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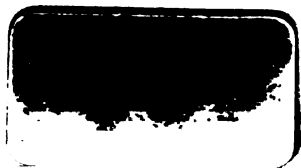
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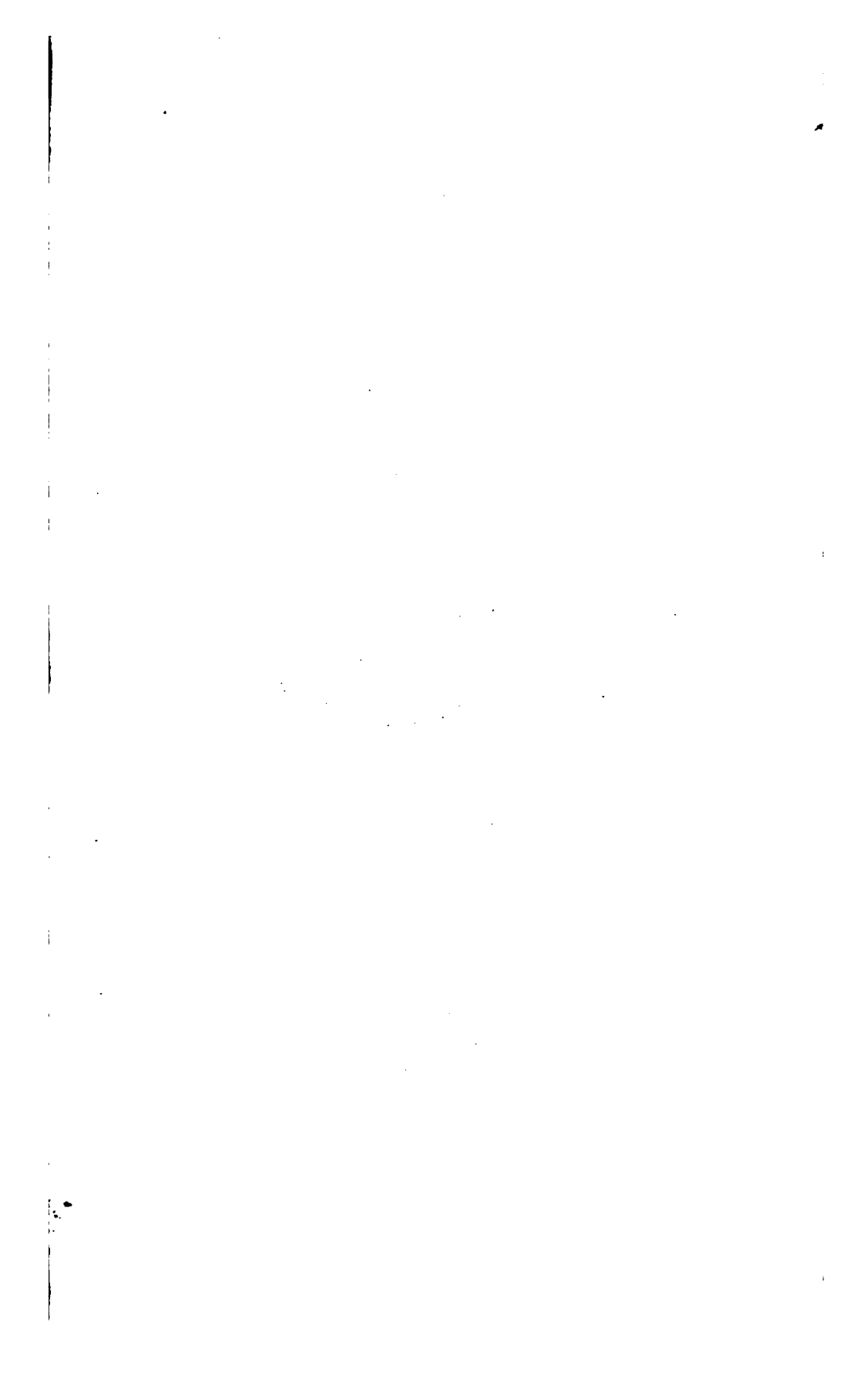


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TRAVELS
TO AND FROM
CONSTANTINOPLE.

VOL. I.

LONDON :
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S.A.MALUKKIE.



LADY OF MOUNT LEBANON.



ARABE PERSEPOLIT.

TRAVELS
OF
CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY
J. G. LEITCH.

VOLUME FIFTH.

CONTAINING
THE
REMAINDER OF THE
JOURNALS OF
THE
EXPEDITION
TO
CONSTANTINOPLE,
IN
1829.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY
RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY,

NEW BURLINGTON
GARDENS,

LONDON.

1837.

1870

1871

1872

T R A V E L S
TO AND FROM
CONSTANTINOPLE,

IN THE YEARS 1827 AND 1828 :

OR

PERSONAL NARRATIVE

**OF A JOURNEY FROM VIENNA, THROUGH HUNGARY,
TRANSYLVANIA, WALLACHIA, BULGARIA, AND
ROUMELIA, TO CONSTANTINOPLE ;**

AND FROM THAT CITY TO

**THE CAPITAL OF AUSTRIA, BY THE DARDANELLES,
TENEDOS, THE PLAINS OF TROY, SMYRNA, NAPOLI DI
ROMANIA, ATHENS, EGINA, POROS, CYPRUS, SYRIA,
ALEXANDRIA, MALTA, SICILY, ITALY, ISTRIA,
CARNIOLIA, AND STYRIA.**

BY

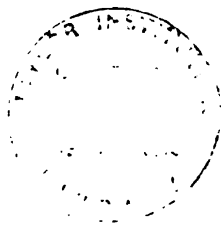
**CAPT. CHARLES COLVILLE FRANKLAND,
ROYAL NAVY.**

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON :
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.



DEDICATION.

TO REAR-ADMIRAL THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD COLVILLE,

OF CULROSS.

MY DEAR LORD,

PERMIT me to dedicate to you the following sheets, containing some part of three years' rambles upon the continents of Europe and Asia.

They consist for the most part of a mere transcript of my Journal, unembellished by any attempts at authorship; and were originally composed solely for the amusement of my own domestic circle, and for the fireside of my more intimate friends.

They will be found to be full of faults, and more particularly such as are almost inseparable from the familiar style of *Journal writing*.

From such as these latter I should have found it difficult to free my humble pages, nor indeed could I have attempted so to do without totally altering the form of the manuscript, and divesting it of that character to which alone it pretends, namely, that of a mere "Personal Narrative," by which I understand a simple relation of what I myself saw, heard, and felt.

To you, who have ever been my kind friend and patron, I again recommend my poor little book, *mon premier né*: treat it kindly; and while you excuse its faults yourself, deprecate in others those criticisms which I am but too conscious it deserves.

Receive it, my dear Lord, as a proof of affection and regard, from

Your dutiful Nephew,

CHARLES COLVILLE FRANKLAND.

London, February, 14, 1829.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. I.

	Page
Costumes : a Mameluke, a Lady of Mount Lebanon and an Arab Princess	to face the Title
Map of Turkey, with part of Austria, Hungary, &c. showing the Author's route from Vienna to Constantinople	1
The Passage of the Danube at Giurgevo	43
Plan of the Environs of Constantinople	93
The Seraglio Point, Scutari, Leander's Tower, and Olympus	138
View of Scutari, from the road above Dolma Batchi	141
View of Constantinople from the Heights towards Belgrade	151
View of Buyuk Deré	152
View of Constantinople from Fener Batchi	160
The European and Asiatic Castles of the Bosphorus	157
Greek Papas at Chalki	161
Turkish Musicians at Principo	163
Djouk Soyou	167
Turkish Ladies	168
Hunker Eskellessie, a fountain on the Asiatic Shore of the Bosphorus	172
Bosphorus from the Giant's Mountain	174
Teskeré, or Turkish Passport, with an Endorsement	177
The Castles of the Dardanelles	225
Sketch of the Plains of Troy, with the Author's route	232
Inscriptions found upon the Plains of Troy [Nos. 1, 2, and 3]	236
Distant View of the Bay and City of Smyrna	257

	Page
The Palamide, &c. Napoli di Romania	285
A Bird's-eye View of Bairout	352
A View of Bairout from the Westward	353

VOL. II.

Costumes : a Lady of Damascus, a Lady of Aleppo, and Arab Sheik of the Mountains to face the Title	
Sketch of part of Syria and Palestine, showing the Author's route in the District of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and the most eligible route through the Holy Land	1
Sketch of the Castle and Village of Solima	11
Temples of Faccra	31
A Sketch of the Natural Bridge over Nahr el Leben	34
View of Baalbeck	70
A View of Damascus	107

VIGNETTES.

Crucifix in Wallachia	29
Albanian Soldier	44
Hadjee Achmet	60
Temple of Apollo Thymbrius	239
Pedestal for an Idol	359
Aqueduct of Berytas	362
Ancient Sarcophagus	367

CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Vienna.—Deutch Altenbourg.—View of Presbourg.—Hungarian Villages.—Peasantry.—Pest and Ofen.—Gale of Wind on the Steppe of Soraskar.—Nature of the Country.—Felegyhaza.—Szegedin.—Temeswar.—Negligence of outpost.—Lugos.—Lenneck on the Maros.—Deva.—Costume of Transylvania.—Siboth, and Latin of the Country.—Hermanstadt.—Rothen Thurm.—Saxon Colonies.—Quarantine Station.—Frontier.—Kinnin.—Giurgius Steriopoli.—Anecdote. - - - - 1—21

CHAPTER II.

Passage over the Carpathian Mountains.—Exertions and perseverance of Wallachian Guides.—Kurte d'Argish.—Costume of Wallachians.—Fording the River Argish.—Gipsies collecting Gold-dust.—Houses and Haystacks.—Churches and Convents.—Crucifixes.—Pitesti.—Steriopoli's Chateau.—Waggons drawn by Buffaloes.—Bucharest.—British Consulate.—Dr. Griffiths.—Presentation to the Hospodar.—Go-

vernment and State of Wallachia.—Soirée at Dr. Griffiths'.
—Marli Ballacciano.—Torches of Bucharest. - 22—37

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Bucharest.—Mode of Travelling.—Night at Tiya.—Wallachian Villages.—Giurgevo. — Embarkation of horses. — Ferryboats. — Danube. — Ruschuck. — Khan. —Eagerness of Turkish Soldiery to learn European tactics.—Fortifications of Ruschuck.—Evening Devotions of Hadjee Achmet and Surrudjee.—Illuminated Minarets of Rasgratz. —Khan at Rasgratz.—Ramazan of the Turks, and Religious scruples. —Tumuli and Cemeteries.—Ruined Towns and Villages.—View of the Balkan.—Sylvan flowers.—Bulgarian cottages, costume, and manners.—Shumla, or Chumla.—Gipsies.—Dragoleu.—Dancing girls.—Midnight ride.—Chali Kavack.—Hadjee Achmet's pistols. — Fording the river Kamtchi Sú.—Gallantry of Turkish peasants.—Passage over the Balkan.—Nocturnal ride.—Carnabat.—Pastures at the foot of the Balkan.—Conduct of Turkish herdsmen.—Scenery about Brimale. — Fording a river. — Forests. — Buffaloes.—Faki.—Roumeliote peasantry. — Country beyond Turki.—Kirk Iklessee.—Conduct of Hadjee Mehmet.—Scene in the Khan.—Nocturnal ride to Burgaz - - - 38—76

CHAPTER IV.

Departure from Burgaz.—Plains of Roumelia.—Tumuli, and observations thereon.—Caristrania.—Obelisks.—Breakfast.—Pasha of Burgaz, with his Charem, or Harem.—Bridges and Pavé.—Nature of the country.—Tchorlu.—Departure from Tchorlu.—Deserts.—Sea of Marmora.—View of Selyvria.—Narrow escape of our baggage horse.—Town of

Selyvria.—Stone bridges.—Buados.—Clean café.—Supper with Tartar.—Voices of the Imaums before day.—Departure from Buados.—Nature of our route.—Turkish troops of Nizam Djedid.—Costume and equipment.—Báyík Tchekmadjéh.—Troops and sick soldiers.—Kútchúk Tchekmadjéh.—First view of Constantinople.—Desolation of the environs.—Cemeteries.—Entrance into the city.—Embarkation.—View of the Port and Squadron.—Pera.—Hotel.—Repose. - - - - - 77—92

CHAPTER V.

Visits of Ceremony.—Hasty tour of Pera.—Scenery.—Grouping of Orientals.—Armenian females and cemetery.—Greek women.—British embassy.—Attack of Cholera Morbus.—Hadjée Achmet's visit and exculpation.—Visit to the walls of Constantinople.—Canine scavengers.—Anecdote of Turkish humanity.—Ottoman squadron.—Visit to the Antiquities of Constantinople.—Palace of the Divan.—Seraglio.—Human heads at the Gate thereof.—Failure in an attempt to get into the Mosque of Santa Sophia.—Caserne of Nizam Djedid.—Conduct of the Aga.—Antiquities.—M. de Ribeaupierre.—State of the Ottoman fleet.—Candiote sailors.—State of the Nizam Djedid.—Cemeteries.—Hydraulic columns.—Sultan going to Mosque.—Bazaars and Bezesteens.—Environs of Pera.—Turks in the cemeteries.—Turtle doves.—Tomb-stones.—Contrast between my hotel and the neighbourhood of Pera. - - - - - 93—126

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to Belgrade.—Bendts.—Romäika.—Return to Pera, by Aqueducts and Sweet Waters.—Dancing Dervishes.—Conduct of Turkish females.—Lapidation by Turks.—

Dolma Batchi.—Visit to the Sweet Waters.—Mosque of Eyoub.—Anecdote of Englishman and Eunuchs.—View of Constantinople.—Excursion to Therapia and Búyúk Deré.—Scenery on the Bosphorus - - 127—155

CHAPTER VII.

Roumeli Hissar.—Excursion to Scutari and Fener Batchi.—Trip to the Islands of the Propontis.—Monasteries of Chalki.—Tombstone of Sir Edward Barton, and Inscription.—Papas.—Principo.—Pic-nic.—Turkish Musicians.—Romäika.—Convent and Shrine of Panagia.—Maniacs and Idiots.—Return to Pera.—Ball at the British Palace.—Pic-nic at Djouk Soyou, on the Bosphorus.—Reis Effendi's wife.—Conversation with her.—Excursion on the Bosphorus.—Mosquito Fleet.—Sultan going to Mosque by Water.—Pic-nic at Hunker Eskelleasie.—View from the Giant's Mountain.—Gouter at Búyúk Deré.—Return to Pera.—Farewell Visit to the Bosphorus.—Proposal from the Swedish Minister.—Disappointment.—Preparations for Departure.—Determination to go by Sea to Smyrna in an English brig.—Visites de Congé - - 156—219

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Constantinople.—Sea of Marmora.—Hellespont, and notice upon the castles of the Dardanelles.—Tenedos.—Greek Vice-Consul and his daughter.—Turkish Aga.—Nizam Djedid.—Visit to the Plains of Troy.—Locusts.—Sources of the Scamander.—Bournarbashi.—Cemeteries.—Simois.—Callicolone.—Hallil Elli.—Supposed Temple of Apollo Thymbrius.—Return to Bournarbashi.—Incivility of Turks.—Bivouack at Yeiklé.—Return to

CONTENTS.

xiii

the brig.—Sail for Smyrna, escorted by an Austrian brig-of-war.—Arrival at Smyrna.—Reception from the British Consul - - - - - 220—246

CHAPTER IX.

Visits to the Cambrian.—Turkish bath.—Promenades in Smyrna, and lapidation by women and children.—Excursions to Bournabat, Boujât, and Sediqué.—Passage of locusts.—Remarks upon the Bay of Smyrna and its city.—Character of the Pasha Hassan.—Murder of the late Pasha, Mehmet Effendi, by Koshrew Capitan Pasha.—Cape Colonna.—Poros.—Mavrocordato and Tricoupi. — Hydra and Spezzia.—Napoli di Romania.—Reflections on the state of Greece - - - - - 247—286

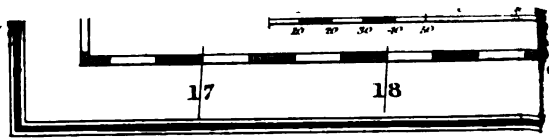
CHAPTER X.

