of his taking up his abode at Janina, a period of twenty-seven years. His hours did not exactly suit us, but we conformed to them as well as we could. His practice appeared to be to eat no breakfast, dine at one o'clock, and go to bed at seven; or, as he would call it, dine at seven, and go to bed at one o'clock, because in Turkey seven o'clock, or one hour after sunrise, is one o'clock, or the

first hour of the day, as seven o'clock in the evening, or one hour after sunset, is the first hour of the night.

Janina, from almost every point in the neighbourhood from which it can be seen, has a picturesque and very imposing appearance. It is situated on the margin of a very large lake, which bears its name, with the majestic Pindus chain of mountains on one side, whilst the whole country is of that barren, wild description common to the limestone formation. Surrounded on three sides by the lake, into which it projects from the town side, and separated on the fourth from the town by a ditch, is the fort of Janina, which, if in repair, might be a place of some strength: at the present time its defences are in a dilapidated state. It contains the palace of the pacha and a good many other buildings, besides barracks for a portion of the troops, the remainder being quartered in a magnificent building lately constructed just outside the town, capable, I believe, of containing five thousand men. I have not often been so much struck with a view as with that of Janina, from about a quarter of a mile distance on the north side. The town, with the

countless minarets of its mosques, the fort, resting on the calm lake, with the bold snow-tipped Pindus in the background, strike a traveller with astonishment and surprise that a place of such seeming importance should exist in a country wild, uninhabited, and apparently deserted, like Albania. I was never more agreeably surprised in my life than with Janina, and I wonder much that so few persons take the trouble to visit it from the Ionian Islands.

Janina is said to be one thousand feet above the level of the sea. The weather is very cold in winter, and the residents say not disagreeable or unhealthy in summer; but the English consul, Mr. Saunders, who resides generally at Prevesa, but who is obliged to pass a portion of his time in Janina, has a country house in a village in the mountains, a much more agreeable residence during the hot season.

The population is said to be only twenty thousand, but in the time of Ali Pasha it was estimated at fifty thousand. The main cause of this diminution is the constant emigration which takes place to Greece, Servia, and Bosnia, and other more settled governments. Even now there

is a good deal of trade carried on; but the town bears evident marks, in ruined and abandoned houses, and its general appearance of dilapidation and decay, that it was once very different from what it now is.

The Bazaar is still extensive, and it appears wonderful how so many shop-keepers find a livelihood. The very beautiful silks which the Albanian men use as sashes, but which English ladies often wear as scarfs, are to be obtained here at very moderate prices, also furs in great quantities, and all kinds of fancy articles; English cottons and hardware are of course in great abundance.

The Bazaar consists of a number of streets, about twelve feet wide, intersecting each other very irregularly and at very acute angles. The eaves of the roofs very nearly meet in the middle of the streets, and in some parts overlap each other at a height of about seven feet from the ground, so that the buying and selling is not interfered with by the badness of the weather. The shops are open to the front and join their neighbours on both sides, so that they are in fact nothing more than rows of boards raised about three feet from the ground, upon which the articles

of merchandise are placed during the day and removed at night. Persons who work at trades, such as tailors, embroiderers, shoemakers, &c., sit upon these boards and work; whilst those shopkeepers whose only business is to sell merchandise, have all their goods placed out in order upon these boards, to seduce the wandering eye of the passers by. Each trade has its own particular street or part of the Bazaar, so that it is an easy matter to make purchases, if a traveller goes to the Bazaar with a perfect knowledge of what he really does want. Like all places of the same kind, there is much to tempt the traveller in these Bazaars; and I recommend every one to make up his mind before he ventures through them as to the exact amount of money he is disposed to spend.

The shopkeepers are of all kinds, Turks, Greeks, and Jews. Since the adoption by the Turks of the fez, or red cap, instead of the turban, it is not easy for an inexperienced eye to distinguish between a Greek and a Turk; but the Turks have obliged the Greeks to wear a small badge or mark, generally of sewn silk, on one side of the fez, by which they can be immediately recognized.

The Albanians generally wear a short jacket of

velvet or cloth, without a collar, and richly embroidered with gold. Under this a waistcoat of the same material. This jacket and waistcoat are, during the summer, of cotton, and ornamented with cotton twist or braiding, but not embroidered with gold. A sort of gaiter, also embroidered, to match the jacket and waistcoat, this gaiter extending from below the knee to the ankle. A long white petticoat or kilt, made of cotton, very full and neatly plaited, reaches to meet the gaiters. Round the waist they wear a rich silk sash of red, yellow, or gold; a very finely embroidered broad waist-belt, containing a brace of pistols and the yataghan, or short sword, which has a very broad blade and is kept very sharp—a very formidable instrument. An Albanian generally carries in his waist-belt a silver cartouch-box and an inkstand; the latter is a small silver case which will just contain a little ink and two or three pens. Their shoes are of brown leather, but more resembling sandals; they are admirable for walking in a mountainous country: indeed the whole dress of the Albanians is well suited to the country which they inhabit. The kilt is much more convenient for climbing hills than trowsers,

the open throat facilitates respiration, and the freedom from constraint in the whole body allows the exercise of all the muscles. Over the whole is thrown a white capote, or cloak of very thick woollen, which has sleeves to it, but which they usually wear loosely on the shoulders. These are admirable protection against wet and cold, and prevent the ill effects of checks of perspiration in a sudden exposure to the cold mountain blast, which, coming from the snow, is so dangerous in these climates when a person heated by the rays of a scorching sun is suddenly exposed to their influence. All Albanians, whether Mahommedans or Christians, wear a good moustache. A Mahommedan shaves the whole of his head, except the lock at the top, called Mahomet's lock, and also his whiskers; whilst a Christian shaves only a part of his head (though I have seen some with the head wholly shaven), and has a smooth face, except his moustache. Greek priests allow their beards and hair to grow entirely, consequently they are occasionally seen of an enormous length.

The dress of the Albanian women is, to say the least of it, extraordinary. They wear a sort of Highland kilt, a long hose with a gaiter over it,

all made of thick woollen cloth, and the better sorts trimmed with red. The kilts of some do not reach lower than about three inches above the knee, whilst others are much longer. The hose and gaiter reach just above the calf of the leg, so that in England they would be mistaken for soldiers of a Highland regiment.

The loads these women carry are tremendous; indeed I have seen them with burthens on their heads or shoulders, which I should have scarcely expected a strong man to lift. I well remember, that in a shooting party, one of our party having killed a wild boar, it was a matter of some difficulty to find means to carry it to our boat, a distance of about three miles. On asking an Albanian who was with us if we could get a horse from the neighbouring village, he said "No, but I can bring you a woman." Our first impression was, that this was an absurdity; but the man persisting, he went to the village, and returned with a Greek woman, who took the boar upon her shoulders, and walked away with it with the greatest apparent ease, receiving a reward, in her opinion, well remunerating her for a trouble, which she appeared to consider as an every-day affair.

The food of the poorer classes in Albania consists principally of a soft, pudding-like, yet most particularly indigestible kind of, baked cake made of Indian corn. It is far from unpalatable, but must require the generally abstemious lives and hardy constitutions of these men to prevent its disagreeing. They rarely eat animal food, and their wine, which is of course drunk by Greeks only, is not good, although very superior to that which is made in the Morea and the southern parts of Greece. Mixed with water, I used to find it very tolerable; and indeed during both my excursions in Albania, I rarely drank any other beverage.

The strange variety of costume in Janina is very striking. Albanians, military Turks in a wretched attempt at European costume, Greeks of Janina, Greeks of the Ionian Islands, Greeks from Greece, Servia, Bosnia, &c.; Greek priests in their long black dresses, with long silky hair and long beards, and small black caps on their heads, which they never take off except at particular parts of the ceremonies of their religion; and numbers of Jews, Armenians, and Franks: such a motley array of costumes and such a confusion of tongues as cannot be imagined.

CHAPTER II.

ALI PASHA'S ISLAND—RAMAZAN—MUSTAFA PASHA—DESCRIPTION OF A TURKISH ROOM—VISITING—PALACE OF THE PASHA—INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE—TURKISH BATHS—BARRACKS—JOURNEY TO ARTA—PREVESA—NICOPOLIS—BATTLE OF ACTIUM—SANTA MAURA—RETURN TO CORFU.

Opposite to the Fort of Janina, but nearer to the other side of the Lake, is a small Island, to which Ali Pasha retired on being hard pressed by the troops which the Sultan had sent against him. We visited the house in which he was assassinated. It is small and uninhabited, and still bears the marks of the fray in which Ali lost his life, the shutters of the windows and floor of the room being full of bullet-holes. It is said at Janina, that he was killed by a shot through the floor from the room below; whilst other accounts of his death state that he was stabbed. A traveller should visit this island, if it were only to see and admire the view of the fort and town, which, from it, have a most imposing appearance.

During our stay at Janina it chanced to be the Turkish fast of the Ramazan, when the Moslems are prohibited by the laws of Mahomet from eating, drinking, or even smoking, between sunrise and sunset. As soon as the sun is below the horizon they may do as they please; it is, accordingly, customary for them to turn night into day during the Ramazan. Sunset is proclaimed by the firing of a gun, and I used to be much amused at the hour at which this signal for the Turks to break their fast was sometimes fired. They certainly were very *liberal*, and, in nautical language, "*made it*" sunset often long before the sun had thoughts of sinking below the western horizon.

The appearance of the mosques at night, during the Ramazan, is very striking. All the minarets are illuminated; and as most of the mosques have many minarets, the whole town at night presents a very beautiful spectacle.

During the Ramazan all public business commences in the evenings, goes on at night as if it was day, and as we were to be presented to the Pasha, we were obliged to proceed to his palace about nine o'clock in the evening. The pasha (Mustafa Nourri Pasha, Mouchiere, or Plenipo-

tentiary, of Macedonia and the lower parts of Albania from Berat) whom we saw, has since been removed, the appointment being only for a certain period. He is now governor of Candia. He appeared to be about thirty-six years old, a good-looking man, and wearing a long black beard. He has a remarkably clear and intelligent eye, with a very bland and extremely prepossessing expression of countenance, which, I understand, exactly corresponds with his character. It is acknowledged by all that he is a very superior man, and better educated than Turks are generally. I observed, during our interview with him, that although he did not converse in French, yet that he understood what I said in that language to the interpreter. He received us very graciously, and requested us to visit him again before our departure.

On our first visit he was in a Turkish room, very large, very cold, and without a fire, sitting crouched in Eastern fashion on a divan, on which he made us sit close to him. We had pipes and coffee, and he entered into a long conversation with us. The second time we saw him he received us in a room fitted up with Eu-

ropean furniture, and a large fire blazing merrily, the pasha himself sitting on a sofa, with his legs hanging down,—an uncommon position for an Eastern. He was dressed in a well buttoned-up, double-breasted, long surtout coat, loose trowsers, and large slippers, with a fez, or red cap, which Turks wear on all occasions, upon his head. He made us sit upon chairs, and then dismissed the attendants, of which there were plenty in the room, with a wave of his hand. I suppose it was out of compliment to us that he was sitting in our fashion; but I could not help contrasting the easy position in which a Turk sits on a comfortable divan, with the very constrained one he was then enduring. With a loose dress, there is no more easy posture than the half-recumbent, half-crouching one of a Turk on a divan; and I am sure our visit must have been a period of pain and inconvenience to the Pasha. He shewed us his own and the sultan's miniatures, very well executed by an Italian, and set in diamonds, and conversed with us a good deal on general subjects, through the dragoman or interpreter, who translated into Turkish our conversation with him in French. We took our leave much gratified with

the reception we had met with, and admiring much the extreme affability and politeness of Mustafa Pasha.

A Turkish room is so peculiar, its form and arrangement are so totally different from what we are accustomed to, that I must attempt, at the risk of prolixity, to describe one.

The entrance to a Turkish room is always at the lower end; a few paces from the entrance, a step of about three or four inches in depth extends transversely across the room, dividing it into two parts, of which the most elevated is that furthest from the door. The raised part, or that above the step, has almost the appearance of a different room. There are windows on the three sides of it, and in front of these windows are divans or very comfortable couches, well covered with Turkey rugs, the whole of the floor of the raised part of the room being likewise well carpeted. This is the privileged part of the room for persons of equal or superior rank to the owner, the lower level being for inferiors, attendants, &c., every person, of however low degree, having a right to a free admittance as a matter of course to the presence of a superior; indeed, I always observed a con-

siderable number of persons are generally seen assembled below the step in the room of any person of rank or consequence.

A visitor, if he be of equal rank with the master of the house, is met by him, who advances down the step to receive him. If the owner be a person in authority, he will probably content himself with rising on the stranger making his bow; but a pasha will remain sitting cross-legged on the divan. The visitor makes his bow, and the Turk returns the compliment by pressing his right hand to his breast, and bending his body forward slightly in a very graceful manner. This done, the visitor seats himself on the divan, which, if he be an European in tight trowsers, straps, and boots, he will find no easy matter, because the divan being soft he sinks into it so deep, that his body, the position of its centre of gravity being entirely changed, has a tendency to overbalance itself and throw the legs up to the front. The corner of the divan is considered the seat of honour, consequently no one should seat himself there without being invited to do so; indeed, in most well-furnished houses the corner is distinguished by a handsome cushion. An Euro-

pean finds his boots a great inconvenience on these occasions. The Turks leave their slippers at the door, and when they sit down they tuck their legs up under them in a tailor-like but most sensible position. This may seem ridiculous to our notions, but I must persist in maintaining that any one who gives the Turkish mode of sitting a fair trial, supposing, of course, that he wishes to luxuriate in idleness, because it is not a position for occupation, will be obliged honestly to confess that it is a most agreeable and resting position, and in a hot climate far more rational than our business-like but most uncomfortable one of being cramped up in a chair without arms. I became a good deal accustomed at one time to sitting in this manner, and I can state on my own experience, that so far from considering a chair a luxury when I did get one, I discovered, rather, I will own, at first to my own surprise, that I had been sitting all my life very uncomfortably; and so far from ever laughing again at tailors, I mean hereafter to maintain that they are very sensible fellows.

The first compliments over, the Turk continues his smoking, which the entrance of the visitor has

momentarily interrupted, and conversation ensues. If the visitor be a Frank, a dragoman interprets into French or Italian the conversation of the Turk in Turkish, as Turks very rarely are acquainted with any language but their own. Not many minutes have elapsed before a number of attendants, with ready-lighted pipes about two yards long, to which they give an occasional puff to keep them a light, march up the room in single file, each singling out his man, and then, judging the length of the pipe, or the distance the bowl of it ought to be from the visitor's mouth when smoking, he places the bowl upon the ground, and, wheeling the pipe half round upon that as a centre, brings the amber mouth-piece at once close to the mouth of the person who is to smoke it. After placing a small round tin tray to prevent the ashes, if any should fall out of the pipe during the smoking, from burning the carpet, he backs out below the step and retires. In a few minutes another string of attendants makes its appearance, with coffee-cups in their hands. These coffee-cups are very small, and fit into elegant cups of brass or silver filigree work instead of saucers. The coffee is particularly strong and good, but

the Turks make it very thick, and drink it without sugar, consequently it requires a little practice before the generality of Europeans, and particularly Englishmen, can be induced to consider it even drinkable, but in time it is found more palatable than would be at first imagined.

The coffee-cup being emptied, the attendant, who has been waiting opposite the visitor at a respectful distance, advances, and receives the cup in a very elegant manner, holding it in the palms of his hands, but without touching the hand of the person who gives it to him, the doing which would be considered a mark of disrespect, and in countries like Albania, where the plague sometimes exists, certainly not agreeable. The smoking continues, and perhaps some sherbet or lemonade next makes its appearance. One pipe finished, the non-smoker hopes that his troubles are over, and that he may be able to make his escape. No such good fortune is his lot. To go away without having a second pipe would be considered a most intolerable breach of etiquette; however, as soon as he has taken one puff at the second pipe he may depart as soon as he pleases. This he does by signifying his intention of with-

drawing and then rising to depart, when, if the host be a great man, he will remain seated, or he will, according to the rank of the visitor, accompany him as far as the step or to the door of the room or house. Turks, and I have observed it is the same with Mahommedans in all countries, are remarkably elegant in their manner and address. There is in a Turk's manner a calm dignity, an imperturbable quietness, a modest assurance, a consciousness of the respect to which his situation or his rank entitles him, which cannot but be considered the perfection of good breeding. A well-bred Turk has a modest diffidence without irresolution or indecision, and dignity without an overbearing or haughty demeanour.

The palace of the Pasha, which is situated in the Fort of Janina, is a large building, which I dare say might once have been called magnificent, but which is now in a woeful state of dilapidation and decay. There are some very good rooms in it, and the ceilings bear the appearance of having been, in bygone days, very beautifully but fantastically ornamented, contrasting strangely with its present miserable condition. The Pasha transacts all public business in this

building, and the public offices of government are contained in it; but the Pasha's private residence, or harem, is in a less public part of the citadel, although not far distant from it.

Mustafa Pasha has the credit of having abolished throughout his pashalic a method of putting criminals to death, which was commonly in use until his time. A beam was fixed horizontally between two upright posts, or supported at each end by two crossed pieces of wood driven into the ground. This beam, which by this means is a few feet above the ground, was studded with very long iron spikes. When some unfortunate man had committed an offence, deserving, in the opinion of the Pasha, a more severe punishment than the simple one of cutting off his head, he was brought to this instrument of torture (which was fixed in a conspicuous situation in the town, and remained always standing in readiness for the constant use which was customarily made of it), and thrown upon the beam, so that the spikes entering his body wherever they might chance to catch him, held him fast, and kept him in that condition until he died. Criminals have been known to remain in this

state for two or three days, before death put a period to their sufferings, unless, at the intercession of some humane person, the Pasha, as a particular favour, gave orders that his wretched existence should be terminated by a pistol-shot. One of these instruments was standing in Janina when Mustafa was first made pasha, but he caused it to be removed.

Whilst in Janina, we all took advantage of the opportunity afforded us of trying the celebrated shampooing baths, which the Turks themselves so constantly make use of. The process well-nigh amounts to boiling; but I cannot help thinking that, in a country like that in which we were travelling, and where cleanliness is not a very staple commodity, such an operation is far from unprofitable, and is certainly not disagreeable. The process is too well known to require description. I was hand-rubbed by a fellow, who pinched me almost to a jelly and cracked all my joints; then he scrubbed me as if I were a blackamoor whom it was wished to whiten; then lathered me with soap-suds till I could not see; and when I was as uncomfortable as possible, with the soap in my eyes, he brought a long pipe, and expected

me to sit in luxurious ease, enjoying the fumes of the tobacco; lastly, he threw water of a very high temperature over me, until I wondered whether I should be able to endure the pressure of my clothes. However, the process is very refreshing, particularly after a long journey; and in all my other rambles I never failed to submit to a repetition of the operation whenever I had an opportunity. The Pasha's humaums, or baths, which may be used by any one who chooses to pay the not very exorbitant price charged for them, are situated close to his palace in the Fort of Janina.

The barracks at Janina, which have been recently constructed, are well built and airy, but are made, by the Turkish mode of arranging the soldiers, to hold about twice the number that, under our regulations, they would contain. The building itself had been erected at the expense of the Greek inhabitants of Janina, in order to get rid of the inconvenience of having soldiers quartered upon them in their houses, as had previously been the custom. The military arrangements were really very good. I considered the firelocks and accoutrements serviceable, and in very tole-

rable order; and there was more cleanliness than I could have given them credit for. Each soldier has a rug, on which he sleeps on the ground, as is the custom with the lower orders of Mahommedans generally, and on this he also kneels to go through his devotions. We were received with great civility by Daoud Pasha, the general officer commanding, who made us take sweetmeats and other refreshments, and ordered the band to play whilst we were sitting in his room. This band was certainly but an attempt at music, and I fear Strauss would have put his fingers to his ears and run out of the room, each individual composing it having, as it appeared to me, a most invincible determination to play some favourite tune of his own. The troops, in general, might be made to look more soldier-like than they do. They wear a sort of European costume; although it does not look very European because of the fez or red cap, and the looseness of the trowsers, which are so made because Turks always sit cross-legged, an impossible position in tight ones. They seemed to consider stocks a superfluous luxury; and the cut of their clothes altogether was not of the most elegant kind. With proper

instruction they might perhaps be made something of: the material is good, but at present it is not well put together.

After remaining for some days at Janina, which, at the season of the year we visited it, was not the most agreeable abode in the world, snow, sleet, and rain continually falling in great abundance, we took our departure for Arta, having procured post-horses, by which means we should perform the distance (about forty-five miles) in one day. We intended to start early, but the chouash, whose duty it was to procure the horses, had been "keeping Ramazan," that is, eating and drinking, and enjoying himself all night, to make up for the time lost during the fasting hours of day-light, consequently we were late in reaching Arta. We made the greater part of the journey at a trot, and were between eleven and twelve hours on the road; and, as may be easily imagined, found the jolting in a common pack-saddle, without stirrups or bridle (unless a halter can be considered one), a sure means of rendering a wooden floor at night as acceptable a couch as a bed of down could have been. The road, which was a very good one in its day, nar-

row, but well paved, has suffered considerably from the weather, and from having been allowed to go to decay, is well-nigh impassable at places, although with a little trouble artillery might be brought over it. The country is mountainous and barren, but the valleys shew some slight signs of cultivation, whilst the snow-topped Peridus in the background gives the whole a wild and picturesque appearance. The great want of population struck me the most. Can it be the plague that has depopulated this country, or must we, however unwillingly, ascribe it to the oppressive character of its government?

Arta is a very neat town; but its situation, close to a very large marsh, must render it miserably unhealthy in the summer and autumn. The next day a ride of five hours brought us to Satagora, where we embarked for Prevesa, where we arrived in a few hours with the land wind, which always blows out of the gulf at night. We remained one day at Prevesa, and visited the far-famed city of Nicopolis, built by Augustus Cæsar, in honour of the victory gained at Actium over the fleets of Antony and Cleopatra. This battle is supposed to have been fought off Pre-

vesa; and Sir Howard Douglas has now in his possession the prow of a Roman galley which was fished up in the year 1836, not far from Prevesa, by some fishermen, and which is supposed to have belonged to one of the vessels sunk in that engagement. It is of copper, and in very excellent preservation, the medallion or head of a man at the end of it being remarkably perfect.

The walls of Nicopolis are in ruins, but it is easy to trace them throughout their contour, and also to distinguish the principal buildings. The baths appear to have been on a very large scale, and with double walls, so as to heat them in the same manner, I conclude, as the Turkish baths of the present day. Two amphitheatres are in very good preservation. The extent and splendour of this city must have been very great; but its situation, so close to the large and unhealthy marsh of Arta, was not well chosen. Here, too, are clear indications of a population which once existed, but of which no traces are now to be seen. Where are the thousands, and where the descendants of the thousands, that once inhabited Nicopolis? What blight has swept from the

face of the earth the then existing, and prevented the appearance of any succeeding, population?

Two of our party having heard that there were a great many woodcocks, had taken their guns, and had been well rewarded for doing so. The whole country between Prevesa and Nicopolis is beautifully wooded with olive and myrtle, affording most favourable ground for the birds themselves, as well as good walking for the sportsman who is fortunate enough to be able to get at them.

A country boat which we hired took us, in about two hours and a half, to Santa Maura, where we were transferred to Captain Cunynghame's yacht, which was waiting there to receive us, and we then got under weigh for Corfu. On our arrival there we took a guardian from the Health Office, and, having laid in a stock of provisions, and procured a boat for our dogs, we ran over to the opposite coast, and anchored in a small land-locked bay, called Pagagna, about nine miles distant from the citadel of Corfu. There we remained during the rest of our term of quarantine, enjoying ourselves in several good days' woodcock shooting, the presence of our guardian pre-

venting us from infringing quarantine regulations, and, at the same time, ensuring our liberation from our imprisonment on our return to Corfu at the expiration of the seventh day from the time of our leaving Santa Maura; because, from our being on board a yacht, we were allowed the usual privilege of a man-of-war, our quarantine dating from the period of departure from the infected port: and although the best part of the season had not commenced, we contrived to bring home a few birds, and, on the whole, succeeded in passing our time very agreeably. It chanced, however, one day to rain almost incessantly, and in that determined manner which is seen only in southern climates, so much so, that we not only were unable to land, but could not shew ourselves on deck without being well drenched. It is certainly, under any circumstances, far from agreeable to find oneself confined a close prisoner on board a very small cutter, and with hatches fastened down to endeavour to keep the very small cabin from becoming flooded; but bad as it is at anchor, it is infinitely worse to be at sea; so we consoled ourselves that we might be a great deal worse off than we then were, and en-

deavoured to keep in a good humour, hoping for fairer weather the following day.

The Bay of Pagagna is nearly land-locked, and the yacht in which we were, besides another smaller one, in which two of us used to sleep, and the Greek paranza, which served as a dog boat, were all anchored in a sheltered position nearer to the outer extremity of the peninsula which forms one side, than to any other part of the land. When the vessels swung round, head to wind, their sterns were not more than fifty yards from the peninsula, whilst our distance from the main on the opposite side might perhaps have been two hundred yards. The wind was very strong from the southward, and coming down the gullies in the limestone hills, of which the peninsula is composed, in very strong puffs, caused us to swing about in different directions; but, for the most part, we were in the position close to the peninsula which I have described.

On a sudden, towards the middle of the day, we were surprised by the sound of voices calling out loudly from the shore, and in an instant a reply in Albanian from our servant Giovanni; presently the voices became louder and more

energetic, till, our curiosity being able to withstand it no longer, we jumped upon deck. We there found Giovanni engaged in a parley with ten Albanians, who had come down to the shore on the main-land side, and, immediately on their arrival there, had hailed the vessels at anchor to give them something to eat, or they would fire upon us. Giovanni very properly told them that they might fire if they pleased, but we could do the same, and that we would not be terrified into giving them any thing. They became more loquacious and threatening, and Giovanni more firm. He laughed at them, dared them to fire, and at last worked them up to such a pitch of fury, that four of them started to go round the peninsula and come upon us in the rear, where, from behind the rocks on a hill which commanded our decks at a distance of not more than fifty yards, they could fire upon us almost with impunity, whilst the others continued the parley until the four should reach the position, which it would take them about a quarter of an hour to arrive at.

To decide upon our line of defence was the work of an instant. We were more than a match for the six Albanians who were left on the shore, so

hastily manning and arming a boat, part went in her, to attack, or threaten, or quiet them; whilst those who remained on board prepared for a skirmish with the four Albanians who had taken the circuitous route to come upon our rear. The boat pulled towards them in a determined but not threatening manner, and the tact and diplomacy of Giovanni brought them to comprehend that we were ready to fight if occasion required; but that if they really were in distress, we were very willing to assist them. Seeing our boat well armed, they wisely became very humble, and said they wished only to beg some bread, which we gave them, and we parted excellent friends. They then recalled their detached party, and we met with no further molestation from them.

It appears that the Albanians who inhabit the villages nearest the coast, are pirates in the fullest sense of the word, whenever they think they can rob or murder with impunity; and on this occasion, seeing three small vessels at anchor, which of course they imagined to contain some harmless and peaceable Ionian fishermen, who are terrified out of their lives at the very mention of an Albanian, thought they had only to threaten

to fire upon us, and that we should at once give them all they wanted. When, however, they saw that we were English and far better armed than themselves, and equally if not more ready, if necessity should require it, to shew fight, they very wisely altered their tone, and turned their insolent threats into humble supplications.

I have known several most cold-blooded and atrocious acts of murder, robbery, and piracy,*

* An atrocious act of murder and piracy was committed in broad day-light, in the month of June, 1840, in the channel of Corfu, on a vessel at anchor in an Ionian port, and almost in sight of two of her Majesty's ships, which were at anchor not more than six or seven miles from the spot.

I was cruizing with the Lord High Commissioner in his yacht, and we were making towards San Salvatore, to meet her Majesty's ships *Talbot* and *Weasel*, which were in that direction, and from which vessels parties had that day ascended the mountain itself, when the *Weasel*, which was some way astern, was observed to be in communication with a Greek boat. There was scarcely time to wonder and to surmise what might be going on, before an officer came from the *Talbot* to acquaint the Lord High Commissioner, that the *Weasel* had reported that a horrible act of piracy had been committed on an Italian trabacolo, and that a boat, then in communication with her, had on board the survivors, one of whom was severely wounded, and two men who had been killed. It appeared that the trabacolo in question had left the port of Corfu the morning previous, and had anchored in the evening at Cassopo, situated on the north part of the island of Corfu, and distant about five miles from the coast of Albania, for

committed by the villains which infest that coast: so satisfied, indeed, is the Turkish Government of

the purpose of taking in the ballast necessary for her on her homeward-bound voyage to Ancona. Whilst at Corfu, the proceeds of the sale of her cargo, amounting to several hundred dollars, had been received by the captain, and this circumstance, it appears, was well known in Corfu. About ten o'clock in the morning, whilst the crew were engaged in getting in the ballast, they on a sudden observed a boat quite close to them, which they had not before seen, and which was approaching them very fast. Before they had time for reflection, several Albanians jumped up suddenly from the bottom of the boat, where they had been concealed; fired a volley at the crew of the trabacolo, which killed instantaneously the captain and another man; rushed on board with drawn yataghans, with which they severely wounded an old man, who was not so quick as his more young and more nimble comrades, in jumping into their boat and escaping; proceeded deliberately below to search for the treasure, which it appears they well knew was on board; and having, without any difficulty, laid their hands upon it, pulled away in their boat before those of the crew who had escaped could reach the shore, and before the sound of the fire-arms, which they had discharged on the first onset, had sufficiently alarmed the inhabitants of the village to enable them, had they even been ready to do so, to take any steps to resist the wanton and outrageous attack thus made within gun-shot of their houses. The piratical boat then joined a larger vessel, which lay off at some distance; and from that day forward, no tidings could be heard of either, notwithstanding the most searching inquiries were made in every direction, nor could it ever be traced by what means the intelligence of the sailing of this unfortunate trabacolo with specie on board, and her intention of anchoring at Cassopo, had been communicated from Corfu, as it evidently must have been, to the opposite coast; otherwise the large piratical vessel would not have been in the position in which she was seen, evidently waiting the

its utter inability to put a stop to, or even check, these proceedings, that, by an understanding with the Ottoman Porte, the British Government is permitted to take any precautions or to adopt any measures which it may think fit towards the inhabitants of the coast of Albania, to prevent those constantly returning acts of piracy, and for the general protection of the Ionian Islands, in the same manner as if they were British, and not Turkish subjects.

To return to our proceedings in the bay of Pagagna. On the morning of the eighth day, after undergoing the usual ceremony of standing before the doctor, who was to judge, from our appearance, whether we were in sufficiently good health to be allowed to mix with the worthy inhabitants of the Ionian Islands, and having, agreeably to

result of a preconcerted attack by her boat on the peaceful Italians, thus cruelly sent prematurely to render their long account.

The unfortunate men who were killed had evidently received in their bodies nearly every bullet that had been fired. Their deaths must have been instantaneous, as, besides bodily wounds, they were shot through their heads,—one, as nearly as I remember, in two places. The wounded man suffered more from fright than from the pain or effects of his wound, which, although in the body, was found on examination to be no more than a flesh wound, as the yataghan had slanted in such a way, that it was in nowise dangerous, and he soon recovered from its effects.

his orders, bestowed sundry thumps upon our bodies, to shew we had no symptons of plague upon us, we were again restored to civilized society. The length of the quarantine from Albania to the Ionian Islands depends upon the state of the health of the inhabitants of the former country, which is determined and made known by the British consuls and agents residing there, who report to the Ionian Government accordingly. At the time of our visit, the period was seven days: I have known it as much as twenty-one days; and only once do I remember free pratique, that is, no quarantine at all, being allowed. This, however, lasted but a very short time; because it was found that Austria and the Italian States increased the period of quarantine in their ports on all vessels from the Ionian Islands immediately on hearing that Albania was admitted to free pratique with the Ionian States, although, at the time I am alluding to, the most perfect health reigned throughout Albania.

CHAPTER III.

SHOOTING IN ALBANIA—DESCRIPTION OF A LARGE PARTY—WILD BOAR, DEER, AND WOODCOCKS, BEGIN TO FEEL THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECT OF WELL-DIRECTED PERCUSSIONS—ALTERCATION WITH AN ALBANIAN—ATTACK FROM SHEPHERDS' DOGS—A BOAR AT BAY—RETURN TOWARDS THE SHORE—BAY DESCRIBED—EMBARK—DINNER—DISADVANTAGE OF A SHADOW.

The shooting on the coast of Albania is as magnificent as can be well conceived. During the months of December, January, and February, woodcocks in great abundance are to be found in all the very numerous and widely extended covers in this part; wild boar and fallow deer are also plentiful. Red-legged partridges abound on the tops of the mountains, and at particular seasons there are large flights of quail; besides these, the quantities of snipe in the immense marshes are almost incredible; and ducks, widgeon, and teal, are found in myriads on the lake of Butrinto, and on other pieces of water in the neighbourhood.

In short, a better field for a sportsman cannot exist; and happy is the man who, during the three winter months, has a yacht at his command, half a dozen good spaniels, a retriever, and plenty of time at his disposal.

The covers are very large and thick, and in some parts very wet. Any one who undertakes to shoot there must be well able to endure a hard day's work, and must not care for wet, or the largest, sharpest, and most disagreeable thorns that ever tore a fustian jacket. A little perseverance, too, is necessary, because woodcocks are very fickle birds; and one day a spot may be found crowded with them, where, on another, scarcely a single bird may be flushed. The duck-shooting requires considerable patience and great skill, but a plentiful bag of the finest mallards is sure to reward the man who takes the trouble to go after them. The snipe are, as snipe always will be, occasionally very wild, but they are so plentiful, that a good shot may be tolerably sure of bringing home twenty couple. Captain Cunynghame, of the 60th Rifles, bagged one day by himself, in two hours and a-half, thirty-two couple, and how many more he might have shot

it is impossible to guess, as he was obliged to leave off from having fired away all his ammunition. This same officer, on another occasion, bagged twenty-nine couple, and his brother-in-law, Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable A. F. Ellis,* who was with him, shot thirty-seven couple, making the enormous bag of sixty-six couple of snipe between them, in a few hours. Wild boar and deer were occasionally killed by us; but we oftener saw, than got shots at them, because, from our being in pursuit of woodcocks, our large pack of spaniels were sure to disturb them before any of us came within a fair distance. The results of our day's sport, however, used to be very varied: occasionally, all the descriptions of game I have mentioned, *viz.* boar, deer, hares, ducks, widgeon, teal, woodcocks, partridges, snipe, quail, used to swell our list.

Our ordinary mode of proceeding was to join our forces, and make parties of from twelve to fifteen guns; and scouring the woods with twenty-

* Since the above was written, the service has lost an excellent officer, his regiment a kind friend, and a large family an affectionate husband and father, by the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, at Jamaica, on the 16th August, 1841.

five or thirty spaniels, we used to return laden with the spoil. Occasionally, parties of four or six would have a quiet day together; but it was found that the large parties were best adapted to the large covers, and, under proper regulations, the surest method of obtaining a well-filled bag. I will first describe a large party and its day's adventures, and afterwards one of the smaller ones. The proceedings of the one are so entirely distinct from those of the other, that I may safely venture upon doing this, without incurring any risk of an uninteresting repetition.

A great many yachts of various sizes are kept by officers quartered at Corfu, and for a regular large party, several of these were put in requisition; besides which, the man-of-war at the station, when the captain chanced to be one fond of such sport, was got under weigh, and with the yachts proceeded over-night to one of the bays on the opposite coast. By the time the vessels were anchored, and those on board had had a substantial early breakfast, the dogs used to arrive in a six-oared boat, which had left Corfu early that morning, and away would start, in high spirits, a party of perhaps fifteen guns, thirty dogs, two

or three guardians from the Corfu Health-office, and about half a dozen followers in the shape of sailors or servants, carrying spare ammunition, game bags, luncheon, an extra gun or two loaded with ball, &c. &c. Some one who knew the country well was always chosen leader, and placed in the centre; and all were bound to obey his orders, and, in military language, to "dress" by him. Scarcely does the boat touch the strand, when out jump twenty-five or thirty dogs, half wild with the anticipation of the sport that awaits them. Guns are loaded as speedily as possible in the din of dogs giving tongue for joy; of the whistling of some hapless Nimrod, whose wild and unbroke spaniels are already ranging, hundreds of yards distant from him, in utter contempt of his endeavours to bring them to "heel;" and of some of the more steady sportsmen reproaching the unfortunate owner for bringing such curs into the field to spoil the sport. Arrangements being quickly made for a Turkish soldier to accompany us, few minutes have elapsed, before, "Mark! mark! mark!" "Bang! bang! bang!" is heard. The excitement increases, wild and jealous shots, with long legs, are in vain

called upon to "hold hand." They vow obedience to the chief, and in an instant are further a-head than ever. Then the steady ones complain; then the wild one is caught, and placed between two tame bears, who keep him in his place; then all agree there is nothing to be done without unanimity, and that any one who gets a-head must not complain if he has a charge of shot through his body by mistake; and then all goes smoothly again till half a dozen more shots render us perfectly wild. Again, now a cry of "A pig! a pig!" sets every one on the *qui vive:* now a stentorian voice is heard, drowning the numberless cries of "Mark right," "Mark left," "Look out left, four deer," and at the same instant, "Look out right, two pigs." Bang, bang, and a cry of exultation. Bang from another gun, and "Whoo whoop" is heard; and in an instant every one inches his way to the spot to exult over the fallen monster. A wild boar has been killed with small shot. To cut him up, and send for an Albanian to carry him to the boat, is the work of a few minutes; and on we go again, each rejoicing that a wild boar is in the bag, and wishing that he may, in the course of the day, have a similar tri-

umph. In the meantime, woodcocks keep rising and flying in all directions; powder and shot are expended at an inconceivable rate. The covers, being very thick and difficult to walk in, many more than a proportionate number of shots are fired to the game bagged: but then it is such a satisfaction to pull down a difficult shot; such a delight to find a bird that one has heard, but not seen, tumbling dead at one's feet; such a contrast to the tame, easy, milk-and-water shooting of tame birds, which get up steadily, and give time for "*gunning*,"—for a long, steady, sure aim. Now a shot is heard; "Who shot that cock?" (the bird in question having flown away untouched). "*I* did," cries some one who knew that he had fired, but did not see that he got away. "Then you shot me," says the first; "Why don't you mind how you shoot? I've got half your shot in the top of my hat." "Never mind this time; no harm done:" and on we go again. The firing continues like that of a cloud of skirmishers. The followers begin to labour under the weight of the fast-filling game-bags, and at last a halt is called by the leader. The other bags are in requisition, and sundry exhibits, in the shape of

bread, cheese, potted woodcocks, sandwiches, bottled porter and ale, issue therefrom. Half an hour's rest, near a good stream of water, is equally necessary for dogs and men. The country is rough, and constant work from nine in the morning till five in the evening is desperate fatigue for the spaniels. The men eat and refresh themselves; the dogs lie down, and devour a few pieces of bread or biscuit; each person has some exploit to talk of, or some hopes to indulge in, for the after part of the day: those with bags already well filled exult in their good fortune, and hope to keep the lead in the number of woodcocks they have shot; whilst those whose bags are comparatively empty console themselves with reflecting that *perhaps* a glass of porter may have the effect of straightening their eyes, and look forward to making up in the afternoon for the time lost in the unsteadiness and excitement of the morning's shooting. Anxious sportsmen get fidgetty, and want to be moving; the steadier hands say, "Rest your dogs a few minutes:" all, however, are more or less in a hurry, some to regain a lost reputation, others to maintain themselves at the head of the poll. What a change does

the rest and a glass of porter make! I have often known a nearly empty bag at luncheon, prove to be the best filled at the counting at the termination of the day's sport.

On we go, and, steadied by our morning's work, shoot in much better order than at first starting; the glorious bag increases,—no time to count,—the cocks fall by dozens, an occasional hare varies the sport, perhaps a deer or another boar. In the midst of the fray, a halt is called; and a difficult matter it is to halt a party in such a high state of excitement. A halt! why? "What are we stopping for?" exclaimed at once a dozen voices. In the rear a disturbance is heard, and wrangling. Perhaps some rash Albanian has ventured to beard a party of sixteen double-barrelled guns. They are daring fellows, but generally will do no mischief, although I have known instances where considerable management was required, as well as command of temper, to prevent bloodshed. At last a shout of terror is heard; then voices in serious altercation. All those nearest proceed as quickly as possible to the spot. We guess the cause, and prepare for a stormy debate. An Albanian has drawn his

pistol, and taken prisoner the luckless guardian, who chanced to loiter behind the rest of the party. Why or wherefore there is no time to ask. Some one rushes up to the Albanian with both barrels cocked, and forces his immediate release; others quickly join him, and the Albanian is obliged to retire sulkily, threatening future vengeance. Perhaps he may have failed in his attempts to obtain gunpowder from some of the sportsmen, who, engaged in their sport, have dismissed him with a rough answer. Perhaps he may expect to extort some gunpowder from us by threatening to touch the guardian, and consequently put all into seven or more days quarantine. Perhaps some of our dogs may have attacked or frightened his sheep. Be it as it may, an instant appeal to arms is the Albanian method of remonstrating; and a person may find a yataghan (a short sword which they wear) glittering closer then agreeable to his breast, without being able to divine the cause of such a hostile move, whilst, in reality, the Albanian may merely wish to make a remonstrance, or call his attention in an energetic manner. I have often had curious adventures with them, but I never saw any thing serious occur,

nor did I ever hear of shots being exchanged but on the occasion of Prince Pierre Napoleon's wounding the two Albanians, as I have already mentioned.

Now a cry of terror is heard. It is one of the Greek sailors, who shouts out that the Albanians are coming, and, frightened out of his wits, keeps as near the body of the party as he can; or he has perhaps seen an Albanian dog or two, fine fellows, larger than Newfoundlands, legitimate descendants of the celebrated Molossian dog of old, meditating an attack upon the spaniels. The Ionian Greeks have a most holy dread of Albanians, as well as of their dogs. Perhaps they have good reason to fear them, because the inhabitants of this part of Albania are at present little better than semi-barbarians, and most outrageous acts of murder and piracy are occasionally committed by them on the peaceful inhabitants of the Ionian Islands.* The attacks of these dogs are at times disagreeable, but it is always easy to parry them and keep them off with the muzzle of the gun, or by taking up a stone and threatening

* See the account already given of a daring act of this nature, p. 49.

to throw it. A person unaccustomed to the country might at first be induced to fire upon them, but it is unsafe and unwise to do so; unsafe, because an Albanian's dog is his companion and friend, and a sly shot at the offending person from behind some convenient rock would inevitably follow the killing of an Albanian's dog; and unwise, because the skirmish that would ensue would set the inhabitants against the English, and oblige the authorities in the Ionian Islands to put a stop to shooting on the mainland.

On a sudden, a dog, whose note is familiar to the ear of every one in the field, is heard giving tongue in a determined manner, the sound almost resembling a scream of delight, and yet he moves not from the spot. Amidst the music of the never-ceasing tongues of the other dogs, each hunting up his own bird, this is too remarkable to escape immediate notice. "What can that little scoundrel *Tow* have got there?" "A hedgehog or a water-rail, I dare say," exclaims some one, impatient at the delay. The barking still continues. "He surely has got something at bay." Perhaps a boar enters the minds of a dozen at once. Hardly have we time to consi-

der, when a shot, and "Whoo whoop" is heard. The supposition is right enough. The cunning little fellow, a most self-willed, but one of the best dogs that ever crossed the Corfu channel, has come upon a boar, who, putting his back to a tree, kept him and the other dogs at bay, till D—, wisely making for the spot where he heard his dog so busily engaged, puts an end to him by a charge of small shot through his head.

The skirmish continues, the firing is incessant, the slaughter of woodcocks tremendous. There is a pause of a few moments to debate whether to try some good-looking cover we have never tried before, because the country is so extensive, that every year new acquisitions of shooting territory are made. The new ground being tried, game is found still more plentiful. It has remained undisturbed during the whole of the previous part of the season, and cocks are fat and numberless; besides which, hares and deer, and perhaps also a boar, dozing in happy unconsciousness of their impending fate. From a small piece of water in the middle of the cover rise clouds of fat ducks: most of them escape, owing to the difficulty of getting near enough to bring them down with No. 9 shot (the

best size for woodcocks in that country); but a few, nevertheless, are sure to add to the weight of our already well-filled bags. Powder and shot disappear fast; and the sun approaching the western horizon, warns us that we must look towards the bay, where the vessels have been sent to meet us, particularly as the distance may be three or four miles, and part of this distance lies over deep marshy ground, part through thick covers, with rapid rivers to cross, which are sometimes only passable at still further distant fords.

Perhaps our route may be the Bay of Butrinto, where is the old Roman fortress of Buthrotum, or perhaps towards the port of Pagagna. If the latter be our point, there bursts upon our view on arriving, well laden with the spoils of the forest, at the crest of the hill overlooking that almost land-locked bay, a varied, wild, and beautiful prospect, which cannot be imagined by any one unaccustomed to the bright, clear atmosphere of the East; its rugged mountains, and picturesque inlets tinged by the sun's setting rays with hues which, were a painter to imitate, he would be accused of exaggeration. In the centre of the bay is a frigate at anchor, her worthy captain and

some of his officers having been partakers of the day's sport. She looks like a model of a man-of-war afloat in a large mill-pond. Near her is the smart Ionian Government schooner, and perhaps two or three smaller yachts. Gigs and dingys are pulling about, and impart an air of liveliness to what one might otherwise think a picture; whilst close to the shore, which is clothed with herbage and vegetation to the water's edge, is a busy group of sailors assembled round a large fire, near to which is the large six-oared whale-boat, waiting to take the dogs back to Corfu. Round about the fire is a profusion of carpet-bags and dry clothes, ready for the toilette of the sportsmen on their reaching the beach. Two or three Albanians, armed to the teeth, are sitting on their haunches at a little distance, contemplating in silent wonder the, to them, utterly unintelligible scene. They cannot comprehend why we should put ourselves to so much trouble and inconvenience, and waste so much of that, by them, highly prized article, gunpowder, for the sake of a few woodcocks or hares. The forbidding countenances of these men, in which ferocity and distrust are marked in most legible

characters, form a remarkable contrast with the artful, cunning, and somewhat effeminate looks of the less sturdy Ionians, and the merry faces of the peaceable unarmed Sicilians that form the crews of the boats.

Beyond the picturesque bay, upon which we are looking down from a height of perhaps four hundred feet, is a placid smooth lake—the channel of Corfu, on which the only visible ripple is that caused by the lazy oars of some large fishing boats, which, with their sails flat to their masts, are floating lightly on its silvery surface; whilst beyond this splendid mirror, at a distance of nine miles, stretches at full length the woody and mountainous Isle of Corfu itself, whose well-defined outline is rendered more distinct by the contrast of its deep purple shade with the fiery, though delicate, red hue imparted to a cloudless sky by the refracted rays of a bright sun which has just disappeared behind it.

Arrived at the beach, the dogs are carefully stowed away in the straw placed for them at the bottom of the green boat; guns are discharged, and a general dressing takes place on the beach, some venturing on a swim in the sea, but all

requiring a considerable quantity of water to clear away the remains of the mud, through which we have been the whole day more or less perambulating. The guardians dress themselves, and at the same time watch closely that no communication takes place with any of the inhabitants.

Then, the toilettes completed, we push off to our respective vessels, part to dine on board the man-of-war, and part on board the Lord High Commissioner's schooner. Dinner is most welcome, and soon makes its appearance, but the return of killed is always made up before the soup is eaten. Each sportsman tells what he has in his bag, which is recorded in a book kept for that purpose on board the yacht. This is the news time for all. The jealous sportsmen are anxious to have a high place on the list; others, more generous, care not for themselves, provided the general bag be well filled. For the birds which they may be allowed to number, some are indebted to their own guns, and the straightness of their eyes; some, to the excellence of their retrievers, in bringing to their bags many birds which the unfortunate sportsman who shot looked for in vain; and some, to their good fortune in

tossing up and winning disputed birds. I have known a party of seven guns count out one hundred and thirty-four woodcocks, besides hares and other game; whilst the best bag of any individual of the party was sixteen couple and a half of woodcocks. My friend Colonel Dawkins, well known as a first-rate Nimrod, had the good fortune one day to bag a deer and wild boar, killing them both with small shot.

A good dinner closes the day; and as soon as the party is seated at table, the vessel is got under weigh, and we arrive at Corfu in the course of the night.

In arranging our forces for the chase, it was always unanimously voted, that one, whose bodily exertions were considerably impeded by an accident in one leg, and who had, besides, a slight tendency to become portly, was entitled to the outside place, or flank of the line, in order that he might walk along the edges of the covers; and as some one must be outside, it was fair to accord the indulgence to the one least capable of enduring bodily fatigue. Now, inasmuch as our friend was a very good shot, considerable amusement used to be occasioned by the number of

friends, who made it a point to keep very close to him; who, not being over zealous, and not liking to work hard through the cover for their sport, took advantage of his good nature, and walked along by his side, conversing, and passing the time in a manner very agreeable to one who is not shooting. He, good easy man, one would almost be inclined to think, deluded himself, for the first day or two, into the idea, that these "shadows," as he used to call them, were actuated solely by a desire to enjoy his company, and it is possible they thought so themselves.

Not many days, however, had this system continued before our friend perceived a considerable diminution in the quantity of game he had always been in the habit of bringing home; he tried in vain to account for it. He did not attempt to count his shots, because that is a most absurd practice in a country where all shots are snap shots, and where, generally, he who fires most is sure to make the best bag; but he set himself about seriously to consider how the deficiency could possibly have arisen. At last he recollected, and it came across his mind as if by magic. "Why, I lost *six* birds in tossing with so-and-so"

(double shots we always tossed up for); and here the murder came out. The shadows had invariably fired at his birds, and had as invariably tossed up with him for them, and our friend losing all his tosses, the corresponding diminution of his bag was the consequence. What could he do? shadows were plentiful. Every person who was short-sighted, or had burst some never-failing water-proof boots, or to whom any the slightest accident had occurred, constituting an excuse for not working *hard* through the cover, was always sure to be found as a shadow. This was past all bearing. That the shadows should share the honour and the spoil, and count in their bags birds which they had only fired *at*, whilst the *body* had shot them, was enough to disturb the equanimity of any one's temper. Some means must be devised, some contrivance thought of, to get rid of these pertinacious shadows. How heartily did he wish that, like Peter Schlimil, he could have had a chance of selling, or even giving them away gratis! At last a compromise was proposed and accepted. The shadows agreed to keep twenty yards distant from the body, a fair arrangement for all parties. In

spite, however, of this rule, the shadows would occasionally trespass, and then, after several double shots, and interminable altercations as to who shot the birds which had been killed, the tough old sportsman used to be obliged at last, in self-defence, in a fit of desperation, and in spite of his lameness, to plunge headlong into the thickest cover he could find, as the only sure method of ridding himself of his disconsolate shadows, whose harmless practice against the woodcocks, which then came in their way, fully shewed the justness of the suspicion that the birds which had been tossed up for had been killed by the *body*.

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY'S SHOOTING WITH A SMALL PARTY—LEAVE THE DITCH OF CORFU—PASSAGE ACROSS THE CHANNEL—WHETHER A GUN SHOULD BE CARRIED AT HALF-COCK—LAND AT KATAITO—SHOOTING COMMENCES—ALBANIANS TROUBLESOME—ATTEMPT AT HIGHWAY ROBBERY—ADVENTURE—QUARREL ABOUT A LAMB—ONE OF THE SPORTSMEN TAKEN PRISONER—LOSE A DOG—RETURN TO CORFU—OBSERVATIONS—DESCRIPTION OF A SNOWY DAY—DEATH OF THE DOGS.

The bright rays of an Eastern sun, as yet many degrees below the rugged horizon, formed by the bold, craggy, and precipitous features of the iron-bound Albanian shore, are reflected from a cloudless sky, which they tinge with a faint, though brilliant crimson and green hue; and which, whilst it renders more distinct the well-defined outline of the dark sombre coast, forms a pleasing contrast to the deep purple shade in which it still remains clothed. Already are some of the loftiest and more distant peaks of the Churiara range faintly illumined with a soft tint of pink, which announces, that from their pinnacles the

bright orb of day has become visible, and their snowy tops, reflecting the beautiful colour over the mirror-like channel of Corfu, clear as crystal, commence to dispel the dark shades of night.

The citadel clock has just struck seven. Besides a Greek or two seen idly smoking his pipe on the esplanade, and the fishing boats returning from their night's cruize, and skimming lightly along over the unrippled surface of the channel, attended by myriads of sea-gulls fluttering about them, attracted by the smell of the fish which they contain, the only signs of animation apparent in the ditch of the citadel of Corfu, are a large six-oared whale-boat, with her crew, and the second gig of the twenty-eight gun frigate at anchor in the port, which has evidently been sent on shore with the gun-room steward, for the latter to make purchases for the breakfast of the officers.

On a sudden, the sentry challenges some one descending the steps. "Who comes there?" "Officer." "Pass, officer." The gigs stare; they have not heard the reply, "officer," and wonder what extraordinary animal has escaped from the mountains. They pass their remarks

freely on every article of his dress, overhaul him well, and put him down as decidedly *amphibious*. A narrow-brimmed, *wide-awake* white hat amuses them the most. "Did you ever see such a—— hat?" says, or rather sings, in a whining tone of voice, the coxswain, half-crying with laughter. In the meantime, the unconscious officer, whose equivocal dress has excited so much merriment, descends the steps, and is met at the boat by three others in fustian jackets and trowsers, with their guns under their arms; several grooms, with a number of spaniels, almost simultaneously making their appearance.

The clock had just struck the appointed hour, and each Nimrod, in pure zeal for the chase, is punctual to an instant of time.

But a few moments are passed in the usual morning salutation, and inquiries if all dogs, dinner, guardian, &c., are on board; and that no powder-horns or caps have been forgotten; when all being on board, Domenico, the coxswain of the whale boat, gives the word, "Larga," and a party of four guns, with a guardian of the Health-office, besides an extra hand or two, to carry spare ammunition, game, &c., and from fifteen to

twenty dogs, shove off for a day's woodcock-shooting on the coast of Albania.

The freshness of the morning air makes a thick Greek capote necessary and agreeable. After pulling a few strokes, the long line of Albanian mountains, capped with more snow than usual, bursts upon our view, and seems to promise us a more brilliant day's sport than the most sanguine can dare to hope for. The previous day has been stormy, with a cold, cutting wind from the north-east, and there is a small quantity of snow on the nearest range. "By Jove, what a splendid day!" bursts from the lips of all at once. "How many couple will you be satisfied with?" "Well," says the oldest and most experienced, "I really never did see so promising a day; we have only to hold straight."—"Domenico! what weather shall we have to-day?" asks some one, more for the amusement of hearing his never-varying reply, than from any doubt in the questioner's mind as to the extreme fineness of it. "Eh! speriamo, Signore." And so surely as Domenico says "speriamo" so sure is the sportsman of one of the most magnificent days that was ever brightened by a glorious East-

ern sun. Domenico is one of those exceedingly cautious persons that never like to hazard their reputation for infallibility by risking a too decided opinion. If he says "speriamo," the sportsman may proceed; but if the word "cattivo" once escape his lips, depend upon it no boat will cross the channel for twenty-four hours at least. Both coxswains, both rejoicing in the same name, have been consulted the day before, and, though raining what we should call in England cats and dogs, one did not hesitate to say, "speriamo," and the other to hazard an opinion that we might get ourselves ready for our contemplated expedition.

The weather in the Ionian Islands, during the winter season, is as uncertain and variable as any in the world. Half an hour sometimes suffices to change the aspect of the heavens from a brilliant sky and a scorching sun to a gale of wind from the southward, with torrents of such rain as those only who have been accustomed to tropical climates can form any idea of; and often, a miserable, wet, dreary, soaking morning is succeeded, almost as if by magic, by an afternoon with a bright, clear, and cloudless sky, with

scarcely a ripple on the mirror-like surface of the channel of Corfu, and a fine, invigorating freshness in the atmosphere, so agreeable after the dull and melancholy haze of the heavy and enervating sirocco.

Meanwhile, we proceed on our way, and the sun begins to extend his rays, tinging with a faint pink, first the convent on St. Salvatore's* Peak, next Santa Decca and the other high grounds of the island, then the bold rocks of the citadel, and lastly, the whole of the unrippled surface of the channel itself, which, just before the bright orb of day himself appears above the bold mountains which as yet conceal him from our view, is suddenly and magically illumined with a bright yet delicate blaze of crimson light, the effect of the greater refrangibility of the red rays.

On a sudden, some inexperienced eye observes a tract of land to the south, which he imagines to be part of the island of Corfu. Attempts are in vain made to undeceive him; he will insist that it is part of Corfu, although assured that it is the island of Santa Maura, seventy miles dis-

* A mountain in Corfu, 2,980 feet high.

tant, which the uncertain morning light makes appear so much nearer than it really is, and whose outline is as distinct as if it were only ten miles off. A bet is of course lost and won on the occasion. The refraction, too, tends to increase the deception. It raises the land apparently above its natural level, and rounding the ends of the islands and promontories, gives them the appearance of being suspended in mid-air, and that their greater weight about their centre of gravity causes them to sink lower than natural in that part.

Now a small ripple is seen in the south-east: it is the morning breeze coming from Sayades, or Gommenizza bay. The keen eye of the coxswain observes it, and hastens, by steering in that direction, to take advantage of it. It is a long time reaching us; and when it does come, it is but just enough to lighten the labour of the oars. The fore and main-masts are quickly shipped, the lug-sails set, the boatmen resume their oars, and the sportsmen revert to their sanguine anticipations of the coming day's sport. One beguiles the time by recounting some well-known adventure on the very ground we are about to beat;

another exhibits some favourite contrivance of his own for loading his gun more expeditiously, or some method of fastening two bullets together, by cutting their edges smooth: one explains the particular advantage, known only to himself, of an extraordinarily-shaped pair of fustian trowsers, or the goodness of some infallible composition for keeping the wet out of a pair of boots; whilst another expatiates on the perfections of his favourite dog. Perhaps, the never-to-be-exhausted subject of how a gun ought to be carried becomes a matter of debate, as there are still many persons who persist in the very dangerous method of carrying the hammer down upon the cap, whilst others delude themselves into the idea that they are the most careful persons in the world, because they carry their guns at the half-cock. "Defend me," say I, "from shooting with a person who carries his gun at half-cock, or who has any *jimcrack* or patent *safety* contrivance to lock the lock when cocked, and prevent it from going off!" If I find myself looking into both barrels of one of these persons' guns, and request him to keep the muzzle up, he will tell me with the greatest gravity, "Oh! there is no

danger, it is half-cocked;" or, "It cannot go off, because there is a spring under the trigger-guard." The consequence is, that the owner, in his fancied security, becomes careless, always pokes his gun in his neighbour's face, taking good care to assure him in the most affectionate manner that there is no danger; and then some day, when he has cocked his gun and forgotten to half-cock it, or the spring of the patent safety-guard is pressed by resting on his shoulder, a twig catches the trigger, and the gun, going off, kills or severely wounds some one, because the owner would not take the trouble to carry his gun properly. I like to see a man carry his gun at full-cock when in the neighbourood of game. He then knows what he is about. He is aware that he has a dangerous instrument in his hands, which by any carelessness on his part may prove fatal to his friend, and therefore takes good care not to point the muzzle towards him. If it does go off by accident, it hurts no one, and the sportsman has no hesitation or difficulty, no feeling and fumbling for his lock when a bird gets up. I have seen many excellent sportsmen carry their guns at half-cock, and shoot quite as

quickly as those who carry them full-cocked, but I do not admire the practice. Persons are very apt to imagine, that they may, with impunity, play any tricks with a gun that is half-cocked or secured by any safety-spring; but, in my opinion, a sportsman ought never to forget from the moment he has put a cap on the nipple, that he holds in his hand a dangerous weapon, which, by inadvertency, accident, or carelessness, may kill, or seriously injure, either himself or any other person.

Our progress is accelerated by the propitious breeze. On a sudden, the olfactory nerves of all are grievously offended, and but little skill is required to discover the cause. The motion of the boat, though slight, caused by the gentle morning breeze, has made one of the younger and less seasoned of the dogs sea-sick. An amusing scene follows; and the stoutness and strength of each Nimrod's stomach are sorely put to the test. The offender is found secreted in the folds of his master's cloak, under a-thwart in the stern-sheets, is forthwith expelled, *vi et armis*, from the forbidden territory, and obliged unwillingly to take up his abode with his more experienced and

better-behaved companions, in the straw provided for them in the fore-part of the boat.

At last, after about two hours' pulling and sailing, we near the well-known shore. The hovel of the "grammaticos," or clerk of the customs at Kataito, has, after becoming by degrees more and more distinct to our view, at length the appearance of being so close to us, that one dog, more restless than the rest, and not being gifted with sufficient intelligence to comprehend that the boat is moving through the water quicker than he can swim, and will bring him in a few minutes to the wished-for land, plunges in, with the vain hope of hastening his arrival. He drops astern fast, and has either the pleasure of a much longer swim than he calculated upon, or is the cause of some delay in our stopping to pick him up.

The boat touches the strand. The effect is talismanic. In an instant every dog is on shore or in the water; they knock each other overboard in their eagerness to reach the land, and testify their delight at the anticipation of their coming day's sport, by a regular peal, a sort of continued merry cry, each trying to make his tongue resound the loudest.

Then the sportsmen shake off their cloaks, and load their guns; the men who are to accompany the party arm themselves with game and luncheon bags, containing bread and cheese and sundry bottles of ale and porter, besides spare ammunition; the guardian procures a Turkish soldier to accompany us, and in less time than I have taken to describe this, "Heigh! cock!" and bang, bang, is heard. To describe the actual day's work would be a needless repetition of what I have already, in the preceding chapter, endeavoured to convey an imperfect idea of. We meet, however, with an unexpected, though not very uncommon adventure. I have not shot many birds, and am walking along in a most peaceable manner, listening attentively to the merry notes of my friend "Jock," a favourite spaniel, when, on a sudden, I find my further progress impeded by a grim-looking fellow, whom one might well mistake for a savage. He places in my path a dirty and nearly worn-out fez, or red cap, to touch which will subject one to quarantine of fourteen or twenty-one days, and exposes to my astonished gaze a partly-shaven skull, in which scarcely an intellectual organ is visible, whilst the animal ones are most strongly

developed. His high cheek-bones, prominent and well-formed nose, and remarkable nearness of his eyes to each other, give his countenance a bold, but, at the same time, an intensely cunning and piercing expression; whilst his forced and unnatural smile, intended to be persuasive, conveys rather the idea of an authoritative demand, and is more calculated to excite repugnance and disgust, than feelings of good-will and compassion. His great breadth of chest and muscular limbs shew him at once capable of that vigorous exertion to which the rigidity of his sinews clearly indicates he has been accustomed. A dirty, ragged dress, badly covering a more dirty, and dark skin, completes the picture of the man, who, armed to the teeth with a musket, a pair of pistols, and a yataghan, disputes the passage with me, and demands authoritatively, rather then begs, what he is evidently determined, either by fair or foul means, to obtain.

I instinctively stop short, wondering whether the rencontre is a friendly or a hostile one. He vociferates loudly, "Baruti, baruti."* At each repetition of the word, his countenance assumes a more disagreeable and repulsive aspect. In my

* Gunpowder.

zeal for the sport, I pass his cap hastily, but carefully, and take no notice of his urgent appeal, or perhaps, disapproving of the menacing tone in which he has demanded rather than asked the favour, have resolutely determined not to give him any powder. He becomes first indignant, then furious, repeats his demand in a still more threatening tone, and then, his small stock of patience being quite exhausted, as well as the few words of Greek he was master of, he proceeds to shower down imprecations upon my head in his own language, Albanian, which is fortunately unintelligible to all of us.

At this critical moment, another Albanian has joined him, and then a third. Gaining confidence, he renews the attack, backed by his comrades, and all approach and follow me, vociferating still more loudly, "Baruti." I still pretend to take no notice, and go on shooting, till at last, seeing them joined by some others, equally clamorous for the much-desired, and, to them, so valuable, gunpowder, I know that matters are at a crisis, and that we must either accede to their demands, to induce them to leave us to follow our sport unmolested, or that we must oblige

them by threats to go about their own business. Calling to my three companions, we agree to keep close together, and cautioning our attendants to do the same, we take an opportunity, when we are walking away, quickly, though well in battle array, to turn round sharply, seeing them determined still to follow us, and ask what they want. Powder they must and will have. "Very well then *you shall not*. If you had requested some powder as a favour, we would not hesitate to give you some; but since you demand it in a menacing manner, you shall not intimidate us into granting your request." They become still more indignant and furious, but seeing that we are determined not to yield, and that our four double-barrelled percussions are more than a match for their eight rusty fire-locks, wisely retire, at first sulkily, and then grumbling in a loud voice, talking and calling in a very high key to their friends on an opposite mountain, hoping probably to intimidate us, by threatening to come down upon us in greater numbers.

The manner in which these mountaineers talk to each other at the distance of half a mile or more, is curious, and at first seems difficult; but it

is entirely a knack of pitching the voice very high, pronouncing each syllable with great distinctness, and dwelling particularly long upon the last.

Our shooting proceeds, and woodcocks again begin to feel the effects of a Smith or a Purday's gun, well directed. We have almost forgotten the Albanians, when a cry of distress is heard from the rear. "Confound those Albanians, we shall lose half our sport," is in the mouth of every one. The guardian, the stoutness of whose nerves, and the equanimity of whose temper, has been already sorely put to the test, is calling out for assistance; for although there is no actual *mêlée*, yet it is evident something has taken place as nearly approaching to a scuffle as can be reasonably imagined, where the party attacked dare not touch the aggressor for fear of incurring the penalty of quarantine. On hastening back to inquire the cause of this fresh adventure, we find that the Albanians having cunningly observed that the guardian had imprudently lagged a little behind the rest of the party, one of them, watching his opportunity, after he had succeeded in getting the guardian quite off his guard, by pretending to enter into conversation with him in a

quiet and peaceable manner, had seized hold of, and pulled off the guardian's shoulders, a game-bag which he carried, and which, from its size and weighty appearance, he vainly imagined to contain a good stock of the so much desired article, gunpowder. The guardian, finding himself attacked, had wisely and adroitly cast loose the bag itself from his shoulders, and by this means avoided touching the Albanian, and had escaped getting into quarantine.

The Albanian ransacking his imaginary prize, finds, to his dismay, nothing but woodcocks, but hardly has he time to be thoroughly convinced of the utter failure of his daring attempt, when four double-barrelled guns close to his breast oblige him to surrender his ill-gotten booty. He casts upon us a look of scorn and contempt, grins fiendishly, and skulks away.

"If it were not for the quarantine, how I should like to try the effect of a little sparring with that fellow!" Revenge for an insult of the kind is certainly very tempting, and might induce one to commit what would certainly be an act of very great imprudence, as well as very impolitic; but the consideration that any fray with the Alba-

nians would be a signal to the Ionian Government to withdraw the permission, hitherto accorded to officers and others, to shoot on that coast without incurring the penalty of quarantine, provided they are attended by a guardian from the Corfu Health-office, obliges us to a passive endurance of these little inconveniences.

Adventures like these are far from uncommon, and I have known an Albanian, on finding his endeavours to extort gunpowder quite fruitless, run behind the nearest rock, and deliberately level his firelock at the offending Nimrod, whose only resource is to threaten in a similar manner in return, although he does not dare, for fear of spoiling his own and his friends' sport for years to come, to take any more hostile step than stand upon his guard, and ready, in case the Albanian should fire at him, to return the compliment.

I remember once having my gun seized, and being myself fairly made a prisoner by a huge Albanian, upwards of six feet high, and with shoulders and a form more than proportionate to his height, who came upon me by surprise from behind, as I was walking up to a bush where my dog was

giving tongue, and seizing my gun with his left hand, kept it fast, whilst with his right he drew his yataghan, and held the point of it a great deal closer to my breast than was quite agreeable. I was unable to turn the muzzle of the gun towards him, because he had it fast by the centre of the barrel, and was quite close to me, and I could not wrestle with him without getting into quarantine, so I had nothing to do but to hold on my gun as long as I could, because *that* I was resolved not to resign without a struggle, cost what it might. In the meantime, I found myself dragged at a great rate down the side of a very steep hill, being obliged to run, to keep up with my enemy, who still kept an equally fast hold of my gun with myself. I was beginning to wonder considerably how this adventure would terminate, when I fortunately heard him tell me in Greek, to call off one of my dogs, that was worrying his lambs. I immediately answered, "Very well," when he quitted his hold, and ran on towards his flock. It appears, he merely intended to call my attention in an energetic manner to the attack made, certainly very provokingly, by one of our dogs on his sheep, and

having succeeded in making himself understood, had quitted me. The consequences, however, might have been serious, if I had not understood him, or if I had been able, whilst he had hold of my gun, and was brandishing his yataghan at my breast, to fire at him.

Immediately he let me go, although the thought did certainly strike me at the instant whether I ought not to make him pay dearly for his temerity, yet having had an instant to consider, second thoughts were best, and I quickly resolved to be generous. His countenance, too, although betraying his rage and indignation at the injury his flock was sustaining, was one of the most open, good-natured, and expressive, I ever saw, and went far, I am sure, to moderate my anger and lessen any desire of revenge I might at the first moment have felt inclined to indulge in; for I really think if he had been one of the ill-looking fellows one sometimes meets in that barbarous country, in whose countenances are written, in the most legible characters, distrust, savage ferocity, and murder, I should have hesitated little on doing him some grievous bodily harm.

Any repugnance I might have felt to taking

the life of a fellow-creature, even in self-defence, as this at first-sight appeared to be, would undoubtedly have vanished before the little human appearance which some of these Albanians have in their countenances; but when I looked round at the man who was threatening me with the cold steel of his yataghan, and saw an open countenance, a good-natured, though fierce expression, I could not for all the world, after a few moments' time to consider, admiring, too, as I could not help doing, the boldness of attack he had so imprudently made, have lifted my hand to injure him.

The altercation which followed was certainly most amusing. The Albanian was fairly in a nest of hornets. A dozen sportsmen were about him in an instant, each burning to take the part of his insulted companion, whilst I endeavoured, in vain I believe, to make the Albanian comprehend the full extent of my forbearance towards him in not having given him a charge of shot as he ran off, for which act, I dare say he gave me credit of being a very great fool.

To return to our day's sport. The battue continues, our bags are becoming well filled with

game, when on a sudden a long and loud whistling is heard from one of our party. An unfortunate dog, one of our best, has either missed his way or has been enticed away by the Albanians for the sake of getting the reward of a dollar, which we always make it a rule to give to any one who finds and takes care of any of our dogs. This practice operates certainly as an inducement to the Albanians to steal our dogs if they can, but then we become certain that when a dog is lost, he will be taken care of and restored to his rightful owner. All the whistling having proved fruitless, we turn back and shoot over the same ground again, lest he should have become entangled in a bush; but our search being ineffectual, we are obliged to abandon it in the vain hope that he may find his way to the boat.

No such good fortune, however, awaits the dog nor his disconsolate master, and the usual period of two or three days must elapse before the Albanians deliver him up to the next party that goes over to shoot, or send him to Corfu by some fishing boat. On our arrival at the beach, when daylight begins to fail us, anxious inquiries are made, but no dog is to be seen, and most un-

willingly are we obliged, after in vain waiting in the hope that he may yet appear, to console ourselves with our Irish stew; occasionally, however, mistaking the howls of the jackals which we hear as we pull along the shore, for the cries of our lost dog. We attack our stew—such a stew! Whether it be from the length of time it has been stewing over a slow fire, or from the experience of the coxswain in the exact proportion of each ingredient, together with the infallible seasoning of a good appetite which the day's exercise has procured for each of us, I really cannot say; but on all these occasions, the stew is unanimously declared to be the very best we have ever tasted. After quickly changing our wet clothes, and putting on pea-jackets and cloaks, we demolish a considerable portion of the said stew, and having emptied several bottles of London porter, we stretch ourselves along the thwarts or in the bottom of the boats, and forget or doze away the fatigues of the delightful day, until reminded by the challenge of the sentry to the boat entering the Ditch of Corfu, or the report of the evening gun as at eight o'clock we pass the citadel, that more than two hours have elapsed since we left

the Albanian shore. The dogs are all called on shore, and again counted; perhaps one is missing, and, after some search, is found hidden away in some sly corner of the boat, or else has quietly trotted off to his home, and is impatiently waiting the arrival of his master, who has been in vain seeking for him.

After seeing them well fed and taken care of, the sportsmen look after themselves, the older ones ensconcing themselves in snug arm-chairs over cheerful wood fires, whilst the younger and more gay ones, particularly after a first-rate day's sport, proceed to the opera, not so much for the sake of listening to the favourite *prima donna*, as to astonish their wondering friends with a narration of their exploits. Every regular Corfu Nimrod knows well when a party is going to shoot, whether he form one of the number or not, and consequently, no sooner does the returned sportsman make his appearance in the theatre, than he is saluted with—"Well, how many couple?" "Two and thirty—forty" (as the case may be); "But how many guns?" "Four." "By Jove, that's good," exclaims the questioner. "But, come, let us hear how many did *you* bag?" "Oh!" says the other

with affected *nonchalance*, "I bagged my share—ten or eleven couple I think" (he knowing full well the whole time the exact number, which he had carefully counted over at least a dozen times, and recalled to his recollection where and how he had killed each bird). "Well, that really is a day worth going for." "Then," rejoins some one, who would like to shoot very well, if it were not too much trouble, and who will not for the sake of a few good days undergo the fatigue of some indifferent ones, "if *I* could get such a day as that, I really would go."

The secret, however, is not only in the number and goodness of the dogs, the sharpness of the shooter's eye, the *straightness of the powder*, the goodness of the gun, the good fortune or the skill in the choice of suitable weather, the knowledge of the country, the unanimity of the party shooting together, the physical powers of each; no! success in all their expeditions will be proportionate to the keenness of the sportsmen themselves, their zeal and their determination to earn their sport by working hard for it. A careless sportsman, indifferent to his work, who would rather walk round a bush, than beat through it, will

reach home with a bag far smaller than a real, hard-working one, who sets about it with determination and good-will, even although this last may not have flushed half the number of woodcocks.

Thus terminates a day's sport in Albania, than which a more exciting, soul-stirring sport does not exist. I delight in a fox hunt, I have always been from my youth a zealous and determined sportsman, but I shall ever look back with the greatest pleasure to the magnificent sport I had the good fortune to enjoy during five seasons, whilst residing at Corfu. The wildness of the country, an unlimited territory, over which one can range free from the restraint of not being able to enter this or that enticing cover, because it belongs to Lord A., or to Mr. B., the never-ending rapid succession of events, whether of killing larger game, such as boar and deer, falling in with a larger flight of woodcocks than usual, or an adventure with the Albanians, all combine together to produce a kind of charm in the sporting in this country, which none but a first-rate Nimrod can imagine, and no language can describe.

In bounding over the craggy rocks, in stepping across a valley, up the side of a steep mountain, I used to feel a lightness of foot, and an exhilaration and buoyancy of spirits, which made me forgetful not only of all cares, but that my spirit was encumbered with the dead weight of human clay. My existence seemed ætherial, bird-like, carried on by the excitement of the chase, and invigorated by the freshness and brilliancy of a delightful climate: never do I remember finding a day's work too long, nor being sensible of even the most distant wish to bring it to a close, except when evening bade us make for our boat, or when at the end of the season an utter want of game shewed the futility of any further endeavours to obtain sport.

Whilst I am on the subject of shooting, it may not be uninteresting to relate the rather unusual circumstance of five of our dogs, on one occasion, dying of the wet and cold. There was a very keen, cutting, north-east wind, and snow and sleet were falling in considerable quantities; so much so, that the esplanade at Corfu had snow on it for three days,—an event that had not been known for twenty years. A party of us had

proceeded to the coast of Albania the night before, not imagining the weather was about to become so severe, and finding ourselves there, did not like to lose the day for our sport, although it certainly was not a very favourable one, considerable squalls of rain and sleet following each other in great rapidity. The country was very wet, and a good deal flooded. We however contrived to proceed, and, having killed a few woodcocks, arrived at one part which was more flooded than the rest, and where the wandering of a small river from its regular course had laid many acres under water, and caused long rushes to spring up in a field which the year before had been cultivated, and had produced Indian corn in abundance. On approaching the rushes, a magnificent body of wild duck, widgeon, and teal, rose like a cloud, and just out of gun-shot.