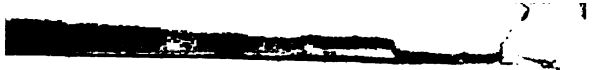
Visit to Bourgi, and to Lord Cochrane.—Rencontre with Colonel Heydeck.—General Church.—Visit to Grivas in the Palamide.—Departure in his Majesty's ship Seringapatam for Athens.—Dandolo fires into the town of Spezzia.—Bay of Salamis.—Visit to Athens.—Piræus.—Phalerum.—Delhis.—Interview with the Pasha Ibrahim's Divan Effendi.—Visit to the Pasha.—Dinner and debauchery of Turks.—Via Sacra.—Jupiter Olympius.—Desolation and ruin of Athens.—Temple of Theseus.—Reflections.—Hill of Mars.—Recollections.—Musæan Hill, and tomb of Philloppappus.—Conduct of Turkish sentinels.—Return towards the Piræus.—Greek Tambouri, and field of battle.—Apprehensions and conduct of Turkish escort.—Sunset upon the Bay of Salamis, and our re-embarkation for the ships.—Visit to Egina and its Temple.—Poros and its lemon groves.—Dispersion of our little Squadron.—Inner harbour of Poros,

and visit to Prince Mavrocordato.—Departure on board the Raleigh for Cyprus.—Arrival at Larneca.—Change of destination, and new projects.—Visit to Larneca and the British Consul.—Cypriotes.—Dinner at the Consul's.—Observations upon the Saracenic or Gothic architecture.—State of Cyprus.—Arrival of the Mootselim.—Grand dinner at the Consul's, and visit of ceremony to the Mootselim.—Departure for and arrival at Baruti, or Bairout. - 287—324

CHAPTER XI.

Description of Bairout.—Visit to the British Consul.—Excursion to Mount Lebanon.—St. George and the Dragon.—Description of the scenery in the Mountain.—Maronite Convent and Monks.—Consular quarter.—Remains of Phœnician Temple.—Ave Maria and Signor Fioravanti di Bologna.—Picturesque heads and figures of Maronite Ascetics.—Striking group at the Consul's.—Return to Bairout.—Head-dress of Maronite women.—Express from Lady H. Stanhope.—Sail for Seide.—Return to Bairout.—Departure of the Raleigh, and my disembarkation.—American Missionaries.—Venere Astarte and ancient coins and idol.—Occupations and incidents.—Warlike rumours, and Frank consternation.—My metamorphosis from Frank to Mameluke.—“Story Teller.”—Departure for the Mountains.—Encampment.—Antiquities.—Emir.—Sarcophagus and Aqueduct.—Sarcophagi.—Feast of the Cross.—Camelions.—Bee Eaters.—Message from the Emir Beshir.—Preparations for departure. - - - 325—373





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100

JOURNEY FROM VIENNA

TO

CONSTANTINOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Vienna.—Deutch Altenbourg.—View of Presbourg.—Hungarian Villages.—Peasantry.—Pest and Ofen.—Gale of Wind on the Steppe of Soraskar.—Nature of the Country.—Felegyhaza.—Szegedin.—Temeswar.—Negligence of outpost.—Lugos.—Lenneck on the Maros.—Deva.—Costume of Transylvania.—Siboth, and Latin of the Country.—Hermanstadt.—Rothen Thurm.—Saxon Colonies.—Quarantine Station.—Frontier.—Kinnin.—Giurgius Steriopoli.—Anecdote.

A WONDERFUL revolution had just taken place at Constantinople, which attracted the attention of the civilized world, and which seemed to be the dawn of a new era in the history of one of the most extraordinary and interesting empires of the earth. The Sultan

Mahmoud had trod in the steps of the greatest reformer of nations the world had yet seen—Peter the Great, and, like that monarch, had extirpated a factious and ungovernable soldiery, who upon all occasions had shown themselves the enemies of civilization and of the best interests of humanity. My imagination was captivated by the grandeur of the supposed Barbarian Emperor's character, and I resolved to repair to the capital of Constantine, and to see with my own eyes that admirable man, who at one blow had annihilated his most dangerous enemies, and had at once shaken off those shackles of prejudice and fanaticism which had for ages bound his Imperial predecessors and the whole East in the worst of slaveries.

An opportunity for indulging my wishes soon occurred, and accordingly, MARCH 24, 1827, I left Vienna at ten o'clock for Constantinople, in company with an English gentleman who was going thither upon business of importance, in his caleche with two horses. The weather was threatening, and we saw nothing extraordinary on our route as far as Deutch Altenbourg, where

there is a remarkable tumulus, supposed to be the tomb of a Turkish general slain here some hundred and fifty years ago. This I do not believe, as I penetrated some little way into it, by means of an excavation which was making in it, and I observed that its basis was composed of an irregular mass of sandstone, and that its interior bore no appearance of being raised by art. It may be, however, that a natural protuberance in the surface of the soil suggested this place as a favorable spot for the erection of a tumulus, and interring the illustrious dead within it.

We saw several immense stone shot in the old walls of the town; supposed to have been fired into it by the Turks at the period above mentioned.

Upon leaving Deutch Altenbourg we caught some fine views of the Danube, and shortly after Presbourg, with its lofty citadel upon an imposing eminence, burst upon us, with the city and the Danube at its feet. It is not easy to fancy a finer view than this. As my companion was charged with despatches from Sir Henry

Wellesley to Mr. Canning, we had deemed it advisable to proceed with all haste to our destination, and had purposely (to my regret) left Presbourg out of our route, on our left hand. The roads now became most dreadfully bad, the mud being up to the axle-trees.

The Hungarian villages are like the Irish or South American, but if possible more dirty than either. Their chief characteristic seemed to us to be mud and filth; but nevertheless the cottages seemed to be comfortable. They are all of one form, having the gable-ends towards the road, and lighted merely at these ends. They compose one long straggling street, in which you sink mid-wheel in mud and ordures.

The Hungarian peasantry resemble the Gauchoes of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, and as I learn, the great family of Esclavonians, who are scattered over so large a portion of the south-east of Europe. They are clad in sheepskins, and are dirty and greasy enough.* They

* The holiday costume of the better classes is very similar to the uniforms of the Hussar regiments of Europe.

are, nevertheless, well fed, cheerful, humble, obliging, and apparently contented. They speak a kind of confusion of tongues, Hungary being an immense receptacle of the various Nomades, such as Esclavonians, Germans, gipsies, Greeks, and *tutti-quant*. Latin is understood, and even spoken by the better class of peasantry or rather *bourgeoisie*. The nobles all speak it fluently, and the debates in the Diet are carried on in that language. We spent the first night in the carriage, the weather being sufficiently mild to admit of the carriage being open.

MARCH 25.—The roads still execrable all the day. The country without a stone or bit of gravel to make a road of; all, all, was mud. We reached Ofen at midnight, and crossed the Danube over a prodigious bridge of boats to the city of Pest. Ofen is frequently called Buda, which is, I believe, its Turkish appellation. The city of Pest stands on the left bank of the Danube. It is celebrated, in conjunction with Buda, for its literature, its observatory, and uni-

versity. The united population of the two cities is about 100,000. Buda is renowned for its warm mineral baths, constructed, I believe, by the Turks, when they were so long masters of this country; and I apprehend that the etymology of its German appellation is derived from "Ofen," an oven, stove, or furnace. We obtained, by the assistance of a watchman, admittance into the inn "Das Weiss Schiff,"—"The White Ship," and after much delay, procured beds and water.

MARCH 26.—At six we arose, and were, as is usual in bad inns, much cheated and uncivilly treated by the German landlord. We left Pest at eight, and caught a splendid view of Ofen, with its citadel, its towers, and domes, and bridge, and river, as we galloped along over a good *chaussée* towards the south-east; a tremendous gale blowing from the north-west; the Danube foaming, fretting, and tearing its angry course with immense velocity through a sandy and desert-looking country. At the first post, Soraskar, the country became one immense tract of sand, without a blade of grass, or a

tree, or a bush, to relieve the monotony of the plain. The dust rolled around in clouds, and penetrated in all directions. The light of the sun was obscured as by an eclipse, and the horizon was enveloped as in a thick fog. I suffered dreadfully in my eyes, and had reason to thank my stars that we had *il vento in popa*, for I should otherwise have been most assuredly blinded, as, indeed, were apparently many of the unfortunate peasants who were going towards Pest. We saw many houses unroofed by the gale, and some roofs in the act of flying off. I never witnessed such another gale in Ireland, or even off Cape Horn.

I observed several little animals of the weazel kind, which burrow in the earth: they are of a dirty white colour, and have a bushy tail, (query, are they what are called ground-squirrels?) We saw several large buzzards. Towards sunset, a storm of rain coming on abated the wind a little. I saw an immense large brown bird, which, when it rose from its heavy flight, I judged to be of the vulture tribe. We also saw several storks. We had by this time quitted the sand, and the coun-

try began to assume a better appearance. Had I been blindfolded, and placed down in this country, and were the bandage to be withdrawn suddenly from my eyes, I should have declared that I stood in the midst of the Pampas of South America. The same boundless plain, the same bogs or pantanos, the same swarthy, savage-looking population, and the same huts or wigwams, (for they are but little better than the Ranchos of the Gauchos.) We halted at eleven at night at the post-house of Felegyhaza; here we took a cup of tea, (which, by the bye, made me very sick when I got into the carriage). The postmaster was an intelligent, civil, young German soldier, who had served in Italy, and spoke Italian fluently. We passed the night in the carriage, always pursuing our route. The weather cold, and uncomfortable enough.

MARCH 27.—We breakfasted at Szegedin,*

* Here is a curious old fortress of brick, having casemates, &c. flanked by round towers. It is a kind of irregular square, and is all in decay and ruins. In this town were stationed two battalions of Hungarian infantry, and the regiment of the King of England (Hussars.)

upon excellent coffee and milk. Here we came to the river Theisse, which falls into the Danube, not far to the south-west. The country still one vast plain, but more green and smiling. At 2. 30. we crossed the river in the ferry-boat, to a little village called Klein-Kan. The view from the bank is pretty and civilized. Here we dined well upon proached eggs, ham, and soup. Our track still continued over an immense plain, full of ruts and holes. We saw several vultures and cranes. We travelled all night, the roads being still execrable.

MARCH 28.—At four in the morning, we reached the outer barrier of the fortress of Temeswar, and found not a soul at the gate, either as sentinel or watchman. We only obtained admittance into the fortress by means of our postilion's activity, who clambered over the barricade, and reached the *corps de garde*, where he found a corporal, with whom he returned and opened the gate. This circumstance did not give us a very favourable impression of the discipline of the garrison, in one of the strongest fortresses of the Austrian empire. We break-

fasted at the post-house, and entered a formal protest in the post-book against the conduct of the outpost, a copy of which was sent to the commandant for his edification. On leaving the town, we caught a fine view of the Carpathian Mountains, and as we advanced, of many lofty glaciers backing the lower ranges. Near Lugos our postilion threw down his horse, and broke the pole. - The road thus far is good and *chausséed*.

We dined at Lugos, a large town, with some good houses. Here is a fine church of the Greek rite, having a curious fresco painting on its western front, representing the death of the blessed Virgin, who is lying in her bed, while the three persons of the Trinity are looking complacently down upon her from heaven. The "Bannat," in which country we now were, is a fine, open, and well-cultivated plain, watered by four rivers, *i. e.* the Maros, Danube, Tibiscus (or Theisse), and the Tcherná, which make a kind of rhomboid round Temeswar. Some parts of the country are, however,

very marshy and insalubrious. The cottages of the peasantry are made of wattles, and plastered with mud: the poultry and pigs seeming to be quite as well lodged as their masters. The weather was now delicious. About an hour from Lugos, we came to a broken bridge, and had great difficulty in forcing the carriage across the deep brook which the broken bridge was thrown over. In this operation we were civilly assisted by some Germans, who were going by in a Styrian waggon. We had previously endeavoured to prevail upon two gipsies, who were tranquil spectators of our difficulties, to help us; but one of them refused to get into the water, and to wet his feet. The rotten state of the harness, which broke at every pull, made us almost despair of extricating the carriage from its position; but fortunately, we had some spare rope with us, and by this means at length succeeded in drawing the carriage up the steep bank. The inhabitants of this country do not speak German, but a dialect of Latin mixed up with Slavonian, and

we had considerable difficulty and trouble in making the postilions comprehend us. At Kassan my companion had a great fracas with the postmaster about the negligence with which the service was performed, and the time we were detained there for horses. Shortly after, we came to a dreadful bog, through which we had to toil until day-light, when we had a fine view of the river Maros.

MARCH 29.—Breakfasted at Lenneck upon the Maros: here the scenery is very beautiful, the river being broad and winding its way through lofty mountains. At Deva, the next post, is a fine old Roman Castle, standing upon a conical eminence of rock. Augustus and Trajan are both cited as the builders of this castle. Dr. Clarke inclines to the latter, as Roman coins of his reign and of his successors are found here. It appears, however, to have been repaired and re-fortified *à la gothique*, probably by the Teutonic Knights, or the Knights Templars, who it seems held lands here and further onwards upon the frontier, and who,

according to ancient chronicles, were serviceable barriers against the Ottomans. We had fine views of the glaciers upon leaving the town; and I made a sketch of the position. The road this day led through a fine champaign country, with plenty of wood, corn and pasture, primroses and violets all around us; we saw many vultures, and a vast variety of the buzzard tribe. The vulture seems to me to be the *vultur corvus* of Linnæus, or what is commonly called the Turkey buzzard, from its resemblance to the black turkey.

The dress of the peasants is remarkably picturesque, the high Dacian cap, and long vestment of sheepskins, just as that warlike nation is represented in the Roman bas reliefs, illustrative of Trajan's conquests in this part of the world. The women wear a peculiar kind of jacket with open bosom, hanging sleeves, and somewhat ornamented with gold or silver: they have hanging before and behind them, from the waist down to the midleg, a kind of apron of chequered stuff, somewhat resembling the tartan of the Celts: (query, does this not indicate one com-

mon origin?) We were now in Transylvania; the villages savage and dirty, cottages of wattles, the postilion speaking Latin. "Sun multi rupi, domine," said he to me, whenever the road was bad. We saw many gipsies. We dined at Siboth, a neat posthouse, but with very few resources for hungry travellers. Here we saw many letters of which the address was written in Latin. The roads now became bad, and we took six horses.

MARCH 30.—At day-light, we saw Hermanstadt before us, bounded on three of its sides by mountains, and on the fourth by the lofty tract of Transylvanian downs. The situation beautiful, and as the sun arose the scenery was quite bewitching, for here he gilded the tops of the many domes and cupolas of Hermanstadt, and there he threw all his succession of tints upon the summits of the lofty glaciers. We were much amused on seeing the peasants coming out of the town, and going into it, driving their cattle and carts, the women sitting astride upon the horses, and performing the duties of the whip with great dexterity. They were gene-

rally very pretty. Hermanstadt is a large dirty straggling town, the mud being half axle deep in the streets. A little river, called the Zibbin, runs outside of the walls on the Deva side, which afterwards falls into the Olta or Aluta. The town has been formerly strongly fortified, and has often proved itself a bulwark against its Osmanlee enemies. Its walls are now falling into decay, and still bear marks of barbarian violence and prowess, in the shape of shot holes, which are more carefully preserved by the good citizens, than the walls, which show such honourable records. It contains about sixteen thousand inhabitants, and has several convents and churches. We were detained at the post office by the utter negligence of the postmaster, until 7. 15. My companion went to the Commandant, and at length procured an order for the post horses, without which order no traveller can proceed on his journey.

The views on leaving Hermanstadt are magnificent, for you now turn your face towards the famous Pass of Rothen Thurm or Red Tower.

We reached the Rothen Thurm at half-past nine, and found there two very pretty Saxon girls, Catty and Lilie, descendants of the Saxon colonies of the heptarchy, which have been for ages established in this country, and also in Hungary. They are always the most industrious, cleanly, respectable and thriving people of the nation, among whom they are settled. Their origin is involved in obscurity and tradition.

Here is the last post on the Austrian frontier, and a military station with a Lieutenant-colonel commanding it. He was absent, and we breakfasted in a miserable canteen. However, as we were extremely hungry, we relished fried ham, eggs, coffee, and brown bread exceedingly. The Red Tower is in itself nothing remarkable, but below it are several tiers of heavy cannon frowning down upon the pass : on the left side of the road is a chancellery or *douane*, and here your passport is *viséed* and countersigned by the commandant or his deputy. We enjoyed the luxury of a good purification, shaving and clean linen, after having passed four nights in the carriage.

The scenery in the pass is nothing very striking. A river* runs rapidly through it. We reached the quarantine station at three. Here we halted to procure information as to our proceeding onwards with the carriage over the mountains. We found several couriers of various nations waiting here to carry on the next dispatches from Constantinople. I called upon the director of the quarantine, and talked German to his wife, a good old lady; who, finding that we had no provisions with us, most kindly furnished us with a ham and three loaves of bread, for which she would accept of no remuneration, and which we afterwards found of the most essential service.