This being a rather common occurrence, did not much attract our attention; but, on a nearer approach, others rose, and being within range, those of the party who were nearest, walked in amongst the rushes, and there opened a scene unrivalled in the annals of shooting. Clouds of ducks I have already said had flown away, and

others kept getting on the wing; but the rushes were so thickly covered with them, that if I had had fifty double-barrelled guns, I could have brought down a bird right and left with each barrel. The cold, cutting, north-east wind had caused all the wild fowl in the country to collect on this small piece of water, to shelter themselves from the keen blast, and, as ducks always do in windy weather, they all lay very close. In fact, they would hardly rise, and I can compare them to nothing but tame ducks in a pond, rising unwillingly when frightened by a dog. I never saw such a number of wild fowl in my life: I have been in the habit of going constantly to Albania, for five seasons, and I never met such an adventure before or since. As fast as I could load (no easy matter by the way, with the snow and sleet and cutting wind), I pulled down right and left fat fellows that could scarcely fly. It was a completely wanton, wholesale slaughter. Captain Cunynghame and Mr. Hadaway, who were with me, continued to do the same.

We did not stop to bag the birds we shot, because there was no time. We continued to load and fire as fast as we could, walking lei-

surely round and round the same piece of shallow water, as most of the ducks alighted again after a very short flight, and endeavoured to shelter themselves from the wind in the rushes. How long this might have continued I know not, for the rising of the ducks appeared to be endless, and as they flew scarcely any distance, they were put up again after they had alighted. We were soon, however, obliged to turn our attention to our dogs, which appeared to be becoming paralyzed from the wet and cold; so, abandoning most unwillingly our battue, we made the best of our way to the driest ground that the country afforded.

We had not proceeded half a mile, before the dogs began to droop, and each endeavoured to hide himself in a bush from the keen blast of the wind. It was difficult to prevent losing them in this way, but we coupled together as many as possible, and carried others. In the meantime, three shivered a good deal, pined away, became stiff, and died; others seemed disposed to do the same, and good dogs, particularly spaniels, being very scarce in the Ionian Islands, great was their loss to their respective masters, and vigorous were the exertions made to save

the rest. We gave brandy to some, which we thought did much good, carried the weakest in our arms, kept the strongest coupled together, that they might not run away and hide themselves, and after considerable labour, having in attempting to return by a nearer route become more deeply entangled in the floods, we at length reached the boat.

In the meantime, another dog had died, and, on the passage back to Corfu, a fifth, a very valuable cumber spaniel, which had been sent out from England a year before, shared the same fate. I could not have imagined, had I not seen it with my own eyes, that wet and cold could have had such an effect upon dogs, which had been, I may say, well accustomed to it, all of them being hardy and strong, and a good many amongst them of the Sussex breed.

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE FROM CORFU FOR CONSTANTINOPLE—DELVINO—DELVINAKI — ALTERCATION WITH GUIDES — ENGLISHMEN GENERALLY OBSTINATE — ZITZA — CALOYERS — CONVENTS GENERALLY—ANECDOTE—ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON—JANINA—BARRACKS—LETTER OF CREDIT—LAKES OF JANINA AND LABCHISTAS.

On the 8th of May, 1839, Captain Spence, of the 60th Rifles, and myself, accompanied by Giovanni Zaruchi, whose services I had found so valuable on my former excursion, landed at Santa Quaranta, on the coast of Albania, distant about twenty miles north of the town of Corfu, on our way to Constantinople, by the unfrequented route of Albania, Thessaly, and Macedonia. From having already made one excursion into the interior of this country, I was well aware what we were undertaking, and we both made up our minds to lie hard, ride hard, and live hard; to take with us a stock of perseverance and equanimity of temper; to feel quite happy if we had

enough to eat, however coarse our food might be; and not to grumble much if there should be a deficiency.

Prompted by a love of adventure, we determined to run all risks of encounters with the Albanians, and in order to afford as little inducement as possible to predatory attacks, we took merely a change of clothes and no heavy baggage of any description, contenting ourselves with a thick quilt each to lie upon, and a pea-jacket to defend us from the thunder showers. We took, however, the precaution of providing ourselves with a sufficient stock of food to last us as far as Janina, where we knew we should be able to obtain a further supply.

Having hired four horses, that is, one for each of us, and the fourth for the baggage, which, light as it was, must be carried, we proceeded to Delvino, where we slept. On our way thither, we were much surprised at finding the plain over which we passed exceedingly well cultivated; corn, Indian corn, and rice, growing in great abundance; all the hard work being done by the Greek women, who, indeed, throughout Albania, are considered the beasts of burthen.

The approach to Delvino is particularly striking. It is prettily situated in a mountainous country, the bold faces and deep ravines being covered with trees, and forming an endless variety of very beautiful views. The principal houses are built at some distance from each other, and are surrounded by walls, which gives them a good deal the appearance of detached military works. The bazaar is well supplied with the articles usually found in Turkish towns. I observed a great number of mosques, and consequently among the inhabitants I should imagine there are a great many Mahommedans. Delvino has always caused a great deal of trouble to the pashas of Albania. The inhabitants consider themselves in some degree independent of the pashas, and, I believe, to this day do not acknowledge their entire subjection to him, much less to the Ottoman Porte.

When about to leave Delvino the next morning, a swaggering Turk walked into the khan yard, and insisted on our giving him forty piastres as backshish, for *what* he did not seem exactly to know himself, but he blustered a good deal, and slapped his hand on his pistols in a significant manner.

We, however, treated him very cavalierly, and quickly proceeded to make a complaint to the Musseleim or head of the village. On arriving at his house, the worthy Moslem was asleep, and they dare not awaken him, so, after some parley, we, for peace and quietness' sake, agreed to give two piastres and a half (instead of forty), to a man whom the Turk left to receive the money, and were then permitted to proceed without further trouble.

Our route lay over a barren limestone country, in the course of which we had some magnificent prospects. It is generally uncultivated, though I observed occasionally a vineyard in the ravines. Our rate of travelling during this part of the journey might have been two miles an hour. From being out of the regular post road, we had common country horses which go only at a foot's pace, the guides walking on foot in front. Two of these men were Greeks and the third a Turk.

Passing Delvinaki, we took up our lodging at a khan on the road side, where we took up our abode for the night, having for our companion a cow, who seemed not best pleased at our politely requesting her to remain on one side of the build-

ing, and to resign the possession of the other exclusively to us, and which said request we were obliged to enforce by placing barricades across the part we intended her to occupy. We soon made a fire, hashed some mutton we had brought from Corfu, and after a meal, to which our ride of thirteen hours was an excellent *sauce piquante,* we were warbled to rest on our hard couches by the plaintive notes of innumerable nightingales, with which the adjoining woods abounded.

On rising the next morning with the sun, the extreme beauty of the scenery in the neighbourhood of this solitary khan—this oäsis in the desert—the green valleys and plains, rich with herds of cattle—the near hills covered with a quantity of dwarf oak, which had apparently been burnt not many years back, the limestone mountains more barren in appearance, yet well wooded and rich in pasture—the bold features of vast Tomoros rising majestically in the distance, and reflecting from its snowy ridges the brilliant rays of the bright orb of day, made an impression upon me which I shall not readily forget. As I sat on the green grass outside of the khan, whilst our servant was preparing our breakfast,

and the guides saddling the horses, and gazed with intense admiration on the extremely beautiful country which surrounded me, I felt exhilarated more than I can express; and as the plaintive note of the cuckoo from the neighbouring wood reached my ear, I was more disposed to regret that I had not sooner availed myself of the opportunity my residence at Corfu afforded me of visiting so magnificent a country, than to enjoy to its fullest extent the wildness of the mode of life with which I was at the time so enraptured.

The influence of climate and country on national character is acknowledged, but its effect likewise on foreigners is not only not chimerical, but perceptible. No one can, I am convinced, breathe for any length of time the pure atmosphere of a bold mountain country, without being imbued with that feeling of independence, which is certain to characterize its inhabitants.

We reached Zitza about noon, after a rather amusing adventure with our guides, who with their chief, the Turk, took it into their heads to try and compel us to submit to what they wished us to do.

We had made an agreement at Delvino, that

we were to go round by Zitza (which is out of the high road to Janina, and at the top of a mountain); but when we arrived at the turn of the road leading to Zitza, the Turk, with the greatest imaginable coolness, declared we had made no agreement of the kind, and positively refused to proceed. I imagine he thought if he could save himself the trouble of walking up the side of the mountain on which the convent stands, he might as well do so at all hazards.

By the merest accident, I had been present at the time Giovanni made the bargain with the Turk at Delvino, and their conversation having been carried on in Greek, I had understood what they said; so I at once stepped forward and bore testimony against the Turk, who, finding himself thus foiled and caught in a dishonest act by one whom he least suspected, became most furious and indignant, grew pale with rage, and vowed we should *not* go to Zitza. Now, we were equally determined that we *would go*, so after a little deliberation amongst ourselves, we very wisely came to the conclusion that two Englishmen and a Suliote* were fully a match for two Greeks and

* The Suliotes are justly celebrated for having held out for many years against Ali Pasha.

a Turk; and being in an uninhabited part of the country where no one could assist our foes, we walked up to the baggage horse which the Turk was leading, carried him off by main force, and left the Turk to follow or not, as he pleased. He became still more furious, blustered a good deal, whilst we took no notice, but quietly proceeded on our way, till at last, finding all further resistance vain, he submitted to his fate, and commenced unwillingly ascending the mountain.

To Zitza then we went—"Monastic Zitza." I would, however, recommend every one to read Childe Harold after seeing Zitza, and not before he goes there, because Byron's description is so *very* fine, that he may perchance feel at first in a small degree disappointed at the reality. This feeling, however, soon wears off. The ascent to the convent is beautiful, and a magnificent waterfall in the valley below, a most imposing object. The grandeur of all the mountain scenery, over which the immense height of the hill on which the convent stands, gives the traveller a most commanding view, cannot be described. There is an endless succession of mountains in the distance, and immediately below the convent,

countless tops of barren wild hills, giving it an almost volcanic appearance.*

In the convent are now only two caloyers or monks of the Greek Church. It is said to have been formerly very wealthy. The principal, an old man, who did not recollect whether he was sixty or seventy years old, saying he had only the life God gave him, and that he did not know how long he had lived, nor care how long he might live, told us he remembered Lord Byron, and inquired of us if it were true that Lord Byron had written concerning the convent.

Whilst taking our luncheon in the caloyers' room, we saw the schoolmaster of the neighbouring village, who gave us a good account of the progress of education there, telling us he had seventy scholars, all Greeks. No Turks except the government officers reside in the village.

The monks of the Greek Church are called

* Byron, in his description in Childe Harold of "Monastic Zitza," calls the river which flows in the valley beneath, "Black Acheron."* It is the River Thyamis or Calamas which flows past Zitza; the river commonly called Acheron, is that which, running past Suli, falls into the sea near Parga.

* Childe Harold, canto ii. stanza 51.

caloyers. They are generally poor and ignorant, and subsist on the produce of the land belonging to their convents, and which they are employed in cultivating.

They are all remarkably charitable, good sort of people, and a traveller need desire no better fortune than to fall into the hospitable hands of the caloyers of some good convent.

Their simplicity of mind, and, I may add, profound ignorance, not only of the world generally, but of every thing connected with it, is very remarkable. They live well, as far as the fasts which their religion enjoins permit them to do, and a convent is sure to be well provided with the best stock of wine in the neighbourhood; but, like priests of the Eastern Church generally, the monks are mostly without education; indeed, to such an extent does prejudice exist amongst the whole body against it, that it is not two years since a patriarch of Constantinople, the head of the Greek Church, was formally deposed by the influence of the British Government with the Sublime Porte, for a most unwarrantable attempt to check the progress of public education in the Ionian Islands, and amongst his addresses to the

clergy, was one condemning the system of *educating priests at all*, and recommending that only *the least educated persons* should be ordained to the priesthood.

The priests in the Ionian Islands are becoming more enlightened every day, but those on the Continent of Albania, where there is no master-hand like British influence to urge them on to improvement, the grossest ignorance is likely for many years to continue.

I remember well having on one occasion a long conversation with the chief of a convent in the Island of Corfu. He was describing to me the number of miracles which had been performed in the church of his convent by a miraculous picture of the Virgin Mary; in attestation of which miracles, each sick person who had been cured by performing a pilgrimage to that convent had suspended some token in commemoration of his cure about the painting itself, which is a very small and not well-painted bust. "But who do you consider performs these miracles?" I asked, more from inadvertency, than from any intention of provoking a religious dispute with the good-natured old monk. "Who?" he replied, "why

she does," pointing to the picture. "You have no idea," he continued, "how good she is to us; e' una eccellente persona, Signore."

I chanced to turn my eyes towards a picture of our Saviour, which appeared to be quite in the background compared to the position of that of the Virgin, with all her candles, nosegays, and decorations in the shape of small pieces of silver and tin with eyes, legs, arms, &c., stamped upon them, in commemoration of the cures on those members performed by this miraculous picture, and I asked if they prayed to him as much as to the Virgin. "I will explain it to you," he said; "you, Signore, are his Excellency's aide-de-camp. Well, I want to ask a favour of his Excellency. I am a poor, ignorant man, who do not know how to address myself to so great a person, nor to explain to him my wants; so I go to you first, tell you my whole story, and then, on one word from you to his Excellency, I get what I want."

I walked with one of these caloyers to the top of a mountain, to see the magnificent prospect, and to visit a small church belonging to the convent, and dedicated to St. George, where is kept

the scapula, or shoulder-blade, of some extraordinary animal, which tradition has handed down, and which is by many believed to have actually belonged to the dragon which St. George is said to have killed. Now, without entering into the dispute which has arisen respecting St. George and the dragon, it being maintained by many persons that the whole affair has originated in a confounding of the names of two Georges, who lived in the East at two very different periods, I may mention that this scapula of which I am speaking is a very curious one. It is of immense size, and I have never met any one yet who could at all conjecture the description of animal to which it belonged. The caloyer, of course, believed implicitly all that tradition has handed down to us respecting St. George, and there being a fracture or hole in the centre of the scapula, it is believed that this was caused by St. George's spear, when he killed the animal.

From the top of the mountain to which I am alluding there is a most commanding view over the greater part of the Island of Corfu, and the prospect is certainly very extensive, and strikingly beautiful. "What an immense size

is Corfu!" said the caloyer. "Yes, it is a fine island," said I, but, inadvertently, in a tone which betrayed the idea that could not fail to enter my mind, that it was certainly not the largest I had ever seen. "What!" said he, "have you ever seen any thing larger?" I could not help acknowledging that I had seen many very much larger. "What! very much larger! Very much larger than Corfu!" "Certainly." "Is that possible?" "Oh, yes!" said I; "England is a good deal larger." He expressed very great surprise, and asked me if England really was very much larger. "Oh, yes!" I said, "very much larger." "How many times as large?" At a venture, I answered forty times, although I might have doubled that number. The poor caloyer became very grave, looked at me in a reproachful manner, and said, "I did not expect this of you, Κυριε; you are a traveller, and I am a poor, ignorant man, but you cannot make me believe what is impossible. No country in the world can be forty times as large as Corfu."

To return to my journey. About five hours' ride in the evening brought us to the house of Signor Clerici, the Ionian agent in Janina, who

received us very hospitably, as on the occasion of my former visit. His house is one of the best in Janina, and happy is the traveller who can persuade him to give him lodging.

Having already described the city of Ali Pasha, I shall content myself with saying, that the Kaimakan Bey, or lieutenant-governor, who was acting as pasha in the absence of my friend Mustafa, received us very civilly, and immediately recognized me as an old acquaintance. He gave us all we wanted, *viz.* the requisite order for post-horses, and, by means of a bouyourdi, commanded all persons to be civil to us in our route towards Constantinople.

We next paid a visit to the brigadier or colonel, who was commanding the troops in Janina in the place of Daoud Pasha, the general, who was absent with Mustafa Pasha at Larissa. We found him sitting in a small garden, near the barrack gate. He appeared very much disposed to be communicative, and asked a great many questions of us relating to England, Englishmen, the Ionian Islands, &c. Alluding to our journey to Constantinople, he remarked that the English

are great travellers, and added, with a sly look, "I will tell you why. You write a great deal about all you see, and every thing there is to laugh at; and when you get home, and find yourself in a bad humour, you read over all you have written to get into a good humour again." "Yes," said I, "and likewise to have the pleasure of telling our friends anecdotes of our adventures, and making them stare about persons and places they have never seen." He said that the English travelled a good deal in Turkey, because Turks were always so glad to see foreigners, but that he suspected that a Turk travelling in England would find it very different. "It might be so," we said, "but Turks so seldom liked to leave their harems, that they could not tell." This brigadier appeared to be exceedingly desirous to impress us with a favourable opinion of himself, his soldiers, and his countrymen.

After pipes and coffee had been introduced, the bimbashi, or captain of the day, came to report that the barracks were ready for our inspection, and, in doing so, saluted the brigadier in the curious manner the Turks always do a supe-

rior, by touching, with the inner edge of the right hand, and with as quick a motion as possible, first his beard or chin, and then the forehead.

We accordingly took our leave of the brigadier, and walked round the barrack rooms with the captain of the day, who, after the inspection was over, would insist on our taking some coffee, and smoking more pipes in his room.

Cobbett used to say that Englishmen never meet together but to eat and drink. Turks, on the contrary, do nothing without pipes and coffee.

This captain of the day had a very good room, but it could not be called his own, because his two subalterns shared it with him. Across the top of the room, in the post of honour, was the captain's divan, and on each side of the room those of the two subalterns, all covered with handsome Turkish rugs. Below the step * was the place for the servants, and they all sleep exactly in this order.

This captain was a man of apparently about forty years of age. He wore a gorget, as a mark of being on duty, and, excepting the fez or red cap, his dress was an imitation of the costume of

* See page 25.

the armies of civilized countries. He appeared to be a great dandy in his own way, though Stultz would have been somewhat astonished at the cut of his clothes.

On leaving the barracks, we proceeded to the head of the post, to shew our orders for post-horses, and make inquiries concerning the route to Salonica. This man, who was of course smoking his pipe, we found in a rather commodious room of a good-looking house. We soon obtained from him all the information we required, and decided to proceed with post-horses, but without a tatar.

An adventure in Janina, about a letter of credit we had brought with us from Corfu, might have caused us considerable inconvenience, had we not fortunately been well known, and I cannot sufficiently caution any one before he undertakes an expedition of this kind, to make quite sure of the goodness of any letter of credit he may take with him before he starts on his journey.

This letter of credit was to be transferable to Salonica and Constantinople, but when I came to present it at Janina, I could bring the person to whom it was addressed to no terms whatever;

he would give me nothing but a bill of exchange for the whole amount on either of those places. Of this I might be robbed on the road, or the worthy money-changer might break in the mean-time, so I was obliged to abandon my letter of credit, and trust to the good-nature of persons who knew me to be an honest man, to change a bill of my own. We required, however, very little money, because the expense of travelling in Albania is very trifling; indeed, whilst on the road, three dollars a day would cover all expenses, although in the towns it would cost more. My whole three months' cruize came to somewhat less than eighty pounds.

I chanced one day, during my stay at Janina, to see a Turkish regiment under arms at drill. They manœuvred three deep, and really acquitted themselves very tolerably, considering they are little better than recruits, and that their officers are not the most intelligent in the world. They were slow in their movements, but seemed to have a very fair idea of what they ought to do. Their clothing and general equipment, like all Turkish troops, was very unsightly, and as bad as can be imagined.

There is no visible outlet to the Lake of Janina. Above the town, is the smaller Lake of Labchistas, which forms, however, a very extensive piece of water. On the side of this lake, I observed, close under a very high and precipitous limestone rock, the water of the lake running into the earth under the rock in several places, and in very large quantities. I examined closely, and found, from the shape of its features, that there could be no outlet to this lake in that direction excepting under ground. On asking the guide if he knew what became of this water, thinking he might probably know some place where water might rise in an unaccountable manner from the earth, "Oh!" said he, "that water runs *back again into the lake.*" It was of no use to dispute the question with him, and explain that this was hydrostatically impossible, so I let the matter drop.

I found, on examining the other side of the Lake of Janina, that there was no outlet in that direction either, so that the surplus water must find its way under ground to one of the neighbouring rivers.

CHAPTER VI.

MODE OF TRAVELLING—POST HORSES—TATARS—ALI PASHA—MEZZOVO—KHAN OF ZIGOS—PINDUS—DESCENT—ASSURANCE THE BEST PASSPORT—RIVER PENEUS—REFLECTIONS ON ALBANIA GENERALLY—DECLINE OF OTTOMAN POWER—POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

After a rest of two days, we continued our journey. If I were to attempt to describe our road minutely, and the country through which we passed, I should, I fear, much weary my reader with a needless repetition, the whole route being a constant succession of the most magnificent views, and the most grand, bold, and stupendous scenery that can be imagined. At one spot in particular, six hours after leaving Janina, where, from the top of a mountain, we came unexpectedly upon a view of the town and lake, apparently a very short distance beneath us, I do not think I was ever more astounded. It far surpasses, in my estimation, the first burst of Brigg, on coming over the Simplon from the Italian side.

Our mode of proceeding during this part of the journey was as follows. We were on the high road to Constantinople, and travelling with post-horses, but without a tatar: the surrigee, who rode in front, led the baggage-horse, which carried a basket on one side containing a kettle, tea-pot, tin plates, cups, and our stock of eatables; and on the other side, a painted tarpaulin containing two quilts, a small valise and a cloak, besides a pair of saddle-bags. One of our party always rode close behind the baggage-horse with a whip or a piece of buffalo hide to keep him up to his work, whilst the other two trotted along leisurely in single file behind, there being breadth for only one at a time.

Our usual pace was a slow trot of about four miles an hour, which appeared never to tire the horses. I observed that, however good the road, the surrigee always made it a rule to walk the horses for about the first two or three miles, when he would whip up his horse, on which the others would follow, and away we went merrily. In ascending mountains, the pace was generally slackened, but the surrigee appeared to have an utter disregard for his own or his horse's neck, because he always

"charged" down hill, and whenever he whipped up and commenced a more lively pace than usual, we were sure to find there was some break-neck place to trot down, or dangerous spot to pass. Once I remember both surrigee and horse tumbling down the face of a rock, a height of about six feet perhaps, into the bed of the river below, the sloping nature of the rock not allowing footing for the horse. They both shook themselves, and jumped up again, none the worse. The horses often cast shoes, which were as often put on again by the surrigee, who carried a hammer and nails with him. The roads, it must be remembered, are mere tracks, generally full of large stones, with endless turnings, in ascending or descending hills.

Sometimes the remains of a regular Turkish road were visible. These are paved roads, and being only just wide enough for a cart, or a gun with its carriage, appear to the eye of an European more like footpaths than roads. If in good repair, these would be practicable for artillery; but now they have been allowed to fall so much to decay, that it would be a difficult, though not an impossible matter to get guns along. Of this

kind are the roads from Janina to Arsa, and from Janina to the top of the Pindus; but I doubt very much if guns could be got down the Meteora side without great difficulty.

All baggage and merchandise is carried on horses, there being no such article as a cart or carriage in the whole country.

Our surrigees were sometimes Greeks and sometimes Turks. They rode on wooden saddles, which they contrived to pad with sheep-skins, so as to make, with their short stirrups, a very comfortable seat, and a remarkably good one for riding a long distance at the steady pace at which they usually travel. I became in a very short time quite accustomed to their gentle jog-trot, and by sitting well back in the saddle, and very loosely on the horse, could forget my cares, so as often to doze whilst riding along. We both found the advantage of having with us good English saddles, because the post-horses in Turkey are not provided with any saddles. If, however, a traveller intends to content himself with the common pack-horses of the country, he will do best to have no saddle with him, because each pack-horse has his own wooden saddle, which at a

foot's pace is not a disagreeable seat; and if the horse is obliged to have the English saddle on his back, the owner grumbles, because he thinks his horse will be injured by it, and the pack-saddle is placed, as an extra load, upon some other horse of the company.

With post-horses, therefore, I would have an English saddle; with pack-horses, I should be satisfied with that belonging to the animal itself.

If a traveller chooses to travel day and night, and desires to arrive at his journey's end as quickly as possible, without caring about seeing the country in his route, it is undoubtedly the best way to hire a tatar, who, going as a person in authority, can always procure horses at each post station without delay, and is allowed to make the unfortunate animals travel as fast as he pleases.

If, however, as was our case, he is travelling for amusement, and is not particularly desirous of over-fatiguing himself by riding day and night without stopping, it is, in my opinion, the best plan to have no tatar, as one of these gentry is a very great additional expense. A tatar will do the distance from Janina to Constantinople in six

days, whilst the regular time of performing that distance with post-horses is one hundred and ninety hours.

Colonel Dundas, it is said, rode with a tatar from Belgrade to Constantinople, a distance of upwards of six hundred miles, in five days. This is a great feat, but time is no great object to a person travelling for amusement; and I know, from my own experience, that from twelve to sixteen hours' riding is quite sufficient for a day's work.

In either case the surrigee rides in front, leading the baggage-horse, the others follow, and if there is a tatar, he brings up the rear, whipping, hallooing, and cheering them on, keeping them at a much faster pace than the surrigee alone would do.

From Janina to Mezzovo is the remains of a very good road of the paved kind I have just described, which was constructed by Ali Pasha, but is now in a very decayed state. I counted no less than four very well-built, strong, and well-engineered bridges over mountain torrents, which had entirely gone to ruin, but, with proper care, might have been easily kept in order.

Ali Pasha certainly did a great deal for Albania. He was a tyrant, an animal that deserved not the name of man, but he knew the people he ruled over, and managed them well; he tried to introduce civilized customs, but remained barbarous himself. It is very doubtful whether Albania was not in a better condition under the cruel tyrannical Ali, than under the present milder regime. Ali would allow no one to be cruel or tyrannize but himself; now, every one dressed in a little brief authority grinds his less powerful dependent to the last piastre. The Greek, in particular, is reduced to a state verging on desperation and despair; the industrious persons are robbed by the many, instead of by one chief only; and the forlorn appearance of Ali's capital, its ruined houses, the stagnation of its trade, and the constant diminution of its population, perpetually emigrating to Greece, or other parts where a more stable government exists, prove incontestably that there is something radically wrong somewhere.

I do not mean to defend Ali Pasha, I mean merely to express my own opinion, that Albania cannot be in a worse state than it now is.

Every thing good, as well as every thing bad, is sure to have been the work of Ali Pasha; every road, fountain, or bridge, about which a traveller asks a question, he is sure to be told it was done by Ali Pasha. If he asks who plundered a deserted convent or a ruined church which appears by the road side, it was Ali Pasha. And if a spot is pointed out where some one was murdered, he is sure to be told that it was by order of Ali Pasha.

About twelve hours' riding through a wild, mountainous, woody, uninhabited country, brought us to Mezzovo, a curiously situated village, on the side of a mountain. Its height above the level of the sea is said to be about two thousand feet,—a fine situation, far above the reach of the fevers incidental to the marshy plains. The inhabitants appeared to be Greeks, and were remarkably healthy-looking; indeed, they told us that fever was not known amongst them. Mezzovo must be very cold in winter, as there was a good deal of snow very near to it when we were there (in May), but it is a delightful climate in the hot season. The inhabitants were all clothed in cloth, a remarkable contrast to the light costume which

an Albanian generally wears, and over which he throws his white capote.

We proceeded some distance beyond Mezzovo, and established ourselves for the night in a small khan, deep in the snow, on the highest point of the pass of the Pindus Chain.

The ascent of the Pindus, on the Epirus side, is magnificent, and, arrived at the top of the chain, the traveller commands an extensive view over Thessaly, in front of him, whilst, by turning his head, he sees all Epirus in his rear. This is a peculiarity in the Pindus which is not observable in many mountain passes. The top is a ridge, a sort of saddle; so sharp is the ridge, and so sudden is the descent on either side, that, reaching the summit after his eyes have been wellnigh wearied (if such be possible), during the whole of his ascent, with the endless variety, the extreme wildness, and solemn grandeur of the scene he is leaving behind him, the bold and craggy chains of mountains, the sharp ridges, and pointed limestone peaks, which, during his whole ascent, have been continually rising in a never-ending succession behind each other—after he has been contemplating with mingled feelings of awe and admiration

the wild, and almost terrific, scenery of Epirus—all of a sudden, on reaching unexpectedly the highest point, the traveller sees, to his astonishment, an equally grand, but more extensive prospect. All Thessaly is at his feet; a succession of bold mountains, lofty in themselves, but low in comparison with the pinnacle on which he is standing, separates him from the magnificent plain of Thessaly, over which, though distant, he has an extensive and commanding view, and whose distant horizon is scarcely distinguishable from the bright azure of the sky with which it is almost imperceptibly blended.

The mountains are well covered with trees, particularly pine, in great quantities. Dwarf box also is very plentiful on the Epirus side, but for the last hour of our ascent we were deep in the snow, and consequently no vegetation at all was visible.

The khan at the top, in which we were glad to take up our abode, was desperately cold, and we were obliged to keep a large wood fire burning; but there being no chimney or other outlet for the smoke, except through the holes in the roof, so painful was the effect of it, that not one of us could

hold up his head, and we were obliged to remain in a recumbent posture both while cooking and eating our meal. Sleep soon came to our aid, and I have had many a worse night's rest than that on the top of the Pindus, although the fire roasted one side of my body whilst the cold froze the other, and if I opened my unfortunate eyes I could with difficulty shut them again. I must not forget to make honourable mention of my friend, the khan-gee, as the keeper of the khan is called. He seemed scarcely ever to have seen European travellers before, and told us it was three years since a party had passed that way. What excited his astonishment most, which, indeed, I found to be generally the case with Albanians when they observed me taking notes, was to see me writing rather quickly some hieroglyphics in my memorandum-book. He examined it thoroughly, appeared much pleased, and gave a good grin or two when he saw my hand running at a good pace over the paper. He could not at all comprehend what I could possibly find to write about; I told him, every thing that occurred to me. "Well then," said he, "do you write about me, or mention my name?" "Oh! yes," said I;

"I will immortalize you, if you like;" and I immediately wrote down, at his request, that he was thirty-five years old, and had been khan-gee on the top of the Pindus for five years. At this he seemed much pleased, not doubting, I dare say, that he had given me some very important piece of information.

At this khan was a sort of captain of gendarmerie, who told us he and his men were stationed there to look after the cleftis, or thieves. Our bouyourdi stated we were to have six men as a guard, if we required them, and this captain wanted to insist upon our taking two men with us. Our servant, however, who knew the country, advised us not to take them, as he suspected it was only an attempt to get backshish out of us; so we declined the honour of a guard. Backshish, it must be remembered, is a word which very soon becomes familiar to the ear of every one who travels in the East. It means a something to be given by the traveller to somebody, but whether for any services performed by the receiver or not, seems in general quite immaterial. If you hire post-horses, the post-master expects backshish; if you pay a visit to a pasha, or other person of conse-

quence, the fellows who bring pipes and coffee expect backshish; in fact, a traveller's hand must be pretty constantly in his pocket, although a trifle will generally suffice, and in no country is the efficacy of a silver key to open any lock more manifest than in Turkey.

We rose the next morning at daylight, and the effect of the sun, when first appearing on the Thessalian side, exceeded, if possible, the extreme beauty of his disappearance the night before, behind the crags of the Epirus chains of mountains.

In descending through the snow, we met with no difficulty, except the falling occasionally of the horses, without injuring themselves or their riders, and which produced no further effect than an animated discussion between my companion and myself, as to whether a horse ought under such circumstances to be held up or not.

As we were descending, we fell in with a very old Albanian chief, a person of some considerable importance, but whose name, I regret very much, I could not get hold of. He was on his way to Larissa, to see the Pasha Mustafa, having been sent for by him. He was surrounded by his suite, and the wild, graceful costume of red trimmed

with fur, looked well upon a hale, strong, but very old man, with perfectly white hair and beard. Just at this place we had a laughable adventure about a passport. We were riding along very peaceably, when on a sudden we found our progress arrested by some fellows who act as a kind of gendarmerie, who required us to shew our bouyourdi, or passport. It was rather inconvenient to open our saddle-bags to get out our bouyourdi, so, by way of a joke, calculating very reasonably that none of these worthies could read, one of us took out of his pocket, with some care and ceremony, a small piece of paper on which something was written. The chief looked at it, and, as we guessed, not being able to read a line of it, returned it to us, expressing himself perfectly satisfied; and we proceeded on our journey without any detention.

The scenery all the way down the valley of the Peneus, or Selembria as it is now called, is most strikingly beautiful. The whole face of the country from a little below the Pass of the Pindus all the way to Meteora, resembles a very extensive park, the mountains on either side dwindling as they approach the river into hills, capable of

every description of cultivation, and covered with most magnificent spreading oaks, and other forest trees. The banks of the river abound with plane trees of the largest kind I ever saw; where there is any cultivation (and very little indeed is there) it appears in a thriving state, and from the very great luxuriance of the natural vegetation, I cannot help thinking this a country that, in other hands, might rise to very great prosperity. What a pity it is not under the protection of some power that would be aware of its value!

Here is a magnificent country, capable of cultivation to any extent, a productive soil, and (excepting in a few marshy districts) an exceedingly healthy climate, and yet it is almost entirely destitute of population, and the few inhabitants that do exist are the most miserable, impoverished, and oppressed in Europe.

Each man is afraid of his neighbour. Every one, even from five years old, is obliged, for personal security, to be armed up to the teeth; and it is well known, that those who are the most wealthy, are obliged to live in an apparent state of misery and destitution, lest their prosperity should excite the cupidity of their neighbours,

and induce them to murder them in order to become possessed of their wealth.

I fear we must ascribe this strange deficiency of population to the badness of its government. Adam Smith tells us, "The bigotry and oppressiveness of the government, and not the plague, is the cause of the depopulation of the countries subject to the Turks."

These words are lamentably true, and unfortunately too applicable to Albania. I hope it may not attach as a blot on the fair fame of Europe of the nineteenth century, that its civilized nations combined together to perpetuate this state of things, and endeavoured, for the furtherance of their own political schemes, to keep so fine a country as Albania a depopulated waste, and a brave, independent, and high-spirited population in a wretched state of barbarism and degradation. Every one who has the faintest spark of common humanity unextinguished in his breast,—every one whom Christianity reminds to do unto others as he would they should do unto him,—every one to whom the amount of human happiness in the world is of the smallest consideration, must, if he see this country in its present

exhausted, miserable, oppressed state, wish from the bottom of his heart, that any sacrifice were made to improve the condition of the unfortunate inhabitants of Albania.

We often hear it asserted with the greatest gravity, that Turkey may yet be regenerated; it is even hinted sometimes that the Greeks are to blame for the disagreement between them and their masters; and persons who have never seen any thing of Turkish manners and customs, will talk of the amalgamation of the Turkish and Greek populations as a sure means of consolidating the Turkish empire. It appears never to have entered the heads of persons who entertain these chimerical notions, that the Turks and Greeks are two distinct races, differing from each other in every respect, but more particularly in manners, customs, religion, and language; that a Turk never learns to speak Greek, and that both populations abhor and detest each other more, if possible, than even their relative positions, that of master and slave, would lead us to suppose.

I should not at all wonder if my reader is not aware, that in the Turkish dominions the Greeks, that is, the aborigines of the country, professing

the religion of the Greek church, amounting in Turkey in Europe to two-thirds of the whole population, are in a state not far removed from slavery, have no rights of citizenship excepting that of being taxed by the assessment of their own communities,—a most villanous contrivance, by which the industrious man is plundered and oppressed, not only by his absolute masters, the Turks, but by the rich and powerful of his own race and religion; and that the small portion of the inhabitants of Turkey in Europe which are of Asiatic descent, *viz.* the Turks, rule over and oppress the whole of the remainder. Can it be expected that these populations will amalgamate? Would it not be just as reasonable to expect the inhabitants of the slave-holding states of North America to amalgamate with the black population there? It is no doubt desirable that they should, but is it reasonable to expect it? Is it probable, is it possible for them to do so?

The populations can never amalgamate; Turkey can never be regenerated entirely; she may remain in her present state for some years, and, propped up by the external influence of the great nations of Europe, interested in keeping her together as

long as possible for the preservation of the balance of power, and to prevent the far greater evil of endless and bloody contentions amongst themselves for the detached portions, her fall may be gradual; limb after limb may be severed from her without occasioning any great commotion, but come the time must and will when her influence, stability, and strength, dwindled away to a shadow, will become entirely exhausted, and the Ottoman Empire will be no more.

That her fall may be gradual, is earnestly to be desired; but to prevent her fall is impossible. We may alleviate the sufferings of the dying patient, and prevent her immediate decease; but to restore her to health is out of the question.

Great Britain may further the cause of humanity by exerting her influence to introduce civilization amongst the Turks, but she ought not to forget that a great portion of their enslaved population professes the same faith with herself —that it is a Christian population oppressed by the tyrannical rule of a heathen despot,—and that if it be her policy to keep them under Turkish rule, she is bound to use her influence to render the yoke which they bear less insupportable.

Let not Great Britain indulge in the chimerical notion of regenerating Turkey, of endeavouring to make her resume her place in the scale of nations; she may artificially prop up for a time the falling empire, but piece by piece will continue to be detached from it until it dwindles away to a shadow.

The Turkish moon is on the wane, and must, ere long, set for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

CONVENTS OF METEORA—ASCENT IN A NET—TRICALA—KHANS—HORSES—PLAIN OF THESSALY—DESOLATE AND DEPOPULATED STATE OF THE COUNTRY—MIGHT MAKES RIGHT—CORN FIELDS AND PASTURE LAND—KRAVARIOTS—LARISSA.

THE convents of Meteora are so curiously situated on the tops of very high and pointed rocks, and the rocks themselves on which the convents stand are of so remarkable a shape, that I fear much no description I can give will enable any one to form an idea of them.

A ride of about four hours from the snow-enclosed khan on the top of the Pindus, brought us to the open plain; we were descending the banks of the Peneus, and, after gradually opening out into a more level country than that we had left behind us, the mountains seemed entirely to have disappeared in our front, and the boundless Plain of Thessaly lay open to our view. In this plain, at a short distance, as we imagined, from the

spot where we first saw them, but in reality another four hours' ride from us, we observed, rising in a picturesque and remarkable manner to a height of several hundred feet out of the dead level of the plain, some huge, precipitous, and curiously-shaped rocks, all apparently as inaccessible as Shakspeare's Cliff at Dover, but many of them considerably more lofty, the highest, I should say, towering six hundred feet above the level of the plain.