The roads now became dreadful, full of immense stones and deep ruts. I made a sketch of an old tower upon the hither bank of the river. Towards sunset we arrived at a little rivulet, which forms the boundary between Transylvania and Wallachia. Here is a guard-house

* The river Olta, or Olt, (in the German maps, Aluta,) which empties itself into the Danube at Turnof.

and a picquet of Austrian soldiery, or rather of Wallachians in the Imperial service, odd-looking fellows, clothed in sheep-skins. On the Wallachian side we found the Hospodar's postmaster-general, a Greek, clothed in the Oriental costume, mounted on a pretty little horse, and attended by his secretary. He spoke German fluently, and received us with great civility, promising to come and dine with us at the next station.

We reached Kinnin at about sunset, and were quartered in a wretched mud-hut for the night; for we could not venture to proceed at so late an hour over the mountains. Here we repaired damages, and fished* the pole of the carriage. We supped with the postmaster at his own house, who treated us most hospitably. His name is Giurgius Steriopoli. His conversation was extremely entertaining, and he related

* Nautical phrases, for the use of which I ought to apologise to the reader. The first will be readily understood; and the second means, patching up a broken spar with flat pieces of wood tied firmly on with rope or cord.

several curious anecdotes of the Turks during their late occupation of the principalities. Among others was the following:—A Turkish soldier (an Aga of Arnäouts) had been in the habit of borrowing money of him, which he generally repaid, at uncertain periods, with usury; but upon some of these occasions his demands were rather inconvenient, and could not be easily complied with. At length one day the Aga came to Steriopoli's house, much intoxicated, from a carouse with some of his brother soldiers, and demanded three or four thousand piastres in a very peremptory manner. Steriopoli remonstrated, and assured him that he had not four hundred in the world. The Turk became the more irritated in proportion to the humility of the Greek; and at length with great threats of vengeance and outrageous language left the house, promising to return on the following day and carry off the money by force, or one of his daughters instead of it. Steriopoli was very much alarmed, and related the circumstance immediately to some other

Turks, mutual friends of his and of the Aga's, requesting their interference and aid. The Turks readily agreed to save him from the fury of their countryman; and early on the following day went armed to Steriopoli's house, and concealed themselves in an apartment contiguous to the principal room. Here they quietly awaited the arrival of the Aga, who soon coming thither, proceeded immediately to demand the four thousand piastres from the cunning Greek; which being refused him, he drew his yatagan, and, threatening the affrighted Steriopoli with immediate death, was proceeding to execute summary vengeance upon him, when the Turks rushed into the room, and, attacking the Aga, knocked him down, and beat him so furiously with the butts of their pistols, that they left him for dead upon the floor. Steriopoli profited by this circumstance, to have his friend carried quietly to the house of the Governor, where he left him, and never after was troubled by his inconvenient visits. Steriopoli warned us not to enter any houses

in the district through which we had to pass, as a malignant fever, very much like the plague, was said to have made its appearance on the Wallachian side of the Carpathian mountains.

I was devoured by vermin all night upon my bivouac, and rejoiced when the appearance of daylight rescued me from their torments. We made an agreement with the postmaster to send us on with eight horses to the carriage, and four to the baggage-waggon, with extra men* when necessary, and a capitano, or guide, as far as Bucharest, for five and a half ducats of Austria. We breakfasted with our Greek friend; and set off for the passage over the mountains, at forty minutes past seven in the morning of the 31st.

* These extra men are very useful in holding the carriage up by force, and in balancing it upon the edges of ravines and precipices, and upon the many abrupt inequalities of surface.

CHAPTER II.

Passage over the Carpathian Mountains.—Exertions and perseverance of Wallachian Guides.—Kurté d'Argish.—Costume of Wallachians.—Fording the River Argish.—Gipseys collecting Gold dust.—Houses and haystacks.—Churches and Convents.—Crucifixes.—Pitesti.—Steriopoli's Chateau.—Waggons drawn by buffaloes.—Bucharest.—British Consulate.—Dr. Griffiths.—Presentation to the Hospodar.—Government and State of Wallachia.—Soirée at Dr. Griffiths'.—Marli Ballacciano.—Torches of Bucharest.

MARCH 31.—The weather was threatening and gloomy, the clouds hanging half-way down the mountains. At about half-past eight we crossed the river Olta Alp in a flat boat, and disembarked upon a rocky uneven shore, full of streams and ravines. The rain now began to fall, and we had the unpleasant prospect of a day's tedious ascent through the clouds. As the day advanced, we were obliged to descend from the carriage and to walk over the heights, in many places totally deviating from the road, which was generally impracticable for a carriage. The first part of the journey led over a boggy

and spewy kind of grass mountain ; but towards evening we came to fine forests of beech-trees, many of which had been thrown down in all directions by the storms of wind and the undermining influence of the waters. The mountains all around us were richly clothed with forests, in which were occasionally interspersed a few fir-trees. The roads or tracts became more and more difficult and steep as we advanced ; often leading over ravines which are traversed by means of rotten and trembling platforms of trunks of trees, so ill put together that frequently the horses ran the greatest risk of breaking their legs, by falling into the spaces between tree and tree. Indeed it is not easy to imagine any thing more arduous than these ascents, or more determined and persevering than the Wallachian postilions and guides ; for I am convinced that no *civilized man* would entertain an idea of the practicability of these passes.

Towards evening, as we were descending into some deep valleys, and were flattering ourselves that we had passed all the dangers of the route, we were reposing quietly in the carriage,

when suddenly we were overturned in the prettiest manner imaginable, upon the side of a mountain torrent. Fortunately we were going slowly; and although the caleche was completely inverted, it sustained no other damage than the demolition of one of the lamps, and ourselves none at all. It was ludicrous to behold the face of terror and concern with which the capitano came and looked into the carriage, as it lay upon its roof, to see if we were alive or dead; and to witness his delight and surprise, upon beholding us quietly hand out all that impeded our exit, and then get out, arrange our dress, and laugh immoderately at the ridiculous posture in which we found ourselves. The positions and himself each expecting to be well bastinadoed, could not at all comprehend our gaiety, and total unconcern at what had happened, and our readiness in assisting to right the carriage, which we effected without much difficulty.

As the night approached, we were again involved in all the difficulties of the mountains, such as torrents, bogs, and precipices; and at one time were obliged to put on the

four horses from the baggage-waggon to our own eight, in order to drag us over a very dangerous ascent, on the most precipitous side of a mountain, in which the carriage sunk almost axle-deep in the mud, and during which the greatest apprehension was, that the harness breaking, or the horses jibbing, might force us backwards headlong down the precipices. My comrade got out of the carriage, and lighting our remaining lamp, and giving a little hand-lantern to the capitano, was of essential service in showing the best way to the benighted and fatigued postilions. It rained in torrents all the while; and we thanked God most fervently, when, after fording two or three swollen, rapid streams, we arrived at the eastern foot of the Carpathian Mountains, at a miserable post-house called Kurté d'Argish. Here we resolved, as it was past midnight and continued to rain in torrents, to halt for the night; and sending all our people into the mud hovel, called a post-house, made ourselves up for the night in the carriage, where both of us slept perfectly well until daylight.

APRIL 1.—We breakfasted upon tea, (which we carried with us,) eggs, the ham and bread, given us by the directress of the quarantine, most heartily, surrounded by our Wallachians, making ourselves comprehensible through the medium of the little Latin we could muster, interspersed with Italian and Spanish.

The Wallachians are a fine, robust, active, and civil people, exceedingly poor, but well and warmly clad in coarse brown woollens, or as frequently in sheepskins. They wear on the head the high sheepskin cap of the Transylvanians. Their bodies are clothed in a kind of jacket of skins, or woollen, open at the breast, with hanging sleeves; a kind of kilt, or shirt, hanging down to the knee, of coarse linen; the legs in wide trowsers, sometimes fastened at the ankle; the feet in a sandal of hide. The jackets of the better sort are ornamented with fanciful braiding round the edges and seams, and the corners with flowers neatly worked in colours. Our capitano, who was a dandy in his way, and an old soldier, wore a handsome jacket, a sash round his waist, with his arms inserted therein; a pair of breeches

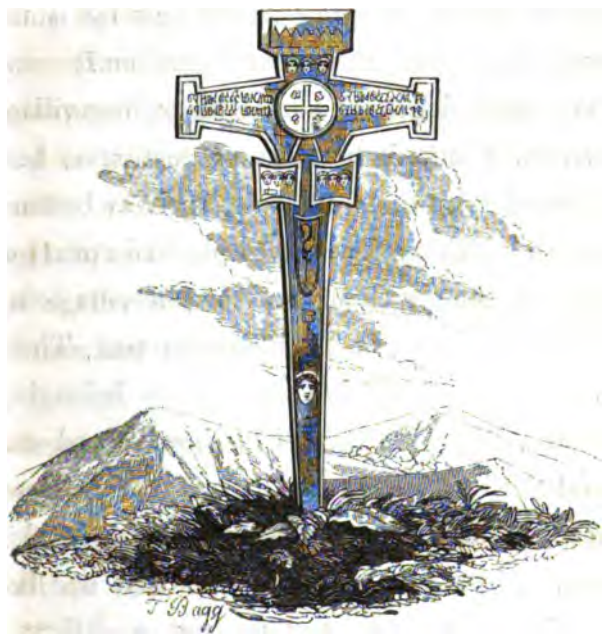
of sheepskin, and a pair of Turkish boots, with large hanging tops of white cloth, braided and flowered with blue.

We left Kurté d'Argish at forty minutes past six, and soon came to the banks of the river of that name; this was considerably swollen by the rain of the preceding evening, and looked dangerous to ford. Nevertheless, the guides rode in, and reported favourably, and we soon forded the stream; which was however so rapid, that the postmaster, who followed us on horseback, was near being drowned, his horse having lost his footing, and himself having fallen into the river. The women who were collected on the opposite bank, seeing this, began to scream; and a Wallachian, instantly plunging in, grappled hold of him, who had meanwhile recovered possession of his bridle, and soon got out of danger. The river d'Argish is said frequently to produce gold-dust, as indeed do many of the streams arising in the Carpathian Mountains, all of which contain more or less of auriferous metals; the famous mines of Nagyag being in this,

region. We saw many gipseys employed in washing the sand, and collecting the gold, although they offered none to us for sale. The operation is very simple, being merely the washing of the sand upon an inclined plane of board, the lighter parts going off with the stream of water, and the heavier particles remaining behind upon the board; these are generally grains of gold. The gipseys stand nearly knee-deep in the torrents, performing their simple task. This kind of occupation suits their idle and indolent habits, and is sometimes, as I learn, very lucrative. They carry the gold in quills into the cities of Hermanstadt and Bucharest. In the village we observed a most beautiful church; and near it, upon a hill, a large convent.

I must not here forget to mention a singular contrast which strikes the traveller, between houses under ground, merely covered in with a wretched thatch, and houses perched up like those of the Paraguay Indians in the trees. We saw likewise many haystacks similarly situated. Of these underground huts we had seen some

previously in Transylvania; but of the haystacks and huts in the trees we saw none until we reached Wallachia. We noticed many beautiful Greek churches and convents. They are all uniform in their architecture, having a neat belfry, and a front pierced with a pretty arcade or colonnade. I observed many crucifixes,



Crucifix in Wallachia.

sometimes three together, and sometimes twelve all in a row. These crucifixes are covered with inscriptions in the Wallachian character, and with the most barbarous symbols of the Deity, of the Blessed Virgin, of the Magdalen, St. John, and other saints. I never saw among the Mexican or Peruvian idols any thing more grotesque or barbarous than these objects of veneration and worship.—(Query, how far is the Greek church removed from Paganism?)

We reached Pitesti, a large straggling village or town, about forty minutes past one; here we found symptoms of trade, such as bazaars, through which we drove over planked streets or lanes; all the merchants and shopkeepers being clad in the Greek or Turkish costume. There are many handsome-looking houses belonging to the Wallachian Boyars in Pitesti; and our friend Steriopoli seems to be one of that class, judging from the splendid exterior of his house. Here one begins to feel that one has left Europe and arrived among a different people; for at this point the manners and

costume of the East first begin to show themselves. We visited a chateau belonging to our friend Steriopoli, and saw some fine peafowl and pheasants in his court-yard, guarded by a handsome palisade. The country, as we left Pitesti, became one vast plain; the horizon all around us, excepting in our rear, being as level and blue as the sea. The roads were very much cut up by the rains, and full of deep ruts and bogs. Towards evening we upset a horseman, who came violently in contact with our cattle, going at full speed, and threw down our near-wheeler. (We had at this time reshipped our baggage, and dismissed the baggage-waggon.) The weather during the night was fine, but very cold, a frost having succeeded to the rain; and a north-easter to the south-wester of yesterday.

APRIL 2.—Still enormous plains; we passed several convoys of waggons, (drawn by buffaloes,) which are peculiar to this country in their construction, each wheel being of the same size; in other respects they resemble the barbarous Wains of Austria and Transylvania. We saw

many droves of buffaloes, and a vast many storks, and buzzards, kites, and other carrion birds. At about eight o'clock we caught a glimpse of the towers and domes of Bucharest, lying in a sort of hollow in the plain. We reached the capital of Wallachia at nine; and, driving through a straggling dirty town, presenting a strange mixture of European luxury and Oriental filth and squalour, reached l'Hotel de l'Europe, where we were comfortably and cleanly lodged, to our great delight, after a fatiguing journey of nine days; during which time, we had only slept in a bed once, namely, at Pest, and then only for four hours. As for our bivouac at Kinnin, it was infinitely worse than remaining in the carriage. My companion was charged with packets and letters from Sir Henry Wellesley to Mr. Blute, the British Consul at Bucharest; and as soon as we had refreshed and washed ourselves, we repaired to his house. Passing through boarded streets and bazaars, and observing many gaudy caleches and old-fashioned-looking chariots well-varnished, and

glittering with a profusion of gilded ornaments, driven by a most anomalous-looking animal of a coachman, half barbarian, half coxcomb; and containing some fat boyard in his immense bulbous-looking calpac of felt, or covered with staring red or green velvet, and shrouded in his rich pelisse trimmed with furs.

The British Consulate is a handsome house, standing in an European-looking garden. Here we found the Consul, with a Dr. Griffiths, an English medical gentleman, who had been some years established in Bucharest. With the latter we dined at two, and were most hospitably and agreeably entertained by him and his Countess. At seven in the evening the Consul called upon us, and took us in his carriage to be presented to the Hospodar of Wallachia.* His Highness received us with the greatest affability, rising from his sofa, and standing upon it as he received us. He then gave us pipes and coffee, and we conversed with him in Italian

* Nicholas Ghika, a Wallachian by birth.

and French. He is a middle-aged, good-looking man. His revenue is about three hundred thousand pounds sterling, and he is said to have amassed an immense fortune, which he has lodged at Vienna. His military force consists of a few hundred Albanians, the Turks having evacuated the principality, with the exception of the frontier town of Giurgevo, where they have still a garrison.

The Hospodar of Wallachia holds his appointment only for seven years, at the end of which he must resign; he may, however, be re-elected by the Porte, if he have either influence or money enough to secure such re-election. Most of these temporary sovereigns are so well aware of the value of time, that they have taken care to amass great sums of money during the period of their rule. His government is purely despotic; but he may be deposed by the Porte, upon any well-founded complaint against him being lodged by the native boyards, with whom he is at present embroiled, respecting the application of sundry sums of public money,

which he is suspected of having converted to his own private purposes. His Court resembles the private dwelling-house of a poor German noble; and when we had the honour of an audience, we saw no appearance of pomp or sovereignty, other than that of a few fine Albanian guards, and an artful and suspicious-looking Italian Dragoman, who remained all the time in the presence. Upon quitting the Hospodar, we were desirous of being presented to his Highness's sister, the Princess; but as she was not prepared to receive visitors, she sent an excuse, declining the honour of our visit.

I learnt from Mr. Blute, that Wallachia is capable of producing great quantities of corn, cattle, horses, tallow, hides, and honey; and that many of the native boyards are extremely rich; but that the country is ill-governed, and its natural resources much neglected.

Bucharest stands upon a small river, called the Domnitza, which joins the river Argish, a little to the south-east of Bucharest,

and falls into the Danube below Giurgevo. We now returned to our hospitable friend, Dr. Griffiths, who had invited some of the boyards, with their ladies, to come and meet us for the evening. One of these ladies was a most bewitching and fascinating creature, with a fine classic Greek countenance, eyebrows arched like half-moons, eyes which beamed like the gazelle's, and seemed to melt into softness; hands and arms fit for a statuary to model from; and her pretty bust enveloped in such a delicious little Greek jacket of black velvet, embroidered with gold, that I felt it worth while to have come all the way from Vienna to have had the pleasure of beholding her. Her name is Marli Ballacciano; her conversation was lively and agreeable, and her manners highly polished and lady-like.