We continued to follow the course of the Peneus, through a magnificently wooded country, for about four hours more, when we found ourselves in the midst of these huge conglomerate rocks, which seem quite alive with convents. Some are built on the summits of sugar-loaf-like rocks, others about half-way up the faces, but all most carefully constructed in situations apparently inaccessible, and in which they seem to have been placed by enchantment, for it is difficult to conceive how the materials requisite for their construction could have been carried up the sides of almost perpendicular rocks several hundred feet high, or how a sufficient footing could have been gained at the summits of the almost pointed ones, on which

some of the convents stand, to place the machinery for raising up the foundation stones.

These huge rocks cover a space of about one mile and a half in length, and of a variable width. They are a kind of soft conglomerate with sea pebbles and shells in great quantities, but they shew evident marks of the effects of time and weather on a not very solid kind of stone. Besides the convents, there are houses in all directions, in and under these rocks, to all of which the access is, as to the convents, by a rope-ladder, which can be drawn up at pleasure, or by some most impracticable steps, cut in the solid rock. The country in the vicinity belongs mostly to these convents or houses, which have, I conclude, been constructed in these situations of security in consequence of the miserably unsettled state in which this part of the country has always been. There are large and magnificent avenues of mulberry-trees for a considerable distance all round the neighbourhood, and almost every field is planted with a double row; but their lopped condition, from the branches having been almost entirely cut off for the purpose of feeding the silk-worms, of which the inhabitants cultivate

a considerable quantity, gives them the appearance of pollards, and makes them look very miserable.

The convent we were about to visit was the Agios Stephanos, which is one of the highest. Leaving our horses at the foot of the hill, we reached, after about a quarter of an hour's hard climbing, a spot where, on looking up, we saw, about one hundred and eighty feet perpendicularly over our heads, a projecting wooden building, to which a basket, which was on the ground close to us, was attached by a cord, and which basket appeared to be used as a means of conveyance for provisions, &c., from the spot where we stood to the monks residing in the regions above. We had thus arrived at the back of the rock, on the summit of which the Agios Stephanos stands, its height above us being one hundred and eighty feet, whilst its height above the plain on its front and two side faces must be three or four hundred feet. On hailing the monks to admit us, they told us to mount by a series of strong, but very disagreeable and ricketty ladders, in joints, which ran up one sloping side of the rock, and entered a covered kind of gallery about one hundred feet above the ground where we stood,

but two hundred feet perpendicularly above the nearest point of the ground immediately below it. We considered this mode of ascent as impracticable to any but a sailor, and so declined attempting it.

They then called to us to wait, and in a few minutes we saw descending from the building above a sort of strong cabbage-net with very large meshes, and capable of holding two persons at a time. The net is spread open upon the ground, and one or two persons sit down upon it cross-legged; the upper meshes of the net are then collected together over his or their heads, and hung on an iron hook attached to the rope. The monks above then turn a capstan, and in two minutes and a half the traveller finds himself in their exalted abode, about one hundred and eighty feet above the level of the ground from which he started. I shall not easily forget the extraordinary appearance of S—— and our servant Giovanni, who came down together, their legs hanging out of the net through the very large meshes on opposite sides. They swung about a good deal as they slowly descended, and turned round like a joint of meat roasting over a slow fire.

The usual mode of ascent, however, appeared to be by the ladders, and the monks seemed a good deal surprised at our asking for the net. These worthies gave us, as monks always did, some excellent wine and very good goat cheese. The convent is remarkably neat, clean, and comfortable, and there is a small garden belonging to it occupying the remaining space on the top of the rock on which Agios Stephanos stands. All these convents are, to a great extent, independent of external supplies, having an abundant supply of water, and plenty of corn and wine in their cellars, so that, being quite inaccessible, no enemy, however powerful, could, except by treachery, get possession of any of them. It is true, they might ultimately be starved into submission, but this would be an almost interminable affair, considering the abundance which may always be seen in their cellars and storehouses.

After remaining about two hours in this extraordinary neighbourhood, we again mounted our horses, and four hours' riding brought us to Tricala. Here, as in all the towns along the road, we found a very bad and very dirty khan. I lay it down as a general rule in travelling in this part

of the world, to sleep, if possible, in the country khans; they are not so much frequented, and are consequently cleaner than those in the towns. In short, the goodness of the khan is in an inverse ratio to the size of the town or village in which it may be situated. At Tricala we so little approved of the regular sleeping apartments (because this khan was on a large scale, and had a good many of the dirtiest rooms that can be imagined), that we selected for our night's lodging a sort of an out-house, which was properly a stable, but on this occasion was tenanted by a hen and a number of small chickens, whom we cruelly disturbed out of their first sleep to make them give place to us. Here, as usual, we soon shook into our places, and after demolishing a considerable quantity of roast lamb and salad which our ever provident servant had, with his eagle eye, discerned ready cooked as he passed through the bazar, we were soon asleep after the fatigues of the day.

Tricala is a tolerably neat-looking town, with a very tolerable bazar, and the old fortress which overhangs it has a very picturesque appearance. The view of the Pindus from Tricala, as indeed it

is also all the way to Larissa, is very fine. The distance is just sufficient to allow the continuity of the snow range to be seen over the intermediate mountains. The barren snow-topped Pindus, contrasted with the fine range of well-wooded mountains covered with magnificent forest trees, and these again with the picturesque objects in a rich plain as a foreground, produce, especially towards evening, when the sun begins to sink behind this magnificent range, a most splendid and indescribable effect.

At Tricala, we ought to have taken fresh horses, but we found we should be subject to some delay and inconvenience in procuring them, because, from its being the spring of the year, all the horses in the neighbourhood were out in the country at work. Finding, therefore, that our old friends that had brought us so well from Janina, were none the worse able to proceed, we made a private agreement with the surrigee to take them on as far as Larissa.

The horses in this country are extraordinary animals. Here we had ridden them twelve or thirteen hours for two successive days, and over very rough ground; they had eaten nothing but grass,

because, immediately we reached the halting place, they were turned out for the night to forage for themselves; they were rough, dirty, in fact, shabby-looking, sorry creatures, and yet they never failed in their work, and, if allowed to go their own pace, it appeared to us, would never tire.

The difference between travelling tatar and menzili I conceive to be this, that a tatar must always have horses *instanter*, whether they are to be found or no (*i. e.* they *must* be found), whereas, a common traveller is only entitled to menzili horses when they are to be found, or as soon as they can be procured, which operation may take sometimes half a day, because the mussuleim, or head of the town, is sure to be asleep, and cannot be awakened; when he does awake, he sends a Turk, as sleepy as himself, to press into the service the horses of some unfortunate country people, and by the time they arrive, the traveller's patience is wellnigh exhausted.

As it happened, we found no reason to be dissatisfied with the arrangement we had made to go on with the same horses. They did the work quite as well as any others would have done, and

we went over the ground, nearly the whole way, at a jog-trot.

Our day's work from Tricala to Larissa was a most delightful one. Our route lay in a straight line across the magnificent grassy plain of Thessaly, and I occasionally succeeded in persuading my horse that a canter would be good for his health. During the winter season, travellers are obliged to follow a less agreeable and more circuitous path under the line of low hills which run parallel with the course of the Peneus. The plain itself has a beautifully rich soil, but it is woefully destitute of cultivation. Occasionally, we passed a piece of magnificent rye in full ear at that early season, with straw the longest I ever saw in my life, while the number of wild pigeons that kept constantly rising out of these and other fields of corn, as we rode past them, was positively marvellous. The plain must be marshy in winter, but the whole of it might be easily kept dry enough for cultivation by a few cross dykes, the parts which are cultivated being drained effectually in that manner.

On passing one very magnificent piece of wheat, I observed incidentally to the surrigee

that it was in fine condition, and asked if he knew to whom it belonged. "How could he tell?" was his reply; "any one that can afford to watch and guard it, may sow wherever he pleases, and when the time of harvest comes, he may reap it, if it has not been stolen before that, and then some one perhaps sows there the next year, and the man who has had the crop sows somewhere else." "Then am I to understand that the land belongs to no one, and that any one may plough or sow where he pleases?" said I, somewhat surprised. "How can the land belong to any one?" asked in reply the equally astonished Albanian. "If I sow corn there, the corn is mine; if you sow, it is yours; if I see good grass there, I feed my horses, or sheep, or oxen, if I have any, and any other person may do the same, but the land is not mine." "But to whom, then, does the land belong? May I come and turn out your flocks, or sow seeds where you want to sow?" "Of course you may, *if you can;* but if I sow corn there, or feed my flocks there, I take good care to guard it, and not let you."

I was very much struck with this magnificent plain of Thessaly. The snow-topped Pindus,

towering majestically over the well-wooded range of mountains on one side, seems unwilling to let a traveller lose sight of him, because the immensity of the level plain is such, that he remains visible for many hours after the near hills have entirely passed from the view of the person who may be wending his way towards Tempe. Then, long before reaching Larissa, Olympus and Ossa frown majestically over the plain; the former, the abode of the heathen gods; the latter, the fabulous residence of the centaurs. The scenery of the whole plain is prettily diversified with groves of large trees, resembling Indian topes of banian trees, which afford an agreeable resting-place to the sun-burnt traveller in this generally exposed country.

On our way from Tricala to Larissa, we were met by a large body of men, women, and children, on horseback, accompanied by an immense number of pack-horses, laden with packages of every description, tents, furniture, cooking utensils, and clothes, and a large drove of brood mares, with their foals, generally mules, by their sides. It seemed to us at first as if the inhabitants of some large village had suddenly taken it into their heads to move house. A good many having passed,

we thought the string quite endless, and out of mere curiosity commenced counting, when, to our astonishment, no less than three hundred more passed us, so that in the whole, we calculated there were not less than six hundred horses. Wondering what this could mean, we commenced making inquiries concerning them, as soon as they all had passed, and found them to be Kravariots, wealthy, honest, and industrious Greeks, possessing large flocks and herds, who live mostly in tents on the mountains during the summer, on account of the pasturage for their flocks, as well as to avoid the plains during the unhealthy season, whither they return in the winter and pitch their tents.

It appears that these are a gipsey kind of people, who are ever on the move, never having any fixed or known place of abode. They are, however, properly speaking, natives of the mountains, who migrate to the lower grounds for the cold season. They always travel in large companies, and are generally preceded by their flocks. The numbers we met were most astonishing, and I noticed some very good-looking horses amongst them. As we were entering Larissa, we met some

of the Kravariot chiefs who had been to see the pasha. They seemed to be persons of some consequence, fine-looking fellows, well dressed and well mounted. To all our inquiries about them of our guide and others with whom we chanced to converse, we always received most favourable replies. They appear to be much respected, and every one speaks highly of them.

I should not at all wonder if this wandering mode of life were in a great measure caused by the insecurity of property in this miserable country. May not the Kravariots have found that their only security against the rapacity of their neighbours, and the oppression of the rulers of the country, is to be found in being so constantly on the move, that no one can lay hands on them—no one knows where to find them? They are known to be wealthy and industrious, and consequently, must be some of the best of the Albanian population. What a notion does it convey to our minds of the goodness of a government of a country, where some of the best of its population are obliged for personal security to be mere wanderers and pilgrims, and to be constantly changing their place of abode, lest those in au-

thority should take from them their hardly-earned gains! I never met anywhere in Albania, persons in whose countenances there was so great an appearance of happiness and contentment as in these Kravariots.

Before reaching Larissa, we entered a flat-bottomed barge, and were ferried across the Peneus, the current of which appeared very rapid, perhaps running five or six knots, and its muddiness very ill according with the poet's description, when he calls it the "silvery" Peneus.

After crossing, we came to a more hilly, but very open country, the ground gently undulating with long smooth features, most magnificent for a field of battle, and the most advantageous ground for cavalry I ever saw.

Near Larissa is the ruin of an aqueduct which formerly supplied the town with water. It is entirely destroyed, and appears as if it had been a long time in that state. I understand that a pasha, some years ago, had this aqueduct constructed for the supply of the town, bringing water from a considerable distance, that at Larissa being bad, unwholesome, thick, and muddy. As soon as it

was completed, orders were sent from Constantinople, that it should be instantly demolished.

On a sudden, we saw in the distance the minarets of the Turkish town of Larissa, or Jenitcher, the appearance of which with its mosques and large burial-grounds is remarkably striking. Jenitcher is the Turkish name for Larissa, and I should observe that every town or village has two names, *viz.* the Greek name, which is generally the classical one, and another given it by the Turks.

We soon saw that the inhabitants of Larissa are mostly Turks, and if we had failed to observe this, we should have been soon reminded of it by the hooting of a pack of Turkish raggamuffins of boys, who began as soon as they saw us, giving us a liberal allowance of not very complimentary epithets, of the meanings of which, except we inferred them from the tones of voice in which they were delivered, we were happily in utter ignorance.

We took no notice of them, and proceeded peacefully to the khans, which we found to be perfectly horrible; but observing, by great good fortune, a sort of café, we asked and obtained a room.

This we found to be a very decent lodging-house, called the Café Europeo, a very good attempt at a civilized inn. It is a sort of eating and drinking shop, with one or two very tolerable rooms, not clean, of course, but a palace compared to the common khans of the country. Here we were soon well lodged, after having taken the precaution of getting rid of all the furniture which we found in the room. This was not much, certainly, but in plaguey countries it is desirable to avoid, as much as possible, contact with any thing that can communicate it, such as table-cloths, mattresses, &c. Wooden chairs, mats, and articles of this kind, are harmless, as are likewise articles of food generally, excepting new bread. During our whole journey, I do not think we were ever better lodged than at Larissa.

Mustafa Pasha being at Larissa, it was necessary that our bouyourdi, or passport, should be renewed by his orders, the acting pasha at Janina having had authority only to give us safe conduct as far as the abode of his superior: we accordingly dispatched Giovanni to Signor Samo Kash, the Greek secretary of the pasha, who very soon got us a bouyourdi, which said bouyourdi equally

quickly moved the master of the post to give us post-horses the next morning; and, having concocted a stew, consisting of mutton, potatoes, macaroni, and Bologna sausage, and demolished a considerable portion of the same, we slept soundly on the ground till four o'clock the next morning.

THE VALE OF TEMPE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume
Where, gliding through his daughter's honoured shades,
The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?—
Fair Tempe!—haunt beloved of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns, where in the golden age
They played in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan.

AKENSIDE.

TEMPE—ANECDOTES OF SURRIGEE—AMBELAKIA—PLURALITY OF WIVES—TURK'S IDEA OF EDUCATION—PLATAMONA—TURK SELLING WINE—INCONVENIENCE OF SUPERFLUOUS ARTICLES OF DRESS.

BOTH my companion and myself looked forward with the greatest pleasure to our next day's ride; we were to pass through the celebrated Vale of Tempe. Yes, "the pleasant vale in Thessaly," which, several years before, I had been in the habit of having drummed into my head in the "Propria quæ maribus," and the description of which in Ovid's Metamorphoses had occasioned me many a pull of the ear, or a thump on the back,

from my worthy preceptor. Yet, somehow or other, such is human nature, and so much more durable are pleasing than disagreeable impressions, that I found myself looking back with pleasure to Ovid's Metamorphoses, and, forgetting the said thumps on the head, had actually got ready and carried in my cap a copy of the lines which begin—

"Est nemus Hæmoniæ," &c.

in order to be able to read the description as I rode along.

Pain, it seems, makes not so durable an impression as pleasure, although its temporary influence is ten-fold greater; and many scenes in which there may have been a considerable degree of alloy, disappointment, or even pain, become, after a lapse of time, not only not painful to recur to, but even pleasing to call to one's recollection.

The extreme beauty and grandeur of Tempe baffles all attempts at description; I had heard a great deal of it from persons who had before visited it, I had formed most extravagant notions concerning it, yet, so far from experiencing any feeling of disappointment, I found the reality far exceed my expectations. I was enchanted more than I am able to express; I could willingly have

remained many days there, if it were only to ramble through its romantic scenery and picturesque groves.

The vale itself is a chasm between Mounts Olympus and Ossa, through which the Peneus, or Selembria, finds its way to the sea. After leaving Larissa, the road towards Tempe lies for some distance across the plain, until, arriving at the mountains, which seem to join each other and prohibit all egress in that quarter, the traveller begins to wonder how a passage can possibly exist through a chain apparently so impassable.

The plain then begins to grow perceptibly narrower, and at last, when the traveller finds himself on the banks of the Peneus, which rushes through the vale with considerable rapidity, and sees the high craggy and precipitous sides of Olympus and Ossa overhanging it, and the rugged path on which he is riding, Larissa is nearly three hours behind him.

Once in the vale itself, the traveller sees no more the summit of either mountain. The sides of the chasm are so abrupt and precipitous, that only its high and craggy cliffs, through which the Peneus forces its way, are visible

to his eye as he rides along the path which follows the course of its banks; and unless he recollect the relative positions of the gigantic mountains between which he is passing, there is nothing to indicate that Olympus with his snowy top is so near on one side, and that Ossa's picturesque and singular-shaped peak almost overhangs the other.

Tempe puts me somewhat in mind of the Avon below Clifton, but it is ten-fold more grand and striking. The bold and almost perpendicular sides of the chasm, which vary, I should imagine, from six to eight hundred feet above the level of the river below, are of a barren limestone, to which a most luxuriant vegetation, which adorns the sides of the river, and extends considerably above the accessible parts of the craggy sides, forms a pleasing contrast. This vegetation, consisting of shrubs, bays, arbutus, &c., and forest trees of various kinds, is picturesquely interspersed with rocks and the bold features of the limestone formation; whilst, as he luxuriates in the shade of the pleasant vale, delicious springs of the clearest and coldest water refresh the traveller, burnt by the sun of the scorching plains

he has left. The Peneus, which, as it runs through Tempe, is about fifty yards in width, occupies nearly the whole breadth of the vale or chasm, and the narrow track, which, however bad as a road, will never be felt long or wearisome, runs parallel to its right bank.

It is said that 1885 years B.C., the two mountains Ossa and Olympus were separated by an earthquake, and that in consequence of this convulsion, the waters, which until that time covered the Thessalian plain, escaped through the vale of Tempe to the Ocean. I looked very closely to try and fix upon any spot where the strata might have the appearance of having been formerly joined, but could discover none: in fact, I do not believe that the disruption (if ever any did take place) could have been to the extent which tradition has handed down.

The plain of Thessaly has, uudoubtedly the appearance of having been covered with water at no very remote period, but this might have been caused by minor obstacles, such as, for example, a collection of huge rocks in the bed of the Peneus. Any natural obstacle of this description would, by raising the level of that river, cause a water-

fall in its course, in some part of the Vale of Tempe, and act as a dam to flood the Thessalian plain, for which a few feet would suffice; and this dam distended by an earthquake, or other convulsion of nature, would be carried away by the current, and the drainage of the plain necessarily follow. In this manner, it is easy to account for the sudden and not very far remote drainage of this plain, without supposing so tremendous a convulsion as the forcible separation of two huge mountains, an event which could not have taken place to the extent which tradition has handed down, without having changed the whole face of the country for hundreds of miles, and without leaving visible traces of so extraordinary an event, both in the vale and in the surrounding country.

On my way through Tempe, I chanced to enter a good deal into conversation with our surrigee, who seemed very much disposed to be communicative. Seeing a small town on my right, which I guessed from its situation must be Ambelakia, I observed incidentally, "That is Ambelakia, is it not?" He looked round at me very slyly, and replied, "I see you know this road,

you are no stranger here." "I was never here in my life till this moment," said I. He insinuated that I might not wish it to be known that I had been there before, but that, unless I had I could not possibly have pointed out Ambelakia as I had done. I assured him I was a perfect stranger. "Then how could you," he replied, looking archly, as much as to say he had found me out, "*how* could you know that that was Ambelakia?" "I guessed it," said I; "I have a paper (map) in my pocket, from which I learn the names and situations of places." I could not, however, succeed in persuading him that I was telling the truth, nor in making him comprehend what a map meant. He would persist in maintaining that I must have been that way before, or I could not have pointed out the situation of Ambelakia, and seemed to hint that, as I appeared not to wish it known that I knew my way, I might depend upon his discretion.

The inhabitants of Ambelakia are exclusively Greek, and are famous for their industry and commerce.

Whilst resting a short time at a khan at the eastern extremity of the vale of Tempe, we were

a good deal amused with the conduct of our friend the surrigee, who was either a very strict Mussulman, or wished to appear so in our presence. It happened that he had brought with him a large loaf of bread, which had, unfortunately for him, been slung on one side of the horse's saddle close to a calabash of ours, which contained some common Albanian wine. The jolting of the horse had damaged the calabash, and caused a fracture of just sufficient size to allow a little wine to escape and convert the whole of one side of the Turk's loaf of bread into an inferior kind of "tipsy cake."

Now, although tipsy cake is a most delicious compound, particularly when the materials are good, perhaps in this case it might have been a good deal better, without even then becoming first-rate; however, whether good or bad, our friend the Turk seemed to condemn it upon principle, like the man who was so determined not to die of eating three shillings' worth of crumpets (as his medical man assured him he would if he did eat them), that he ate them first and blew his brains out afterwards with a pistol. Wine had touched the bread, and by the laws of Mahomet he could not eat it.

Well, he was right if he really thought so; and

as I never judge so badly of any one as, without good grounds of suspicion to the contrary, to doubt the integrity of his motives, I firmly believe he did think so; but I must here put in a parenthesis, that all Turks are not so particular, that a good many do drink wine and spirits, though not to such an excess as in our own country, and of Champagne they will all consume any quantity. Our surrigee, therefore, being a good Mussulman, cut off and threw away that part of his bread which had been contaminated by its contact with the wine, and set himself down to enjoy the rest with some white and fresh goat cheese, with which he was furnished by the khan-gee.

Poor fellow, his troubles were not half over; just as he was comfortably established, with his legs crossed in one corner of the khan yard, and his bread and small earthenware pan containing his cheese in front of him, one of the horses took it into his head that a saddle with all its appurtenances was very uncomfortable, and that a good roll on the ground would be exceedingly pleasant after his six hours' trot; accordingly, down he went, to the detriment of saddle, sword, umbrella, and all the various articles

which we had appended thereto. Of course the Turk was obliged to leave his untasted meal; and no sooner had he succeeded in getting one horse upon his legs than down went another, and so they went the round of the whole five. Having at last secured them, he returned to his bread and cheese, when, to his horror and dismay, he saw a dog sniffing at the same, as a preparatory motion to devouring it. This, of course, contaminated it in his eyes, and he was obliged to throw it away; thus, in obedience to the laws of Mahomet, reducing his repast to half a loaf and no cheese.

As we proceeded on our way, we again entered into conversation with him, and asked him a good deal about himself, his house, his wife, and his family; he told us he had only one wife, for whom he had paid some hundred piastres.

"Why have you only one wife?" we asked; "the laws of Mahomet allow you to have four, if you please, and as many other ladies in your harem as you can afford, so why do you not get another or two?" "Very true," said he, "I may have more wives if I please, but one is as much as I can manage; she is, in my opinion, enough for any good man." "How do you mean, that you

cannot manage more than one? Can you not lock them up to keep them out of mischief?" "Bah! bah!" said he, shaking his head; "the women will get into mischief, do what you will; besides, I cannot afford to keep another wife; I have not got the money to buy one." "What! do you go to the bazaar and purchase your wife?" "Yes," said he; "I go to a father and tell him I will give him so much for his daughter: if we agree, I take her as my wife; and if we do not agree, then I go to another." "But can you get a wife no other way?" "No, how should I? I must buy her of her father." "Well, how much did you give for the wife you now have?" "Three or four hundred piastres" (or about three or four pounds sterling). "Can your wife read and write?" "Mashallah! no, let her do as her husband bids her, and mend his clothes." "But why should she not read and write; she would be useful to you in keeping house?" And then we tried to explain to him that she might save him a great deal of trouble, if he had confidence in her, by reading and writing. "*No, no, no, no,*" said he, with horror and suspicion most legibly depicted on his countenance; "if my wife could write, she would be writing

letters to other men, and playing all kinds of mischief."

This argument seemed unanswerable, so we turned the conversation to the customs in our country in this important matter, and told him, very much to his surprise, that the men among us did not purchase their wives, and that very often the woman brings the most money, and is the richest of the two. This it was exceedingly difficult to make him comprehend, and, like our social system in general, was utterly unintelligible to him. It was of no use to tell him that we did not purchase our wives, because his untutored, and not overburthened, mind would see no difference between our custom of making settlements on wives, and his of going to a woman's father and paying a certain number of piastres; "I pay so much money, and get a wife; you do the same in your country; what does it signify to whom the money is paid, if a wife cannot be procured without paying it?" would have been his argument. And would there not have been a great deal of truth in the Turk's observation? We shudder at the idea of a "mariage de convenance;" and the Turkish women, who are bought and sold, are treated no better than

animals of the brute creation; and yet, with money as our idol, we hesitate not to buy and sell affections as we would merchandize, and parents call it prudential regard for a daughter's welfare to risk the happiness or misery of the rest of her life for a paltry consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Our route from the khan at the eastern extremity of the Vale of Tempe, lay, after crossing the Peneus in a ferry-boat, over a country for the most part flat and finely wooded, in appearance as magnificent ground for shooting as the most zealous sportsman can desire to see.

The banks of the Peneus, of which we took our leave on clearing the Vale of Tempe, become apparently quite flat, the river finding its way over a low marshy plain to the sea.

At a sort of dogana, or custom-house, that we passed, the guard demanded our tescherè or passport. Our bouyourdi from the pasha being a step above a tescherè, was sufficient; but in these countries they always want "backshish," and care not for all the passports in Europe. Accordingly, when they found they could not stop us, they made a difficulty about our surrigee, saying

he had not a teschereè. In fact, they were determined to have backshish some how or other, whilst we, on the contrary, were equally determined that they should not; so, after telling them they had better not interfere with us, as we were travelling under the protection of the pasha's bouyourdi, after some talk they allowed us to proceed.

A little further on, we encountered the head man of the same dogana on horseback, who, of course, wanted likewise to see our teschereè. We grumbled and shewed it him, and he grumbled and gave it back. Grumbled, I say, because he seemed disappointed that he could get nothing out of us, and surprised that we should have a bouyourdi from the pasha, by virtue of which we travelled free of dogana dues. "Where are you going?" he of course asked us. On being told Istamboul (εις την πολιν),—"What are you going there for?" "For amusement." This reply puzzled the inquisitive gentleman more and more. He was completely bewildered, as a Turk cannot, for the life of him, comprehend why persons should take so long a journey and undergo so much inconvenience for pleasure only; and why we

should have a bouyourdi from the pasha to enable us to escape dogana dues, and that by this means he, the said worthy chief of the customs, should be disappointed of the backshish he had doubtless made up his mind was about to find its way into his pocket, he could not or would not comprehend. "But why do you pay no dogana dues?" he asked. "Ετζι θελει ὁ Πασας" ("Because the pasha pleases"), was the reply he got, which being conclusive, we proceeded on our way to Platamona without further interruption, and arrived there in about ten hours from Larissa.

Olympus' snowy top opened again upon our view, as soon as we had passed Tempe, and we were in his company for many days. I think it is the highest mountain I have ever seen at so short a distance from the sea, about ten thousand feet, I should imagine, above its level. What a magnificent view must there not be from the top! The ascent, I was given to understand, is not difficult, but at the season of the year that we passed its foot, the immense quantities of snow must render it an arduous and not remarkably agreeable undertaking.

We had hoped to be able to get a boat at Pla-

tamona, and to run over to Salonica, across the gulf, by which means we should save a good many miles of land, travelling over what we knew must be an uninteresting country. However, it was a Greek festa or holyday, and no boats were going, so we agreed to remain at the khan at Platamona for the night, and proceed the next day to Caterina, where, or along the coast on our way, we calculated we should certainly find one.

The khan at Platamona is on the top of a hill, and near it is a Turkish fortress. There cannot be any great number of inhabitants, and those that are there I imagine to be principally Turks. Boats came from Salonica to a good many different places along this coast, to carry away the timber which is cut in the mountains and brought down to the water's edge. I saw some very fine timber being shipped at more than one place along the coast; but there is no harbour, and the boats run risks in bad weather. As it turned out, we were unable to procure a boat anywhere, so we deemed it best to continue our journey by land, although it might make a difference of a day in our arrival at Salonica.

I had to wait a considerable time by myself in

the khan at Platamona, whilst my companion and our servant were gone to the shore to see if it was possible to procure a boat. There was I, reclining on the ground writing in my note-book, in the midst of cloaks, swords, saddles, bridles, eatables, &c., and every description of travelling apparatus, whilst a party of Turks and others, assembled in the room, were crowding around me, asking all sorts of questions, and evidently regarding me as a sort of wild-beast. My note-book and pencil appeared to puzzle them the most, and every one asked me what I was writing. One old fellow in a sort of white night-cap seemed the most inquisitive. He took my book out of my hand, looked at it with very great satisfaction, and after examining it thoroughly, returned it to me with a smile upon his countenance. What his ideas were I cannot divine, nor do I suppose he had any distinct idea on the matter, but immediately I recommenced writing he laughed outright.

The khangee, who, being a good Moslem, could not sell wine himself, contrived to compound with his conscience, by having a boy to retail the prohibited liquor to his unbelieving customers, whilst

he himself sat crossed-legged smoking his pipe, and watching narrowly that the boy did not cheat him.

These fellows, whose curiosity I felt rather disposed for my own amusement to encourage, examined every thing belonging to us, but I think the few potatoes which remained of the stock we had brought with us from Corfu puzzled them the most. Bologna sausage, too, they could not comprehend, and I took good care not to forfeit the good opinion they all appeared disposed to entertain of me, by acknowledging that it was made of the unclean animal.

This khan we found swarmed with rats, which nearly devoured all our stores. I have no doubt there were, as in all similar places, plenty of other animals of a smaller but more annoying and disgusting description, but a ride of twelve hours renders one astonishingly callous to such inconveniences.

Having procured common country horses (there being no post station at Platamona, and the horses which brought us having returned to Larissa, as we had rather unwisely sent them back, considering ourselves certain of being able

to procure a boat), we proceeded on our way to Caterina, the next post-house.

We had not got far before our first adventure in the water took place. This was well enough for once, and I thought it rather amusing; but before we reached Salonica we had a good deal more than was agreeable.

Proceeding along the shore, we had forded a few small rivulets which find their way into the sea, when I, who was in front, came to one, in which, on my attempting to ford, my horse commenced disappearing in a quicksand. The guide called to me to beware, so I turned back and followed him through a part he was attempting to ford, which, although to all appearances somewhat deeper, had a gravelly bottom, and was, consequently, free from danger. The water was, however, deeper than the guide had imagined. The baggage-horse soon lost his legs, and shook off the guide into the water, whilst we, who were following, soon found our horses swimming likewise. We got out, however, without difficulty, but with a good ducking, and having changes of clothes in our saddle-bags, we stopped by the road side, and put on dry things.

We had not resumed our journey long before we came to another river, and hearing there were many more which we must cross in our day's journey, we decided on adopting a plan which I strongly recommend to all persons who may meet with similar difficulties in travelling through a wild country with a small allowance of clothes. Sitting in wet clothes is likely to cause rheumatism, so, after some deliberation, we came to the conclusion, that in a warm climate like Albania the lower garments, which we usually wear in the civilized part of Europe, ought to be considered as useless incumbrances, and fit only for fashionables who study their personal appearance. We therefore (do not blush, gentle reader) established a fashion of our own, and *rode without any at all!* By this remarkably simple and ingenious contrivance, for which we took to ourselves a great deal of credit, we preserved a set of dry clothes to put on at the end of our day's ride, and ran no risk of getting rheumatism by keeping on wet ones. We performed a considerable part of this last part of our journey in this extraordinary costume. What a fine subject for a caricaturist! At first I was disposed to laugh a

good deal, but a few hours up to my horse's girths in water cooled astonishingly my sense of the ridiculous.

The country between Platamona and Caterina is not much cultivated, but there is a general appearance of industry, wherever there is any symptom of cultivation. The villages are remarkably neat and clean. I saw no vines, but, on inquiry, was told there are some under Mount Olympus.

The whole of the ground must be magnificent for shooting. I should like much to find myself in this part of the country in the month of January, with a few regular, out-and-out sportsmen, and a good double pack of spaniels. I can imagine nothing more splendid, as better or more favourable ground for woodcocks I never saw, and partridges and pheasants abound. I often saw red-legged partridges, but I believe there are grey partridges also, and as I was passing along the road near Caterina a hen pheasant got up quite close to me.

CHAPTER IX.

CATERINA—KIDROS—ADVANTAGES OF BEING A CHRISTIAN—CONDUCT OF TURKS TOWARDS GREEKS—RIDING IN THE WATER—"DESIRABLE RESIDENCE AT A WATERING-PLACE"—REACH DRY LAND—COWS NEVER MILKED—KHAN—ARRIVE AT THESSALONICA—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON TRAVELLING IN ALBANIA.

We were eight hours from Platamona to Caterina, at which latter place we dined, and, having procured post-horses, proceeded to Kidros, another five hours' ride, where, there being no khan, we slept in a most comfortable and clean Greek cottage.

Caterina I find I have put down in my note-book as a Turkish village. The "Modern Traveller" says that it is inhabited chiefly by Greeks. One or the other must be wrong, but I am very much disposed to adhere to my own opinion, because I was always guided by the number of mosques I noticed on my approach to any town or village, and then one question to the surrigee sufficed, which I noted down accordingly. The houses

are mostly detached, with gardens about them. We saw here an Italian, who, it appeared, had been for some time employed in the leech trade, which is carried on to some considerable extent in this part of the country, from whence they are shipped, principally for Trieste. Our dinner at Caterina I cannot forget. A lamb was baked whole, and under it we put a few potatoes, the remnant of a very small stock we had stowed in our provision pannier on leaving Corfu; this made as good a dish as a gourmand could desire, served three hungry travellers for their dinner for two days, and cost the large sum of five piastres, about equal to a shilling English.

The Aga, or head of the post, who was as good a picture of a regular do-nothing, lazy Turk as I ever saw, remained, half asleep, with his legs crossed and smoking his pipe in front of his own door, which was exactly opposite the khan where we rested and ate our noonday meal, and it was with difficulty that we could get him to rouse himself sufficiently to give the necessary orders for us to be provided with post-horses, agreeably to the instructions to that effect contained in an important piece of paper, issued under the autho-

rity of the pasha, and which we carried with us. He, however, took very good care to open his eyes wide enough when we were about to depart, and, with a due regard to his own interest, affected to consider the present we gave him as backshish as scarcely worthy his acceptance. Of course he was not satisfied, and, as usual, wanted more, although it was a piece of gratuitous generosity on our part the giving him any thing at all.

In the neighbourhood of Caterina there are no olives, and a good deal of the oil which they use is extracted from a grain called sesamè. This grain, the same we have been accustomed to hear of in the Forty Thieves, is a good deal used by Greeks to ornament the bread on festivals, a few grains being scattered over the tops of the loaves. The flavour of the grain is peculiar, and, in my opinion, any thing but agreeable; it has a hot, parched kind of taste, and on this account I found some of the oil which I had procured at Caterina to grease my face and lips produce a very disagreeable effect, and so far from softening, as I had intended, it served rather to dry and parch them. I have always found the best remedy

against the effects of the sun's rays to be good sweet olive-oil.

Kidros is a small, but remarkably neat and clean, village, the inhabitants of which are entirely Greek. At first we found great difficulty in obtaining a place to lay our heads, the inhabitants all refusing to give us shelter for the night; but our servant being a Greek, and having assured them that we were not Turks, but Christians like themselves, we found ourselves in a short time very comfortably lodged in a capital room, with a good fire, the worthy lady of the house insisting on lending us beds and pillows, comforts to which we had for some time been utter strangers. She particularly told us that at first they did not know we were Christians, or they would not have hesitated an instant about admitting us. "We should not have been afraid of you had we known who you were," said she; "you are Christians, and friends; but we were cautious about taking you in at first, fearing you might be Turks, who come to our village, take forcible possession of our houses, turn us out into the streets, eat all our food, kill our poultry, seize upon every thing belonging to us, and then pay us for what they have

had by beating our men, and ill-treating our females."

We found the dogs in this village very troublesome, and it was quite a service of danger to look outside the door of the house. No wonder they keep fierce dogs, when the inhabitants are liable to such treatment.

At daylight we mounted our horses, and I shall never forget the thousands of thanks with which the good lady of the house overwhelmed us on our giving her a few piastres for her civility, attention, and the use of the room we had occupied in her comfortable little dwelling. She wished that every good luck in the world might attend us; we cordially returned the compliment, and rode away, wishing from the bottoms of our hearts that her hospitality might never meet with a more unkind recompense.

We had been on horseback about three hours, when we came to a spot where the surrigee persuaded us to proceed a short distance in a ferry-boat, assuring us that by doing so we should save three hours in our day's journey. After waiting two hours for the boat, which we were assured every minute would come directly, a queer kind

of flat-bottomed canoe made its appearance. In this we stowed ourselves, with our baggage and saddles, and having tied the horses together head and tail, the surrigee seated himself in the stern of the boat, or barge, katamaran, or whatever it may be called, and holding the halter of the leading horse, we shoved off, and pulled across the mouth of a river which had flooded the whole country, the horses sometimes wading, sometimes floundering, and sometimes swimming. The current was strong in some places, and the river deep; in others it was very shallow. After proceeding in this manner for about an hour, we reached terra firma, disembarked, saddled our horses, and trotted off.

We had not proceeded far when the surrigee contrived to miss his way, and instead of passing a part that was overflowed at a tolerably shallow ford, we found our horses up to their girths in a deep place, where the baggage-horse tumbled into a hole. Here I found the *ultra* highland costume I had before adopted very advantageous; and by despising fashion, and establishing one of my own, I contrived to preserve a dry set of clothes to put on when I arrived at our resting-place.