The females of Bucharest are renowned for their beauty and their attractions. I felt that it might be a dangerous place to remain long in; but regretted that the morrow would, in all probability, hurry me away into a country where I

should see no more pretty faces, and enjoy no longer the sweets of female society. We returned to our hotel at eleven o'clock, fatigued, and glad to get into a clean, comfortable bed.

We learnt from our friends that Bucharest contained about seventy or eighty thousand inhabitants, three hundred and sixty churches, and twenty or thirty convents, monasteries, and nunneries. The number of the religious professions seems to bear an immense and fatal disproportion to that of the laical. At night we were lighted through the streets by men bearing torches made of the pitch pine tree; indeed, they were merely long pieces of this fir lighted at the end, and yielding a most prodigious blaze. These rude and primitive torches gave very much the appearance of demons to the ragged wretches who bore them. The strange mixture of Oriental and European costumes and manners, which strikes the stranger at every step in Bucharest, makes it a very interesting place to the picturesque traveller.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Bucharest.—Mode of Travelling.—Night at Tiya.—Wallachian Villages.—Giurgevo.—Embarkation of horses. — Ferryboats. — Danube.—Ruschuck. — Khan.—Eagerness of Turkish Soldiery to learn European tactics.—Fortifications of Ruschuck.—Evening Devotions of Hadjee Achmet and Surrudjee.—Illuminated Minarets of Rasgratz.—Khan at Rasgratz.—Ramazan of the Turks, and Religious scruples. — Tumuli and Cemeteries.—Ruined Towns and Villages.—View of the Balkan.—Sylvan flowers. —Bulgarian cottages, costume, and manners.—Shumla, or Chumla. —Gipsies.—Dragoleu. —Dancing girls.—Midnight ride.—Chali Kavack.—Hadjee Achmet's pistols.—Fording the river Kamtchi Sû.—Gallantry of Turkish peasants.—Passage over the Balkan.—Nocturnal ride.—Carnabat.—Pastures at the foot of the Balkan.—Conduct of Turkish herdsman.—Scenery about Brimale.—Fording a river. — Forests.—Buffaloes.—Faki. —Roumeliote peasantry.—Country beyond Turki.—Kirk Iklessee.—Conduct of Hadjee Mehmet.—Scene in the Khan.—Nocturnal ride to Burgaz.

APRIL 3.—We arose early, and commenced re-packing; for here my comrade determined upon leaving his carriage, and it became necessary to

make a new stowage of our clothes, books, &c. Mr. Blute had very kindly hired a Tartar, with a green turban, to carry us on to Constantinople, for the sum of one thousand three hundred piastres;* and we were to make the journey, as far as the Danube, in the carts of the country, and from thence to the Turkish capital, on horseback. The distance is about four hundred miles. We employed all the morning in changing our Austrian money for Turkish ducats and piastres, and in making various necessary arrangements for a journey through a country where, during the Ramazan, or Lent, of the Turks, nothing but eggs and coffee is to be procured.

We left Bucharest at 2. 45., with four waggons, one for each of us, one for the Tartar, and one for the baggage, each drawn by four little savage-looking horses, and driven by as savage-looking a postilion (mounted upon the near wheeler), who keeps shouting out in a melancholy manner to his horses, and whose monotonous cries are re-echoed by his fellow-drivers.

* N.B. A piastre is worth about fourpence English.

These little waggons are about a foot and a half from the ground, and are the rudest and most extraordinary vehicles I have ever yet seen or heard of. You are dragged along, with immense rapidity, through bogs and ruts, over brushwood, and through ravines and streams, seated upon a truss of hay, and nearly shaken to death by the violence and rapidity of the motion. Nevertheless, in spite of all the inconvenience, and even pain of your position you cannot avoid laughing most heartily at the grotesque and ridiculous appearance which you make, squatted cross-legged upon your truss of hay, or lying backwards at full length in your waggon, your feet protruding through the front, and your legs in danger of being broken by the heels of the galloping wheel-horses; the dust and mud flying into your eyes, nose, ears, cravat, hair, and every part of your body. Our Tartar, Hadjee Emir Achmet, preceded us with the utmost gravity of countenance, smoking his short chibouque, or pipe, neither appearing to sympathize in our discomforts, or to partake of our joviality. We changed horses

several times, and crossed the river Argish, over a rotten and trembling bridge of boats, towards sunset; but could not reach Giurgevo that night, on account of the swelling of another river, over which the bridge was not practicable.

We halted at about 9. 30. o'clock, at a wretched mud hovel, at Tiya, where the post is established, and here we took up our quarters for the night, Mr. — being very unwell from the motion of the waggon. We supped with Hadjee upon tea, and bread, and eggs, and lay down upon our saddles and the horse rugs which we had brought with us from Vienna. Here we were, as usual, devoured by fleas, and were glad to set off at daylight.

APRIL 4.—About five o'clock we resumed our seats upon our trusses of hay, and drove rapidly towards the Danube, passing by some villages of underground cottages, whose exteriors presented the appearance of so many dung-hills. In many parts of Hungary and Transylvania these miserable abodes of wretchedness are to be met with. The ancient Sarmatians, I believe, lived very much in similar dens.

These wretched hovels are merely oblong excavations in the earth, about three feet in depth, over which a miserable roof of sticks and straw is thrown. The entrance is by one of the gable ends. Nothing can be more *abrutie* than the existence of the Wallachian peasantry.

At six, we reached a little river on the Wallachian side of Giurgevo. There was a bridge, but it was not practicable for our vehicles; and here it was a question, whether we could ford the river. Upon experiment with an empty waggon, we found that it was too deep for us and our baggage to attempt the passage. We ourselves, therefore, clambered over the bridge, and made the people carry the baggage over it likewise on their shoulders, while the empty waggons were towed swimmingly over the river.

We entered the fortress of Giurgevo about 6. 30. This, for a Turkish fortification, may, perhaps, be reckoned strong: it is surrounded by a good wall, and has bastions of gabions or fascines at certain intervals, mounted with cannon. It is an important point, inasmuch as it com-





PASSAGE OF THE DANUBE AT GIURGEVO.

mands the passage over the Danube from Ruschuck. It is a large, straggling town, and is pretty from the Danube. It presents, in its interior, the semblance of all other Turkish towns, namely, dirt and wretchedness, wooden houses and shops, mosques and minarets, (and here and there, by the bye, a Greek church or two). Giurgevo has a Turkish garrison in it.

We traversed the town, and went out through a sally-port upon the bank of the Danube, which had risen considerably, owing to the late floods. We had to drive a long way through the water, under the walls of the town, until we reached the quay. Here was collected a number of horses, purchased for the remounts of the Turkish cavalry. It was curious to see the way in which the furious-looking Turkish soldiery drove the poor, trembling, snorting animals into their huge, rude, misshapen ferry-boats. These boats are of a very primitive construction, extremely sharp at both ends, nearly flat-bottomed, high pooped, and low in the bow. They have an immense ill-

rigged mast, and a huge shoulder-of-mutton sail, and when once under weigh, are extremely picturesque in their appearance.



Albanian Soldier at Giurgevo.

The Danube may be here about a mile and a half broad; but as Ruschuck lies a good deal higher up the river, the passage is rather long. It was a fine calm morning, and our Turks landed upon an island called Slobodsé, and towed the

boat along a considerable way, after which they ran us ashore two or three times. We reached Ruschuck at 8. 40., and disembarking upon a kind of open beach, beneath a formidable battery, among the Turkish boatmen, we went to a khan, (a kind of café,) looking upon the beach, and here purified ourselves, some female gipsies eyeing us all the while, and talking a great deal to us as we washed at a well in an outer courtyard. We reposed a little, while the Tartar was making arrangements for our horses, &c. I was much amused with the Turks, who showed the greatest curiosity respecting our arms; and one or two of whom, taking hold of a rifle belonging to Mr. —, went through the manual and platoon exercise as taught by Europeans. They then asked me to do the same, which I did, to their great satisfaction. They next begged me to show them how to face and to wheel, which I likewise did; and arranging some half dozen of them in battalia, put them through various manœuvres, to their great delight. I was much surprised with the quickness they showed in learning this; for, at first, they did not know

how to face or to wheel, but stepping backwards or forwards too far, always came violently in contact with each other. The aptitude which they showed for martial exercises, made me tremble for the success of the cause in the Morea; for should the Turks once take cheerfully to the new system of organization, Europe will find them more formidable than she had ever thought them to be. I endeavoured to sketch some of the most remarkable-looking of them, and this seemed to flatter their vanity exceedingly, as they stood still, looking very complacently all the while, and asked to see their portraits afterwards.

Ruschuck is a fortified and large town. It has a wall and a trench, with drawbridges, all around it. The fortifications are, however, apparently much neglected and decayed. Its position upon the bank of the Danube is very commanding, and it has many fascine bastions, well garnished with cannon, towards the river. It contains about nineteen thousand houses: a great proportion of its inhabitants are Greeks and Armenians. It has a considerable com-

merce by water with the towns of Hungary, and even with Vienna. Its minarets and domes give it a very picturesque appearance. It was taken by the Russians, under Kaminski, in 1810, and set fire to by Kutusof on evacuating it, when pressed by Ahmed Aga.*

At twelve o'clock, we set off with our cavalcade, consisting of ourselves, Hadjee Achmet, a postilion, or surrudjee, and a baggage-horse, through steep and irregular streets, and a kind of open market, separated from the town by a palisade and gate; we then came to the outer wall or rampart of gabion or fascine, and passing through a gate, and over a drawbridge, entered a cultivated country, with one most beautiful valley full of picturesque cliffs and woods. At sunset, Hadjee Achmet and the surrudjee dismounted from their horses at a pretty little fountain, performed their ablutions, and repeated long prayers; after which they walked round and round the fountain several times, and sung a kind of monotonous canticle, or hymn, the only words of which that I could distin-

* See Dr. Walsh and Dr. Clarke.

guish were Allah! Allah! Amaum! Amaum! About nine in the evening we discerned, from a distance, the minarets of Rasgratz illuminated, it being the Ramazan, or Lent, of the Turks.

We reached Rasgratz very much fatigued, at about 9. 30., and alighted at a tolerably clean and spacious khan. Here we threw ourselves down upon the mats which were spread round the room, took coffee with the Turks, who were squatting down all around us, and making some punch of brandy from our stores, made up our bivouacs upon our rugs and saddles, and retired to repose; but not until we had induced our Tartar, although a hadjee, to drink a good glass of punch, assuring him that it was not wine, and making signs that Allah, although it were Ramazan, shut his eyes, and did not behold such little peccadilloes. The Turks were, however, inexorable, and would drink none. I left a glass full purposely on a little tabouret, which was placed near me; and in the morning the punch had disappeared, although the glass remained! I slept tolerably, being too much fatigued to mind the fleas.

APRIL 5.—We set off at five, and passed by several tumuli and sepulchral stones; the former, our guide told us, were the burying-places of a Russian force which had been defeated here. These sepulchral stones have a most curious appearance; they are of all shapes and dimensions, and are stuck into the ground in every direction. They look at a distance like an immense flock of grey geese or cranes, grazing upon the plains. We saw many more in the course of the day's ride, far away from any symptoms of habitation. There is perhaps nothing more remarkable throughout the journey from the Danube to the Bosphorus, than the frequency of these vast cemeteries, which meet the eye in all directions, most of them far removed from the habitations of the living: they form so many cities of the dead, and the total silence and desolation which reign around them cannot fail of striking melancholy sensations into the breast of the traveller.

The Turks usually surmount their grave-stone with a rude turban of the same material; but if the number of these sepulchral stones

which are without that ornament, afford any criterion for judging of the relative proportions of the two religions, (after deducting the usual calculation for women and children,) I should not hesitate to say, that of the past generation, at least three-fourths must have been Christians; and I see no reason for supposing that the number of that communion should have decreased during the present generation.

During the whole of our journey to Constantinople, at sunrise and sunset, Hadjee Achmet and our surrudjees never failed to perform their religious ceremonies, and to pray and sing to Allah; and this they did with becoming gravity, although I own I was now and then tempted to laugh at their barbarous shouting and monotonous chanting. Sometimes, by way of contrast, I would sing them a cavatina by Rossini, or an aria by Mozart, to their great astonishment; although I fear they thought their own strains much more harmonious than those of the giaour.

Hadjee Achmet was an excellent and cheerful

fellow : he had been at Mecca, at Bussora, Damascus, Aleppo, Cairo, Alexandria, Morra, (or Morea,) was at the siege of Missolonghi, hated the Muscovites and the Rayas, but loved the pretty girls (cockonas) of Bucharest, with a zeal becoming of a true believer. O! bella! bella cockonitza! Bucharest"—he would exclaim in his lingua franca, folding both his hands, and pressing them on his bosom.

We passed through several ruined towns and villages, bearing the appearance of having been destroyed by the hand of war. Towards noon we had a fine view of the great ridge of Mount Hæmus, or as the Turks call it, the Balkan. All the loftier mountains were covered with snow, but the lower ranges presented a kind of line of isolated, round mountainets, very blue, and beautiful to look at. We passed through some fine woods, and observed great quantities of wild anemones, ranunculuses, Virgin Mary's cowslip, cyclamins, a great variety of the vernal crocus, violets, and forget-me-not, and several other flowers to me unknown, who am but a poor botanist.

We breakfasted at a little village called Lazzan, in a clean Bulgarian cottage. Nothing can exceed the cleanliness and comfort of the interior of these humble dwellings, which, although their exterior does not present an inviting appearance, are whitewashed neatly in the inside, the clay floor nicely swept, a clean mat always ready for the stranger, near the blazing wood fire, every article of their little domestic *menage* cleanly scoured, and hung around the room. The poor people themselves, humble and obliging, give you readily all they have; such as milk, eggs, and fresh, brown bread, or rather cake, which they make before your eyes, upon an iron griddle. They are all Christians of the Greek communion.

Their women are extremely beautiful, having, it is true, a skin dark as the mulatto's, but such faces, hands, feet, and arms, as would serve for models to the statuary. They are fond of trinkets, and all wear handsome gold or silver armlets or bracelets, much resembling in shape the Turkish or Persian bracelet, so much the fashion in Germany. Their costume resem-

bles that of the Wallachian women,—a kind of half turban in the matrons, and their own long hair ornamented with gold coins in the maidens, ear-rings of gold or silver, rings of silver on the fingers; a jacket with short wide sleeves, open at the throat and bosom a little embroidered; and a petticoat, having the skirt of various colours, which is very becoming. Their feet are always bare, and beautiful.

The men are in general robust, but not remarkably well favoured; they are all alike in features, and I have frequently thought that I have seen the same individual in every cottage. Their dress consists of a sheepskin cap, a large loose jacket of coarse brown cloth, a sash of worsted or silk round the waist, a capacious pair of breeches, and their legs encased in sheepskins or coarse woollen hose, their feet in sandals of hide.

They seem to be the most humble slaves of the Turks (whom, however, I have detected them eyeing, with contempt and detestation, when they have thought themselves unperceived). They are all disarmed, and are the *rayas* or

slaves of their Turkish masters, whom it is easy to discern among them by their turbans, their air of superiority, and their pistols in their girdle ; for every Turk, down to the meanest hamaal or porter, carries these weapons, and sometimes a yatagan or a sabre. Hadjee Achmet always styled the woman of the house "boba." He was generally kind and caressing in his manner to the sex, as far as I saw of him : he always paid generously for what little we had received ; and if we chose to make a present to the poor boba or her children, the most unbounded gratitude was expressed by their smiles and eyes.

We reached Shumla, or Chumla, at about two o'clock, having crossed a very high and steep ridge of sandy but well-wooded hills, in which we were caught by a violent storm of snow and rain.

Shumla, or Chumla, is called the Thermopylæ of Bulgaria ; and indeed the pass over the mountains which separate it from the Danube is a very difficult one, but the town itself is commanded by the heights which surround it on three of its sides, in the shape of a crescent.

These heights seem nearly impregnable, and form the chief strength of the fortress, or rather vast entrenched camp.

We saw here many tailors and braziers at work, which gave the town an appearance of activity and commerce. There are likewise many vines upon the sides of the sandy hills which nearly surround Shumla, which therefore I infer manufactures wine. The Russians have twice advanced as far as Shumla, in 1774 and 1810, but have never yet taken it. I should consider the fortress untenable in the hands of European troops.

Dr. Clarke inclines to think that Shumla is the ancient Marianopolis, the capital of Moesia Inferior. It is a large straggling town, having a wall round it, flanked at intervals by brick towers, in many parts broken down and decayed. It has a considerable commerce in braziers and clothing. The country round about it might be even beautiful at a more advanced season of the year. Here we took coffee at the khan with the Turks, changed horses, and proceeded on towards a village called

Dragoleu, observing on our left hand upon the horizon five very high and remarkable barrows.