In this manner we continued to ride through the water and mud for several hours; at last we reached a place that apparently no human ingenuity could get us over. It was a deep and rapid river, and beyond it appeared miles of country flooded considerably deeper than that we had been so long wading through; our surrigeé was equally surprised with ourselves; the sun was beginning to get low, and, as returning was impossible, we began to think of making up our minds to remain for the night in a sort of birdcage house close by, raised upon piles, so as to obtain a footing above the level of the water (bearing, indeed, very much the appearance of one of those patent safes to keep meat in, which we often see at the back part of gentlemen's houses in England), and in which two Turks were sitting smoking their pipes.

There was no time for deliberation; the surrigee was puzzled; and on appealing to these two Turks, we got no consolation in our misfortune, and but little encouragement to proceed. I believe we did mentally curse our folly in having allowed ourselves to be persuaded by the surrigee to attempt this route; but decision was the order of the

day, and we used our endeavours to persuade one of these fellows to shew us the way to get out of our woeful scrape. After some parley, we found them open to a bribe; and a donation of a few piastres induced one man to go with us, and we set out, glad that any prospect opened to us of escaping a night's sojourn in so uninviting a watering-place. It must not be forgotten, that during the whole of this time our horses were standing up to their knees in water, the floor of the extraordinary house I have mentioned being raised by the piles about three feet above its surface, so that if the country is ever dry the house must be four feet above the level of the ground.

After some difficulty in getting our baggage-horse into the ferry-boat, who seemed to have taken a most extraordinary fancy into his head to prefer tumbling into the river, and being carried away, baggage and all, by the current, we crossed the river, mounted our horses, up to their knees, at least, in the water, and then, after riding for about an hour along banks on each side of which the water was so deep that the horses would have been probably swimming, we, under the guidance of our friend, whom we took great care to be very

particular in following, found ourselves at last on dry ground, where I was not sorry to put on the articles of dress I had been so long riding without, and of which I now experienced the benefit. Our principal difficulty throughout was to keep the baggage-horse upon his legs in the water. We did not care about getting wet ourselves, but arriving at a dreary, comfortless khan, not only dripping wet, but with nothing in the shape of a change of clothes, is as miserable a predicament as can be well imagined.

After crossing another river on a strong, well-built wooden bridge, about a quarter of a mile long, we came to a halt about seven o'clock in the evening at a khan two hours distant from Salonica. The gates of Salonica, like those of all fortified places in this part of the world, are closed at sunset, consequently no one can gain admittance after that time, and being aware of this, we decided, when we found it so late, on stopping for the night at the khan we had reached.

The whole of this country is an immense plain. For miles nothing is to be seen but water or pasture, but there is a background to the picture of bold and majestic mountains. The marsh, how-

ever, renders it dreadfully unhealthy, and I have been told that it is difficult to point out a spot where the inhabitants suffer more from malaria fever than they do at Salonica. We observed in the plain large droves of cows, with their calves, feeding on the magnificent pasture which is here so abundant. On asking for some milk when we got to the khan, we were given as much as we wanted, and they appeared scarcely to expect any remuneration for doing so. I inquired what use they made of it. "None at all." "But do you make no butter?" "No." "Nor cheese?" "No, not of cows' milk. We make goat cheese, but no other." "Then you never milk the cows?" "No. Why should we?" It appears that they keep these droves of horned cattle solely to raise calves, which, when grown up into oxen, are sold and driven away to other parts. It is extraordinary that in most of these countries they consider cows' milk as poor and inferior, and rarely use any but that of either goats or sheep.

Our khan was a sort of shop of all kinds. They baked and sold bread, and sold wine and all sorts of eatables. It was not the best lodging in the world, but we slept soundly after our day's work.

The next morning a ride of two hours brought us to Salonica, where we established ourselves in a very good lodging, which Mr. Blunt, the consul, had kindly procured for us.

Thus ended the equestrian part of my journey, which was the most exciting and enjoyable excursion I had ever made in my life. No accident had happened to any of us; we had met with no difficulties of any consequence; and the gloomy prognostications of our friends at Corfu, that we should find our throats cut some morning, or that we should be shot through the head from behind a rock, for the sake of pillaging us of the money we carried with us, had not been fulfilled. We had both worn our uniforms, and Captain Spence, in addition to his sword, carried a brace of very small pistols. I do not, however, think it is of much use, in an excursion of this kind, to carry fire-arms, because an Albanian, if determined to commit a robbery, will not hesitate to commence by shooting the unsuspecting traveller from behind a rock, more particularly if he thinks he is armed. They are determined fellows, too, and not likely to be scared away by the appearance of fire-arms, and more disposed to rob an armed person than

any other, for the sake of obtaining the gunpowder he may have about him, and which, with them, is a scarce commodity, and very much in request.

We had selected exactly the right season for our ride. The weather was warm, it is true; indeed I might call it hot, but not disagreeably so. It was generally very fine, which is a great advantage in a ride of this kind. I would recommend any one who may undertake a journey in the interior of Turkey in Europe, or even Greece, to choose, if he possibly can, the months of May or June. I once travelled in the Morea during the month of August, but the extreme heat of the weather was very annoying, and during the summer and autumn, fevers are prevalent in unhealthy districts.

An excursion like ours from Corfu to Salonica is most indescribably delightful. It may be that one experiences satisfaction in reflecting that a spirit of adventure has urged one to penetrate a country of which very little is known, or it may be the mode of travelling, in itself so exhilarating, combined with the feeling of independence which cannot fail to be excited by finding oneself fol-

lowing whatever course whim or caprice may suggest, in a wild and exceedingly magnificent land, in an agreeable and healthy climate. Be the cause what it may, I will only maintain that I know nothing more exciting (always save and except a good run with a good pack of fox-hounds), and no better or surer cure for *ennui*, and other ills common to civilized life in the hot season in the Mediterranean, than a ride of from twelve to sixteen hours a day, at a jog trot, with an enterprising friend or two, on whose good humour and contempt of difficulties and danger one can depend, through a wild and partly unknown country, in a magnificent climate, amongst some of the most splendid scenery in the world, rendered doubly interesting by the classical recollections connected with it. It is a pleasure of which those who have not experienced it can form no idea. I will not deny that we met with inconveniences, and that we suffered some privations, but I never ate with a better appetite than I did our frugal fare; burgundy was never more palatable than was, on this excursion, common Albanian wine; and I never in my life slept more soundly than in my clothes on the boards, or on

the ground, in the different khans. I must not attempt to call the khans clean, indeed I may honestly confess they were always miserably dirty; but to this, as well as to other trifling inconveniences, in the shape of vermin of all kinds, we soon became accustomed.

I used to be much amused at the difference between our surrigees. The first we had would never allow the horses to drink, or even to wash their mouths, and if at any time either of us transgressed his rule, he used to call out lustily, that we should kill the horses; that it was the worst thing in the world for them; and that they would do no work after it. The horses, however, appeared to be always of a very different opinion. Our next surrigee, to our astonishment, made us allow the horses to drink whenever they pleased, and really, I should say, gave them a great deal too much; I must confess, however, that both sets of horses did a great deal of work, and were never knocked up, so it is impossible to prove from our experience which plan was the best.

It was often very interesting to watch parties of Albanians sitting together on the grass under

some tree, or basking in the sun, playing a kind of guitar, their national instrument. On these occasions, all those assembled used to sit or lounge round the performer, and it was curious to observe, with what apparently intense interest a dozen picturesque-looking fellows would sit listening to one of the party playing on an infantine guitar something in which neither time nor tune could be traced, but which, if one might judge from the pleasure with which they appeared to listen, must have been to their ears harmony of a most exquisite description. The countenances of all the assembled group would lighten up with intense interest at particular parts, whilst the tones would be scarcely audible to a bystander, though only a few yards distant from them. One, perhaps, would lie on his face, the long, shaggy fleece of his white capote, twisted into cords from its length, and hanging gracefully on his shoulders, and seeming to be a weight which, apparently, a strong man would rather not carry, much less would be willing to wear, if he could avoid doing so; on his head a white cap, relieved by the

graceful tie of a coloured handkerchief over it; his rude and shapeless sandals or shoes, suiting exactly one accustomed to bound like a chamois over the mountain crags; his long and extraordinarily shaped firelock, with its crooked stock inlaid with silver lying at his side, whilst his pistols and yataghan or short sword remained girt round his waist; another, perhaps, in a brown capote and red cap, would be reclining his head on his right arm on the ground, playing with his long pipe with his left; the player himself would be seated on the ground in the middle of the assembly, and would appear much pleased with his own performance, the whole party at certain periods of the song joining in a wild chorus.

I could not sufficiently admire the general air of boldness, and apparently independent spirit, of these Albanians, and their apparent contentment and happiness, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which they, in common with all the subjects of the Ottoman empire, so unfortunately labour.

Albania is a magnificent field for an artist. The costumes of the Albanians are very picturesque, and I have often wondered much that no English painter had ever taken the trouble to

make a journey in that country. Last year, however, Mr. J. F. Lewis, whose fame as a water-colour painter is well known, did penetrate into the interior, and I have no doubt the water-colour exhibition will ere long give ample proofs of his industry and skill.

CHAPTER X.

THESSALONICA—PLAGUE—EXTRAORDINARY REVIEW OF ARTILLERY—COLONEL OF ARTILLERY OBLIGED TO TURN SHIP-BUILDER—VISIT TO THE PASHA—ST. PAUL'S CHAIR—INTERIOR OF MOSQUES—BARRACKS—PRISON—HORRIBLE TORTURES INFLICTED ON FIVE ALBANIANS—REPRESENTATION TO PASHA—OBTAIN THEIR RELEASE—INDIGNATION OF MUSTAFA PASHA.

Our lodging at Salonica was of course an unfurnished one, because in these plaguy countries no man can be sure that his friend, in shaking him by the hand, is not conferring upon him disease, and perhaps death, in a horrible form, and every one is afraid of his neighbour; consequently, those who let, as well as those who hire lodgings, are equally careful that no susceptible article shall be lent by the one or taken by the other. "What a horrible state of things!" some one will exclaim. "What! am I to dread shaking a person by the hand, for fear of receiving infection; and does my friend avoid me from the same cause?"

Yes. 'Tis even so; and worse. When the plague is raging badly, no one who has any regard for his life will admit even his dearest friend into his house, until he has undergone the operation of being fumigated, that is, half-smothered in a shut-up box, in which some sulphur and other disagreeable articles are burnt under his nose, in order to purify his clothes; and even after undergoing this fearful process the strictest quarantine is observed; no one shakes hands with the unfortunate, smoke-dried individual, and all susceptible articles are put out of his way. I have heard of persons dining together in this manner, and, when the plague was raging, in the strictest quarantine, without table-cloths, and carefully avoiding to touch each other or any susceptible articles. It should be mentioned, for the information of those who have not been accustomed to quarantine, that articles of food do not carry infection, the only prohibited one, I believe, being *quite new* bread.

Persons may wonder how any one can travel in such a country, where, they may probably think, every one must be afraid of his life from morning till night. I confess the idea did at first

enter my head occasionally, after I had been walking through crowded bazaars, or handling goods in them, that if there *should* be plague in them, I should be in a most unenviable predicament; but after a few days I became quite accustomed to it, and I really believe that persons rarely give the matter a thought, excepting where the plague is raging very badly.

Amongst other visits to the resident authorities at Salonica, we were introduced by Mr. Blunt to the colonel commanding the artillery, Mussago Bey, who appeared to be a very intelligent and hard-working fellow; asked us a good many questions; took us to see all his guns, batteries, and stores; and had the artillery out to exercise, on purpose for us to see. Of course we had to smoke a good many pipes, in fact, nothing can be done in Turkey without smoking a pipe; but the most amusing scene I remember was at the review of the artillery, the marching past the commandant of the garrison and ourselves after the exercise was over. The men marched well, and dragged their guns well, the colonel dropped his sword in time, and every part of the appearance of the persons reviewed was perfect. But must the truth

be told? I blush for my military reputation when I confess where I was, and what I was doing, and how the Royal Turkish Artillery were reviewed by two unworthy representatives of British general officers. Must I acknowledge, that whilst the artillery were all being broiled in a hot sun, going through their exercise, and marching past in a very soldierlike manner, for our special amusement and edification, we, the reviewing officers, consisting of the colonel commanding the Turkish artillery, two British officers in uniform, and her Britannic Majesty's consul (whose chouash, armed up to the teeth, was standing behind his master, with all the pomp and conceit of an Eastern constable), were sitting under a shed, smoking pipes about two yards long, with amber mouth-pieces, set in jewels, and drinking sherbet and lemonade. Oh! that some tolerable caricaturist could have seen us! Our military code prohibits officers from smoking in uniform. I wonder what punishment Captain Spence and myself deserved for such an unsoldierlike act as coolly sitting down and smoking a poplar-tree kind of pipe whilst *inspecting a regiment on parade.*

"They do things differently" in Turkey. Every

one of the bystanders smoked, so we were obliged to follow the fashion.

I should have liked to see better carriages and tumbrils for the beautiful brass guns they manœuvred with, but I was altogether a good deal surprised at the appearance of this body of men, who went through their exercise far better than I could have expected.

In Turkey they have, it would seem, a most extraordinary mode of selecting persons to perform the duties that may be required. This colonel of artillery having shewn himself to be a zealous, hard-working artillery officer, received one day, considerably to his own astonishment, an order from Constantinople to *build a gun-boat*. I suppose it was needless for him to remonstrate, and explain that he knew nothing about ship-building; it appeared never to have entered the heads of those who sent him the order whether he was qualified to execute it or not, sufficient it was that he had got the order and must obey; so, like a true Moslem, he submitted to his fate and became a ship-builder. I went to see this gun-vessel, of which Mussago Bey seemed very proud, and, as far as I was able to judge, I should say, that

although Sir Wm. Symonds would have built a better, the colonel of artillery deserved a good deal of credit.

The batteries of Salonica, although certainly defenceless in themselves, had been made to assume an appearance of regularity and order; and the guns, most of brass and very fine ones, particularly two of immense calibre, intended to carry stone shot, had been well polished up and seemed serviceable.

We spent one day at Salonica in a round of visits. First we saw the Greek prelate, a good-natured, round, laughing, fat, jolly-looking personage, who received us with great civility, and was very communicative. We next visited the kaimakan, or lieutenant-governor of Salonica, Izzeh Mehemet Pasha, a pasha with two tails, who, being a military man, has likewise the rank of ferreck, or general of brigade. His immediate chief was Mustafa, the Pasha of Janina. He is rather a fine-looking man, but with debauched countenance and red eyes. He rose on our entrance, but remained sitting when we took our leave. We next visited Hajji Achmet Bey, mir allai, or colonel commander-in-chief of all the

troops. I found out that I had seen him before, on my first visit to Janina. He came into the room where we were waiting his arrival, dressed most gorgeously in a red hussar kind of dress, completely covered with gold lace and braiding, and wearing blue trowsers with gold lace.

At each of these houses we remained from half an hour to an hour, the time being occupied in smoking, drinking coffee, sherbet, or lemonade, or eating sweetmeats, which are usually offered on visits of ceremony, a Turkish custom, I believe, originally, but which has been adopted by the Greeks likewise. A tray being handed round which contains several glasses of cold water and a plate or two of sweetmeat of some kind, each person takes a spoon, dips it into whichever sweetmeat he prefers, takes as much as he can get, and carries it to his mouth. Having eaten it, a glass of water is taken to wash it down, the spoon which has been used being left in the glass. On putting down the glass, as in returning the coffee-cup to the slave after drinking it, it is customary to make a bend or bow to the master of the house. Considering, therefore, that I had been pipe smoking, and coffee, and lemonade, and sherbet drink-

ing, and sweetmeat eating, for a considerable number of hours during this day of visits, the quantity of light liquids we were forced to consume may be imagined; fortunately, none of the liquors were intoxicating, or we should never have reached our lodging.

The chair or platform from which St. Paul preached is still in existence at Salonica. It is a wooden framework, in an exceedingly dilapidated condition, under a Roman arch across one of the streets. Amongst the antiquities of the town, there is a very fine triumphal arch, which is almost entirely obscured by a number of small houses that have been built about it. We saw, too, the tomb of Poppius Cimbros, a Roman governor, which had been discovered about two years before. The bones found in the tomb were in excellent preservation. They are supposed to have been those of Poppius Cimbros, Callitiki, his wife, and Afkto, his son.

It appears that there were two of the name of Poppius, in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, *viz.* Poppius Cimbros, of Macedonia, and Poppius Sabinus, of Achaia.

At Salonica we had the good fortune to get into

several mosques. It is curious that in some towns in Turkey no objection is made to a stranger visiting them, whilst in others a Frank cannot for love or money gain admittance. There is, however, very little to see in a mosque. It is curious, certainly, to observe a Moslem going through his numberless prostrations; but there is nothing striking, no magnificence, no effect in the mosque itself; all is plain and neat; and excepting a number of small fancy lamps hanging on strings in all directions all over the centre of the building, and the sentences of the Koran written about, no one would notice any difference from any other large building with pillars, and perfectly plain in the inside; it resembles, in fact, a church without any ornament. The upper end, nearest the altar, is carpeted, the lower is covered with mats. In one of these mosques a boy was singing, not at all disagreeably, but the tune was of a most extraordinary description. He made occasionally a noise with his mouth, which, if it was not a shrill whistle, certainly very much resembled one.

One of these mosques had been a Greek church, dedicated to St. Demetrius, at whose tomb, inside the church, a lamp is always kept burning, even

by the Turks, though he was a Greek saint. The consul's dragoman, who was with us, appeared to give implicit credence to all the wonderful stories the hadji related concerning the saint's tomb, which many persons even now visit. This hadji assured us most positively, that the lamp is never allowed to go out, because when the Turks first converted the church into a mosque, the man in charge of it could not sleep from the noises and groans that issued from the tomb; but on putting a light all became quiet immediately. He shuddered with horror when we asked him if he ever let the light go out. "Groans," he said, "would arise from the tomb, enough to cause the stoutest heart to tremble." I observed that the mosque smelt most abominably of mice. Probably *they* might have had some hand in disturbing the slumbers of the worthy hadji.

The barracks at Salonica, which have been lately constructed, are very large and commodious, but not too well situated. The officer actually in command was Alli Bey (son of Ibrahim Pasha), colonel of volunteers, a young man, about six-and-twenty, of very debauched appearance, who received us whilst he was demolishing, some-

what voraciously, a rather extraordinary meal, composed of a white kind of hash or stew, which he seemed to eat with considerable gusto, carrying it to his mouth with his fingers and a piece of bread, catching the slippery portions with some difficulty. He went on eating for some time, and when he had finished, a basin, with a piece of soap in the middle, and a jug of water, were brought in, and the water poured over his hands; after which operation, coffee and pipes made their appearance. This done, we went through one or two empty rooms in the barracks, but various excuses were made for not taking us into those actually inhabited by the men, and, though we pressed hard to gain a sight of them, we did not eventually succeed. I saw a few of the soldiers, and could not help observing them; men I have no business to call them, because all appeared to be very young, and some could not have been more than fifteen years of age. It appears that at the time I visited Salonica, the garrison was very much reduced, and those soldiers that it did consist of were principally the most raw recruits, because the Sultan had, shortly before, called to Constantinople all disposable troops, from all

parts of his dominions, for the purpose of forming his ill-advised expedition against Ibrahim Pasha, in 1839, and which was, soon afterwards, so signally defeated at the battle of Nezib.

Some persons imagine that the Turks are a very good sort of people, who have been grossly misrepresented and unreasonably found fault with; that a Turk is, in the bottom of his heart, a most kind, humane creature; that in his domestic life he is a model of perfection; and that he would not intentionally injure any one, or cause needless pain even to a dog. It is true they are humane to dogs, inasmuch as they will not allow them to be destroyed, and a Turk is often seen buying bread to feed them. But a little of this kindness would be well bestowed upon their fellow-creatures. I do not mean to assert that the Turks are all utterly ignorant of the meaning of common humanity. Far from it. There are honourable exceptions, amongst which I cannot refrain from mentioning the worthy Mustafa, who, when Pasha of Janina, was proverbially so humane and kind-hearted that he could not administer the laws with sufficient severity to keep in awe that wild people. But I witnessed at

Salonica what I would not have believed if I had not seen, and what has, I fear, disclosed to me too much of the natural barbarity of the Turkish character.

I would willingly persuade myself that what I am now about to relate was nothing more than a night-mare, the child of my own disturbed imagination, but the reality is unhappily but too visible, even now, to my eyes. I would willingly pass over so disgusting a scene, the very recollection of which alternately boils and chills my blood; but truth forbids me to be silent, and indignation impels me to proclaim it. Will it be credited that what I am about to relate took place in Europe in the nineteenth century? I fear it is but too clear an indication of what one might see, if it were possible to look behind the scenes in Turkish life, that the much vaunted advances of the Turks in civilization are imaginary, and that Turks, in general, are at this day, what they have ever been, and, I have no doubt, will ever remain.

A short time previously to our arrival at Salonica, a savage murder had been committed. A woman, her two children, and her niece, who was

the wife of an officer in the Turkish army, had been found murdered in the house in which they resided, in one of the small streets within the walls of the town of Salonica. No trace whatever could be discovered of the perpetrators of this bloody deed, nor could suspicion rest on any one. The kaimakan, or pasha, finding all inquiries unsuccessful, ordered that all persons who resided in the street where the murder had been committed should be examined, and, if necessary, put to the torture to endeavour to extract from them some confession, by which light might be thrown upon this mysterious matter. Several unfortunate persons were accordingly put to the torture, but, it appearing that there were positively no grounds whatever for any suspicion against them, they were released.

A few, however, were detained, and we were told, that upon them unheard of cruelties were being nightly practised to endeavour to extort confessions from them. On hearing this, Captain Spence and myself determined to endeavour to get a sight of them, and, if possible, satisfy ourselves of the truth or falsity of the report we had heard.

I wish I had never attempted to gratify my curiosity. Yes, I honestly confess it was curiosity that impelled me to pry into secrets of a Turkish prison-house. I should have had a better opinion of human nature in general, and Turks in particular, had the horrible sight I there witnessed been for ever concealed from my eyes. Till then I did not believe that there do exist in the world demons in the shape of men, who take delight in the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, and into whose breasts the feelings of compassion have never found admittance.

A silver key will open any lock in Turkey as well as in other parts of the world; so we found no difficulty in making an arrangement with a chouash or constable, who promised to gain us admittance to the prison where these unhappy men were confined; and having put on dresses which would not attract observation, we proceeded thither about nine o'clock in the morning. Passing through a kind of court-yard, we ascended some stairs which led to a long balcony, into which windows, secured with iron bars, looked from the different rooms. Here the horribly emaciated appearance of three men immediately attracted

our attention. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses. I thought I must still be dreaming. Chained in a standing position to the bars of three windows, by means of a very heavy iron collar about three inches in width fastened round the neck of each, and a chain which was so short that the unfortunate culprit was unable to lie down, bend his body, or change his position, without causing intense suffering, were three unfortunate Albanians, whose limbs, unable to sustain the weight of their bodies, kept every instant giving way under them, whilst the consequent tightening of the chain, and the pressure of the collar round their necks, caused them as quickly to make a vigorous exertion to regain their former positions, which, though irksome to an extreme, were infinitely less painful than those with the heavy collar pressing more severely against their necks, which the incessant yielding of their weary limbs were constantly forcing them to endure. In this state of fatigue and suffering they had remained *for twelve days.* Surely, thought I, these men must have confessed some participation in the murder, and the object of this torture must be to induce them to make

still further confessions before the punishment of death is carried into effect. Alas! no: this punishment, more severe than, according to our notions, the most heinous offence would require, was inflicted on these unfortunate fellows, not because they had confessed—not because there were any, even the remotest, suspicions against them—but because they chanced to have the misfortune to *reside in the same street where the murder had been committed.*

Proceeding along the balcony, we came to a room, where a man in, if possible, a still more horrible state of emaciation, and apparently suffering intense bodily pain, was chained to a post in the centre by irons round both his ankles, a rope round his waist, supporting the upper part of his body, and preventing him from bending over and falling to the ground, as, from his state of extreme fatigue and exhaustion, he would have been liable to do, on account of his not having sufficient physical strength left to keep himself upright. At the time we saw him his body was almost entirely supported by the rope. Our entrance aroused him; he seemed enlivened at seeing the countenances of strangers, and made a

great effort to keep himself upon his legs, and tell us his melancholy story. He spoke with considerable difficulty, and yet shewed great firmness and determination.

We asked him a great many questions through the consul's dragoman, who accompanied us, as he spoke only the Albanian language. Two constables were present, who appeared to have the charge of him, and who would have been too glad to contradict his story if they had been able to do so. This man, whose name was Ali, had been chained to that post for twelve days. Every night, some Jews, hired for the purpose, came and inflicted upon him tortures of the most horrible and disgraceful description, under the influence of which he had, to save himself, as he said, from further suffering, confessed that he had committed the murder in question, and that the officer, whose wife had been murdered, was his accomplice. He said he knew no more about the matter than a child unborn, but that, under the influence of torture, he found life so insupportable, that he thought, by confessing, he might induce his persecutors to put him to death at once, and end his miserable existence. In this,

however, he had not succeeded, because a quantity of money having been stolen when the murder was committed, further tortures were applied to him to make him confess what had become of this money. This he was, of course, unable to do. He might confess a murder he had not committed, but he could not say where money was hidden, which he had never seen. He told us, with the greatest calmness, that he knew nothing whatever of the matter, and that all he wished was to be put to death at once.

We then examined his neck, which was wrapped up. On undoing the bandage, the state may perhaps be imagined, but I cannot describe it. A large iron collar had been heated red-hot, and fastened round it; when cold it had been removed, and each succeeding night the same operation had been repeated. He shewed us his chest, which bore equal marks of burning, which we were given to understand had been caused by laying him on his back, and *making a fire of charcoal on it.* One foot was burned in a horrible manner, and was swollen to an enormous size. In addition to these barbarities which were practised upon him nightly, they had been in the

habit of compressing his temples with a screw, and pricking the most *sensitive parts* of his body with *red-hot needles*. Ali talked to us in a very rational manner, said he only wished to die, as his body had been so mutilated he was unfit to live, and begged we would rid him of his wearisome existence.

Such a scene of horror defies description. Even whilst writing this, Ali's fiery-looking distended eye-balls; his dejected, haggard, pale, yet livid countenance; his horribly languid and fainting look, whilst imploring us to have pity upon him, and charitably take away his life, and the general emaciation of his mutilated carcase, still present themselves most vividly to my imagination.

It is easy to read of such horrors, to wonder if they are correctly described, and to forget them; but scenes like these pass not so readily away from the recollections of those who have been eye-witnesses of the sober, sad reality.

With feelings that cannot easily be imagined, we passed on to an inner room, where was confined the Turkish officer, whose wife had been murdered, and who had been arrested in consequence of Ali's confession that he had been

an accomplice of Ali's in the murder of the women and children. He was heavily ironed in an ordinary manner, but had as much liberty as the room afforded. As far as I could learn from inquiry, this man could have had no possible inducement to commit the offence with which by Ali's confession he was charged, and accordingly, and perhaps, also, from his being a person of greater importance than the other prisoners, no tortures had been practised upon him, and he was only detained to give time for the examination of the proofs against him, which were none, excepting Ali's confession.

We then descended the stairs, and were about to leave the prison, when we found there was a horror as yet unseen by us—another unfortunate Albanian, in quite as bad a state of emaciation and suffering as those I have attempted to describe. Under a tree, in the court-yard, and fastened to it by chains round his legs, and a rope round his body, stood a man, looking, if possible, worse than any of the four we had previously seen, whilst another cord proceeded from his body to a picket in front, by which means he was kept constantly in the same position, and could not move to the

right or to the left, or lean against the tree, or even turn himself, or vary his position in the least, without causing to himself intense pain, the ropes having been kept fastened in that manner for twelve days, as was the case with the other four men. Although standing fastened to the tree, he was so far from it, on the south side of it, that he was exposed to the full intensity of the sun's rays. On examining him, we found that his right hand had been nearly burnt off, which he told us had been done with a red-hot iron.

What I have here related, I was eye-witness of; other cruelties were nightly practised on these five unfortunate Albanians, which none but the imagination of a demon could have conceived, and which I will not foul my paper by recording.

A fine specimen this of the advances Turkey is said to be making in civilization!

Having gained admittance by stealth to this scene of abomination and horror, it occurred to my companion and myself, that if we could contrive that it should reach the ears of the Kaimakan Pasha, that we had done so, he might be disposed to moderate his cruelty towards these miserable men, as the Turks are very

desirous of gaining the good opinion of all strangers, and particularly English who visit their country.

On consulting with Mr. Blunt, the consul, he readily agreed to second our designs, and accordingly, making use of our names as two English officers who had seen, and who had been much disgusted with, the cruelties practised on these Albanians, and it being a proceeding so totally unknown in civilized countries, he stated to the pasha, that unless the men were immediately taken down, he should consider it his duty, as the matter had been brought officially under his notice by us, two travellers, who had accidentally been eye-witnesses of the treatment to which these men had been subjected, to send a Tatar forthwith to Mustafa Pasha, the vizier of Janina, with a report of the whole affair. The effect of this was astounding. The kaimakan ordered the men to be immediately taken down, and we had the satisfaction of hearing that our exertions had been successful, and that, for once in our lives, our prying propensities had been productive of more good than the mere gratification of an impertinent curiosity. The dragoman, whom the

consul sent with the message to the pasha, was the same who had accompanied us to the scene of horror, and on obtaining the order for the release of the poor fellows from further torture, he did not return until he had seen all five of them taken down and fed. He then came to us in great glee, just as we were upon the point of embarking for Constantinople, and told us of the success of the consul's application.

I was never able to ascertain whether the chouash who smuggled us into the prison, or the gaoler who admitted us, was bastinadoed for allowing us to see what we did; but I am very much inclined to think that the kaimakan was not in the best humour in the world when he found from Mr. Blunt's message that he must forego further cruelties, or incur the displeasure of his superior, Mustafa Pasha, the vizier. This worthy man, whose humanity is proverbial, arrived at Salonica a very few days after this occurrence, and on Mr. Blunt telling him what had taken place, and that Captain Spence and myself had witnessed the torturing of these men, he became greatly enraged, and said to Mr. B., "Good God! Mr. Blunt, our friend Captain

Best will indeed say, and with reason, that we are brutes."

Words fail me to describe such a scene of horror; my blood boiled with indignation when I was first informed of the treatment these poor fellows were undergoing; it chilled and froze in my veins when I entered the prison, and looked on their pale and emaciated features, their burnt and mutilated bodies; but I must confess that a blush of shame for my own country came on my cheek when I recollected that she, proud, civilized England, who had voted twenty millions for the extinction of slavery in the West Indies, was at that moment straining every nerve in the East to continue this very state of things—to perpetuate the system which sanctioned abominations such as these—by propping up with all her power the tottering Turkish empire.

CHAPTER XI.

FEMALE FASHIONS AT SALONICA—ANECDOTE OF AN IONIAN—OBSERVATIONS ON SALONICA—EMBARK FOR CONSTANTINOPLE—SMOKING INTOLERABLE TO THOSE NOT ADDICTED TO IT—DARDANELLES—ILLUMINATION—ANCHOR IN THE GOLDEN HORN—QUARANTINE—PERA—TOWER OF GALATA—HOW TO SEE CONSTANTINOPLE TO PERFECTION—DANCING DERVISHES—DANGER OF LADIES WEARING GREEN DRESSES.

The female part of the Frank population at Salonica take most extraordinary liberties with their dress; I used to be much amused at observing their costumes, and the egregious blunders which they for ever made, in putting on a smart evening head-dress with only a white petticoat and a pair of slippers. Very flash and gaudy colours appear to predominate, but an utter want of uniformity and arrangement makes them always look slovenly. Our hostess, for instance, a remarkably good-looking woman, on whom any dress would sit well, used to appear with a very gaudy head-dress, consisting of a mixture of all the brightest colours in the rain-

bow, well bespangled with gold and silver, whilst her gown was either very shabby, very dirty, or perhaps what might fairly be called no gown at all, a sort of dirty-white under-petticoat. This inconsistency, with shoes down-at-heel, made her look as if she had dressed her head for some great party, and had forgotten to put on the other articles. Slip-shod shoes are certainly not becoming to a lady out of her boudoir, but when contrasted with a very smart head-dress, is, to say the least of it, extraordinary, and yet a dress of this description seemed to be the *latest fashion* when I visited Salonica.

I heard here an anecdote relating to Ionians, or persons calling themselves Ionian subjects, which, from knowing their character well, I can very readily imagine to be true.

In the East, Ionians have the privilege of British subjects, in consequence of the Ionian Islands being under the protection of Great Britain. The number of persons, therefore, who claim British protection is inconceivable; but none are recognized as Ionians unless they produce a certificate of baptism. Now it happened some time since, that a man, whom every one knew posi-

tively to belong to Salonica, and that he could by no possibility be an Ionian, having committed some criminal offence, became amenable to Turkish law, but, when he was arrested, claimed protection as a British subject. The person to whom he chanced to say he was an Ionian was half inclined to laugh at the absurdity of such an assertion, well knowing he had never been in the Ionian Islands in his life. "An Ionian!" said he; "why, what proof have you of being an Ionian?" "A certificate of baptism," said he, and, with the greatest coolness, drew leisurely out of his sash a certificate from a Greek priest, that he, the criminal, had been born and baptized in the Ionian Islands. This was rather puzzling to the questioner; however, he asked him incidentally another question or two, when it came out, on a little cross-examination, that he not only had never been in the Ionian Islands, but did not know *where the Ionian Islands were.*

Salonica, or, as it is still spelt in Greek, *Thessalonica,* is a mercantile town of considerable importance, being the next in size and wealth, of the towns in Turkey in Europe, to Constantinople. Its situation is the most unhealthy that

can be imagined, a horrible marsh, of immense extent, being close to it on the N. W. and north; indeed the consul told me that, since he had been there, neither himself nor any of his family had, during either winter or summer, enjoyed a day's health. In the neighbourhood, I am told, there are both grey and red-legged partridges in abundance.

Salonica contains fifty-nine thousand inhabitants. Of these, thirteen thousand are Greeks, or, as they are called, Rayahs, and twenty-five thousand Jews, leaving a remainder of twenty-one thousand Turks, of which there are a very considerable number who are Jews by blood, but who, about a century ago, were forced to turn Turks. They are unfortunate fellows, being despised by all, whether Jews, Greeks, or Turks. It is said that the thirteen thousand Rayahs pay the same amount of contribution to the necessities of the state as the twenty-five thousand Jews, besides which, the Rayahs have to contend against the horrible villany of their own communities, the extent of which is believed to be beyond conception.

The imports at Salonica from England amounted

in 1838 to about fifty-nine thousand pounds sterling worth of manufactured English goods. There are no exports to England of any description.

Our original plan had been to proceed by land from Salonica to Constantinople, either through Philippopolis and Adrianople, or by another, a somewhat shorter route, along the coast passing through Philippi. Mr. Blunt, the consul, dissuaded us from putting either of these projects into execution, stating that, in his opinion, the Dardanelles and the entrance to Constantinople by sea are far better worth seeing than either of the land routes. We happened also to be at Salonica when a steam-vessel was about to start for Constantinople. We hesitated to the latest moment, not liking to abandon a plan which we had set out with the determination of following, but, at last, after duly weighing and considering the advantages for and against each route, we decided on availing ourselves of the opportunity of proceeding by steam, and accordingly embarked on the 23rd May on board the *Levant*, a very small Austrian steam-vessel, and bade adieu to Thessalonica.

The steamer's decks were crowded. Every available portion of space, whether on deck or below, was occupied by some one; we were like pigs in an Irish steam-vessel; and such a motley assemblage of Jews, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Franks, of all countries—such a Babel-like confusion of tongues, such an endless variety of costume, and such a marked difference of feature, form, and habits, as baffles all attempts at description.

We were seventy-one passengers in all, and, notwithstanding the indescribably small portion of space allotted to each person, notwithstanding a rolling sea and plenty of sea-sickness (and never did I see persons suffer more than the whole assembled party), every one, of every country, tongue, and race, had (*horresco referens*) a pipe or a cigar in his mouth.

Oh! the annoyance, the misery indescribable, of sixty-nine or seventy pipes blowing clouds of endless smoke in one's face, without ceasing, from morning till night, and again from night till morning! No man in the world is more to be pitied than an unfortunate non-smoker who finds himself amongst the Philistines—amongst a num-

ber of persons who scruple not to render his life a burthen to him by obliging him to inhale clouds of smoke, and from whom there may chance to be no reasonable way of escaping. A regular smoker never thinks of the inconvenience he is causing to his neighbour; and, what is the worst of all, he appears the whole time so provokingly pleased with himself—so thoroughly convinced that he is employing his time profitably because he is doing *something*.

I doubt very much whether the pain and inconvenience occasioned by the use of this noxious weed do not in the aggregate exceed the sum total of pleasure enjoyed by those who indulge in it, when we take into consideration the annoyance it causes to those who do not smoke, the horrible perfume of stale tobacco in the clothes of the smoker, and the monstrous inconvenience, pain, suffering, and misery endured by all who are *learning* to smoke.

We all know that the first pipe or cigar produces most disagreeable effects, nature wisely rejecting a poisonous weed; but these warnings being unheeded, the suffering aspirant becomes in time what he so much desires to be—a regular

smoker. Like Mithridates, who by degrees accustomed himself to take poisons, the modern smoker, by force of a habit most disagreeable to him at first, only attempted because it is a fashion to smoke, and only persevered in at last because it has become a habit, can smoke his dozen cigars at a sitting without suffering any inconvenience. Ask the most determined smoker, the most sincere one I would rather say—I mean a person who smokes really because he likes it—and he will candidly acknowledge that his first dozen, aye, his first hundred cigars, were most particularly nauseous and hateful to him, and that it was only by perseverance in a practice at which nature revolted that he acquired the taste for that which at first was so ungrateful to him.

I have purposely said "sincere smokers," because I know well there are many *insincere* smokers—persons who smoke because others do, whilst in their hearts they detest it, and can scarcely conceal the giddiness and inconvenience it occasions to them.