On leaving Shumla, we passed on our right hand a large encampment of gipsies, with their carts and dogs ranged in battalia round them. This seemed to have been the site of an entrenchment, probably during some former wars. Some of the women came running down to us, begging for charity in rather an importunate manner; but we were soon freed from them by the interference of our Tartar, whose whip, like the rod of the magician, was never waved in vain. The Bulgarians call the gipsies Tchinganéi. It is remarkable, that in Hungary they are called Cyganis, or Czingarris. They are apparently the same people in all parts of the world.

We halted at Dragoleu to supper, it being about nightfall. Our Tartar was very anxious that we should remain here for the night in the cottage. We could not at all divine his motive, when suddenly, in the midst of our supper, in came about a dozen pretty girls, who began to sing a kind of monotonous song, and to dance

to a measured pace, in a circle round us.* We now began to comprehend our Tartar's anxiety to remain here. We were, however, desirous to get on, and resisted the Circean spell which was cast around us. We made the young damsels a present of a few paras; and they all fled upon my companion's endeavouring to kiss the prettiest among them. One of them had previously to their departure, placed a white handkerchief upon my shoulder. I did not know whether to be flattered by this mark of distinction or not, as I was not quite sure of its import

We remounted our horses at eight o'clock, and proceeded slowly through the woods and valleys of the inferior range of the Balkan. As the night advanced, the weather became very unfavourable, snowing and raining almost constantly. The roads were in a wretched plight, and my horse knocked completely up. At one time we came to the remains of a pavé, appa-

* This custom seems to be a relic of the ancient worship of the Syrian Venus—"Venere Astarte." I have since learnt many more particulars respecting it, and only regret that I (from ignorance of its existence in this country) did not more clearly ascertain the fact.

rently of Turkish construction, the stones being often round. At length, after a dreadful night's journey, at 1. 30. in the morning of the 6th, we reached Chali Kavack, a large village, seated between the superior and inferior range of the Hæmus. In entering the village, I had my right eye nearly put out by the branch of a tree which hung over a wall and over the road, but which I did not see. We first rode up to a Turkish house; but here we were denied admittance.

We rode wearily onwards, and on the outskirts of the village, guided by a Bulgarian, we gained admittance into a nice, clean, comfortable cottage. We regretted to perceive that we turned the poor cottagers and a Greek lodger out of the best room; but we were too much fatigued to listen to the dictates of delicacy, and took possession of the mats near a good fire immediately, and stretching ourselves out at full length, soon fell asleep. We were, however, disturbed by the entrance of the owner of the cottage, who seemed to dispute with the Tartar our right of possession; upon which the Tartar looked big, and at length seized his

whip. This last demonstration seemed to produce the desired effect of silencing all argument, and we fell sound asleep. In the morning it snowed and rained tremendously, and now we had no prospect of being able to proceed, until the waters should have gone down a little; we therefore made ourselves as comfortable as we could, breakfasting heartily, and indulging in the luxury of a good purification and shaving.

As there was no table or chair in the cottage, I had been obliged to fasten the looking-glass of my portable dressing-case to a long piece of cord with which some of our baggage had been lashed up, and to suspend it from a beam of the cottage, over which I contrived to throw the other end of the cord. When I had done shaving, and had detached my looking-glass from the running noose which I had made in the end, Hadjee Achmet passed close by me; and as his back was turned to me, I made a motion as though I would throw the noose over his neck and hoist him up to the beam. The Bulgarian cottagers, and more particularly the females, were delighted at this ap-

parent demonstration of hatred towards their Osmanlee oppressors, and gave great outward tokens of satisfaction in their countenances, although they did not dare to let Hadjee Achmet perceive the cause of their delight.



HADJEE ACHMET.

As Hadjee sat at his breakfast at Chali Kavack, one of his pistols suddenly discharged itself, the ball passing through his very capacious nether garment, and entering his saddle-bags, luckily doing no farther damage.

Towards noon the weather brightened up, and the snow changed to rain. At 2. 30., notwithstanding the constant rain, we set off; but had not proceeded onwards more than a couple of hours, when we came to a large river; this we crossed and recrossed several times, the water running at a prodigious rate; at length this river fell into another, (the river Kamtchi-sù, which empties itself into the Black Sea, between Capes Aspro and Mauro,) a much wider and deeper flood, and here our Tartar and postilion came to a full stop, not daring to attempt the ford. After some consideration, we turned backwards, and off a little to the right, over some hills, to a village of Turks. Here they consulted with a venerable old Turk, with a white beard and a green turban, and he called out some dozen of his fellow villagers, who ran down with us to the banks of the river; and stripping off their trowsers and shoes, but retaining their wide linen drawers, two of them seized each of our horses, one by the bridle, and another by the flank of the saddle, and rushed into the stream, bearing our horses up by main force against the violence of

the current, which was running at least six or seven miles an hour, and forcing us in a diagonal direction across the river to the opposite bank. I was much astonished and pleased with the gallantry and alacrity with which these fellows rendered us so important a service; for indeed I think that without their assistance the horses could not have kept their footing, and would most probably have been washed away down the stream. Hadjee Emir Achmet paid them very liberally, and they dashed into the water again, and resuming their capacious nether garments and sandals, returned to their village, which I have denominated the Village of Emirs, each of its male inhabitants wearing a green turban.

This passage over the Mount Hæmus is in no ways interesting; there are no very lofty heights to cross, but you ascend from one plateau to another, cross one height, and when you think you are over the main ridge, you still find you have another hill to go over. We rode on all night; and very wet and weary we were, for it rained incessantly. We reached

Carnabat, a large town with many illuminated minarets, at about fifteen minutes past one in the morning of the seventh of April. Here we descended at a wretched Turkish khan, and, wet and weary as we were, could get no sleep, on account of a number of Turks who were sitting up all night long, eating and drinking; which they cannot do during the day, while the Ramazan lasts. I bore all this for a long time with patience; but at length, finding it past all endurance, I sprung up, and anathematizing them in all the languages of Europe, drove them fairly out of the khan.

At a quarter past seven, we again proceeded to horse. It rained as before; but we obtained some fine views as we rode through the woody plains, at the foot of the Balkan, full of herds of buffaloes, goats and sheep, the herdsmen ferocious-looking armed Turks. In riding through these woody pastures, I was obliged to dismount from my horse, and to retire to a little distance among the thickets; but upon returning to my *monture*, I met a fierce-looking green-turbaned Osmanlee, who seemed to ques-

tion my right of intrusion upon his ground, and from his gestures and loud language, to threaten me, and to forbid my departure from the thicket to rejoin my companions, who were already at some distance. I was however too well armed to fear any rencontre with equal force ; and perceiving that his drift was to intimidate me, and perhaps extort money from me, I drew a pistol from my girdle, and advanced towards him ; upon which, putting his hand upon his own weapons, he withdrew, and left me quietly to remount my horse, and to trot away after my friend Hadjee Achmet, shouting out *chopeck* and *giaour!* (dog and infidel,) at the top of his voice, as I rode off.

These plains are however bounded by another ridge of lofty and woody hills or mountainets, to the south-east ; and we had the mortification of finding that we should still have a tedious day's ride through the mazes of the mountains and forests. Had the weather been more favourable, we should no doubt have enjoyed this kind of scenery very much, but the constant wet and

fog hanging about the heights, added to our weariness of the Balkan, made us sigh for plains.

At twelve, we reached a little village called Brimale, and here we breakfasted as usual well, in a cottage. Shortly after leaving the village, our road lying through beautiful wood and park scenery, over gentle slopes and through fertile valleys, we came to a deep and narrow river. The postilion, after some hesitation, rode in; but, finding the water up to his horse's middle, took fright and came back again. However, after some delay, the Tartar persuaded him to try again, and we all crossed over, the water being up to our knees, as we sat on horseback, and our baggage getting a little wet. The country continued beautiful, and the evening cleared up, which enabled us to get, now and then, some splendid views. The soil hereabouts was gravelly, and the scenery resembled (but was much finer) some parts of the New Forest in Hampshire, the gravel was of the same bright yellow colour, and the wood chiefly oak and beech. These fine trees are all indigenous to the soil,

and are left entirely to themselves, being blown down by the storms, or now and then burnt down by the peasants, who find the process of fire easier than that of the axe. The timber seems to be of no value, as it is left to rot on the ground; but the branches the peasants carry off to build their huts and make their fences with. We saw some deer, and a vast many vultures, and birds of prey of all descriptions. There are many buffaloes in this country, so indeed there are in Bulgaria. They plough and draw the carts, and perform all the duties of oxen: they are the most frightful animals in the world, and look as if the devil had created them as a caricature upon the race of horned cattle. They look like fiends, but are, I hear, quiet, inoffensive, slow animals. Their milk is excellent; but I believe their flesh is hard and ill-flavoured.

We reached Faki, (Umar Fakih,) a large village situated in a beautiful valley, at about fifteen minutes after six. Here we were, as usual, well lodged in a cottage, the Roumeliote

Christian peasantry being apparently of the same race and habits as their neighbours the Bulgarians. We supped gloriously upon eggs, ham, hot cake, milk, and tea (of which we had a store), and slept well until midnight, when, owing to some misconception on the part of our Tartar, who by four o'clock in the morning understood four hours' repose, he aroused us, and brought the horses to the door. We however, after some time, discovered, by reference to our watches, and by the darkness, that it could not be four o'clock in the morning, and lay down again until daylight.

APRIL 8.—We set off at five. Rain and fog all the morning. Our route, as yesterday, lay through woods and mountains; the country superb; the views, although a good deal obscured by the fog, were splendid. I, from being constantly wet, suffered much from rheumatism in my left knee and thigh. We saw a great variety of sylvan flowers, and vultures and buzzards innumerable. At noon we breakfasted at Turki, in a cottage. As we advanced this day, we

passed over and by several mountains, whose summits were covered with immense masses of marble and granite, in such incongruous and fantastic forms, as quite to bewilder the imagination in trying to account for their being so placed and thrown together. Sometimes a huge square block, flanked by taller and smaller pieces, resembled a feudal castle, perched upon a height, and frowning down with its battlements upon the passes. Sometimes a large rock, curiously balanced upon another, looked as if it could be thrust down by the effort of a pigmy into the plains, and crush every thing in its fall. Here, a block, placed upon a kind of plateau, looked for all the world like some huge tortoise upon a dish; and there, were other masses which resembled men's heads and hands, and birds and beasts, in all imaginable postures and situations. In short, it was a perfect chaos, and looked like the vast ruins of some anterior formation, or the wreck of a world destroyed by the Titans of fable. A great deal of the marble was of the most brilliant white,

and some resembled that "king of brescias," the verde antico; the granite was generally red. What a source of riches these rocks would prove to a civilized government! but here they are totally neglected, not a soul being near them for many leagues around. We saw during this morning a prodigious number of storks, who seem to enjoy a kind of immunity from all disturbance throughout Turkey in Europe, as in Holland. They very often take possession of some chimney-top, or some minaret, and there build their great clumsy nest of twigs and clay.

At four in the afternoon, upon reaching the summit of a lofty ridge of hills, we came suddenly upon the town of Kirk Issa, (Kirk Iklissee, or Quaranta Chiesa,) which stands a little below the brow of the hills. From hence the eye roves over the boundless plains of Roumelia, which look as blue and as level at your feet as the sea. Kirk Issa* is, as its name indicates, of Christian

* I have since learnt, that although the name Kirk Iklissee signifies "forty churches," there is no proof of any churches

origin. It had once forty churches in it, but now the minaret lords it over the campanile, and the crescent towers above the cross. There are many beautiful mosques in this town. It is celebrated for its wines, and a curious description of preserve made of boiled grapes and walnuts: this is rolled out into long sausage-looking forms, and contains, in the centre of a sweet kind of pulp, the kernels of the walnuts; in taste it somewhat resembles almonds and raisins. The Turks are very fond of it; and indeed during Ramazan, it must come into full play. The wine tastes very much like cider, and is of a pale yellow or golden colour, somewhat tinged with violet. It is a pleasant beverage, and might be made an excellent wine by a little care and skill. We descended at the khan kept by the postmaster,

having ever existed here. There is, however, a tradition relative to forty Santons, who resided in this place; and thus, perhaps, in the confusion between saint and church, the mistake has originated. Kirk, in Turkish, signifies the number forty. Iklissee is a corruption of the Greek word *εκκλησια* (church).

in hopes, as the evening had cleared up a little, of getting horses immediately, and proceeding on to Burgaz. Upon entering the khan, we found, as usual, a number of Turks squatting upon their mats, smoking and drinking coffee.

We ordered horses; but were given to understand that we must wait while they were feeding. The Turks, as usual, showed great curiosity about our pistols, some of which were upon the percussion principle; and were much gratified by being allowed to fire them, expressing great astonishment at the distance to which a small pair of rifle pocket-pistols of mine threw the shot. We amused ourselves and them in this manner for about half an hour, when we began to be anxious about our horses. An old Turk, who spoke a little German, gave me to understand, that as it was the Sabbath, the postmaster would not be induced to give us horses, unless we agreed to give him five ducats above the usual price; telling me, at the same time, that if we chose to remain

until the morning, we should have them free of the extra charge. This seemed to us to be an imposition; but as our Tartar was bound by his bargain to carry us to Constantinople free of all expenses, we said it was his affair and not ours, and insisted upon being immediately forwarded, the more especially as Mr. ——— was the bearer of despatches. The Turkish postmaster, however, would not listen to our reiterated demands, in *lingua franca* and *malo Russian*, for horses (*“cavalli and cogni”*). The Tartar did not seem to relish the idea of paying five additional ducats, and would not exert himself in our behalf. The postmaster was a Hadjee, a man of authority, and much venerated and feared by the Moslem; he was exceedingly angry at our pressing instances, and threw his slippers about at the heads of his attendants, right and left, eyeing us, as we sat in our corner, with great contempt and abhorrence.

Meanwhile the time wore away, and sunset approached. The Turk sat near the window, holding the shutter in his hand, watching

the descent of the luminary, with his supper of caviar, olives, and cheese, on a little tabouret before him. As soon as the sun had disappeared, his countenance assumed an appearance of benevolence; he called his secretary (a Greek) and his servants around the tabouret, and they soon dispatched the temperate meal which the Ramazan imposes upon all good Mussulmans. He then took his hookah, (this description of pipe is called by the Turks nagelay,) which he smoked through a large crystal vase of rose-water, and offered a pipe to Mr. ———, in token of reconciliation: this was declined, and the Turk's countenance again darkened. We now thought we had better advance the five ducats ourselves, reserving to ourselves the power of deducting them from the half of the Tartar's fee, which remained in our hands. The Turk, meanwhile, arose from his mat and began to say his orisons, turning his face towards the East: he knelt, knocked his head against the floor, rose again upon his feet, prayed, knelt again, again knocked his head against the floor, and repeated

these movements, alternately, twelve times, during which we with difficulty restrained our laughter, and the Turks observed the most profound silence and gravity. This operation being at length finished, we paid the five ducats to the Tartar ; and he, adding thirteen more, handed them to the postmaster, who eyed and weighed them all carefully in his hand, and then locked them up in a kind of strong box which he had in the room. We now hoped that we should get the horses ; but not at all ! The Turk was determined to mortify us by a show of power, and gave no directions about them. In vain we called upon the Tartar to exert himself ; he pointed to his throat, and showed evident signs of terror and dismay. This was at length too much for mortal patience to endure : my wrath was kindled ; and advancing to the Turk, as he sat in the corner, I pointed with one hand to my pistols, shook my clenched fist in his face, and apostrophized him in all the languages I could command, in the hope that he

might perhaps understand some few of the opprobrious epithets which I lavished upon him. He seemed utterly confounded by my gesticulations and volubility ; and perhaps took me for a madman, or one suddenly inspired. I then seized a lighted candle, and threatened to set fire to his khan if he did not immediately order out the horses: to all this he tranquilly replied, in broken Italian, " Cavalli mangiano." The Tartar and the Turks meanwhile looked on in utter amazement, expecting every moment to see the Hadjee postmaster draw his yatagan, and smite off the head of the presumptuous Giaour, who had dared thus to beard the lion in his den.

This demonstration of resolution on my part produced however, although tardily, the order for the horses, which were to carry us on, all the way to Constantinople (three days' journey). At length, at about 8. 30., having been detained here upwards of four hours, we mounted our horses, and proceeded on towards Burgaz. Nothing remarkable occurred during

this long and tedious ride, except the falling of our baggage horse, who was a lame and wretched animal : we were all obliged to alight and assist in unloading and lifting him up. We did not reach Burgaz until half-past four in the morning of—

APRIL 9.—I suffered exceedingly during this nocturnal ride, from the rheumatism ; and was too happy when we reached a wretched khan in the town, where I threw myself down in a corner and reposed for four hours, notwithstanding the efforts which the fleas made to keep me awake.

CHAPTER IV.