If persons really like smoking, let them smoke by all means. I do not find fault with those to whom it is a necessary of life or a luxury; but

I cannot help wishing occasionally, that it would occur to them sometimes, that there *are* persons in the world to whom the smell of a cigar is particularly offensive; and when I find myself smothered with a cloud of smoke from the pipe or cigar of some one, to whom, from his appearance, I have considerable doubts whether it is not more inconvenience than it is to the unfortunate *non*-smoker by his side, I begin to wish from my heart that, for his own sake as well as mine, he would have the resolution, for once in his life, to shake off the yoke of tyrant fashion, and boldly assert and maintain his right to smoke or not, as he pleases. Turks smoke a great deal, and with reason; they have nothing to do, they have no education, no resources in themselves, and no intellectual pursuits, and they have the best tobacco in the world. But the passengers on board the "Levant" smoked more than Turks usually do, and how we escaped being burnt on the voyage appears almost miraculous. We met, however, with no adventure but a strong south-easter, which retarded our progress considerably, but did not interfere with the incalculable consumption of tobacco, which was going on in spite

of sea-sickness. At length, after about twenty-six hours' steaming and *smoking*, we came in sight of the Dardanelles.

The castles appear to be very formidable to vessels attempting to pass, but on the land side they can, I believe, be easily attacked. The whole of the passage of the Dardanelles, from their entrance as far as Gallipoli, is strikingly beautiful; indeed, a country, to all appearance, in which one would feel inclined to wish it might be one's lot to dwell.

We remained a short time at the village of the Dardanelles, to take in coals. It had a very beautiful appearance at night, being brilliantly illuminated on account of the day being the anniversary of the birth of the sultan. Twenty-four hours' more steaming brought us the next evening to the Golden Horn, where a health officer immediately came on board with the crew of his gig, shook hands with his friends, took all the letters, and then having effectually communicated with the ship and passengers, went quietly on shore, announcing to us the pleasing intelligence, that we were *in quarantine!* The Turks had not long had quarantines established, and

probably did not exactly comprehend that the health officer was just as likely to catch or communicate plague as any one else. We were, however, released the next day, and my companion and myself established ourselves in Mr. Roboli's boarding-house in Pera.

Pera, which is separated by the Golden Horn from Stamboul, or the Turkish part of the city, is the Frank quarter. The Bosphorus separates both Pera and Stamboul from the Asiatic shore, consequently the Golden Horn is a branch of the Bosphorus. I will not attempt to describe Constantinople, because I profess only to relate my own personal adventures. It has been often described by able pens, but a better idea can be formed of it from one glance at Bartlett's "Beauties of the Bosphorus," than from reading a thousand descriptions. I must, however, frankly acknowledge, that I had heard so much of the beauty of Constantinople, that at first I was grievously disappointed; but a more close examination, and a more intimate acquaintance with it, gave rise to a different feeling; and now that I have had time to reflect maturely upon what I saw, I feel most perfectly and fully convinced,

that no place I have ever visited has rewarded me so well for the trouble of journeying to see it, and that Constantinople is not only worth seeing, but well "worth going to see."

On the Pera side, there is the Tower of Galata, and on the Constantinople side, that of the Seraskier, both of which are used as watch-towers to discover and give notice of fires, which, in a place where the houses are all built of wood, are very destructive and of very common occurrence. I went up that of Galata first, which I would recommend every person to do, because you descend with the thorough conviction of having seen the most striking, pleasing, and magnificent view in the world. Having done this, let him cross the Golden Horn forthwith, and mount the Seraskier Tower, and he will discover, to his surprise, that there does exist a prospect still more beautiful than that he has so much admired. I could have remained for hours on the look-out of the Galata Tower: the view is utterly indescribable.

Stamboul stands on a tongue of land, the water boundaries of which are the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora. From the top of the Tower of Galata, dingy red, half brown, and some bright

vermilion hues of the houses; the countless minarets of the different mosques, interspersed with trees of various kinds, and these relieved by the deep sombre of the stately, formal cypress, now towering its head, in lonely grandeur, in some rather open space, now joining with a hundred others in forming a melancholy avenue, which indicates the final abode of thousands of deceased Moslems; this again varied by the ponderous dome of St. Sophia, with her gilded spire, and the nearly equally large one of Sulimanië, with the domes of other mosques, of apparently minor dimensions, but which, seen away from the two large ones, would fairly exhibit their own stateliness and magnificence: again, the arches of the ancient aqueduct of Trajan, the walls of the seraglio, the countless shipping in the Golden Horn, from a three-decker of 140 guns, down to the light, elegant, easily-upset, but picturesque caique, and the long wooden bridge connecting Stamboul with Pera—all this, seen under the blaze of an Eastern sun, the delicate azure of the sky causing a corresponding brightness in the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, and the soft tints of the not very far distant Asiatic hills, backed by

sun-topped Olympus; the town on the Asiatic side, Scutari; Pera, with its closely-packed denizens, a sort of second Babel, a town of every tongue and religion on the face of the globe, being under your feet: these, all these together, form a *coup d'œil* which is utterly inconceivable.

On descending from my pinnacle, the magical illusion vanishes. Before I reach my caique the whole scene has assumed a different aspect. Alas! the narrow, hilly, dirty streets of Pera make me, notwithstanding the vividness of the recent impression, think of realities, and not shadows. The odours that assail me in my way to my caique make me ask myself if I have been dreaming; and although the elegant caique, with its long and high prow, and commodious but lazy mode of accommodating its passengers, may, for a time, cause me to relapse into the delightful vision, and although I may, when in the centre of the Golden Horn, again see both Pera and Stamboul at such a distance that the beautiful takes the place of the disagreeable, and I may delude myself into the notion that it was only a momentary disgust, which custom will easily conquer, yet, when landed on the Stamboul side, and

when I have fairly perambulated its extensive bazaars, which, though large, elegant, and splendid, have an air of unhealthiness and dirt, which breaks the charm, I cannot help then coming to the conclusion, that the beauty of Constantinople consists in a distant prospect of it.

Let a person sail up the Bosphorus, anchor in the Golden Horn, fly to the top of the Galata, and then across to the Seraskier Tower; let him be careful not to set a foot in any one of the streets on either side, but get transported in an air-balloon, at least one hundred feet above the surface of the earth, back again to his vessel, which must be immediately got under weigh, and, with a fair wind, make a start of it as quickly as possible, and he will not fail to be impressed with the most firm conviction, that he has visited an earthly paradise.

The turning or dancing dervishes are one of the principal lions of Constantinople, consequently we took an opportunity of seeing their performance, which we did, in company with a large party of other English travellers. In every corner of the globe, fanatics of some description or the other are to be found, and a traveller should

not be surprised at any unusual manner in which fanaticism may shew itself. I am, however, with respect to the dancing dervishes, uncharitable enough not even to give them credit for sincerity. I have a notion, and I do not rightly know what good grounds there are for my having indulged in such an idea, but I cannot help thinking that they are impostors, and go through what they do merely for the sake of filthy lucre. I hope I am wrong; but it is a remarkable circumstance, that the spirit moves them to perform these extraordinary anticks on stated days in the week; that the exhibition is an open one, and a sort of lounge; and that good care is taken to ask the spectators for money. It is the rule, that all persons should take off their shoes on entering; but we escaped this trouble, by making a servant carefully wipe them, with which the door-keeper appeared quite satisfied.

We entered an octagonal building, round which, parallel to its faces, runs in the inside, and about eight feet from its walls, a railing, which thus encloses a regular octagonal space in the centre. This enclosed part is boarded and kept beautifully dry-rubbed. Several of our party longed to

waltz upon it. The spectators occupied the space between the railing and the walls of the building, which was well matted, on which we, in company with a motley group of Turks and all kinds of persons, sat cross-legged, or lounged, or stood, as we felt disposed. Opposite the door by which we entered was a sort of altar, in the style of an ordinary mosque, very plain, with inscriptions from the Koran in several parts of it. Over the door itself was a small gallery, where the singers and music were stationed; another for the sultan when he visits the place, and on either side of these, latticed galleries for the female part of the community.

After waiting for some time, so long, indeed, that we began to think that we should not see them dance after all our trouble, a number of curious-looking fellows, dressed in long dark cloaks and large white conical hats, made their appearance; they were all very miserable-looking, some quite boys, and some older; the oldest of all, who appeared to be the chief, wore a green turban. He acted as leader in all the ceremonies and prostrations which followed, but did not dance; perhaps he had grown older and wiser,

and his dancing days were over (like the goose when she found herself upon the ice).

After a great many prostrations, and a great many prayers, both aloud and in a low tone of voice, the dervishes bowing all the time in the most persevering manner, until I should have thought their never-ending politeness alone ought to have sufficiently fatigued them, the prayers being commenced by some one near the altar, and then taken up by a singer in the gallery, and chaunted by him in a monotonous, harsh, and disagreeable tone of voice, the whole proceeding, thus far, being most uninteresting; all on a sudden, after about half an hour's prostration, singing and prayer, and when we had begun to doubt whether there was to be any dancing at all that day, or not, off flew the dark cloaks, as if by magic, and white figures in dresses, tight about the shoulders, but with a large, very long, full, and very heavy petticoat, began to turn themselves round and round to the left, each commencing in succession opposite the altar, and gaining ground a little after a turn or two, so as to give room for the next that followed. In this way they all waltzed themselves into their places, and then continued

turning round on their own ground. In this way, twenty or thirty fellows, without shoes or stockings, waltzing on a well-glazed dark floor, with an easy kind of step, at an inconceivable rate, with their hands held out horizontally, their large petticoats swinging with them in a waving sort of manner from their extraordinary fulness and immense weight, had exactly the appearance of so many rotatory mushrooms. A more perfect picture of misery cannot be conceived than a dancing dervish. His head is on one side, his eyes closed, and pain most visibly depicted on his countenance.

After these revolutions had continued for about half an hour, we began to consider our curiosity quite satisfied; and, as it was evident they were all suffering intensely, a feeling, partly of disgust and partly of pity, induced us to take our departure.

I must not forget to caution all of the fair sex, whom curiosity may tempt to ramble as far east as Constantinople, to beware of offending the eyes of the true believers by wearing the sacred colour. Every Moslem who can claim any connection with the descendants of the prophet wears a

green turban, and the priests do the same; consequently, the indignation of a Turk at seeing an unbeliever presume to wear any thing so holy may be well imagined. I remember an English lady, one of the party with which I visited the dancing dervishes, who had most unwittingly put on a green dress—entirely green—and, as ill-luck would have it, of the very identical shade of Mahomet's colour. None of us were aware of the circumstance at the time, nor, fortunately, was the lady herself; but we were afterwards told, by one of our party who understood Turkish, that she was favoured with a malediction from every Moslem she met; and one Turk in particular stood still close to her, and showered upon her head every curse his language admitted of, whilst she remained happily unconscious of the sensation she occasioned, and of the extent of the evils which these worthy Turks so heartily prayed might befal her.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW TO SEE A MOSQUE—MAUSOLEUMS—MUSTAFA THE CHOUASH—SLAVE-MARKET—CONDITION OF SLAVES—SEVEN TOWERS—TURKISH SADDLES—ADVENTURE WITH A TURKISH SENTRY—ADVANTAGE OF WEARING UNIFORM—THE BAGNIO—ARSENAL—TAKE CARE OF YOUR MONEY—BAZAARS.

One day we visited the, so called, thousand and one columns, a large place under-ground, which was formerly a cistern for the supply of Constantinople with water. It is even now, though very much filled up, of a considerable size and depth. It is tenanted by a number of silk-spinners, who live, in this manner, under-ground, in a dark, damp, and unwholesome atmosphere, from which we were heartily glad to make our escape.

We found it utterly impossible to gain admittance into the mosques. Travellers, until a short time before our visit, had been able to gain a sight of the Sulymanié, by bribing the attendant priest; but this had been discovered by the *Turkish* authorities, and, under the severest penalties,

forbidden; consequently, a traveller has now no chance of seeing the interior of any of the mosques, unless he, by good fortune, finds himself at Constantinople when some person of rank or importance obtains a firman to see them, in which case any one may follow in his train.

At one place, however, by our cicerone's advice, we contrived to look into one mosque, by boldly walking in at the door, taking good care, however, to retire, before a Turk, who perceived us enter, could reach us. He assailed us with a volley of abuse, but we were out of his reach before he could lay hands upon us. A Turk will not hesitate to give any Frank a box on the ear if he can get near him, if he sees him prying into his place of worship, and I remember one gentleman receiving a compliment of the kind for only looking in at a window.

The mausoleums of some of the deceased sultans are very remarkable. They are small chapel-like buildings, and their windows are covered with a kind of net-work, so that there is no difficulty in seeing into the interior of them. I was much struck with that of Sultan Selim, and his family. The large stones which are placed over the spots

where the bones of the deceased are laid are covered with very beautiful Cashmere shawls; indeed the general magnificence of these tombs is beyond conception.

Death and finery agree but badly together, under any circumstances; but that such care should be taken of the spots where a set of fellows were buried hundreds of years ago, and that great sums of money should still continue to be expended to confer honour upon persons who have long been far beyond its influence, seems almost inconceivably ridiculous. How scoundrels get immortalized, whilst honest men sink quietly into their long rest!

A certain sum of money is obliged to be laid out in maintaining pigeons in the mosque-yard of Sultan Bajazet, agreeably to his directions. I am sure that, at the moment of my passing through the yard, there must have been at least fifteen hundred of them hopping and flying about.

Mustafa, who is the chouash of the British consul-general, Mr. Cartwright, is mentioned in Dr. Walsh's work, whom he accompanied on his journey from Constantinople *viâ* Rutschuck and the Rothe Thurm Pass, and likewise by Captain

Keppel, in his journey across the Balkan. Of this he is very proud; and one of the first questions he asked me was, if I had read Dr. Walsh's book. "Yes," I said; "and are you actually *the* Mustafa he speaks so highly of?" "Yes," he said; "I went with him, and also with Captain Keppel." Mustafa is a curious little fellow, with a long white beard and a long red dress; he speaks English very fairly, and is of the greatest possible service in a place like Constantinople, where a chouash's cane, which Mustafa has no scruple about using, if necessary so to do, is no despicable argument. All our consuls are allowed chouashes for their personal protection. To the eye of a stranger it does seem, at first, a little absurd that a consul cannot walk out, in a peaceable manner, without being preceded by a fellow armed up to the teeth, and with a thick stick in his hand, with which he makes the crowd clear the way, and belabours any one who may have the temerity to pass too closely the person he is escorting; but the consuls find it necessary to yield to this inconvenient custom, because the Turkish authorities say, and with great fairness too, that the chouash is given for the consul's

protection; and if he chooses to run the risk of being insulted by going out without him, it is no person's fault but his own.

A vast deal of pious horror has been vented by travellers, on visiting the slave-market in Constantinople; it has been a fine subject for them to talk about, and scarcely a person comes from the East, who does not make his companions at table shudder at his vivid description of scenes which there met his eye. There is something in the composition of human nature, which induces us to listen with intense interest, and I almost would say pleasure, to any narrative that borders on the horrible or marvellous; consequently, every one who has a word to say about the horrors of the slave-market finds his tale listened to with breathless attention. Those that have not seen it forget, in forming a notion of the slave-market, to bear in mind, that the creatures brought there to be sold are at the bottom of the scale of intellectual beings; that if their animal wants are supplied, they have no other wish, desire, hope, or fear, in the world; and that they are utterly unconscious of the degradation of being exposed in a market like cattle for sale. The

slaves look forward with pleasure to being purchased; in the hands of a good master they are happy, and I really believe as thoroughly so as, in their exclusively animal condition, it is possible for them to be. Slavery has for them no material horrors, because the Turks are proverbially kind, considerate, and humane to their slaves; and, however I may find fault with the ferocity and innate cruelty and brutality of the Turkish character generally, I must do the Moslems the justice to allow, that they treat their slaves as if they were of their own family.

Neither are the slaves themselves conscious of any feeling of humiliation at the state of debasement and degradation in which slavery places them. I saw in those exposed for sale no languid eye, no countenance of misery, no indication of any approach to mental suffering. They seemed all very merry, and grinned like so many monkeys, favouring myself and my companion, as we passed, with some observations evidently not very complimentary to us. I think when I walked round the bazaar, there must have been about three hundred slaves for sale, of all ages and sexes,

and of the very ugliest description of African blacks, with thick lips and huge mouths, their coarse woolly hair plaited in a not very becoming manner. Their foreheads all betrayed an utter deficiency of intellect, whilst the animal propensities appeared to be strongly developed.

I watched a bargain that was going on. A purchaser was examining the teeth, tongue, eyes, and limbs, of a sturdy, strong, hard-working kind of woman, who was for sale; after all this, the bargain, it appeared, could not be made, so the slave returned, apparently with great unwillingness, to her place amongst her companions. I inquired the price of the woman in question, and was told that sixteen hundred piastres (about £16) was demanded by the slave merchant. I observed another female slave, who had been just purchased by a Mahommedan woman, was walking out of the bazaar, apparently in great delight at having a new owner.

There are rooms in the bazaar set apart for slaves of a superior description, such as Circassian women, and other females who may be purchased as wives by the Turks. I observed three amongst these who were nearly white; they were tolerably

good-looking, but not strikingly so. One of them, in particular, leant her head upon her hand and appeared very melancholy. These are a superior description of person; they doubtless feel the humiliation of being exhibited for sale, but I doubt much if they care about the actual state of slavery itself, because with a good master they are happy. It is said, that Circassians occasionally bring their nearest and dearest relations to be sold in the slave-maket; but I believe this is incorrect, and that the generality of Circassians that are sold as slaves are carried off as prisoners in petty warfare amongst themselves. I observed several very fine-looking fellows, who appeared to have something to do with the slaves, and, upon inquiry, I learnt they were Circassians.

There is no difficulty in obtaining admittance to the outer court of the Seraglio. We went into the second court likewise. There is nothing very remarkable in either, except, in the first, the stone upon which Ali Pasha's head was exposed, and in the second, the rooms where the ambassadors used formerly to be received, and feasted in the greatest possible Eastern splendour, previous to being admitted to the presence of the sultan.

The Seraglio has never been inhabited by the sultan since the destruction of the Janisaries, in 1826. Sultan Mahmoud's weakness in his later days appears to have found a way of shewing itself in palace-building. He seems to have been mad on this point, because no man in the world ever had so many palaces, or kept on so fast constructing new ones. Every grand building that strikes the traveller's eye on the sides of the Bosphorus, he will find on inquiry to be "the sultan's new palace." I really do not know how many he built, but I was quite tired of asking about buildings, because I was certain to have the eternal reply of "the sultan's palace."

We employed one afternoon in riding to the Seven Towers, and completely round the walls of Stamboul. Stamboul is situated on a tongue of land, at the tip of which is the Seraglio Point, the Seven Towers being on the extremity of one side, on the Sea of Marmora, the works at the other extremity of the tongue resting on the Golden Horn, the line of fortifications between the Seven Towers and the Golden Horn being nearly straight. The Seven Towers appear to be strong, and command, in a great measure, the passage

up the Bosphorus; but ships might get through entirely uninjured, by keeping close along the Asiatic shore.

The view from the top of the highest of these seven towers is remarkably fine; in fact, I cannot too often repeat, that the great beauty of Constantinople consists in its being seen from the tops of the highest edifices. The walls of Stamboul are in a very decayed state, and almost overgrown with ivy. It would, I imagine, require a considerable degree of labour to put them in a good state of defence, although, even now, they would offer considerable obstacles to an attacking enemy. Several breaches are still visible, which were made at the last siege it underwent, when taken by the Turks, under Mahomet II., in the year 1453.

The face of the country towards Adrianople appears to consist of long, wave-like hills, partially cultivated, but with, apparently, very few trees upon them, and, in short, as I have always heard it described, "a most uninteresting country."

Just outside of the gate is the tomb of Ali Pasha's head, and likewise of his son, Veli Pasha. They are both plain, unassuming sort of common headstones, with Turkish inscriptions on them.

Our horses were excellent; we had hired them for ten piastres each, and had a good canter along the grass on the side of the road. I found I could ride very comfortably in a Turkish saddle, with shovel stirrups; there is so much support for one's feet, that I have some doubts whether the Turks are not right after all in their seat on horseback, particularly for riding for a great length of time. I should not recommend the Turkish seat for following a pack of fox-hounds; but in a country like Turkey, which is generally unenclosed, and where all that a Turk requires is a good seat for a gallop, and one in which he can have a very powerful command over his horse, to enable him to turn him very short, bring him on his haunches, and perform the feats they sometimes do of picking up stones off the ground, &c., the Turkish seat is perhaps the best. I have seen Affghauns do these feats, in India, with great apparent ease, and their seat on a horse is exactly similar to that of the Turks.

A Turkish stirrup is like two common fire-shovels, joined together at the part where the handle usually commences. The whole of the flat of the foot rests upon this stirrup, and the ends

have sufficient sharpness to act as a first-rate pair of Maxwell's spurs.

As we were returning from our ride, and were crossing the wooden bridge across the Golden Horn, which connects the Turkish side with Pera, I heard, on a sudden, a noise behind me, and looking round, saw a Turkish sentry belabouring with his firelock the three hindmost of our party. They were defending themselves by parrying his blows with their sticks, and, from the aspect of affairs, I was deliberating whether to join in the fray or not, when the sentry, having dealt out a few blows to each, ran off, and returned to his post at the entrance of the bridge. The parties thus insulted shewed most admirable command of temper, and *did not* knock the sentry down, and *did not* throw him into the Bosphorus, as many would have done in the like circumstances; but very wisely reflecting that they, being the aggrieved parties, would be entitled to redress, on applying to the proper authorities, they rode on quietly to Mr. Cartwright, the British consul-general, and through him preferred a complaint to the Seraskier.

As we were leaving Constantinople almost

immediately, it was found it would be very inconvenient to insist on redress, so, after one visit to the Seraskier, the parties who had been assaulted said they did not wish to press the matter further, and the man got off the bastinadoing which the Seraskier threatened to inflict upon him. It appears that the sentry had orders to prevent any one from riding, otherwise than at a foot's pace, across the wooden bridge, and that the three gentlemen in question, ignorant of this order, and seeing a Turkish officer, a privileged person, canter over the bridge, were induced to do the same, when the sentry called to them to stop. Stop, it appears, they did directly, when the sentry commenced, as soon as he could catch them, rewarding them for their obedience to his call, and their disobedience of the municipal regulations, by chastising them in the summary manner I have just described.

It should be observed, that the parties attacked were all in white jackets, or some such dress, and I am quite convinced, from the respect I have always had shewn to my red jacket, that had they been in uniform, this would not have occurred. I have found, in this part of the world,

that uniform is the best travelling dress. Great respect is always shewn to military in these countries, and if a person puts on a uniform, people know who and what he is; whilst, dressed in plain clothes, or in a white jacket, he may be a tinker in his Sunday dress, for all they know or care.

The bagnio, or prison, in the arsenal, is as horrible a place as can be well imagined—dark, damp, and dungeon-like—the very air of which, even for the few minutes I remained in it, made me shiver. I shuddered to think what a charnel-house it must be in times of a raging plague, and how miserable, beyond conception, must be the existence of those condemned to such a living tomb. The convicts are obliged to work in the arsenal, which I should think must tend to prolong their lives, because I cannot imagine human nature bearing up against a long confinement in so crowded, dark, damp, and horrible a dungeon.

That immense three-decker, the "Mahmudiè," was lying in the Golden Horn, and we walked on board of her without asking any permission; indeed, we always found that whenever we asked leave to see any vessel it was refused, whilst if

we walked boldly on board no one interfered with us. The "Mahmudiè" is said to carry 140 guns; I counted, but could make out *only* 128, including those at the gangways, which are small. The guns of the main, middle, and upper decks, are very fine iron ones, about 32-pounders, or perhaps rather more. She has no poop. Her regular crew did not appear to be on board, as she was undergoing repairs, caulking, &c.

I advise every traveller, who has any dealings with Turkish money, to beware that it does not in the literal sense of the word "slip through his fingers." Piastres are a plated coin, so are five and six-piastre pieces, and consequently of a good, substantial, and tangible size; but there are some gold pieces, of twenty, five, and three piastres each, the size of which may be guessed when it is recollected that a piastre is worth little more than twopence English. These gold pieces are very thin and light, and the smaller ones are easily blown away by the wind. This we found out to our cost, because, just after we had been on board the "Mahmudiè," our servant untying the corner of his handkerchief for the purpose of pay-

ing a caique, the wind caught the feather-like pieces of money, and in a second they were at the bottom of the Bosphorus.

The celebrated bazaars of Constantinople are narrow streets, covered with arched or vaulted roofs, very much in the style of the Lowther Arcade, in the Strand, in London; but with this difference, that the merchandize in the shops on either side is laid out during the day on fixed boards or counters, which slant a little towards the pathway in the centre, and are removed at night, and locked up in cupboards or rows of shelves behind the owner of the shop. The owner sits cross-legged on the board until aroused by a purchaser wishing to examine some article, when he officiously shews all he has, and fails not to betray his anxiety to dispose of his goods at a much lower price than that he first asks the unwary stranger. The gates of the bazaar are always closed and locked at a certain hour in the evening, when the shopkeepers betake themselves to their homes.

Each trade has its distinct quarter of the bazaar. There are advantages in this arrangement, because, whatever one requires is easily found;

but then there is this disadvantage, that a person wishing to make a purchase may have to go on a voyage of discovery from one end of the bazaar to the other, through a regular labyrinth, to find out the particular class of shops he may chance to be in search of. The bazaars are certainly very fine, and the trade carried on in them must be enormous; but, in point of appearance, there is nothing in the Constantinople bazaars that can be compared in splendour to our magnificent shops in London, or to those in Paris, Vienna, or any large city in civilized Europe.

The peculiarity of the bazaars is their arrangement, general appearance, the collection of all the trade of that immense city into one spot, and the glitter of the profusion of gold embroidery, the ruinously expensive amber mouth-pieces for pipes, and other fancy articles of Eastern luxury, which are comparatively unknown amongst us. I made but few purchases, because I formed a resolution not to buy any thing from fancy or caprice of the moment, a very necessary determination before entering an Eastern bazaar. One word concerning the *valets de place* at Constantinople. I advise all travellers to be particularly

careful never to allow them to make any bargains or assist them in any way in their purchases, because the shop-keepers in the bazaars will invariably cheat if they can, and the *valet de place* will connive at any charge, however exorbitant, having, I have no doubt, a private agreement with the shop-keeper to receive his share of the spoil.

It should be borne in mind, too, that as Friday is the Turkish, Saturday the Jewish, and Sunday the Christian sabbath, neither of these days is good for making purchases in the bazaars, as the merchants belong to one or other of these religions.

The Greeks are certainly the most numerous, consequently not so many shops are open on a Sunday as on a Friday or a Saturday; but still, a traveller will find it best to visit the bazaars on the other days of the week.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERAPIA — UNKIAR SKELESSI — FIRE — SULTAN MAHMOUD — CONSTANTINOPLE INTOLERABLE AS A PERMANENT RESIDENCE — FERDINANDO PRIMO STEAM-VESSEL — MOTLEY ASSEMBLAGE ON BOARD — ANECDOTE OF A PLUM-PUDDING — VARNA — HORSE'S ANTIPATHY TO MEDICINE — WORKS OF VARNA — SIEGE IN 1829 — DISMAY OF A SWISS AT MISSING HIS WAY.

Lord Ponsonby, the then English ambassador, resided at Therapia, which is a village on the Bosphorus, towards the Black Sea, and distant about seven miles from Constantinople. It is a very delightful situation, and far preferable to Pera, where the embassy used to reside before the ambassador's palace, in common with those of almost all the other powers, was consumed by fire a few years since. The current running through the Bosphorus is very rapid, and at some turnings the caiques cannot stem it, but are pulled along by two ropes. It is impossible to imagine any thing more picturesque than both sides of the Bosphorus, all the way from Constantinople to the

Black Sea. Its width varies, and so does its scenery. Both sides are tolerably well-studded with houses, sultan's palaces, castles, kiosks, and villas, and the green of the foliage of the ordinary trees, varied with the hue of the stately, sombre cypress. So magnificent, indeed, is it, that it is useless to attempt, by description, to convey any idea of it.

Nearly opposite to Therapia, we were shewn Unkiar Skelessi, so celebrated for the treaty, offensive and defensive, between Russia and the Porte which bears that name, by which Russia was bound to assist Turkey, with troops or ships, against any of her enemies whenever she might think fit to require such assistance; and Turkey, in place of succouring Russia in a similar manner, against the enemies of Russia, was to shut up the Dardanelles against foreign ships of war, whenever Russia might call upon her so to do. This treaty expired in July last.

I believe that fires are more frequent in Constantinople than in any place in the world, and there need be no wonderment at their being so destructive, because almost all the houses are built of wood. The merchants' store-houses in

Pera and Galata are mostly built of stone, with iron shutters, and made fire-proof,—a most necessary precaution, considering the frequency of these accidents. A small fire broke out in Stamboul, during my stay, and consumed about fifty houses. Since my visit, a large fire in Pera has consumed about three thousand. The whole of the Frank quarter at Salonica, too, has been destroyed by fire since I was there, and property consumed to the amount of at least a million sterling. I do not know how these fires originated, and I should think that it is very probable that they are occasioned by the great carelessness of the Turks, with their perpetually lighted pipes.

The sultan goes in state every Friday (the Turkish sabbath) to mosque. As it is always officially announced to which mosque he intends to go, a stranger may make quite sure of getting a glimpse of him. He sometimes goes by water, and at others by land. When I saw him, the streets through which he had to pass were completely lined with troops.

The mosque which he attended was a small one, and not very far distant from the palace.

First there came four led horses, magnificent animals, richly caparisoned with saddle-cloths splendidly embroidered; next followed the admirals of the fleet and generals of the land forces, all mounted on prancing and foaming steeds, richly ornamented with every imaginable description of glitter and tinsel; then two more led horses; then the pachas and ministers of state, more covered still, if possible, with jewels and gold embroidery; and last of all, the sultan himself, in the midst of his guards. A band, which was stationed near where I had posted myself, played during the procession, or rather made a great noise, with very little tune, and no harmony. I have heard several Turkish bands, and really I think the one on this occasion was the worst I have ever heard in all my life. The sultan had a sort of blue cloak over him, and a fez on his head. His long and jet-black beard contrasted strangely with his thin, pallid, and careworn countenance, whilst the long, loose cloak served but slightly to conceal his skeleton-like figure, and no one could fail to remark how desperately emaciated he looked.

This was the 31st May, and I think must have been about the last time of his going to mosque, because on the last day of June he was no more numbered amongst the kings of the earth. There was not the dignity about him which I had expected to see. His eye was good and piercing, and I was enabled to take a good searching look into the features of his countenance, because my red jacket caught his attention, and he looked hard at me, giving me, by so doing, a favourable opportunity of returning the compliment to him. Whatever may have been the faults of Mahmoud, and however great the follies of which he may have been guilty, I dare say he was painted blacker by his enemies, and more extravagantly extolled by his admirers, than he need have been. He was, doubtless, an extraordinary man, and will bear a conspicuous place in the history of the nineteenth century. I therefore consider myself very fortunate in having had the opportunity to see him, and what a narrow escape I had of not seeing him! A week later in my journey, had we, in fact, proceeded as we originally intended, by land from Salonica to Constantinople, instead of taking the steamer,

which was ready to sail, we should have missed seeing Sultan Mahmoud.

As the time approached for our departure from Constantinople by the Danube steamer, I felt more and more disposed to think I had been quite long enough in the "City of the Sultan." The first novelty had passed away, and there remained nought but the sober reality of a very dull *ennuyant* residence. Scenery however magnificent, views however picturesque, will weary the eye in course of time; and, although I shall always look back with the greatest pleasure to my visit to Constantinople, although I shall never pronounce the word "Stamboul" without every thing that is beautiful and picturesque in that extraordinary place recurring forcibly to my mind, I cannot refrain from acknowledging, that I should be very sorry to live there for any length of time.

I have been told, that the longer one resides at Constantinople the more one becomes enchanted with it. It may be so, but I cannot for the life of me see what possible attraction there can be in a large, dirty, uncivilized town, where one cannot move out of doors after sunset, without a risk of

being devoured by dogs; where the common necessaries of life are not superabundant, and outrageously dear; where the fair sex (confound them!) exhibit the bridge of a well-shaped nose, and a pair of irresistible eyes, through their yashmaes, but are liable to be tied up in sacks and thrown into the Bosphorus if discovered even so much as speaking to a Giaour; where there are no public amusements of any description; where, if a stranger, expecting to see something of Turkish manners and customs, ventures across to the sweet waters of Asia on a Friday, and, attracted by a pair of piercing eyes, approaches within the forbidden space of ground allotted to the Turkish women, he gets a most unceremonious hint, from a sentry, to retire; where, after deluding oneself into the idea that by residing amongst the Turks one is gaining information concerning them and their domestic manners and customs, one finds out, at last, that a Frank may be twenty years there, and come away none the wiser, because all his associates and acquaintances are Franks; where a day cannot pass over the head of any thinking person without his regretting that so fine a situation, so beautiful a

country, and so magnificent a port for trade, constructed, as it were, by Nature herself, for the purpose of being the capital of an extensive empire, which, from its locality, ought, if properly dealt with, to be one of the leading powers of the world, should be thrown away, as it now is, on a set of idle, worthless drones, who do nothing but feed upon the honey made by the working bees of the population; where anarchy is rule, and wholesale murder the administration of justice; where millions are squandered, and tens of thousands of human creatures lose their lives to keep a childish old debauchee, or an imbecile young rake, on the throne of the sultans; and where a grinding, savage, irresponsible despotism prevails, which heeds not the welfare of its subjects, exercises no paternal or fostering care over them, but seeks only its own aggrandizement, or the furtherance of its own mad schemes, and robs those of its sons that are industrious of their hardly-earned savings.

No one can, I think, visit Constantinople, without lamenting its present condition. It is the last hold of Islamism in Europe. It is that corner of the civilized world into which Christianity

and civilization have succeeded in driving the remnant of Mahomet's followers; and yet it not only still rules over a Christian population in Turkey in Europe twice as numerous as itself, but we are obliged, for the furtherance of our own political system, to support and assist the tottering throne.

Taking leave, therefore, of Constantinople without regret, we embarked, about twelve o'clock on the 3rd of June, on board the Ferdinando Primo, an Austrian steam-vessel of the Danube company, commanded by an Englishman, Captain Everson. Our servant, Giovanni, who had accompanied us from Corfu, remained at Constantinople, to return to the Ionian Islands by the next Austrian steam-vessel, as these run every fortnight, from Trieste to Constantinople, touching at Corfu and other places in the Levant.

The Ferdinando is a remarkably fine vessel, as indeed she need be, considering the crowd of persons she carries. Her decks were, on this occasion, completely blocked up with passengers, who had all stowed themselves in the berths they intended to occupy during the voyage. I had observed that the bulwarks, which slanted in-

wards a good deal, had canvass curtains hanging down upon the deck, and whilst wondering what these could be intended for, I saw a black, woolly head peeping out from underneath, then another, then a third, till at last I began to think I must have been transported in my sleep to Abyssinia or Caffreland. The whole deck, as if by magic, became alive with black heads. On my approaching to examine into the cause of this apparently extraordinary proceeding, I found that a large number of slaves had been shipped on board for conveyance to Bulgaria, and that they were stowed away, behind the canvass curtains, under the hammock-nettings. I had scarcely satisfied my curiosity on this point, when, looking round, I found that our party on board consisted of as motley an assemblage of persons of every country, religion, and language as can well be imagined. Turks in government employ, wearing military surtout coats, and bag-like trowsers, such trowsers! then Greeks in petticoat-trowsers and long boots; Bulgarians in fur caps; Armenians; Jews of every nation, yet with a community of language and custom, and whose physiognomy it is impossible to mistake, now conversing together

in Spanish, now saying a long grace in Hebrew, before they break and divide amongst themselves the loaf which is to form their meal, and with which they have provided themselves whilst on shore, not daring to eat with the uncircumcised, nor to partake of the provisions laid in by the Christian steward of the vessel. On one side we see some Armenians, whose dress, though rich, does not at all betray the immense wealth of the bearer; on the other, a Circassian; then some Druses, claiming Norman descent; lastly, herded together on the very small space on the poop left unoccupied by the motley crowd of human beings with which the capacious deck of the Ferdinando seemed to be perfectly alive, were a few Franks, consisting of English, Germans, Italians, and French, whose civilized and uncouth dresses were a striking contrast to the picturesque and varied costumes of the Easterns who filled the fore part of the vessel.

In the afternoon, we overtook some friends who had left Corfu for Constantinople, in a yacht of about twenty tons, about the same time that we started overland. We had seen them at Constantinople, and they had sailed that day for

Varna. The power of steam, however, soon brought us alongside, we hailed them, and then soon left them behind us.

Our principal cabin-passengers were a Moldavian lady, her husband, and his friend, going to Galatz; a young American, from New York; an English gentleman, retired from the army; a Bavarian medical gentleman, in the employ of the sultan as a sort of quarantine inspector; and an Armenian and his son, the latter of whom was sea-sick the whole way, though there was no motion at all, whilst his father, the fat Armenian, appearing to have an inconceivable dread of breathing any atmosphere but that which had been tainted by the breaths of a number of persons, shut up in a close cabin, when the thermometer marked a considerable number of degrees, would persist in closing up, whenever he could do so unobserved, all the cabin-doors and windows, which were as sure to be immediately reopened by some of the younger and more mischievous passengers, who could not endure inhaling carbonic acid gas.

The Moldavian lady was young, agreeable, and good-looking; but she seemed perfectly well

aware of the power of her charms. We found her very conversable and good-natured, and she made herself very much liked by all on board during the four days' cruize she had with us. On one occasion she caused no little merriment amongst the English portion of the passengers, by inconsiderately denominating John Bull's national dish a "*horreur.*" She spoke French very well, and, talking to some one whom she saw enjoying a solid slice of a gigantic plum-pudding which had been put upon the table, she was induced, from motives of curiosity, to taste it. I have observed, that foreigners in general detest every dish that is called English; they appear to have an idea that it requires the digestion of a horse to get down any of John Bull's solids; but never shall I forget the countenance of horror and disgust which this lady exhibited, or the grimaces into which she twisted her pretty mouth, when, after having been tempted by her gallant neighbour to taste one mouthful of the so much dreaded English dish, she dropped her knife and fork, cast a reproachful look on the miserable man who had for ever forfeited her good opinion by his imprudent recommendation to her to taste the *poison,* looked piti-

fully and compassionately round upon the rest of us, whom she appeared to consider as unwilling slaves to our nationality, and, with uplifted eyes, exclaimed, "*Quelle horreur!*"

About twenty-two hours after leaving Constantinople, we arrived at Varna. Here we had a proof of the absurdity of introducing into an uncivilized country the customs of their more civilized neighbours, before the full force, meaning, and intention of such customs are understood. A good many boats came alongside, most of the passengers left the ship, and of course in getting into the boats effectually communicated (to use a quarantine expression) with those who were rowing the boats, and our clothes would undoubtedly, if possessed of any infection, have communicated it to any of them. We landed, and, to our surprise and dismay, were immediately pushed into a very small room, in the centre of which were some wood embers, on which some brimstone and other composition being thrown, the smoke which arose was most horribly suffocating; in addition to which, the number of passengers was so great, that we had just room enough not to burn our shoes in the fire. This process of

fumigation or suffocation being over, we walked into the house of the aga or governor, to pay our respects to him.