Departure from Burgaz.—Plains of Roumelia.—Tumuli, and observations thereon.—Caristrania.—Obelisks.—Breakfast.—Pasha of Burgaz, with his Charem, or Harem.—Bridges and Pavé.—Nature of the country.—Tchorlu.—Departure from Tchorlu.—Deserts.—Sea of Marmora.—View of Selyvria.—Narrow escape of our baggage horse.—Town of Selyvria.—Stone bridges.—Buados.—Clean café.—Supper with Tartar.—Voices of the Imaums before day.—Departure from Buados.—Nature of our route.—Turkish troops of Nizam Djedid.—Costume and equipment.—Búyúk Tchekmadjéh.—Troops and sick soldiers.—Kútchúk Tchekmadjéh.—First view of Constantinople.—Desolation of the environs.—Cemeteries.—Entrance into the city.—Embarkation.—View of the Port and Squadron.—Pera.—Hotel.—Repose.

AT half-past eight we left Burgaz, which seems to be a pretty town, having several handsome mosques and manufactories of pottery in it. We rode through bog and splash and marsh up to our horses' knees, over vast plains full of immense

tumult,*until one, when we halted outside of a town (I believe, the ancient Caristrania); here we observed three extraordinary obelisks,† and a pavé apparently of Turkish construction, likewise a large stone bridge over a river. We entered a species of underground hut by the roadside; here we found two Greek merchants going to Burgaz; and spreading our stores upon the ground, inviting the Greeks to eat with us, breakfasted most voraciously upon cold fowl

* Roumelia is full of these tumuli, which are so numerous, that supposing them to be burial-places, the whole human race must have fallen in these regions to have filled up these immense mounds with its dead. I believe them to be some, ancient camps or entrenchments, and others, landmarks, indicative of the various routes which cross these immense deserts, and serving more especially, in the total default of all other leading objects, to guide the traveller (and formerly the Turkish, and perhaps even the Roman troops,) over the boundless wastes. Without these tumuli, I do not see how, with the snow upon the ground, it would be possible for the natives themselves to find their way over the country; and my supposition is perhaps borne out, by the circumstance of most of these tracks or routes having at certain distances a tumulus on either hand.

† These obelisks are constructed for the purpose of raising water to a given height. — Hydraulic columns. — See Cyclopaedia, article Column.

and ham, and Kirk Issa wine, drinking to the destruction of old Hadjee Mehmet, the postmaster.

On resuming our route, we met the Pasha of Burgaz going thither, and transporting in two Turkish carriages (arabas) all the ladies of his charem. They passed close to us, and appeared to view us with considerable curiosity and interest. Mr. — looked boldly into one of the carriages, or covered waggons, much to the annoyance of the Pasha, who was at a little distance on horseback, accompanied by an escort of soldiers. We crossed several stone bridges, which I believe to have been built, as well as the pavé above-mentioned, by Solyman the Great: this pavé is a part of a great military road from Constantinople to the Danube, and is a continuation of that portion of it which we had seen in the Mount Hæmus, and occasionally in the lower hills of Roumelia.

The country now became the most hideous and disagreeable imaginable, all mud and splash, nothing growing upon it but a coarse kind of bulbous plant, resembling in some degree a crocus, but having longer and crooked leaves.

Not a tree, or a stone, or a bush, could be seen for leagues. We saw many vultures, cranes, and storks. I suffered much from rheumatism all day, and was very glad when, about six in the evening, we reached Tchorlu,* a large town standing upon a ridge of steep hills, surrounded by an old wall, bearing tokens of antiquity, and the *opus incertum* of the Romans.

Tchorlu contains a handsome mosque, but, like nearly every thing else I had hitherto seen in Turkey, almost in ruins. The town seems to have been the scene of contention, for the minarets and dome of the mosque were a good deal marked by cannon shot. Here we were badly and unsavourably lodged at the khan, it being too late to proceed that night, and our horses too much fatigued, by toiling all day through the marshes and bogs of the plains. The Turks at the khan did not seem to treat us with much deference, but came in and stared at us whenever they thought fit so to do; and another Tartar, a friend of Hadjee's, came and supped with us.

* Tchorlu is the Roman Turullus.—DR. CLARKE.

They seemed to converse together very eagerly, and the word *yeni-seri* often struck my ears.

APRIL 10.—We left Tchorlu at five o'clock, it raining all the morning. Hadjee Achmet had now exchanged his green turban for a long calpac made of black felt. We passed by several large convoys of loaded mules and horses, with bale goods, apparently from Germany; the country bearing the same aspect as yesterday. We breakfasted in a Turkish cottage, at a place called Kunneklea. The vast plains all saturated with wet, rendered the journey exceedingly fatiguing to the horses. All was one continued desert, without a habitation or a tree. Suddenly we came upon the Sea of Marmora. I felt delighted at seeing my own element, and greeted it with a huzza, not having seen "the glad waters of the dark blue sea" during a period of twenty months. We soon descried a vessel, apparently a brig, going to the southward. It was blowing a tremendous gale from the north-east where we stood, much elevated above the sea, and exposed to the violence of the wind

from the Euxine; but as it was an off-shore wind, the sea was smooth, and the brig seemed to have fine weather. Our postilion lost his way, and took us a detour of at least four miles out of the track, in search of the beach. We saw the picturesque town of Selyvria, with its port, its vessels, and its old walls, looking bright, and prosperous, and picturesque. Selyvria has evidently been a town of much military and commercial importance. Its position is nearly impregnable, and its ancient Greek-looking walls are still nearly entire. We now got down upon the sands, and enjoyed for a short time the pleasure of a firmer footing. Upon ascending, however, a steep cliff, to regain the track, our baggage-horse was thrown down, and was within an ace of being blown, by the violence of the wind, over the precipice into the sea. Nothing but our promptitude in jumping off our horses and running to his assistance, saved the poor brute and our baggage from being dashed to atoms.

We reached Selyvria, passing over an im-

mense bridge of thirty arches, at three. This is a large and apparently prosperous town; a great deal of commercial activity seemed to pervade the streets and numerous shops. On leaving Selyvria, we observed some remains of ancient columns lying about, and an immense burying-ground: the old walls are very beautiful and curious.

There are many vineyards in the neighbourhood of Selyvria, and we saw many fruit-trees in full blossom. The country was pretty much as before, with now and then the pavé before-mentioned, and stone bridges, on the keystone of the centre arch of one of which I observed a Greek cross,* having beneath the arms two little highly ornamented tabernacles. Mr. — likewise saw on another arch a Roman eagle. (Query, is this bridge of the Greek empire, or were these stones put in by chance, by Turkish architects?) We reached Buados at six. Here the Tartar, upon the receipt of some information

* I have since seen in the walls of Constantinople many of these crosses, but without the tabernacles.

respecting Tchekmadjeh, the next town, did not think it advisable to proceed; and here we halted for the night, at a very neat and clean café, kept by a civil Greek; but did not find the room they assigned us to sleep in, much better or sweeter than the usual average of Turkish khans. Here we supped heartily with our Tartar upon pillau, or, as the Turks call it, pillaff, and remained until half past two in the following morning. I was dreadfully tormented by the fleas and the rheumatism all night, and, at midnight, aroused by the calls of the imams from the lofty minarets of the mosques. Nothing can be more striking than these sonorous voices breaking the complete silence of the darkness.

APRIL 11.—The morning was fine and tranquil; a great pleasure to us after the three tempestuous and rainy days we had just passed. Our route lay, for some distance, along the beach; and, as the day broke, we saw several small vessels and picturesque-looking fishing-boats hovering about the coast. We were, however, after about three hours' ride,

obliged to take up our old line of mud and water, over the heights, sometimes passing over the most wretched pavé conceivable, and sometimes quitting it for the mud on either hand, hardly knowing which was to be preferred.

About six o'clock, we heard a distant drum; and as we approached Búyúk Tchekmadjéh, met a large body of the newly organized troops, with twelve pieces of cannon, and about one hundred ammunition and provision waggons. The state of the guns and waggons very much surprised me, as their equipment and order appeared to be equal to any thing of the sort in European armies. The horses were beautiful and well harnessed. The troops seemed very young; and out of the whole column, which perhaps might amount to fifteen hundred or two thousand, hardly one hundred had a mustachio, or beard, or any external symptom of manhood. Their line of march was very disorderly, and their equipments and arms apparently none of the best. These troops had many standards with them of green silk, bear-

ing thereon a crescent and a star. I have known worse-looking troops, however, beat much better soldiers than these Turks are likely to find among the Greeks. We met with no incivility on the part of these troops, except in one instance, and I believe that was purely in joke. One of the lads advancing up to me, presented his musket at my head, and called me *Giaour*; I, in return, shook my stick good-humouredly at him, upon which he ran laughing away. The *Aga*, or Colonel, was a venerable-looking old gentleman, and returned our salute as we passed him very cordially.

These troops, as we learnt afterwards, were destined to reinforce *Reschid Pasha* before Athens. Their costume is not very becoming: it consists of a round high cap, without brims, a large loose round jacket, and loose breeches, which are very capacious until they reach the knee, when they become tight over the calf and shin; many had boots pulled over these nether garments, and others wore shoes. They did not seem to be very particular re-

specting the manner of wearing their arms and accoutrements; some carrying their bayonets on one side, some on another, and many upon their muskets: their pouches and belts were in a most lamentable state. External appearances, however, do not constitute the soldier; and we must not forget that the Turks are now only beginning to discipline their troops; and that all things must necessarily have a *beginning*, and cannot at once reach perfection.

I could not help being struck with the circumstance of meeting these barbarous and implacable enemies of the Grecian name and nation, the hordes of Asia, upon their march to invade the classic fields of Attica and Lacedemon; and I was, in imagination, carried back to the days of Darius and Xerxes, of Leonidas and Miltiades.

Shortly after we had passed these troops, we saw a clump of fine trees, the first we had seen since we left Burgaz, excepting two solitary, miserable-looking oaks, each a day's journey from the other, between Caristrania and Buados, and the

fruit-trees near Selyvria. The approach to Búyúk Tchekmadjéh is remarkably picturesque : it is seated upon a kind of peninsula, formed by two lagoons or inlets from the sea. It joins the main land towards Buados, by a row of four bridges* of twenty-six arches, and is backed towards Constantinople by a high promontory; between which and the plain on which it stands, (bounded by another height,) runs an arm of the sea, making a kind of a strait. We entered the town at seven o'clock, and found it full of troops and waggons, with many sick ; all was in confusion ; but such is the extraordinary change operated by the new state of things in Turkey, that, as we were afterwards informed, not an instance of pillage or disorder ever occurs with the new troops, in the towns and villages through which they pass. Formerly, the people always fled upon the approach of troops, well knowing that their rapacity and indiscipline were equally dangerous to their friends and foes.

On leaving Tchekmadjéh, we were as usual

* Búyúk Tchekmadjéh, signifies in Turkish "the great bridge."

caught in a terrible storm of rain, which afterwards changed into a thick and cold fog. At about three-quarters past ten, after crossing the second lagoon or inlet of the sea, over a wooden bridge, we reached another little town, called Kútchúk Tchekmadjéh:* here are a barrier and a custom-house; and here we halted for about a quarter of an hour, while Hadjee Achmet arranged matters with the officers of the customs.

Pursuing our way wearily over the lofty downs, we suddenly, towards one o'clock, perceived the domes and minarets of Stamboul. No pilgrim ever hailed the towers of the Holy City with greater delight than did I, sinner as I am, the minarets of Constantinople. We halted for some time, and examined very carefully with a spy-glass the beautiful scene before us: the long line of cypress-trees, broken here and there by the lofty domes and taper minarets, relieved by the blue hills of Asia Minor, produced a charming effect. We had, however, still several miles to

* Kútchúk Tchekmadjéh, "little bridge."

go, and our horses were completely wearied, one of them, indeed, knocked up; and we were obliged to leave him at a farm-house, and make the postilion (Surrudjee) lead on foot the baggage-horse all the way to Constantinople. As we neared the capital, we passed on our left hand some ancient remains, apparently of an amphitheatre or entrenched camp, and came in full view of the fine old walls and towers of the ancient city: farther on we came to a most magnificent and extensive barrack,* built of brick, and saw another beyond us of the same size and form. The universal silence and air of desolation, which mark the approach to Constantinople, impress the mind of the traveller with painful and gloomy feelings: he seems to be entering upon a scene of death, or one laid waste by the pestilence, or some such great national calamity.

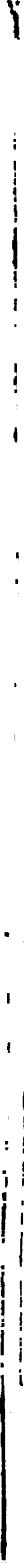
We now soon entered the cemeteries which form the fauxbourgs of the city: these

* This I afterwards learnt was no barrack, but Daud Pasha, an imperial kiosk.

are some of the most striking objects in Turkey, and are planted with cypress-trees, which in this country grow to a very large size. I thought we should never get out of these cities of the dead, and enter that of the living; but at length, after having nearly made the circuit of the old walls, we entered the city at its eastern extremity, and passing through some narrow, wretched streets, reached a little wooden quay; and here quitting our horses, we took a caïque (or ferry-boat), and pulling across the beautiful port, enjoying the fine view of the city, Tophana, Galata, Pera, Scutari, the squadron of four or five frigates and a ship of the line, which were equipping for sea, and the animated scene before us, landed at Galata, and clambering over the steep hills and through an immense cemetery, reached the dirty and offensive streets of *the celebrated Pera*.

Here, after some difficulty, we found a lodging in a species of hotel, (placed at the extremity of a dark and filthy passage full of ordures,) kept by an Italian, named Giuseppe Vidal. We

were, however, too happy to get housed, and to repose and refresh ourselves, to feel very particular upon this score ; and here, after delivering the despatches to the ambassador, and a packet with some letters which I had brought for M. Guilleminot, we dined and slept in comparative luxury.





CHAPTER V.

Visits of Ceremony.—Hasty tour of Pera.—Scenery.—Grouping of Orientals.—Armenian females and cemetery.—Greek women.—British embassy.—Attack of Cholera Morbus.—Hadjée Achmet's visit and exculpation.—Visit to the walls of Constantinople.—Canine scavengers.—Anecdote of Turkish humanity.—Ottoman squadron.—Visit to the Antiquities of Constantinople.—Palace of the Divan.—Seraglio.—Human heads at the Gate thereof.—Failure in an attempt to get into the Mosque of Santa Sophia.—Caserne of Nizam Djedid.—Conduct of the Aga.—Antiquities.—M. de Ribeaupierre.—State of the Ottoman fleet.—Candiote sailors.—State of the Nizam Djedid.—Cemeteries.—Hydraulic columns.—Sultan going to Mosque.—Bazaars and Bezesteens.—Environs of Pera.—Turks in the cemeteries.—Turtle doves.—Tomb stones.—Contrast between my hotel and the neighbourhood of Pera.

APRIL 12.—I was employed all the morning in calling upon the British ambassador, and the various members of the corps diplomatique and consulate, to some of whom I had brought

letters of introduction. These essential visits over, I indulged in a hasty tour of Pera, its beautiful cemeteries, which form the promenades of the beau monde, its picturesque barracks, and those points from whence the loveliest views of the Golden Horn, the city of Constantine, the mouth of the Bosphorus, with Dolma Batchi, Scutari, and its kiosks, mosques, and enormous burying-ground, the Tower of Leander, ("Kiz Koulessi") the Sea of Marmora, the islands of the Propontis, backed by the Blue Mountains of Asia Minor, and surmounted by the lofty glacier of the Thracian Mount Olympus.

It is easier to conceive than to describe the feelings with which I contemplated the lovely scenery before me. I now indeed felt that I was amply repaid for the fatigue and anxiety incident to such a journey as I had just performed. I longed for the pencil of the artist and the pen of the poet, to enable me to give some faint picture to my friends at home, of those sensations which, delightful as they were, almost overpowered me, and to which I knew not how to give a sufficient vent. Again, how

could I convey any idea of the grouping of the splendid orientals among whom I found myself?

How describe the grave, majestic, and graceful Effendi Turk, with snow-white turban, jetty beard, sparkling and full eyes, long flowing caftan, scarlet trowsers, yellow boots, rich cashmere shawl round the waist, in which shone the glittering gilded handjar (dagger)—The light, gay, chattering, active, but cunning-looking Greek, distinguished by his shorn chin, black turban, enormously large but short trowsers, bare legs, and black shoes—The grave but respectful Armenian, with his calpac of black felt, swelling like a balloon upon his head; he too wears the long robe of the Turk, but in his girdle the silver ink-horn supplies the place of the handjar, and his feet are clothed in the crimson slipper or boot. Next comes the despised and humiliated Jew, whose sallow countenance, contracted eyebrow, sunken eye, and quivering lip, are the characteristics of his nation all over the world; his head bent downwards, as if by the weight of tyranny and the everlasting sin of his tribe, is surmounted by a

blue turban, and his slippers are of the same colour. With these are seen the high taper calpac of the Tartar, the melon-shaped head-piece of the Nizam Djedid, the grey felt conical cap of the Imaum and Dervish, and occasionally the ungraceful hat of the Frank, with its concomitant angular, rectilinear, bebuttoned and mean-looking costume of Europe.