He was very civil to us, and particularly noticed those who were pointed out to him as English officers. We did not remain long, because the Bavarian doctor was to ride about with him to visit the quarantine establishment during the time the vessel remained at Varna. This unfortunate doctor was in a very awkward predicament. The horse they had brought for him to ride appeared to have made a resolution that no son of Esculapius should ever cross him. He danced and capered in every direction; the doctor, frightened out of his wits, vowed he would not mount for all the world, so that the aga, a steady old Turk, was obliged to resign his own steed to the doctor, and having mounted the apparently refractory animal, managed him with the greatest ease.

I took the opportunity of examining, as well as the shortness of the time permitted, the fortifications of Varna. The remains of the old works, which were destroyed some years ago, are still visible, but are, of course, utterly useless. Since that time an entirely new line of works a few

hundred yards further advanced into the country, has been constructed. This new line is very extensive, and would require an immense force for its defence. Varna is a place calculated to contain and give shelter to an immense army, intended to fall upon the rear of an enemy attempting to pass the Balkan.

The fortifications consist of a line of field-works strengthened with reveted, but very low, escarps and counterscarps. The escarps are about fourteen and the counterscarps ten feet high. The parapets are made of fascines with occasional embrasures, particularly in the bastions. The front which I examined was towards the country, and consisted of two very small bastions, at an enormous distance from each other, and connected by a very long curtain with a re-entering angle; a caponiere in the ditch, and a remarkably narrow covered way. I could discover no guns mounted anywhere except a few just in front of the sea-wall of the town, which I understood were put there in order to fire a salute to the sultan when he visited Varna; but some very fine ones, about 42-pounders, were lying about near the landing-places. The sea-wall appears to have been

left untouched when the works were destroyed, as this is loopholed after the fashion of Turkish forts.

In the year 1828, the Russians besieged Varna with a force of twelve thousand men, the Turkish garrison amounting to only three thousand. These received afterwards a considerable reinforcement, but the defences being in a ruined state, and the besieged suffering severely from privation and disease, it was surrendered, after a little more than two months open trenches, to the Russian fleet, under Admiral Greig; the desertion to the Russians of Youssoof Pasha (second in command of the fortress), when he considered the place no longer tenable, contributing to hasten its fall. Youssoof Pasha has been accused by some of treachery, whilst the Russians maintain, that he did no more than his duty in exercising his influence over his superior, to induce him to surrender when all further resistance was vain. I believe it is not attempted to be denied, that when on board Admiral Greig's ship with a flag of truce, after having been unable to come to terms for the surrender of Varna, *he refused to return*, and the surrender of the fortress was the con-

sequence. Probably, his view of the utter folly of protracting a useless defence for a few days only was a correct one; but still it would seem, that as a soldier, he ought not to have set the example of disobeying the orders of his superior, and by an act which certainly looks *very like* desertion.

Whilst examining these works, without perhaps thinking, when interested in exploring a strange place which I had heard a great deal of, and been always very desirous to see, that our stay was very limited, I had walked on inadvertently some distance with a Swiss gentleman, with whom I chanced to be in conversation, and had become entirely separated from the rest of the passengers.

Never shall I forget this unfortunate man's countenance of terror and dismay, when, on our way back, I found I had taken a wrong turn, and that we had fairly lost our way. The steamer was just getting under weigh, and, most probably, would not wait for us, so that we should lose our passage, and be left in that inhospitable spot, without money or clothes, for a whole fortnight. It was an awkward predicament, certainly, but he became so desperately nervous, that I could not

for the life of me help laughing. The more I laughed, the more he laboured to convince me that it was no laughing matter, and fruitless were his endeavours to get us into the right path. I was urged by him to inquire the way. Worse and worse, the lamentable intelligence then burst upon his ear, that, like himself, I could not speak a word of Bulgarian. It really became a desperate case, so we took a bearing, that is, looked to that point where we thought the ship must be, and made straight for it, through the narrow, and dirty, and innumerable streets of a Turkish town. By good fortune, we succeeded; the Swiss almost jumped for joy, and, I dare say, vowed internally never to trust himself to the guidance of a hare-brained Englishman again.

The boats at Varna are a great contrast to the light, picturesque, easily-upset caique, to which we, coming from Constantinople, had been accustomed; they are large, heavy, and serviceable, and hold twelve or fourteen persons with ease.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE—ANECDOTE OF A DARING PILOT—MUSQUITOS — BAVARIAN DOCTOR'S INFALLIBLE REMEDY PROVED USELESS — ISMAIL — TULDCHA — GALATZ — MOLDAVIANS—BRAHILOW—WALLACHIAN SOLDIER'S DRESS—"GALATEA" STEAMER — SILISTRIA — RUSTCHUCK — NICOPOLIS—SIGISMUND AND BAJAZET—IRON CAGE—SERVIA—OBSERVATIONS—ECCENTRIC COSTUME OF WASHERWOMEN.

At an early hour in the morning, after leaving Varna, we entered the Danube by the Sulina mouth. This, the only navigable entrance to a magnificent river, which runs so many hundred miles through central Europe, is certainly not more than three hundred yards in width. The banks on either side are flat and uninteresting, being an entire marsh, of the most disagreeable appearance and unhealthy description. Scarcely had we entered, when a Russian guard-boat reminded us that we had crossed the Russian frontier; and this, with the guard-houses at regular distances, the chains of sentries lining the banks of the river on both sides, dragoon-looking fel-

lows, in long brown great-coats, with pouch-belts and swords, and posted within hail of each other, indicated pretty clearly how effectually this entrance, at all times a difficult one, is guarded; and how incalculable is the injury which it is in the power of Russia to inflict upon the trade in this part of the world were she disposed to close the toll-gate, of which she has been unluckily allowed to become the keeper, of this commercial high-road to the centre of Europe.

The difficulty of piloting a vessel into the Danube is, I believe, considerable, sand-banks being very numerous at the mouth, and the current of the river itself being, particularly at some seasons, of considerable rapidity.

An anecdote is told of a Genoese, who now holds the rank of a commander in the Ionian packet service, that, when young, daring and desperate, he undertook to pilot a Turkish vessel into this river, although he had never before entered it.

The circumstances were as follows, and whilst admiring the man who could undertake so perilous an adventure, we should not omit to profit by the lesson which it teaches us, that, however

desperate our condition, and however apparently hopeless our prospects in life may be, we ought not to relax our exertions, nor allow any temporary ill success of our projects to excite a feeling of despair or dissatisfaction, because our misfortunes may, by stimulating us to vigorous exertion, probably turn out eventually to be the road to the attainment of the objects of interest or ambition thus apparently placed, for a time, out of our reach. This man's rise in the world dates from this adventurous exploit, and was rapid to an extreme from that time until he reached his present position, which, to his happy turn of mind, is the highest pinnacle of human happiness.

G—— was bred a sailor, and, after a few years' service in a trading vessel, found himself at Constantinople, in the unfortunate predicament of being an outcast, without friends, without employment, and without any prospect of getting a berth in any vessel; he was, in short, thrown entirely on his own resources, was living from hand to mouth, and knew not, when he rose in the morning, whether he would have wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger that day or no,

and that he might not, before many days were over, die of hunger.

In this miserable state, he was wandering about, not knowing what to do, or, indeed, caring what became of him, when he chanced by accident to hear that a particular vessel, then about to sail, was in want of a pilot, to enter the Danube. "That would just do for me," thought G——, "if I only knew any thing at all about the mouths of the Danube; but I know nothing about them, and was never there in my life. What can I possibly do?" It, however, occurred to him, that if the captain of the vessel could pilot his own ship, he would not require a pilot; consequently, if G—— could only muster up sufficient assurance, fortune might befriend him; and even if he did not succeed, he could not be worse off than dying of hunger at Constantinople.

To offer his services, and to be instantly accepted, was a matter of no great difficulty. Pilots must be had; all other pilots were away, and no inquiries were made into our hero's qualifications for the office he so boldly undertook. G—— went on board, and, to his dismay, he found that the captain of the vessel was a Turk,

a half-ruffian sort of fellow, who was always either fast asleep or mad from the effects of opium, to the use of which the inflammation in his eyes at once indicated he was addicted. A pleasant prospect for the young pilot! If by any mishap the vessel should run aground (and what event more probable in G——'s ignorance of the responsible duty he had so lightly and heedlessly undertaken!), he was quite sure the first act of the enraged Moslem would be to shoot him through the head. Willingly would he have abandoned all his prospects in life to be able to recede from his engagement, and to find himself safe out of the clutches of the blustering captain. Deeply and sincerely did he curse his absurd folly in jeopardizing his neck in so wild an attempt to better his apparently desperate condition. But, having engaged himself, he had no time to consider. The vessel was under weigh, and running out of the Bosphorus with a leading wind, before he had time to repent and demand a release from his bargain. G—— was fairly in a scrape, and get out of it he could not. He felt certain that he should be shot through the head, yet determined to do his best, and trust in Providence.

The ship proceeded on her voyage, and G——'s period of suspense was not long, owing to a fine breeze which carried them at once towards the spot where his skill was to be put to the test, and where he himself would probably fall a victim to his temerity. It would be useless for him to go upon his knees before the Turk, confess his fault and the deception he had practised. This would be *certain* death; so he was obliged to put a good face upon the matter. Arriving off the mouths of the river, it was difficult for him to conceal the trepidation occasioned in his mind at the appearace of a widely extended, flat country, subdivided by an infinite number of small branches, and a shallow sea, studded with innumerable sand-banks, through which it was difficult even for an experienced pilot to distinguish the right course to the river, even if he should be able, by good fortune, to attempt to make his entrance at the proper mouth,—the Sulina. The Turk then opened his eyes, became very furious, vowed vengeance upon G——'s head for having undertaken what, as appeared from his nervousness, he would be unable to perform, and it was with difficulty that G—— could persuade him to

allow the vessel to be navigated by his orders. The Turk, however, being well aware that he himself knew nothing at all about the matter, saw at last it would be better to trust to his pilot, who might know *something*, however little that might be, and accordingly, with a great deal of blustering and swaggering, he told G—— to take the ship in, but swore by Mahomet, that the instant she touched the ground, he would shoot the unfortunate pilot through the head with a pistol which he drew from his belt, and held in his hand.

It often happens that in proportion as an affair assumes a more desperate aspect, energies, until that moment latent and unknown, arise almost spontaneously to meet the occasion. Hence, we see that an utter extinction of all hope or probability of escape from an impending danger is the signal for such coolness, calmness, and decision on the part of those threatened by it, that, in a manner perfectly incomprehensible, they escape by means of some vigorous exertion, some desperate, yet calm and decisive act, of which in cooler moments they would not have thought themselves capable.

This was the case with G—— in the story I am

relating. Whilst the danger was in prospect, he did nothing but reproach himself for his folly, and wish himself anywhere but on board the Turk's vessel; but when he saw the Turk stand over him with a loaded pistol, and it was clear to his mind that his existence must depend upon his own exertions, he became cool and collected in proportion as the Turk grew more violent and excited.

Not heeding therefore the Moslem's threats, G—— set himself to observe narrowly the courses steered by some vessels which were coming down the river, very wisely concluding that where other ships could *get out*, his could *get in*, and when he had thoroughly reconnoitred, he stood boldly on. It was a nervous time, and G——'s life was on the hazard of a die; but his good fortune favoured him. The Turk became more outrageous, G—— more cool. The Turk held the pistol in a menacing manner. G—— said "baccalum,"* the only word of Turkish he was master of, with a significant look that all would be right, and great was the delight of the Turk when he found he was as good as his word. The Turk now flew

* We shall see.

into the opposite extreme. In an instant he could not sufficiently express his thanks and obligations to one whom he now thought a clever and experienced pilot, and overloaded with praise and presents the man whom a few seconds before he was nearly shooting through the head.

G——'s fortune was made. On his return to Constantinople, he found his reputation as a pilot firmly established, the Turk did nothing but praise his skill and recommend him to other captains of merchant vessels, and, almost in spite of himself, G—— became well known, and was never in want of employment.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, &c."

This was G——'s flood-tide, and had he given way to despair when nearly starving at Constantinople, and had his courage failed him when threatened by the Turk, he would not at this moment hold the situation he now does, nor be able to amuse the passengers on board his steam-vessel, by relating in his own original manner this heedless and desperate act of his youth.

This part of the Danube is exceedingly uninteresting, and the myriads of musquitoes render the voyage disagreeable, and to some persons intolerable. I have seen plenty of these troublesome gentry in the course of my life, but never did I meet with any at all to be compared, either in size, numbers, or voracity, to those which tormented us at the entrance of the Danube. We tried every imaginable contrivance to escape being devoured by them, but without success; they appeared to think nothing of biting through a good thick pair of Russia duck trowsers, and it was impossible to sit for five minutes in the cabin, without being well marked by them. We tried an experiment of burning some gunpowder with the windows all closed, and then opening them again. It was all useless. I oiled my face and hands. It made no difference. Some wore gloves and covered their faces, but were sure to find on awaking in the morning, if, indeed, they had the good fortune to sleep at all, a bracelet round their wrists between the glove and wristband of the shirt, and their faces swollen to an unnatural size. One person tried a gauze veil, but it was of little or no use. The Bavarian

doctor, whom I have already mentioned, came into the cabin one evening in great glee, telling us he had concocted some *pâte* which would infallibly kill the tormentors, if they only set foot upon it, and that his plan was to grease his face and hands well with it, and then, said he, with a smile of considerable satisfaction, "I shall defy them and sleep sound." Accordingly, at bed-time, the doctor took a long time to grease his face and hands with this composition, which was, I believe, an extract of laurel leaves, and whilst some of us envied him his agreeable prospect of an undisturbed night's rest, others were a little incredulous as to the efficacy of the doctor's prescription.

We had not laid ourselves down long, before exclamations of "*Peste*" and "*Diable*," reached our ears; others more vehement soon followed, and at last I heard some one getting up and dressing himself very quietly. I listened, and after a few minutes, out walked the unfortunate doctor, who when he reached the deck began to swear, and was obliged honestly to confess to one of the passengers who had taken up his abode for the night in the open air, that neither *pâte* nor any thing else would save from the musquitoes.

Any lady making this voyage, ought to be provided with a good set of musquito curtains, made as small and portable as possible. It may perhaps be thought, that to sleep on deck would be the best way of escaping their merciless attacks. There is, however, an objection to this, because the whole of the country along this part of the Danube is for many miles a continued marsh of a very unhealthy description; consequently, inconveniences more serious than musquito bites might be occasioned by a traveller incautiously exposing himself in the night air.

Proceeding up the river as fast as the current, which runs with considerable rapidity, permitted us, we saw at a distance "Ismail hapless Town," and bethought ourselves of the savage massacre perpetrated there by the Russian army, under Suwarrow,

> "Of forty thousand who had mann'd the wall,
> Some hundreds breathed—the rest were silent all."
>
> BYRON.

We next came to Tuldcha, a Bulgarian town of some size, which bore a greater appearance of neatness than any place I had before seen in the dominions of the sultan. The men wear fur caps

and sashes, and their dress, picturesque to an extreme, shewed that they were mostly Greeks.

From being in possession of both banks at the Sulina, the only navigable mouth of the Danube, and for some distance up the river from that mouth, Russia might easily offer obstacles or put an entire stop to the navigation of the river whenever she might find it convenient to do so. Russian guard-boats are stationed at regular distances, and chains of Russian sentries in hail of each other line both banks. Russia, however, it is said, has disclaimed having any idea of levying tolls, or interfering with the navigation of the river, but she has *the power to do so* any day she pleases, and Great Britain and Austria, the two countries interested in keeping open this high road of communication with Central Europe, ought not to rest until they have succeeded in establishing by means of Trajan's Canal, which extends from Rassova to Kostenji, a communication with the Black Sea, independent of the Sulina mouth of the Danube.

This canal, which is now filled up with sand, it is thought might be easily restored, and it is said, that England and Austria have been seriously

endeavouring to attain this object. An overland communication has been already established for the transport of passengers, and it is to be hoped that in a few years, there will be a water conveyance for merchandize, avoiding the Sulina mouth, and the probable interruption of the trade by Russia, as well as shortening considerably the distance by water to Constantinople.

The next day, we came to Galatz, a large town on the Moldavian shore, where consequently we could not land, because there is a quarantine of five days between Turkey and Moldavia or Wallachia. Here the talkative little Moldavian beauty left us to go into quarantine at the lazzaretto, about three miles off. We regretted her departure, as she certainly was pretty and very good-natured, had made herself agreeable, and occasionally caused us great amusement, which is always an advantage in a long voyage. Here there is an immense trade in corn carried on. I observed a large number of ships of all nations in quarantine, loading, by having the corn pitched down a trough, placed in an inclined plane, at the bottom of which the men belonging to the ship held a bag to catch it, the corn being thus

measured by both parties in sight of each other, but without any communication, excepting through quarantine regulations. As far as I could judge of the town without landing, I should say it is of a good size, but its appearance from the river is not very prepossessing. It is lighted with lamps, and low sorts of carriages were being driven about, which made it seem quite civilized.

The Moldavian peasants that I saw, were all well-dressed, and looked happy and clean—a remarkable contrast to the Bulgarians, whom one could immediately distinguish from them. Must we not attribute the superior condition of the Moldavians to their lately acquired independence of the Turkish yoke? Would not the Bulgarians, who are known to be essentially a clean, hard-working race of people, be in a totally different condition, if they were relieved from Moslem oppression?

Whilst we were lying at Galatz, the governor and a large party of ladies and gentlemen, the latter mostly officers, came on board to luncheon. It must be borne in mind that we were in quarantine, and could not land in Moldavia, without undergoing five days' purification in the lazzaretto;

yet the worthy governor hesitated not to come on board, and I observed particularly, that according to sanitary regulations, they all got as fairly into quarantine as possible, although to keep up appearances, we, the passengers, were requested to remain on deck whilst the party drank champagne and ate luncheon in the cabin.

After leaving Galatz, our next resting-place was Brahilow, a Wallachian town, where we were to leave the *Ferdinando* and shift into the river steam-vessel the *Galatea*. Here also we had the pleasure of viewing the town from the deck of the vessel, landing, except on the wharf, being prohibited, on account of that perpetual annoyance to all travellers in the East—the quarantine. Brahilow appears to be a very flourishing place, and at the time of my visit there were a great many ships of all nations taking in cargoes of corn.

Being a soldier myself, I could not help observing and admiring the very serviceable clothing of the Wallachian soldier, so well adapted to the climate in which he serves, which I cannot help thinking worthy of our imitation.

The guards mounted in white frock-coats or

jackets made of duck or fine canvass, and at night, after the heat of the day was over, which in these climates is sometimes very oppressive, these were changed for cloth of the same size and shape, and the relieving sentry at sunset appeared in cloth.

Some light dress of this description would, in my humble opinion, be a great boon to soldiers serving in the Mediterranean and other warm climates, because the weight of the cloth coat our men are obliged to wear increases very considerably the fatigue of their duty.

At sunset the whole guard, consisting of a non-commissioned officer and sixteen rank and file, turned out to prayers. The drum beat a few ruffles, when, at the word of command from the non-commissioned officer, all took off their caps, and began crossing themselves, repeating at the same time some words of a prayer. After this had continued about half a minute, on the word of command being again given, they put on their caps, and were dismissed.

On the 7th of June we were transferred to the *Galatea*, and the next morning early we got under weigh. The first day's voyage was unin-

teresting, and at night, when it became too dark to proceed, we anchored.

The next day we reached Silistria, and remained there about two hours to take in coals, which time I occupied in looking round the town and works.

The fortifications towards the river are four fronts parallel to the course of the Danube. The other fronts, amounting, I should say, to six or seven, surround the town, which is large and populous. The ground on which it stands is perfectly flat, and the works appear very regular, but, in their present state, desperately weak. The bastions are small, mounting only one gun (about an eighteen-pounder) in each flank, and three in each face; the carriages are almost unserviceable. The bastions, the faces of which are very short, are at least four hundred yards from salient to salient; the ditch of the body of the place is about fifty feet wide, and the escarps and counterscarps, with half-revetments, about twelve feet high. There is no covered way. Very strong palisading extends all along the interior slope of the parapet, and there are occasional traverses faced with fascines. The cheeks of embrasures

also are faced with fascines. The guns are iron, and about three in each face command the river. The wheels of the carriages are made of solid wood.

The Danube is about a mile in width at this part, but an enemy with the means of transporting an army would find the works of Silistria, in their present dilapidated state, a very slight obstacle to his forcing the passage of the river, if he wished to do so.

Silistria is a Bulgarian town. A Greek inhabitant I talked to in my perambulations told me that the inhabitants amount to about two thousand, of which two hundred families are Greek; there are a few Armenians, but the greater part of the population is Turkish. The houses are built of mud, with tiled roofs. Their small gardens are surrounded by very strong and immensely high stake and binder hedges. Some of the houses in these gardens have rather a neat appearance. Here I first remarked the difference in the race, a total change in the countenances of the people, both in complexion and features. The women here have very tolerable complexions, and much lighter hair than the Greeks generally;

besides which, an occasional blue eye twinkles, and calls up a thousand reminiscences of our own northern race. Black eyes are very beautiful, I allow, but the lightness of the northern complexion is a great relief after one has seen for a long time nothing but brown faces. I imagine these people must be a good deal intermixed with northern blood.

The common conveyances in this country appear to be a sort of four-wheeled car. They are of a rude and primitive construction, but apparently very strong, and drawn by very fine buffaloes or bullocks.

The Russians took Silistria in 1829, having been obliged to raise the siege in the previous year.

Rustchuck, where we anchored for about two hours on the 10th June, is the next place worth noticing. Before arriving there we were a good deal amused at a saluting scene which would rival any thing of the kind ever witnessed. It appears that the Pasha of Rustchuck was going down the river in his boat, and as it was thought a proper respect to fire a salute as he passed the steamer (tremendous fellows those Austrians for saluting;

he did not come within half a mile of us), every one was in a glorious bustle and confusion. I wonder they did not blow up the ship, or at least set her on fire, because no one seemed to have any particular duty to perform, and each was in his turn seen with a cartridge or a red-hot iron, a sponge or a rammer, in his hand. Now, there being only two guns on board, it would be a difficult matter under any circumstances, with a crew so undisciplined in gunnery as ours was, to keep up any thing like a regular fire; but, as it unfortunately happened, one gun, most obstinately, would not go off at all, and defied all the exertions, persuasions, and oaths, which were alike uselessly expended upon it. This redoubled the confusion. The captain became furious, stormed, stamped with his feet like a madman, roared out "presto," until he was black in the face; but still the gun was obstinate, and no inducement would make it go off. "Ferro," cries one, in a high state of excitement. "Polvere," roars another, running about the deck in every direction but the right one. "L'altro ferro," says a third, in a still greater confusion and bustle. All running with different

objects, but neither having any very distinct notion of what he is running about for, the red-hot iron runs against the one who is carrying a cartridge, knocks him down, narrowly escapes exploding the charge in his hand, and whilst they are favouring each other with every complimentary epithet the Italian language affords, and consigning each other to places unmentionable, a third, with another iron, tumbles over both of them, and their zeal to accomplish the saluting is for an instant overcome by their rage and confusion. The captain begins to despair, scolds, swears, threatens, and beseeches. At last, more by good fortune than good management, the obstinate gun does go off, and the captain looks happy for an instant. Alas! for human nature! this prosperity does not long continue: something else goes wrong, the gun is again obstinate; and after this has been repeated till at last the prescribed number of guns (twenty-one) has been fired, the pasha is a good many miles down the river.

The fortifications of Rustchuck, which are on a very extensive scale, are in a dilapidated, and I might say, ruined state. Like Silistria, Rust-

chuck could not offer any effectual resistance to a besieging army; and although from the breadth of the Danube at this point, which is about three miles, it would not, perhaps, be expedient to attempt to force a passage in the teeth of such a fortress as Rustchuck, if in tolerable condition, would be, yet in its present state, if need should so require, a passage might undoubtedly be attempted, and I feel convinced would prove successful. As, however, there are plenty of guns in the arsenal, it might be put in tolerable order before an army could reach it; but even in this case, its defences are in so dilapidated a state, that it would soon fall if attacked on the land side. There are a number of very good brass guns in the arsenal, and all warlike stores appeared to be plentiful and kept in good condition.

The town of Rustchuck has rather a neat appearance from a distance, and on nearer approach it is found to be as clean as any Turkish town can be expected to be. The bazaars are good and extensive. The next town we anchored at was Nicopolis, which was built by the Emperor Trajan, in consequence of his conquest of the Da-

cians, who inhabited the tract of country corresponding to Moldavia, Transylvania, Wallachia, and part of Hungary.

Nicopolis is famous for the battle fought there on the 28th September, 1396, in which Sultan Bajazet I. defeated a confederate army of one hundred thousand Christians, under Sigismund, King of Hungary. Sigismund, whose kingdom was threatened by Bajazet, was aided by the Emperor of the West, and had under his banners the bravest knights of France and Germany. His cause was that of the cross, and so powerfully supported was he, that his followers proudly and impiously boasted, that if the sky should fall, they could uphold it with their lances; and they even began to calculate how soon they should visit Constantinople, and deliver the holy sepulchre.

I appears that the victory was due as much to Bajazet's military talents, as to his good fortune. The Christians had besieged Nicopolis, and Bajazet coming to its relief, contrived by a masterpiece of manœuvring, to draw his impetuous and unwary antagonists into an ambuscade, by which means he gained a complete and decisive victory, and was only prevented by a long and painful fit

of the gout from following up the important advantage he had thus gained, by advancing upon Buda, and attempting the subjugation of Germany and Italy.

It was this same Bajazet who was defeated in the battle of Angora, 28th July, 1402, by Timour, and being taken prisoner, was, it is said by some, imprisoned in an iron cage, whilst, on the contrary, others maintain that Timour treated him with the greatest respect until his death, which happened about nine months after his defeat. Voltaire laughs at the vulgar credulity, and rejects the iron cage story, as altogether fabulous.*

Until reaching the frontiers of Servia, the scenery of the Danube cannot be called other than monotonous and uninteresting. After leaving Silistria, the never-ending level of its banks might occasionally be varied by low ranges of alluvial hills, but there is no grand, nor even moderately picturesque scenery. Any person who undertakes the somewhat tedious voyage up the Danube with the expectation of being rewarded with the sight of some such scenery as the Rhine between Cologne and Mayence, will be most

* Gibbon.

grievously disappointed. The Danube's banks are a dead, flat, marshy, and unwholesome Delta for many miles, an uninteresting country (excepting the snow-topped Balkan in the back-ground) for many more, and only on reaching the Servian frontier does the traveller, whose patience has begun to be wellnigh exhausted, begin to consider himself fortunate in having his eye relieved from the dead, flat, and disagreeable monotony to which during the whole preceding portion of his voyage it has been so long accustomed.

We needed no guide to point out to us when we had passed the Servian frontier. The first village shewed us most clearly that we had entered a different territory, in which, from some cause or other, the state of the population was inconceivably superior to that of the Bulgarians. Neat white houses, with red tiles, apparently the perfection of cleanliness, a well-cultivated country, and a general appearance of happiness and prosperity, were a strange contrast to the miserable, though generally clean, mud and thatched huts of the Bulgarians. Here there was cultivation instead of desolation, and a well-dressed, happy-looking population, in the place of squalid misery

and poverty. Does not this lead us to reflect, that in two provinces, such near neighbours, there must be some very powerful cause for the difference observable between the Bulgarians and Servians? There must be something wrong somewhere, that such a difference should be so evident in a few miles, on passing from one territory to the other; and I fear we must, however unwillingly, attribute the wretchedness of the Bulgarians to the badness of the Ottoman rule, whilst the prosperity of Servia is owing to its being governed by its own prince, who pays a tribute to the Ottoman Porte, but without there existing any interference of the Porte in the internal affairs of the country. It would seem that the severing of a province from the Ottoman Empire is a signal for the termination of its wretchedness, and that the advance of prosperity is in proportion to the retrogradation of the turban.

The whole way up the Danube we used to see great numbers of Greek washerwomen collected together on the banks, beating the clothes on stones, as is the custom in this part of the world; but these good ladies appeared to hold peculiar

opinions as to the quantity and description of clothes with which they, whilst standing in the water, ought to be covered. This was the more observable after entering the Servian territory, where I have often been much amused at seeing twenty or thirty at a time up to and often far above their knees in water, washing clothes and gossipping together in a very natural, but certainly not fashionable, and which malicious, evil-disposed persons might be inclined to term, not a decent, arrangement of the smallest possible amount of clothing.

On board the Danube steamers, the persons most to be pitied were certainly the unfortunate Turks when going through their devotions.

Part of a Moslem's devotions consists in saying a few words of a prayer, and then prostrating himself with his forehead on the ground in the direction of Mecca, remaining in that position for a minute, or perhaps two minutes. Great used to be the consternation and dismay of these unfortunate fellows, when, on rising up to their kneeling position from their prostration, they found, to their inexpressible horror, that instead of

towards Mecca, their heads had been, in consequence of a turn of the vessel, in quite a contrary direction. They would turn themselves and their carpets, and, with countenances of woe and despair, begin again their half-finished devotions; again, by a turn of the vessel in the winding course of the river, would the direction of their countenances be utterly changed; and again would they, on observing that they could not keep their faces towards Mecca, rise, and change the position of their carpets. It was useless, the vessel would change its course in spite of the laws of Mahomet, and I never saw men whom a trifle appeared more seriously to discompose, or in whose countenances more sincere regret was depicted, for their utter inability to follow to the letter of the law the ceremonies prescribed by their religion.

It is difficult to comprehend how a Moslem can sufficiently abstract his thoughts from what is passing around him, to go through, as he does at all times, at all places, and under all circumstances, the prayers and prostrations which his religion enjoins; nothing appears to interrupt him, never is his eye perceived to wander, the

fixed abstracted gaze which it assumes on his kneeling down, remains undisturbed by any outward circumstance, and no sense of ridicule would, I am confident, ever deter him from performing what he considers to be his duty.

CHAPTER XV.

TRAJAN'S BRIDGE—SKELA GLADOVA—PASSAGE OF RAPIDS—ALT-ORSOVA — QUARANTINE — MEHADIA — MISERIES OF A GERMAN WAGEN—HUNGARIAN PEASANT'S DRESS—TEMESVAR—ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE—AMUSING QUARREL—HUNGARIAN INNS—ARRIVE AT PEST—CONCLUSION.

Near Skela Gladova, are the ruins of a very magnificent Roman bridge over the Danube, which at this part is rather less than a mile in width. The two buttresses which are still in existence on each side, the whole of the bridge itself having bowed its gigantic head to time, and the undermining influence of the rapid stream of the river, are splendid evidences of its pristine magnificence. This bridge, which had originally twenty-one arches, was built by the Emperor Trajan, on his conquering the Dacians, and adding their country to the Roman Empire. It is constructed of a mixture of stone and Roman brick. Near this, are the ruins of Sempronium, an old Roman town, and close by, a neat-looking laza-

retto, recently constructed for the accommodation of travellers landing in Wallachia. There were some doubts in the mind of our worthy captain as to whether, in consequence of the flooded state of the Danube, occasioned by the melting of the snows, we should be able to pass the rapids at the Iron Gates. In case we could not do so, we should have had seven days' quarantine on the Wallachian frontier, in the lazaretto above-mentioned, preparatory to five days more at Orsova, on entering the Austrian territories from Wallachia.

Skela is on the Wallachian, and Gladova, a fortified place, on the Servian side. A steamer runs from Skela every fortnight* in pratique with the Wallachian side, but does not communicate with the Bulgarian shore, going only as far as Galatz and back. The other steamers stop at Gladosnitza, which is a little higher up on the Servian shore, and where we were transferred, at half-past four o'clock in the morning, to a flat-bottomed barge, with a very rattletrap gear and covering of wood, leaking considerably, and causing no little wonder in our minds how so fragile a contrivance

* Now every week.

could withstand the fearful rapids we were destined to pass. This transfer of passengers and merchandize from the steam-vessel to a barge is necessary, from the extreme rapidity of the current of the river between Gladosnitza and Orsova, and the dangerous bed over which it passes. These rapids are called the Iron Gates, and well do they deserve the appellation. The Danube appears to have burst its way through the bold mountains which obstruct its course, rushing with fearful impetuosity through the narrow channel it has thus formed for itself, and continuing its course with the same velocity until it gradually subsides, on account of the greater space allotted to it, to a steady, though somewhat rapid current in the more open country.

About a fortnight before we arrived at Gladosnitza, a lamentable accident had occurred at the rapids a few miles higher up, in which nine persons lost their lives. It appears that from some unaccountable cause, and whether occasioned by accident or neglect it is difficult to ascertain, the barge in which the passengers and baggage were being towed up the stream, was brought by the force of the current with its broad-

side against it in its most rapid part. The force of the towing exerted against the short mast to which the tow-rope is attached, of course tending to make the barge lean over considerably on the side against which the current was pressing, the force of the current was too strong for the barge to withstand, and she was capsized in an instant, and all persons who were on the deck or raised part being immersed in the current, were carried down the rapid, and never more seen. Those who had remained in the interior of the barge were saved without the slightest injury, excepting a good wetting, the force of the men and oxen towing it bringing the barge alongside the bank of the river in an instant after the accident had occurred. The Austrian authorities appeared to consider that no blame whatever was attachable to any one. The affair was a great deal the subject of conversation whilst we were in quarantine at Orsova, and I was favoured by the chief of the lazaretto with a perusal of an official report made on the affair, together with the names of the unfortunate sufferers on the occasion.

Our barge was deeply laden with cotton in bales, a small space at the stern being left for passengers

and baggage. The barge was covered with a wooden roof, upon which stood the captain of the steamer directing our course, and two men steering with very long oars. We were dragged along part of the way by a double set of men and two tow-ropes, and afterwards by oxen towing with one rope and men with another. For about a mile up the river, the right bank was lined with boats, and no little delay was caused by the shifting of the tow-ropes from one boat to another to get clear of their masts. In this part the current was not very rapid, but on rounding a point it became more so, indeed quite sufficiently to gratify any person's curiosity.

Here we were offered to get out and walk if we liked to do so—a gentle hint that it might perhaps be as well if we did,—so, bearing in mind the unfortunate accident I have just alluded to, all the passengers landed excepting a Jew, who had often occasioned considerable merriment by his extraordinary appearance, manner, and way of living. This man would remain on board the barge although the captain strongly recommended him to land; no, he would not stir from a precious box he had with him nor let it out of his sight, so

we very reasonably concluded that it contained all his worldly goods, and that he considered his life not worth having if his treasure should be lost in the rapids. This Jew had two very interesting children, and although he lived well himself, and ate and drank as well as any one of the passengers, it appeared that his system of feeding was something of the same description as that of the man who was proverbial for having brought his horse to live upon a straw; he gave these unfortunate children nothing but dried raisins for breakfast, a hard egg and a slice of bread for dinner, and some very unripe cherries for supper. The captain assured us, that he knew him to be a very wealthy man, and that he had a large share in the shipment of cotton which we had taken on board at Widin, and which now overburthened our fragile barge.

The rest of us were too glad to walk, even if it were only to stretch our legs, after our confinement on board the steam-vessel. We landed, therefore, on the Servian side, and, narrowly watched by two guardians, and guarded by an extraordinarily-dressed animal, who was intended to look like a soldier, we followed the course of

the river, and anxiously watched the fate of our goods and chattels which were on board the barge, whose situation appeared at times to be exceedingly perilous.

After walking about two hours, we came to a sulphureous spring, very much resembling Harrowgate water. The scenery during the whole day's excursion was magnificent beyond conception, and the picturesque scene of a clumsy barge being dragged by twenty-two oxen and a number of men, with two tow-ropes, lest one should break, in a tremendously rapid torrent, confined by mountains bold and picturesque to an extreme, is such as I shall not easily forget.

We embarked again just as we came in sight of New Orsova, a Turkish fortress situated on an island in the centre of the river.

Alt-Orsova is situated on the left bank of the Danube, and we had been towed up along the right bank, so that we had to get a considerable distance above old Orsova before we attempted to cross the river. When we did it was very curious to see the immense distance, and with what tremendous rapidity we were drifted down the stream, which we had been so many hours

stemming, the bargemen pulling with all their might athwart the current in order to get us into smooth water before we gained such an impetus as to be carried back into the whirlpool of the Iron Gates just below us. We landed at Alt-Orsova about half-past two o'clock, having been near ten hours making a distance of fifteen miles. Our baggage was immediately placed in bullock-carts, and we ourselves accompanied it, walking like prisoners of war under a strong guard of Austrian soldiers to the lazaretto of Schuppaneck, which is about one and a half miles distant from the village where we landed.

Here we were received by the head of the lazaretto, who, after examining our passports, told us off by fours to different houses, assigning a guardian to each house. It so happened that four of us were, apparently by accident, "chummed" together, and that we were the very four most likely to agree well amongst ourselves.

I can imagine no more disagreeable situation than the being shut up for ten days or more in two rooms, with any thing but very good-tempered and accommodating companions. One disagreeable person will render a quarantine life horrible;

whereas, if all agree well together, the time is not nearly so dismal a one as persons who have never tried it imagine it to be.

Immediately after we were lodged in our house, our guardian, a very ugly, but good-natured German boy, who spoke not a syllable of any known language except German and Hungarian, requested us to turn every single article out of our bags and portmanteaux, and then proceeded to make an inventory of them. We were never, during our whole stay in quarantine, allowed to pack them up again, but they were carefully carried out, and put in the sun every day for several hours. This said inventory was afterwards fairly written out, and numbered, and examined with our passports, so that any police officer, in any part of the Austrian territories, might, at any moment, obtain the important and gratifying information of the exact number of articles of wearing apparel any one of us was possessed of. This inventory is taken, it is said, to prevent robbery in case of the person dying in quarantine.