Far apart from these groups, in the shade and cool breezes of the lofty cypresses, upon the marble tombs of their countrymen and relatives, sit the quiet and unobtrusive females of Armenia, whose forms, enveloped in the feridjee of the Turkish women, betray but little of their Oriental symmetry, and whose fine expressive black eyes, long lashes, and arched brows, bespeak the beauty of their souls, and give promise of the lovely countenance which the jealousy of their males, and the never-changing manners of the East, forbid them to unveil to the gaze of the world, but of which from time to time the watchful observer obtains a glimpse, as they unpin the corner of the muslin which covers the lower part of the coun-

tenance, (*yachmack*,) to enable them to indulge in their favourite habit of eating sweetmeats and smoking the long *chibouk* or pipe of the Turks. But interesting as are the females of the East, and beautiful as our imaginations and the pens of poets have pictured them, I must say, that their exterior is any thing but inviting, their carriage utterly devoid of either grace or dignity, and the *embonpoint*, so much admired by their proud masters, too luxuriant to please the fastidious taste of the European connoisseur. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine a dress more calculated, by the demon of jealousy, to deprive its object of the outward means of fascination; and I must confess, that as I gazed upon them, and upon the many Turkish females who likewise frequent the same spots, and who are equally *affublées* and disguised, that I could not help thinking of those ghouls in the cemeteries, of which I had read in the Arabian Nights, in the days of my youth. The Greek women, however, have no objection to exposing the charms of their persons, and for the most part wear such a costume as I have described

under the head of Bucharest. They have fine black eyes and hair, and in the white muslin turban, sprigged with gold, insert all the gaudiest productions of Flora; they too partake rather too much of the luxuriant curves and of the obesity consequent upon the indolent life and the languid customs of the East.

I returned to my hotel much delighted with my promenade, and had the honour of dining at his Excellency the British Ambassador's, from whom I met with the kindest reception, and where I found many agreeable members of the *corps diplomatique*, and of the European mercantile body. His Excellency's hospitality is profuse, and his household upon a footing of great magnificence. The graceful and fascinating manners of his beautiful and accomplished wife, contribute very much indeed to the ease of every one who has the honour to sit at her table, and diffuse the elegance and polish of European refinement over a scene so far removed from its focus.

APRIL 13.—This morning early, I was disagreeably surprised by a violent attack of

diarrhæa, (cholera morbus,) accompanied by vomiting, which confined me all the day to my bed. I knew how to treat this malady, from former experience in South America, and did nothing but fast and drink syrup of orjeat and water. Mr. Parish, attaché to the embassy, was so good as to call upon me, and send for the physician, Dr. M'Guffog; but ere the healer came, the violence of the malady was over; and he told me that I could do nothing better than follow up mine own prescription.

APRIL 14.—This morning Hadjee Achmet called to pay his respects to his late employers. He was beautifully dressed in a long caftan of orange-coloured Brusa silk, trimmed with sables; his vest was of flowered silk; round his waist was a red shawl, in which shone a handsome handjar; he had scarlet trowsers, red boots, and on his head the long taper calpac of his profession. We could now, through the kind offices of our landlord's son, converse freely with him, and naturally, after all the usual ceremonies and mutual inquiries were gone through, asked the reason of his apparent want of zeal

at Kirk Iklessie, and the cause of his evident fear and anxiety upon that occasion. He replied, that Hadjee Mehmet, the postmaster, was a great man,—a Mollah, and one much revered by the people for his reputed sanctity, having made several pilgrimages to Mecca; that he was also feared for his power and courage; that the Turks of Kirk Iklessie were a very bad set of people, noted for their arrogance and hatred of Franks and strangers; that the Mollah Hadjee Mehmet had made use of very abusive language to him, accusing him of his friendship for the infidels; that when I had talked of referring to the Cadi, the Turk was much enraged, and said “he did not care for the Cadi, nor the Elchi Bey (ambassador) at Constantinople; that he was the great man at Kirk Iklessie;” and a great deal more such fanfaronade.

We now observed to Hadjee Achmet, that he must be aware that we had a right to deduct five ducats from the half of his hire, which remained in our hands; and that we had the intention of representing the whole circum-

stance to our Elchi Bey, and awaiting his decision upon the matter, before we paid him a para. He replied very humbly, that he knew we had a right so to do, and moreover begged of us to entreat the Elchi Bey to insist with the Reis Effendi, that Hadjee Mehmet should be punished, as a lesson to all other postmasters; and as a protection to all future travellers and Tartars, whose interests were identified with those of the persons committed to their charge.

He implored us to believe that he had not been deterred from doing his duty by any improper motives; but that he had acted cautiously, and with apparent timidity, for fear of embroiling himself with the Turks, and thus compromising our safety; that he had no means of making us understand his real motives, and was just as much rejoiced as we were, when he found himself extricated from the difficulty, by our volunteering to pay the five ducats extorted by the postmaster, and by my demonstrations of defiance which had operated so successfully upon the old Mollah, although at the

time he was apprehensive of another result. We were so well satisfied with Hadjee Achmet's explanation, that we paid him the full amount of what had remained in our hands, and moreover made him a present of a few ducats, as a proof of our good will towards him. He was at first unwilling to receive any gratuity, saying, that he would wait until he had heard that our representations to the Elchi Bey, and his own to the chief of the Tartar couriers, had produced the desired effect of a sound bastinado upon the soles of old Hadjee Mehmet's feet, and that then we should be satisfied in our own minds of the sincerity of his (Achmet's) dealings with us. He was at length prevailed upon to accept our present, (or baackshish,) and went away, leaving us very favourably impressed with his conduct and character.

I find that there is another English traveller lodging in this house, Mr. Vane, (now Lord Henry Vane,) son of Lord Darlington. He has been making a tour in Asia Minor, and has been here some time. In the course of the forenoon, Mr. Turner, secretary to the embassy,

called, and was so good as to propose taking Mr. Vane, Mr. ——, and myself, over the water in his caique, and to show us some of the antiquities. We gladly availed ourselves of his kind offer; and descending the rugged and steep hill of Galata, embarked in the beautifully clean and swift caique, escorted by a splendid-looking chaoush belonging to the embassy, pulling round the Seraglio Point, and landing at the foot of the Seven Towers.

I shall not attempt to describe the outward beauties of the city of Constantinople, nor of the suburbs of Pera, Galata, Tophana, the harbour, the shipping, the blue sea of Marmora, Scutari, the Mountain of Bugerloo, the Prince's Islands, the coast of the ancient Chalcedon, the towering and glittering Olympus, nor the bright blue sky, which added its splendour to this unrivalled scenery. I should utterly fail in the endeavour to pourtray such various and such glorious features; nor can I compare it with any thing I have yet seen either in Europe or America. The bays of Naples, Genoa, Rio de Janeiro, and Constantinople, although, perhaps, each of them equally

beautiful, are so totally different in their outlines, and in their accompaniments, that I cannot draw any parallel between them, nor can I decide in my own mind which of these great masterpieces of nature and of art I the most admire.

We walked all round the old Byzantine walls to the further extremity of the city ; they are double, and flanked at short intervals by square towers : they are in great beauty and preservation ; and being of stone, are much more beautiful than those of ancient Rome. They have been so often described by travellers, that I have nothing to add to the accounts already given by Chevalier, Clarke, Gell, and others. The most interesting point is the " Cannon Gate," (Top Kapousi,) so called by the Turks, who have placed over it some immense stone shot. Near this spot Paleologus, the last of the Greek emperors, met his fate gloriously in the siege by Mahomet the Second. The breach through which the Turks entered victoriously into the city is near this gate, and is still un-

repaired, and full of fine trees and evergreen shrubs. Nearly opposite to the Adrianople Gate are the tombs of Ali Pacha and his three sons and grandson, all of whom the Porte decapitated. I believe that Ali's head alone has the honour of reposing here; his body, I conclude; remains at Jannina; his sons and grandson had been hostages for his good behaviour, and fell victims to the sanguinary policy of the Porte, which loves to hew away both root and branch with its all-devastating sabre.

There are many Greek inscriptions in the walls, and likewise crosses carved on stones in the gateways and towers. These inscriptions have all been copied by learned travellers: I therefore refrained from committing any of them to the unpretending pages of my Journal, well aware that I could find nothing new in them. The Golden Gate is still easily distinguishable in the wall, although it has been built up, and completely immured. Its beauties appear to have been of a very inferior description, notwithstanding the exaggerations of the Greek historians; the two

pillars which support the arch being of a very low composite. We entered the city by the Adrianople Gate, and in our way down to the waterside were a good deal annoyed by the curs which infest the streets in whole packs, and which, as in Lisbon, belong to nobody, but are the only scavengers tolerated by the police. These odious animals seem to have, like their masters, an instinctive hatred of the Franks, whom they easily distinguish by their costume; and one of them attacked Mr. Turner, who threw his stick at him in defending himself: the dog profited by this circumstance to return to the charge; and had it not been for the timely interference of the chaoush, with his baton of office, Mr. T. might have been considerably worsted in the encounter. The Turks looked on tranquilly, and, to judge by their countenances, rather sided with the dog than with the Christian.

It is related, I think, by that quaint old writer, Busbequius, that the Turks (whose humanity to animals presents a strange contrast to their cruelty towards man) once deliberated

in full Divan upon the expediency of ridding the capital of this canine nuisance. Many plans were proposed by which the object might be effected, and poison seemed to be the most ready and least troublesome means ; but one of the Divan, being more humane than the rest, observed, that the stench which would be caused by so many carcases lying about the streets, would, in all probability, create a pestilence in the city, and cause a much greater nuisance than the one proposed to be abated. He observed, moreover, that it was against the precepts of their holy law to be cruel to animals, which are held by the Prophet to be irresponsible beings ; he therefore proposed, that the wisdom of the Divan should adopt a sort of *mezzo termine*, and ship off all the dogs for a small desert island in the Sea of Marmora ; his perceptions of humanity not suggesting to him that the poor doggies would soon die there of starvation.

I know not whether this sagacious proposal was approved of and acted upon ; but certain it is, that these animals have found the

means of infesting the streets of Constantinople as much as ever, forming, in all the various stages of helpless puppyhood, lank and lean maturity, and mangy old age, the most disgusting and disagreeable of spectacles. We were glad to escape from the hungry fangs of our enemies, and felt happy in squatting down in the bottom of a caïque, and being rapidly ferried over the tranquil surface of the Golden Horn, amidst the imposing-looking Ottoman fleet, and the commercial vessels of all Christendom.

I cannot comprehend how the Turks manage, with such materials as they now possess, since the loss of their maritime population, to man and equip their vessels of war, and still less how they can possibly find officers capable of taking charge of them; but in spite of these almost insuperable obstacles, they do contrive to rig, arm, and send out to sea, vessels, the hulls of which are in such a state, that I should think few Europeans would deem them sea-worthy; and, indeed, I must do them the justice to say, that these ships, which are now fitting out, are as

well-rigged as many of our own vessels of war are by the King's dock-yards; and yet I am informed, that by far the greater part of the Turkish ships' companies have never been on board of a large ship before, but consists of boatmen of the Bosphorus, and the Greek navigators of the Black Sea, who have nothing larger than a tartane or a mahoun under their feet. The solution of the problem will probably be found in the energy of the bastinade, which, no doubt, is liberally applied throughout the squadron.

APRIL 16.—This day Mr. Vane and myself resolved upon visiting the antiquities of Constantinople; and engaging the son of our landlord, who is a native Perote, and well acquainted with the Turkish language, customs, and curiosities, we descended to the market-place and quays at Tophana, where stands a most beautiful fountain, erected by a certain Capitan Pasha, which is of the loveliest forms, proportions, ornaments, and materials, being built of dazzling white marble. I know not if any artist has given a representation of this

fine specimen of Oriental architecture. We were soon ferried over in the light and graceful caique to the wooden quays of Constantinople, and walked up through the narrow and offensive streets, passing the Imperial Mausoleum and the Palace of the Divan, with its beautiful gateway, from whence is derived its appellation of the Sublime Porte. This immense building was undergoing a thorough repair, and indeed re-edification, having been lately burnt down in some sedition of the Janissaries.

As we walked along, we heard a female voice applying very liberally the terms of "Giaour and Chopek" to us; and, turning round, caught a glimpse of a female figure retreating from behind her closely latticed window. When we walked on, she returned to the charge, and continued to lavish all the abusive epithets of the Turkish language (as our interpreter informed us) upon our unlucky heads, until we were out of hearing. We met, however, with no incivility from the men, who generally took no notice of us. We now arrived at the outer

gate of the Seraglio, and penetrated a considerable way into the first court, but were civilly sent back by one of the Bostangees. At the gate on the right hand, in a niche in the wall, we saw about a dozen human heads, or rather scalps, the skull and bones having been carefully removed, and the skin stuffed with hay. They were said to be Greeks; but I have reason to believe them to have been Bosnians, who had lately fallen victims in partial attempt at insurrection, which had been quelled by the devouring sword of the Mussulmans: they had long beards, which the Greeks do not wear, and the shaven crown and long topknot of the Osmanlees; there were likewise several pairs of ears. The Turks came and looked at them, and walked away apparently proud of these disgusting trophies.

We next made an attempt to bribe an Imaum of Santa Sophia, to let us in, by a private door, into the mosque. He answered very civilly, that if we would go round to the front of the building we should meet some of the superior Imaums,

who, no doubt, would gladly avail themselves of such an opportunity of making a little money ; that he himself was merely an inferior servant, and had no authority. We were delighted with our apparent success, and walked round to the principal entrance ; and were upon the point of marching boldly in, when we were met by about a score or two of the Nizam Djedid, upon whose appearance we thought it prudent to make a retreat, and again consult with the friendly Imaum, who told us that we must come some morning very early, before the Turks came to prayers, and that he would undertake to gratify our curiosity. This, in point of fact, amounted to nothing, for the Turks always come to pray at daylight ; and if we came before that time, we should not have stood much chance of seeing any thing ; we therefore abandoned the project for the present.

Upon quitting the holy precincts of Santa Sophia, we proceeded to a handsome caserne occupied by the newly organized troops (or Nizam Djedid), and asked permission of the

sentinel on duty to enter, which he readily granted, no doubt looking for a reward. We had, however, scarcely time to look around us, before out sallied a fierce, red-bearded, renegado-looking Aga, who, calling for a stick, asked of our interpreter how we got in there, and by whose leave; upon hearing the reply from our trembling dragoman, he beckoned to the unfortunate sentinel, and, making him ground his arms, laid the stick pretty heavily over his shoulders, first on one, and then on the other side.

I own I expected that our own turn would come next; and was deliberating what I should do, and whether I should shoot him on the spot, for I was armed with pocket-pistols, if he attempted to lay his hands on me, when he waved his stick to us to begone; and we did not even stay another moment to reward the poor friendly sentinel, lest we should be perceived by the infuriated Aga. Congratulating each other upon our escape with a whole skin, we now proceeded to the Ack-maidan, as the Turks call the Hippodrome, and

visited the obelisk of Theodosius, the brazen column, the burnt column, the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and thence to the celebrated cistern, called by the Turks Bin-Bir-Direk, supported, as it is said, by one thousand marble columns; there was at this time no water here, but a great many rope-makers and silk-spinners. We discovered that it had been converted into a place of worship, for there were several crosses carved on the pillars, and near about a niche on the western side, in which we thought had stood an altar. The next remarkable object of antiquity is the aqueduct of Valens. All these things have been so well described by other travellers, that I shall add no observations of mine own.

We had now seen all the principal remains of the Byzantine age, which were accessible to a Frank, and returned to Pera much pleased with our expedition; although I own I was a good deal disappointed, after all the accounts which I had read of the beauty and splendour of these interesting relics. In the evening, I

dined at the British Ambassador's, and was presented to his Excellency M. de Ribeaupierre, to whom I had brought verbal introductions from the Princess Rasoumowska, at Vienna. Mr. Black, the principal merchant of the English factory, dined there likewise, and I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

APRIL 17.—I dedicated this day to perambulating Pera, Galata and Tophana, and then taking a caique, pulled up to the Arsenal, and looked at the remains of the once powerful Ottoman fleet. It now consists of seven ships of the line, whereof three are of three decks; they are all without poops, and are apparently built by French architects, as their beautiful model indicates. They are all broken-backed, and seem dreadfully rotten; there are three or four very large frigates, and some corvettes and brigs; all of these vessels seem to be laid up as unseaworthy. There are two large Hydriot brigs afloat, and rigged and armed; these do the duty of the port, and are, in company with many small misticoes and boats, prizes

captured from the Greeks. There is, however, a squadron of one ship of the line, five frigates and a corvette fitting for sea ; these I have before noticed ; they are destined for Navarino. I landed at the Admiralty, which is a handsome building, with a long Turkish inscription over the door, and here I saw a number of men in chains embarking for the fleet. They were principally Candiotte Greeks, and fine-looking athletic fellows. The Chaoushes who had the charge of them, applied the stick pretty freely to their shoulders as they huddled them into the boats. I learn that it is customary with the Turks to chain these unfortunate men to their guns in action.