Our period of quarantine, like ship-board and all similar confinements, passed with astonishing

rapidity. Musquitoes were a little troublesome, but none of us grumbled or got into a bad humour. Obliged by quarantine regulations to dine at two o'clock, we generally took a walk round the establishment before sun-set, when we were shut in and double-locked by the chief guardian. It must not be understood that we were locked into our houses at sunset. Each house has a yard attached to it, to which all the inmates have free access; but a walk round the whole inhabited part, which is ninety-two yards square, is only allowed at stated times of the day, and that in presence of a guardian. The lazaretto at Schuppaneck is certainly a magnificent establishment, and its arrangement perfect. A restaurant in the lazaretto furnishes every article, whether of food or bedding, at a stated price, which a traveller is informed of by a printed carte, pasted on the door of his room. These charges are far from extravagant, and any complaint made to the chief of the lazaretto against the restaurateur is immediately attended to.

Certainly, never were there stowed together in a lazaretto four persons who agreed better than

we did. Besides Captain Spence, of the 60th Rifles, and myself, there were Mr. George Parker, formerly of the 15th Foot, who was travelling for health and amusement, and Mr. Frederick Townsend, of New York, a young American sent to Europe to see a little of the Old World. This was my first intimate acquaintance with an American, and I must pay him the compliment of saying I shall be extremely happy to meet him again in any part of the world, and if it should be our fate to have to undergo another period of imprisonment together, to have him as my companion. I must not omit to make mention of my friend Lasar, our guardian, whom I can recommend to any one taking the Danube trip. He is a most willing, excellent fellow, and a capital servant. Nothing ever went wrong with him, nothing ever put him out of humour. He had always the same good-humoured countenance, whether he was flirting with the washerwoman or walking at the rate of five miles an hour on a hot summer's day behind us, when we took a mad freak into our heads to see *how fast we could walk* round and round the building.

On the 25th June, we were released early in

the morning by the little doctor of the establishment, who announced to us our free pratique by shaking hands with each. We had thus been ten whole days, or, more properly speaking, ten nights in quarantine, and thus we became in pratique with all Europe. What a difference it would have made had I returned to Corfu by the usual route of Lyra and Athens! Our servant Giovanni, whom we sent back from Constantinople that way, had thirteen days' quarantine at Lyra, to put him in pratique with Corfu only, and a person wishing to enter the civilized part of Europe from Corfu, has to undergo an additional quarantine of ten days at Trieste, thus making it twenty-three days' quarantine from Constantinople to Vienna, *viâ* Trieste, and only ten days by the Danube route.

A dollar to the clerk at the custom-house, who came to examine our luggage, got over every difficulty, and we were not even obliged to go through the ceremony of opening our bags. Our books, however, which we had been cautioned to leave out, were carefully packed up in separate parcels, and sealed with a leaden seal to prevent their being opened until our arrival at Vienna.

One of the parcels, however, broke loose during our journey, and all the books came out, but I do not think any trouble or difficulty was occasioned thereby. The Austrian government, in its paternal regard for the welfare of its subjects, carefully examines every book before it is allowed to be read. There was little enough in my travelling library to excite apprehension, but it was carefully plumbed like the others.

We had made an agreement with a man at Orsova to take us in what is called an eilwagen as far as Temesvar, going a little out of the way to visit Mehadia, distant about three hours' travelling from Orsova, and celebrated for its warm sulphur baths. Mehadia is a place of great resort from all the neighbouring countries of Servia, Wallachia, and Hungary. It has quite the air of a fashionable, although somewhat retired watering-place, but its peculiarity of situation in a picturesque vale, surrounded by high, bold crags of remarkably well-wooded mountains, its picturesque beauties varying and magnifying at every turn, combined with the general neatness of the town, and its primitive, unassuming elegance, baffle all attempts at description. No wonder it

has for so many centuries preserved its well-merited reputation.

The Romans had magnificent baths here, and most of them are the same as are used at the present day. There is a warm spring very strongly impregnated with sulphur, and there are large baths for the public as well as small ones for private persons. These private baths are quite distinct from each other, and there is none of the social bathing which astonishes so much any Englishman who visits Baden near Vienna, where the baths are made a complete lounge, and any person may walk in and talk with the persons who are bathing in the centre of a large room, round the sides of which are seats for the accommodation of the spectators. At Mehadia, there is a public bath, but it is merely for persons of inferior grades in life.

The following, among many other inscriptions, still exists on the walls of the building, the whole of which is in very good preservation :—

HERCULIS
ET
VENERIS
MERCURIUS
PR. SALUTE
CUMSUS.

We arrived at Temesvar about midnight, but could not get into the town, on account of the gates being locked at ten o'clock. We, however, after some trouble, got well stowed in an hotel in the Vorstadt (or suburbs). Temesvar is a fortified place, and its works appear to be very strong. The suburbs are extensive, and are intersected by canals in several directions, giving the whole an appearance very much resembling the Hague. The streets are good, wide, and clean, and the houses neat and regular. The shops are apparently well supplied.

An adventure occurred to me here, which, whilst it shews the advantage of a speedy administration of justice, will give an idea of the excellence of the Austrian executive, and may perhaps induce persons to think more favourably of that government than we, born in a land of freedom, and inheriting as our birthright free institutions, are generally disposed to do.

It must be first explained, for the benefit of those persons who have never travelled in the Austrian territory, that two descriptions of florin are there current. The good, or Münz florin, is worth about two shillings and a penny English,

and is divided into sixty kreutzers, twenty of which form a piece called a zwanziger, the coin in most common use.

This good florin is distinguished from the bad, or paper, or schein florin by the letters C.M., denoting "Conventions Münze," which magical letters, when written on the top of any account, denote that the charges are in that description of money; and when the letters C.M. are not written, it is understood that the florin therein intended is the bad or schein florin. This paper florin, which is worth about tenpence English, is also divided into sixty kreutzers, and in this accounts are generally kept. In making purchases, therefore, a traveller must always be careful that he do not pay "Münz" instead of "schein;" and he should beware that the letters C.M. be not written on the top of a schein florin bill, in order to make him inadvertently pay the good instead of the ordinary florin. I recommend every one who travels in the Austrian territory to take the trouble—and very great trouble I acknowledge it is, on account of the infinite variety of small copper coins, generally bearing values different to those stamped upon them—to make

himself, in the first day or two, master of the different descriptions of coin; he will save himself a great deal of subsequent inconvenience and many a dispute, besides preventing himself from being cheated during his journey. I will not enter into an explanation of the cause of these apparent incongruities and absurdities, but will content myself with saying that they were occasioned by a short-sighted and impolitic attempt made by the Austrian government, during the war, to reduce the amount of the public debt by a scheme which utterly ruined a great many persons, plunged the whole empire into the greatest distress and confusion, and struck a blow at the national credit, which it will be difficult for it ever to recover.

In most hotels in this part of the world a "carte" of the prices of the principal articles is suspended or fastened behind the door of every room, and we had observed, almost accidentally, but, as I well remember, very particularly, the prices of the rooms we were occupying in the hotel in which we slept, situated in the suburb or vorstadt of Temesvar.

On our account being brought the next day, as

we were upon the point of taking our departure, we observed that it was a very extravagant one, and that the charges were exceedingly exorbitant, the magical letters, "C.M." being written on the top of the charges. The landlord insisted that it was quite correct, and it became somewhat difficult to know what to do, as he positively refused to abate one kreutzer of the amount, when it occurred to one of us that the charges in the bill were the identical ones he had read in the *carte* the evening before, but with this difference, that the *carte* was made in schein, whilst the account was in Münz. The landlord was immediately told, that it was evident it was a mistake, as his charges in our bill corresponded in the figures, but that "C.M." had been incorrectly, and probably inadvertently, written on the top. No, he would not listen to a word. He vowed and swore that the *carte* was C.M. too (although it is an invariable rule, that when nothing is written over the florin it means the schein), and insisted most positively on our paying the whole amount. We then made inquiries at other hotels, and found that the usual charges in Temesvar were exactly the same in schein florins as this man's were in

Münz, so, after some little consultation amongst ourselves, we followed the advice of an inhabitant who chanced to be in the coffee-room of the hotel, and finding all our remonstrances with the landlord ineffectual, proceeded to the chief magistrate, and laid a complaint against the landlord. The process was a remarkably summary one. The magistrate looked at our bill, then at a tariff of the usual charges in the other hotels in Temesvar, and at once decided that we were to pay schein instead of Münz florins, and fined the hotel-keeper sixteen florins for an attempt at extortion. The whole affair was settled in a few minutes; we lost no time by our proceedings, and we all left Temesvar in high admiration of the speedy and effectual manner in which we had seen justice administered.

Oh! the misery indescribable of travelling in a Hungarian wagen! I may spell it wagen, because it is a German word, but, in point of fact, it is a *waggon*—a downright rough, strong waggon, without springs. The wagen on which we travelled to Temesvar held six, sitting two and two, the seats being boards strapped to the sides of the wagen. Only the two hindmost persons,

in consequence, could have any rest for their backs, and even then the incessant jolting rendered sleeping next to an impossibility. This hard and rattling conveyance is all very well for a cross-country excursion, but the road from Orsova to Temesvar is a sort of *chaussée*, over which there are sprinkled a delightful number of stones, which jolt the unfortunate traveller in a most cruel manner.

A Hungarian *wagen* is, in short, a contrivance *sui generis*, on the whole vastly disagreeable, but exceedingly amusing when the driver sets off at full gallop across country. From Temesvar we travelled in a rattletrap contrivance without springs, and drawn by six horses, portmanteaux and carpet-bags serving us as seats, with a little hay to ease the eternal jolting, which, if the road was a real road, was almost intolerable, an awning, made of matting, sheltering us from the heat of the sun. Sometimes the driver would take a line of his own, right across country, and proceed in utter contempt for divisions of property, ditches, or other inconveniences, all of which he charged in a determined manner, as if he was an artillery-driver, and had a gun behind

him, and not a set of unhappy mortals, whose bones were being wellnigh dislocated, and teeth loosened, by his luckless attempts at being facetious. This man was a picturesque mortal. His trowsers, the longest and widest that were ever seen, were in part hidden by a sort of kilt or petticoat, both being of a very dirty white, and neither quite reaching a *very short shirt*, if shirt that might be called which reached only the waist, and left a kind of vacant space between it and the trowsers or petticoat, which has been classically denominated an "*interregnum*;" a sort of waistcoat over the shirt, considerably the worse in appearance for a close intimacy and friendship with his very long and particularly greasy hair, shoes without socks, and the whole crowned with a felt hat, to which a Quaker's hat is a joke, the broadest brim in the world, turned up at the edges, for what purpose I cannot divine, but which has the effect of retaining all the rain which may chance to fall upon it.

He was generally in the forepart of the wagen when we were travelling at a moderate pace, but when he intended to gallop he always mounted the near-side wheel-horse, without saddle, and

with only a rope for a bridle. He then spoke to the horses in an encouraging tone, whipped them up, and galloped away in utter disregard of our sufferings, and in apparent unconsciousness of our existence, or that attached to his team of horses was a fragile contrivance containing half-a-dozen persons whom his caprice obliged to *hold on* with chattering teeth, and wellnigh dislocated bones, wishing themselves anywhere but in a Hungarian wagen.

From Temesvar to Pest, we were three days, having made an arrangement with a post-master for a sort of vetturino carriage and horses for that purpose. In addition to our party of four, which I have mentioned as having been in the same house in the lazaretto, there were, as passengers in the wagen, an Italian and a German, and during our journey a quarrel which took place between these two worthies afforded us considerable amusement. Why they quarrelled is known only to themselves; we had observed that their intimacy had rather diminished since we had left the quarantine, and on one occasion, I overheard them privately complimenting each other with some rather opprobrious epithets; but the

immediate cause will, I suppose, for ever remain a mystery. Accident, however, brought matters to a crisis.

On arriving very late one night at the place where we intended to sleep, we all agreed to be ready to start at six o'clock the next morning. Four of us occupied one room, while the Italian and the German slept in another. About two hours before the time we had agreed upon as the hour of rising, we were awakened by our driver, the Hungarian clown I have described, who came into our room, told us that the Italian and German were very anxious to proceed, and that we must get up immediately. Now, telling an Englishman he *must* do a thing, is just the very way to make him resolutely determine that he *will not;* accordingly we four English at once vowed we would not stir an inch before the appointed time. The driver tried us again, then the waiter came, until at last, having got rid of our persecutors by a timely recourse to the school-boy argument of a volley of shoes and boots thrown at them as they entered the door, we bolted it on the inside, and waited until the appointed time for our departure arrived. Now this conduct on our part might very

reasonably have incensed the German and Italian against us; but why in the world it should cause them to quarrel with each other, is to me most unintelligible. But quarrel they did, and we were highly obliged to them for the amusement they afforded us.

After travelling some distance, the German, evidently in a most fearful humour and ready for any mischief, accidentally took great offence at an observation made by one of us, and, instead of retorting upon the person who had made it, attacked, in no very measured language, the unfortunate Italian, who was sitting on his right on the same seat, in the fore part of the wagen. The Italian bore his fate with the most philosophic indifference for a considerable time, and made no reply, whilst the German was heaping every imaginable description of abuse upon him, until, at last, after about a quarter of an hour's endurance, losing all patience, he told the German he was a vile fellow, and had better hold his tongue.

"You are a Jew," said the German.

"You are a scoundrel," said the Italian.

"You are a paltry, mean, dirty Jew," said the German.

"Take care what you say or I'll knock you out of the wagen," said the Italian.

"I'll strangle you," said one, holding his fist to the other's throat.

"I'll scratch your eyes out," said the other, suiting the action to the word, by exhibiting the sharpness of a pair of nails bent upon mischief.

"I'll pull your hair."

"I'll kick you."

"I'll murder you."

And so they went on for about two minutes, threatening each other with every description of injury human ingenuity could imagine, and consigning each other to places it would not be polite to mention, calling each other at the same time the most opprobrious names that the German and Italian languages afford, until at last their threats became worked up into a kind of scream, or screach, or yell, which acting as a signal for battle, the German, who was sitting on the left of the Italian, and on the same seat with him in the foremost part of the wagen, and which had a low back or bar to lean against, the seats being portmanteaux and arranged by twos and facing the horses, the German, I say, jumped up

suddenly, and catching the Italian by the hair with his right hand, pulled his head over the back of the seat on which he was sitting, whilst with his left he commenced deliberately scratching with his nails his adversary's eyes and face. The Italian, who was a good sturdy strong-built man, instead of hitting the other a blow with his fist, which must have sent him reeling out of the wagen, commenced roaring like a bull, and never once attempted to make use of his hands which were quite at liberty. In the meantime, the light active German had his right hand fast entwined in the long hair of the other, and was making the most of his advantage, by most unfairly and ungenerously keeping his adversary down, and giving it him well, though in a most unscientific manner, whilst he had him down. The rest of the passengers immediately interfered; we separated them without difficulty, and though somewhat disposed to laugh, announced to them in a very dignified manner, that we could not possibly allow them to continue their journey in our carriage, if they did not behave properly, and that if any further attempt were made by either of them to break the peace, we should feel ourselves com-

pelled most unwillingly, but for our own sakes, to stop the carriage, and leave the offending party on the road side.

This quieted them, but the Italian appealed to us to bear witness that he had been grossly insulted, and that he should require of his antagonist, on their arrival at Pest, the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another. We all agreed that they might, and certainly ought to settle their differences at Pest, but that in the meantime they must remain quiet as long as they travelled with us. The German agreed, as well he might, having had so decidedly the best of the fray, and on peace being re-established we continued our journey.

After brooding over their misfortunes for about an hour, we were somewhat surprised at hearing them conversing together in a very peaceable and rational manner, and although I do not think they ever became intimate friends again, yet they neither quarrelled more, nor, as I believe, attempted any further settlement of their differences.

The inns in Hungary are remarkably clean and neat, with the exception of one part of the furni-

ture, the arrangement of which is certainly neither agreeable nor cleanly. They have a custom, for what reason I cannot comprehend, of sewing the sheets to the coverlid, and as it may be somewhat problematical how often they are renewed, from the trouble consequent upon replacing them by clean ones, it may readily be imagined that a traveller cannot calculate upon their being *clean*. I wonder much they should still persist in this abominable practice, so contrary to all notions of cleanliness and comfort.

With regard to language, whilst travelling through Hungary, I found German always sufficient for all practical purposes, although I have often at the country inns been somewhat embarrassed by finding that no one spoke any language but Hungarian.

On arriving at Pest, we took up our abode in that well-known and commodious hotel, the Jägerhom, where we rejoiced much to find ourselves once more restored to the civilized world. Here I bid adieu to my reader, because, having fairly reached civilized Europe, my narrative must be brought to a close. It will suffice, therefore,

for me to say, that after remaining a few days in that delightful city, I proceeded to Vienna, where I passed three pleasant weeks, and returned from thence by way of Trieste to Corfu, where I arrived by one of the fortnightly Austrian steam-vessels, after an absence of three months.

MEMORANDUM OF DISTANCES IN ALBANIA.

1st day's ride. Afternoon.	St. Quaranta to Delvino	4 hours.
2nd day	To Khan by Delvinaki ...	13
3rd	To Zitza 6½ hours. Zitza to Janina 5 hours.	11½
4th and 5th	At Janina.	
6th	To Zigos Khan.....	13
7th	To Meteora 8¾ hours. To Tricala 4	... 12¾
8th	To Larissa	11¼
9th	To Platamona	10½
10th	To Caterina 8 hours. To Kidros 5	... 13
11th	To Khan, near Salonica ...	15½
12th	To Salonica	2
	From St. Quaranta to Salonica—hours	106½

1st day.	Sayades to Khan	9½ hours.
2nd	To Janina.....	16
	From Sayades to Janina—hours	25½

1st day.	Janina to Arta	11 hours.
2nd	To Salagora	6

And about 8 hours by water, from Salagora to Prevesa.

TURKISH MONEY.

About 105 to 107 piastres to the pound sterling. 22 or 23 piastres to the Spanish Pillar dollar.

Pieces of 3 piastres, pieces of 5 piastres, and pieces of 6 piastres, made of base metal, and plated.

40 paras make a piastre. There are plated pieces of 10 and 20 paras; also of 60 paras, or 1½ piastre; and 100 paras, or 2½ piastres.

The gold coins are:—3 piastres; 5 ditto; 10 ditto; 20 ditto.

Those of three and five piastres are so thin, that it is difficult to prevent them from being blown away.

Those of twenty are a good, convenient, and generally current coin, easy to be obtained.

APPENDIX.

My friend and fellow-traveller, Capt. Cunyng-hame, of the 60th Rifles, having had several opportunities of seeing parts of Albania which I have not been able to visit, has kindly consented to allow me to insert the following letter from him, giving a short account of his excursions, and, particularly, a very celebrated one, in which he was one of a party that killed four wild boars.

My dear B——, London, Sept. 1841.

About two months since, you requested me to send you a few lines, any spare opportunity I might have, giving you some account how I passed my life while I was absent from Corfu, in the winter of 1839, commanding a detachment at the island of Paxo, which it pleased his excellency at that time to order me to do. This request I shall with great pleasure comply with, in order that, as the winter is now coming on, when some hard day's hunting or shooting may have failed to make you sufficiently tired to sleep, the perusal of a

few pages of this letter may have the desired effect, and call the drowsy god to your assistance.

It was about the 20th January, 1839, I received orders to take the command of a party, consisting of about thirty men, to defend her Majesty's subjects in that island of the Ionian republic, called Paxo, on which attacks had been made several times within a few months, by the lawless banditti inhabiting the opposite Albania.

On landing, I had the pleasure of meeting, amongst the authorities and inhabitants, many former acquaintances, all of whom evinced much good feeling towards British officers, engendered through the mild and paternal government exercised throughout all the islands by his Excellency Sir Howard D——.

I immediately called upon the resident, a most respected officer, who had served during the whole of the Peninsular war with great distinction to himself, and was received by him with his usual kindness.

In the course of different conversations I had with him and other of my friends there, I picked up the following accounts of some of the before-mentioned attacks on the island previous to my arrival.

It is a custom, of long standing among the Greeks, to hide whatever treasure they possess in secret places in their houses. This practice, from the confidence inspired in them since we have had the management of the Ionian republic, is very fast getting into disuse. Report said that an old man, who lived about three miles from the principal town in the island, had, by a life of most penurious habits, become possessed of a sum of

money to the amount of about 20,000 dollars, which sum was naturally, thought to be concealed in his house. His riches at last became so much the subject of conversation amongst the islanders, that the report of them reached the opposite coast, the greater part of which is inhabited by gentry who have all the inclination to offer the pipe of peace, or the sharp edge of the yataghan, as best suits their purpose.

A party of these people made a descent on the island during the night, and having previously ascertained, through the means of an *old* and *faithful* servant!! the place of concealment of his store, and, as was afterwards discovered, being let into the house by this man, they at once went to a small trap-door beneath his bed, under which they found his dollars, and carried off every one he possessed. They then made good their retreat to their own country. The unfortunate old man soon after died of grief; and it never being ascertained where these bandits came from, or whither they went, it naturally followed that not one single obolo of his property did he ever recover.

The report of their expedition soon spread far and near, and in that wild country so inflamed the minds of its inhabitants with desire to acquire as easily the like good fortune, and with jealousy for those that had already acquired it, that numerous parties were assembling, with intentions to equal, if not outstrip, these successful marauders.

Their visits would certainly have been repeated immediately, had it not been for a strong representation made by the Ionian government to the Pasha at Janina, and

the very severe threats which he, in consequence, held out to the inhabitants of this coast.

Not long, however, after this first attack, having, as they thought, well watched their opportunity, another, and a far more severe one, took place.

It was a custom at Paxo, in common with the whole of Greece, though now no longer permitted in the Ionian republic, on the celebration of a marriage, that the friends of both parties should assemble at night, and continue to discharge small-arms; the noise, therefore, of musketry never caused any alarm, though, in our own more civilized country, it certainly would. This circumstance, as you will hereafter see, was in a great measure the cause that the inhabitants were for so considerable a time ignorant of the attack I am about to mention, that the villains had almost time to accomplish their designs. The night I now speak of, was a most lovely evening, such as seldom falls to the lot of any of us, while in this country, to witness, and about half a mile from the town of Gayo lived one of the first families in the island, supposed to be very rich, five in number, Signor Bogdano, his wife, two sons, and, I believe, but one man-servant, an Albanian, in the house. This man-servant was a Sulito, a race noted for courage, fidelity, and honesty. The family had not retired to rest more than half an hour, when the servant heard a knock at the outer gate, and upon his going to ascertain the cause, he was answered by a plaintive voice, asking for admittance, and stating that he brought a message to his master, from the captain of the port in the town below. The servant, being somewhat suspicious, did not immediately comply with

the request, upon which the bandits, making sure their intentions were discovered, at once attempted to beat in the door, with stones and large pieces of wood. This of course at once alarmed the whole house, and as the window of Signor B.'s bedroom overlooked this door, he instantly fired out of it, at the men who were thus employed below, and, as was afterwards ascertained, shot one of them dead. This, however, in no way deterred their companions, who still continued their most strenuous endeavours to force their way into the house, into which they fired many shots; fortunately, for a very long time, all their efforts failed. At last they burst it open, and nothing now remained but one slight door to shield the whole family from certain destruction; their maxim being, that for once having drawn blood, there is then no forgiveness but in blood. This door, then, Signor B., in person, determined to defend, and for that purpose stationed himself near it, while one of his sons, leaping out of a back window, ran to the town for assistance; his wife at the same time defending the window from which the first shot had been fired. The shutters to this window, two of the ruffians endeavoured to force, and, but for the courage displayed by this heroine, would have succeeded in doing so, for while, with the utmost strength of her right hand, she was resisting their efforts to force it in, she received a pistol-ball in her arm, which shattered the bone to pieces. In no way daunted, she immediately used her left, with which she effectually succeeded in preventing their entry. Nearly at the same time the servant foolishly exposed himself at the window from which the son had escaped, and

was instantly shot dead, a ball piercing his heart; and two balls, fired through the door at which the Signor had placed himself, passed through his clothes, harmless to himself.

The bandits having now learned from their spies, whom they had stationed round the house, that an individual had escaped, and well knowing the promptitude of British soldiers, in giving relief, when distress is at hand, foresaw that both the military and police would soon be on the spot, and accordingly made as precipitate a retreat as they could to their boat, which was waiting for them at a small creek on the opposite side of the island, carrying off, as their sole booty, the body of their unfortunate companion. This attack, Signor B. assured me, lasted about two hours, during which time he expended many rounds of ammunition, and at its termination, when the bandits retired, had but one single cartridge left.

This circumstance created no small stir in the island, from their daring to attack a house so near the town. There was an order immediately issued, to prevent any firing, for the future, after sunset, under heavy penalties, which practice was, as you will have seen, so instrumental in screening this frightful circumstance from the knowledge of both civil and military.

I am happy to add, that the lady soon recovered the use of her arm, and I trust to hear some day of her being rewarded, by a token from the Ionian government, for her heroic conduct. I am, however, sorry to say, that the son, in his exertions to save his family, ruptured some vessel in his chest, of which he very soon after died.

One of my first expeditions from hence was to the Bay of Phanari, situated about six miles to the southward of the town of Parga, into which bay flows, what many are pleased to designate, the river Styx; whether it be the original one, where old Charon presided, or no, I cared not to question. The entrance to this river is very narrow, and very difficult of access in consequence of a strong run of water continually flowing out of its mouth, fed by the rains, falling on the high Suli range of mountains situated immediately above. Having once got within this marine gateway, the panorama which presented itself was most enchanting, wild, and romantic. Having anchored late in the afternoon, we had no time that day to use our guns, but went on shore for a few moments to pay our compliments to the Doganari, or chief officer of the customs, there being no resident Bey. He received us kindly, and with that never-failing resource of the Turks, coffee and pipes.

On the following morning, after as good a breakfast as, I believe, only the natives of our own favoured isles can eat, we set off to see if any woodcocks had come down into the lower country; unfortunately we were badly off for dogs, having but one old retriever, old Carlow, and one young unbroken pointer with us. Having but small previous knowledge of the country, I had much difficulty in choosing the good ground; but, in the sequel, we were well repaid for our pains, and succeeded in bringing home forty woodcocks, which, considering all things, perfectly satisfied us both. I had taken the precaution to bring on shore with me (a practice I have always found very useful, and by no means expensive) some

trifling presents to distribute among the Turkish agas, or head people of the villages, whom we might chance to fall in with; these consisting of some boxes of lucifer matches, some cigars, and last, though by no means least, a bottle or so of good ship's rum,—of rum Inglitz, as they pronounce it, a never-failing resource to win their hearts when all other means have failed. Having passed a very pleasant day, we again topped the boom to a light easterly breeze, and the following morning anchored below the castellated walls of my little command.

My next trip in the Ariel cutter was to the ruins of Nicopolis, situated near to which is Arta, the most southern town on the west coast of Turkish Albania, and is about ten miles to the northward of St. Maura. We ran down the thirty miles with a fair wind, and lay to, in a large bay opposite the ruins of this once noted place, while I and my friend went on shore to examine them. They are very perfect, particularly the two theatres, more so, indeed, than any that I think I after visited in Greece; and many of the public buildings I was surprised to find in so small a state of decay, considering the lapse of time since this town was erected. We shot our three or four couple of woodcocks in the streets of that town once so famous, and built to commemorate the battle of Actium, which is supposed to have been fought off Prevesa, a town close by; and having partaken of a hearty lunch, we returned to the beach. But this may well be called a treacherous sea; for, during the short time we were absent, a strong breeze had got up from the west, and it

was with the utmost difficulty my boat was enabled to approach the strand, on account of the high surf. At the expense of a thorough wetting, at last, I succeeded in getting on board my cutter, but had far greater danger soon to encounter. This bay having been imperfectly surveyed, many of the rocks that existed there were not laid down in my chart, and, in consequence, we were in the most imminent danger of foundering; but, fortunately, although the cutter twice struck, and that very heavily, it chanced that her rudder only came in contact with the rocks; this, after being each time lifted, fell again into its former position, and we at last succeeded in hauling off the shore, and soon after sunset, anchored safely in the habour of Santa Maura.

On the following morning we made a party to shoot in Greece, and having started early for that purpose, we traversed a great part of the ground opposite the town with but indifferent success, until in the midst of a jungle near to me, hearing a double shot, and a glorious woohoop, I went to the spot, and found one of my friends, his gun having been loaded with snipe shot only, had turned over two deer, which of course were passing very close, the one quite dead; the second succeeded in getting up and hiding itself in the bush, nor could we afterwards recover it.

In my second day's chase, not very far from the same ground, our party succeeded in bringing home, after very bad shooting on our parts, seventy-five woodcocks, at which I, for one, was very well satisfied.

We set sail on our return home that night; and, to my infinite annoyance, when a considerable distance from

the harbour, I discovered that my gold watch and chain had been stolen from my cabin; after many inquiries, I discovered that some Russian sailors had been on board my cutter, and on the following day I did all in my power, with the kind assistance of the head magistrate, to detect the thief, but for a considerable time to no effect. At last the old Spanish proverb came to my assistance, "Good words cost nothing," and with fair speech I endeavoured to persuade the one I most suspected, to tell me all he knew about the matter, and to return me my property, when, to my infinite surprise and relief, it succeeded perfectly: he said, that on my releasing him from custody, and allowing him to proceed unmolested on board his vessel, he would meet me in half an hour with both watch and chain. I thought it my best chance to take him at his word; within the stated time he acted up to it, and returned me both uninjured, save being very greasy. I afterwards ascertained that, by way of concealment, he had thrown it into a large oil jar, which no Black Sea trader is without, and which being an article so much apparently exposed, and so constantly in use, was never suspected to contain such a treasure. I returned delighted on board, and set sail homewards instantly.

About this time I chanced to make the acquaintance of a very celebrated character, residing in Albania, at the entrance of the Corfu Channel, the aga of a town called Murto, immediately behind the Black Island. This far-famed individual, by name Rassuli, enjoyed the soubriquet of the Black Robber. I consider myself fortunate in being one of the first Franks who succeeded

in establishing a friendship with this extraordinary character.

On my first visit to him, I accompanied the resident of the island; we were received with kindness and true Turkish hospitality; coffee, pipes, and that most refreshing beverage, which Turks alone know how to mix —sherbet. Being in quarantine with the country, we were accompanied by a guardian, who also acted for me as dragoman or interpreter; on our taking leave of him, we made bold to ask a request to see, that which in Turkey is considered almost too sacred to talk about— his wife, when, much to our astonishment, he said he would consent to do so, provided we Franks would return him the compliment, by bringing over our ladies to shew him. He probably thought at the time, that it would never enter our heads to do so, but the resident well knowing he could depend upon his amiable lady and daughter consenting, much to the surprise of Rassuli, stated he was agreeable to do so, and within a few weeks after, he made good his promise. He, of course, received us with all the attention he could command—shewed us his house and family, and had a most sumptuous dinner served up to us, consisting of all sorts of Eastern dishes, at least thirty in number, and, as is always their custom, brought to the table, one by one; we were served and attended (a very high honour) by his own sons, three very handsome boys.

After our repast, we proceeded to put him in mind of his promise, regarding the ladies in his harem, which he would most willingly have forgotten, and endeavoured for a considerable time to evade the subject; but, upon

our reminding him how impossible it would be for a Mussulman to forego his word, he gave orders, that his favourite and beautiful wife should be led into our presence. This lady was, indeed, most lovely, and I should suppose about twenty-one years of age; she was the first of her religion I had ever seen unveiled, except, perhaps, for a chance passing glimpse, although I had previously travelled through many Mahomedan countries, including Albania, Turkey in Europe, some portion of Asia, and had spent a considerable time in the Barbary state of Morocco.

We were all, without exception, enchanted with her appearance. Her dress was very curious and becoming. On her head, she wore a small scarlet fez, or cloth cap, her hair was braided into two tails, hanging gracefully behind, most magnificent earrings of massive gold depending from her tiny ears, her neck almost hid by aldermanic chains of purest ore, a vest of blue velvet, embroidered with such care and elegance that whole years seemed to have been spent on its execution, and a short jacket, vying, likewise, in richness with the other portions of her costly attire. Her waist (ah! such a waist! Titian's Venus can scarce boast the like, no tight-laced stay had ere profaned it) was encircled by an enormous stomacher of plates silver-gilt, the centre-piece of which was circular, and about ten to twelve inches in diameter; beneath this, and partially concealing it, was a handsome shawl, wound round her body; a pair of wide loose trowsers made up the sum total of her attire: slippers, she wore none, to conceal her elegant little feet.

The regards of surprise with which she beheld us, when she summoned up sufficient courage to peep from under her luxurious eyelashes, are but to be compared to that of a scared antelope. No wonder, poor lady; I believe it to have been the first time she had ever left her husband's harem, to go into the company of strangers, and these, men and infidels.

She remained in our presence about half an hour, during the whole of which time she was standing on the ottoman at her lord's feet, we enjoying our chiboohs. We repeatedly requested him to allow her to be seated, stating how painful it was for us to see her standing, but he turned a deaf ear upon our entreaties. Enough, patient creature, it was her lord's will, she obeyed.

I was afterwards admitted, with the ladies of our party, to the harem itself. The room was small, and its fitting up very similar to most of the others I had seen in different parts of Turkey,—very little furniture, save two or three ottomans on the different sides.

Having conciliated his friendship most materially by a present of gunpowder, I was never after, on any of my future visits, refused the sight of the aga's favourite wife, when at home, although unaccompanied by ladies, and seldom was this permission denied to the friends that accompanied me. The most unlucky instance was, when I took Mr. Lewis, the author of those beautiful sketches in Andalusia, to Murto; they stated she was from home. Rassuli allowed Mr. Lewis to take a drawing of himself and sons, but by her not being there, he was prevented even the chance (which otherwise I think would not have been denied) of sketching her also.

Rassuli had often heard us talk of shooting, and never failed to endeavour to persuade us to try some day, under his guidance, the celebrated island of Syhota (now commonly called the Black Island), where he assured us there were a large number of wild boar. There being little other game on the island, added to its distance from Corfu, made the persuasions of Rassuli ineffectual, till one day in the summer, when no other occupation presented itself, a party of us agreed to take the robber at his word, and make a descent upon his boasted preserve.

Accordingly, a party of seven left Corfu in a friend's yacht, of the R.Y.S., one evening, and, arriving at the abode of my esteemed friend, he at once acceded, with delight, to our proposition, and proceeded to make preparations for the much talked of and long rejected chase. A very opportune present of some gunpowder and toys, in which latter articles he appeared to take great delight, accelerated considerably the proverbially slow movements of the Moslem; and after our eyes had been gratified by a glimpse at his pretty wife, we proceeded, and, according to his directions, about twenty of his men commenced driving or scouring the island, all the sportsmen having been previously placed in the tracks or passes through which the boars had been in the habit of running. A set of more wild, desperate-looking fellows I never saw, and such a group collected together cannot be well imagined. One man, in particular, caught my attention. He was working hard in the service of beating the wood for us, utterly regardless of a severe wound in the shoulder, which he

had received only a few days previously from a musket-ball.

Having placed ourselves, each distant from his neighbour about thirty paces, the Albanians commenced beating the wood towards us. Scarcely had they done so, when a shot was heard from one of our party, with a loud and exulting exclamation of "By Jasus, I've hit the ugly *baste!*" Indeed he had hit him; in a few minutes he dropped dead; and a larger or more grizzly boar I never beheld. The slaughter proceeded. In less than an hour, three more were slain, and, returning to the yacht, we exulted over our fallen monsters, two huge boars, and two smaller ones, one of which latter was the prettiest and best-shaped little pig I ever beheld.

Never shall I forget the delight of the Nimrod who had slain this latter. He had never known before what it was to kill a large animal, and his exultation at slaughtering a lovely little pig knew no bounds. It may seem cruel and cold-blooded; persons who sit quietly at home, and know not the delights of the chase, may say, and with some truth too, that the wanton destruction of animal life is no better than unwarrantable cruelty; but I defy the man who has no sporting propensities to imagine the pleasure which one experiences at first seeing drop to his gun a huge animal like a wild boar.

Returning on board, we cast a net into the sea, and took between fifty and sixty very fine fish, after which the slayer of one of the wild animals exultingly flayed and cut up the huge carcase in the light of a bright moon, which, unobscured by a shadow of a mist, threw

her blushing rays on this completion to the work of this glorious day.

A great deal has been said about the sharks that are sometimes seen in the Mediterranean, and many persons still believe that they are voracious, like the Atlantic shark. I would not of course tempt one willingly, nor expose myself unnecessarily if I knew a place abounded with them; but I have, like yourself and most others, been always in the habit of luxuriating in fresh sea-water during the summer season in the Mediterranean, and I never but once met with any adventure, when, whether by accident, or whether according to the natural disposition of the beast, I will not pretend to give an opinion, I was brought into very close contact with one, and escaped, not only untouched, but without any attempt having been made by him to attack me. I was at anchor in my cutter, in a lonely bay, within four miles of Cassopo (where that atrocious act of murder and piracy was committed in June, 1840, the two unfortunate victims of which you may recollect were brought to Corfu in a boat, which we fell in with in Corfu channel),* when just stepping on deck after my usual morning's swim, the master pointed out to me a shark, which was amusing himself by swimming round the cutter. Whether he was looking for me or not I will not pretend to say, but there could be no doubt of his being a genuine shark, and that I had, most unconsciously, been in much more close contact with him than I should at any time consider agreeable. Shortly after

* See the full account of this *supra*, p. 49.

this circumstance, I was withdrawn from my little independent command in the lonely island of Paxo, where I had, nevertheless, contrived to enjoy many a happy hour.

Now, if the relation of these little events should serve to recal agreeably to your mind, or to the minds of any of our friends who shared with us the pleasures and amusements we have both enjoyed in and about Albania and the Ionian Islands, and the various scenes it has been our lot to witness, I shall not repent having written what seems to me a very long and tiresome letter.

Yours, most sincerely,

A. A. T. C.

THE END.

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CORRIGENDA.

Page 29, *for* " Governor of Candia " *read* " Seraskier Pasha."

— 74, *for* " Churiara " *read* " Chimara."

DIRECTIONS TO BINDER.

Map to face Title Page.

Plate, " Vale of Tempe," to face page 163.