In the evening I hired horses, and rode about in the neighbourhood of Pera, examining the Topchi (or artillery barrack,) and the troops of the Nizam Djedid, who were drilling in the open space before it. There are at present, as I learn, about twenty thousand of these troops in and about the capital, including the villages of

the Bosphorus. They are just now very contemptible troops, consisting almost entirely of boys, with a sprinkling of very old men to discipline them; they are, to use the French term, "entre loup et chien," having lost the elan and energy of their ancient system, and not yet attained the advantages of European tactics. Let Europe, however, beware of them; for they display an aptitude for martial exercises, which, if once properly applied by their government, and placed under the restraints of discipline, will render them again formidable to the nations of the West.

Near to this barrack lies the Frank burying-ground, in which are several handsome tombs; and further on is the Armenian cemetery, full of fine mulberry-trees. On the right hand of the road stand four or five very remarkable obelisks, the use of which I was quite at a loss to divine; but upon inspecting them, I found that they were used as the means of raising water, for they have upon their

surface pipes of baked earth, and from their summit the water sprinkles about upon the heads of those who stand beneath them.*

APRIL 18.—To-day we went to see the Sultan go in great state to Mosque, and found no difficulty whatever in getting very near the person of his Highness. He is a handsome, fine-looking man, with very black eyes and beard. We saw some women present a petition to him, which is done by holding it over the head, and calling out to attract his notice. He stopped, and desired the Divan Effendi who followed him to take it, who placed it in a silk bag. I was very much amused with the Kislär Aga (or chief of the black eunuchs): this guardian of the purity of the Ottoman blood seemed to be of much more consequence than

* I have since examined these more minutely, and find that they are what are commonly called hydraulic columns, and are continuations of the line of Aqueducts from the woods of Belgrade to Constantinople and Pera. There are many more of these pillars in the neighbourhood, and I have since seen them in Asia Minor, and Syria. I am indebted to Mr. Elliot, the Oriental Secretary, for some information upon this subject.

his Imperial Master, and bowed, and showed his white teeth, and blessed the people with his hand in all the consequence and vanity of his brethren of the coast of Guinea, or the Carribee Islands. The Selictar Aga, or sword-bearer, was a noble-looking Turk, and carried the sword of state with great majesty. The horses of the Sultan, richly caparisoned, were not the least interesting part of the show ; and the imperial turban, borne before the Dulbendi Aga, seemed to be almost worshipped by the crowd.

I refer my readers for an account of this interesting ceremony to Dr. Clarke, who has described it in language and colours more appropriate and just than I can possibly make use of. The escort was entirely composed of the new troops and the Bostangee corps, organized *à la Franque*. We saw likewise the Grand Vizier, the Capitan Pasha, the Reis Effendi, and most of the principal officers of state and army. The Sultan was preceded and followed by men bearing immense fans made of peacocks' feathers ; and in front of the troops forming the

double line through which his Highness passed, were men wearing helmets with enormous nodding plumes: one of these men found his helmet so much too large for him, that he was obliged to borrow the turban of a poor devil, who stood behind him, to cram into it. The helmet now was so filled, that it sat tottering upon his head in a most ludicrous manner, and was with difficulty restrained from falling upon the ground, to the evident embarrassment of the Turk, who did not dare lose for a moment the decorum imposed upon him by the ceremony. I believe these helmets to have been used, upon occasions of state, by the Greek emperors, and to form part of the treasures of the Seraglio.

We waited until the crowd had dispersed. We then visited the bazaars and besesteens, so celebrated for their beauty and vast extent, and returned to our hotel in Pera. In the evening, we dined at the hospitable table of Mr. Black, from whose conversation we gained a great deal of information respecting the government and customs of the Turks.

APRIL 19 and 20.—I employed myself in riding about the environs of Pera, accompanied sometimes by Mr. Vane, and in looking at the Nizam Djedid and the squadron, which was now nearly ready for sea. Lord Cochrane's arrival in Greece was known, and excited a feverish kind of feeling among the Turks; and I was cautioned, from a particular quarter, not to hazard my personal safety by attempting to get into the Arsenal and Dockyard, nor on board the fleet; all of which things I was very desirous of doing. I was likewise aware that I was *surveillé* by a man in an Armenian dress, whom I generally found at my heels, and was not at all disposed to do any thing which might excite suspicion in the breast of the Turks. My usual lounge was the great Turkish cemetery, (opposite to Scutari, and behind the Topchi barrack,) and the smaller cemetery of the Franks and Armenians close by. The Turks usually surmount the tombstone of their males by a turban, denoting the rank and character of the deceased; and they

ornament that of the females by a full-blown rose for a matron, and a rose-bud for a virgin.

Nothing can be more delightful than the sensations created by the gloomy shades of these cypress-forests, filled as they are by the striking-looking and picturesque tombstones and sarcophagi of the Turks, while every now and then you come suddenly upon some solemn-looking solitary Moslem on his knees at the foot of the tomb, perhaps of some dear wife, child, or relative; are witness to the tears which trickle down his beard, and hear the sighs and even groans which issue from a breast which seems to struggle for the mastery over its tender (and, in his eyes, perhaps unmanly) feelings. Frequently have I found the mother and the widow paying these sad tributes to their departed idol, and offering up their fervent prayers to Allah and to Mahomet for the happiness in Paradise of the soul of their beloved; and carefully watering the little bouquets of emblematic flowers with which they ornament the grave.

The Turks, although barbarous, are remarkable for their tenderness to their females and their offspring ; and while they visit infidelity and disobedience with death, they are generally kind and caressing to the faithful wife and the dutiful child. Again at mid-day and sunset, the Turks in groups, under the deep shadows of the cypresses, spread their shawls and cloaks upon the ground, and remain for many minutes in fervent prayer, and apparent abstraction from all worldly ideas. Meanwhile, above your head and around you, are hundreds of beautiful little turtle-doves, cooing and billing, and adding by their gentle murmurs and the extatic fluttering of their wings, to the witching sensations excited by such delicious scenery, and such a sky and climate as that of Turkey at this period of the year.

It would not require a great stretch of poetical imagination to embody the souls of the departed in these lovely and loving little genii of the place. The Frank burying-ground is not planted with cypresses ; and although it possesses

some handsome tombs, is a good deal neglected, and somewhat defiled by the Moslem.

The Armenians manage these things better ; but they are a people esteemed and beloved by the Turks, who consider them as useful to them, and call them the camels of the Osmanlee state. They indeed differ but little from their imperious masters in habits and appearance. Their tombs are flat and built of white marble ; and if it should so happen that the deceased has been put to death by the devouring glaive of the true believers, a rough bas-relief, representing the victim with his head cut off and placed between his legs, tells his melancholy fate. The Turks, indeed, do the same thing with the monumental stone of their own brethren, similarly executed ; but with this difference, the decapitated head figures under the right arm of the victim.

The Orientals, however, do not regard this tragedy with the eyes of the Western nations : they say, " Would you have had him die in his bed like a woman ? " in reply

to any commiserating remarks made by the Franks upon the violent end of their friends.

In the neighbourhood of the Armenian burying ground, but more towards the Bosphorus, are many small marble columns at unequal distances, evidently of Barbaric origin. I was at a loss to discover what they could mean.

I have been since informed that they are placed there to mark the distances to which the Sultans used to shoot their arrows, upon particular occasions of imperial archery. When I returned home after such excursions, I own I did not like the contrast between these scenes and the dirt and meanness of my abode, looking upon the ruined roofs of houses, covered with disgusting kites, and tribes of lank and mangy cats; placed in a *cul de sac* at the end of a long and filthy passage full of dogs, and their concomitant ill smells and dirt; but fortunately for me, Mr. Vane, Mr. ——, and myself generally dined together, and their conversation and the compilation of my journal prevented my falling a victim to ennui and dis-

gust. Poor Vane, however, was in delicate health, and soon began to feel the effects of the diarrhoea of the country, which attacked him as well as myself. Mr. Canning was so good as to give us permission to walk in his delicious garden, of which indulgence we afterwards never failed to avail ourselves.

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to Belgrade.—Bendts.—Romäika.—Return to Pera, by Aqueducts and Sweet Waters.—Dancing Dervishes.—Conduct of Turkish females.—Lapidation by Turks.—Dolma Batches.—Visit to the Sweet Waters.—Mosque of Eyoub.—Anecdote of Englishmen and Eunuchs.—View of Constantinople.—Excursion to Therapia and Büyük deré.—Scenery on the Bosphorus.

APRIL 21.—In the afternoon, my friends and myself accompanied Mr. Black to his villa, in the woods of Belgrade. We had an agreeable ride of about fourteen miles, partly over high downs and heaths, through fertile valleys full of pretty wild flowers, particularly anemones and forget-me-nots, (of which latter I gathered some to send to Vienna,) and watered by gracefully meandering streams. The woods of Belgrade consist of fine oak-trees and ches-

nuts, in many parts completely enveloped (as in a net-work) with wild roses (apparently of the sort called in England China-rose). The ground is full of valleys, and intersected by deep ravines, some of which are extremely picturesque. The village is not very large, and is inhabited exclusively by Greeks. Mr. Black's house stands in a fine garden, with some most enormous and venerable oak-trees in it: it is spacious and comfortable. We visited the former abode of the charming and lively Lady M. W. Montague, now, alas! no longer inhabited by the Muses and the Graces, but by a herd of goats.*

APRIL 22.—In the morning we inspected one of those singular reservoirs of water, called

* As we rode along towards Belgrade, we heard the sound of cannon from the fleet, which had moved into the Bosphorus the day before. We learnt in the evening, by a messenger from Pera, that the Capitan Bey had hoisted his flag on board the line-of-battle ship, and that the Porte had heard of Lord Cochrane's arrival at, and manifesto from Poros, and had despatched positive orders for the squadron's putting to sea immediately. Trusting to Mahomet to help them, they got under weigh, and proceeded down with a fair wind to the Dardanelles, where, as we afterwards learnt,

bendts,* by means of which Constantinople is supplied with this most necessary element. There are several of these bendts in the woods of Belgrade ; and I will here endeavour to describe what they are like. The Turks (and indeed the ancient Greeks) profiting by any sinuosities of the earth upon the higher grounds in the neighbourhood of the springs, with which these forests abound, throw a high embankment across the mouths of valleys where they lead towards the plains on the lower ground, thus forming a kind of lagoon ; into these they conduct the water. This embankment they face within and

they anchored, and could not be persuaded to go out, and look for the Frangi Capitan, whose prowess they very much dreaded. At length successive Tartars and Capidjee Bashis prevailed upon the Capitan Bey to put to sea, and brave the Greek fireships and Lord Cochrane's steam-boats.—Moreover, the chief astrologer had decided that the aspect of the stars was favourable.

* In the neighbourhood of Belgrade, on the heights, towards the Black Sea, are the remains of some field-works thrown up by the Capitan Pasha in the last war with Russia, to protect the bendts in case of a descent from the Muscovite fleets. This is a weak point, the capture of which would at any time almost ensure the fall of Constantinople.

without with immense blocks of white marble, which they ornament with inscriptions, in characters of gold, upon a ground of blue, generally giving the name of the Sultan and a quotation from the Khoran. They construct sluices in the centre of the wall thus raised, and by these means can drain off or retain the water in the reservoir or bendt, as may suit their purpose. The water, when there is a great abundance, (as was the case in the present instance,) falls over the head of the sluice with great violence into the lower ground, making a fine cascade; and then is conducted along to the first valley, where it is led over an aqueduct, and so on to the hydraulic columns in the neighbourhood of the capital. These columns being raised upon a gradually inclined plane, a little below the level of the bendts or the springs, and leaning towards the city, are supposed to increase the velocity with which the water runs into the cisterns and fountains in Pera and Constantinople; but I own I am at a loss to discover the utility of such contrivances, for the water will of ne-

cessity rise to the level of its own source, and not much higher, without the interference of hydraulic machinery.

The Turks call these hydraulic pillars *sou terrassi*, the etymology of which term I take to be *sou* (tureicè) water, and *terrassi*, a corruption of the Venetian word *terrazzo*, a terrace. They will not suffer the trees of the forest to be cut down, well knowing that they serve to retain the humidity and to protect the springs necessary to the supply of the bendts. Mr. Black was good enough to explain all this to me; he told me likewise that the forest abounds with wild boars and deer. These former the Greeks and Franks hunt and kill with spears and dogs, and the latter are hunted by the Turks, with a fine breed of greyhounds from the peninsula of Negropont.

In the afternoon we rode about the neighbourhood of Belgrade, examining the various bendts, and visiting a superb ancient aqueduct, through the arches of which we caught some

splendid views of the blue Bosphorus, and the kiosks and gardens upon its romantic shores: we likewise saw the national dance of the Greeks, called the Romäika, performed in a village, by a dozen or more Greek females clad in their holiday costume. It is in my opinion graceless and dull enough. The musician, if such he could be called, sat in the middle, playing upon a sort of violin, and the women formed a circle round him, holding hands, stamping with their feet, and now and then following the leader in various evolutions. I saw, however, none of the indelicacy of attitude, or meretricious expression of the eyes and countenance, which generally characterise the dances of barbarians. The musician sometimes accompanied his instrument with his voice, and seemed to excite the votaries of Terpsichore to greater and more rapid exertions.

APRIL 23.—We returned to Pera by a different route to that by which we came, passing through the vale of Pirgos and by the aqueduct (commonly called) of Justinian, of which and

a Turkish one farther up the valley, I made a sketch. On the Pera side of the valley we passed a convoy of loaded camels: these were the first I had yet seen, and were the ugliest beasts I have ever beheld. We passed by the kiosk and meadow of the Sweet Waters, a lovely spot.

APRIL 24.—We went to-day to see the College of the dancing dervises (dervishes), and to witness their sacred rotatory dance. In the outer court of the mosque is the mausoleum of the famous Halet Effendi, where I found an Imaum standing with a quadrant in his hand; before him was a little pool of water. I asked him, through our interpreter, what he was doing with the quadrant. He replied, he was observing what the hour of the day was! It was now about half-past ten. We were told to return about two hours after noon, to witness the evolutions of the dervishes. This we did; and were admitted without difficulty into a neat little octagonal building, with a dome over our heads. We left our boots at the door, and put on our

slippers, with which we had come provided. We sat cross-legged upon mats, underneath a kind of corridor, which ran nearly all round the interior of the mosque. At the eastern side was a small niche, in which was deposited the Khoran,* and over the niche was an inscription in letters of gold. Across and under the dome hung many shabby-looking variegated lamps full of oil, such as we use in Europe upon general illuminations. We had not long taken our stations, when the dervishes, about eight in number, headed by the Sheik Mévlévî, entered with great gravity and with noiseless step, being barefooted. There were two pretty little boys in their number, and all were clad in the decent green robe, brown vestment, and leather girdle, with grey felt truncated conical cap of their order. The Sheik Imaum prostrated himself in front of the Holy Khoran, placing his forehead upon the ground. In this

* This is an error, as no Khoran is ever deposited in this niche, which merely serves to denote the invisibility of the Deity, and to direct the face of the praying parties towards Mecca.

he was followed by all the dervishes, who were ranged a little behind him. They all remained some time in prayer; after which, seating themselves upon their heels, they listened to a long discourse from the Sheik, occasionally making a kind of response, in which they were accompanied by some most barbarous but characteristic music from a gallery over the corridor.

This music seemed to be made by a species of rustic pipe, accompanied by a stringed instrument and a tambourine or drum. After about half an hour this ceased, and the dervishes, rising on their feet (the Sheik remaining in a sitting posture), ranged themselves round the mosque; and after remaining some little time with their heads bent downwards, and their hands folded upon their bosoms, at a certain signal made by the Sheik, began to put themselves into a gentle rotatory motion, waving their extended arms gracefully up and down, as if to balance themselves as they swung round. They did not remain fixed to their places, but made, as it were, an orbit of the circumference of the mosque. They quickened and mode-

rated their movements as the music in the gallery seemed to excite or to calm them ; and suddenly, upon a sign from the Sheik, they stopped, and then began to go round again in a contrary direction to the former. The spread-out umbrella-looking shape of their garments, the undulating motion of their arms, the heated and perspiring countenances of the dervishes, the fatigue and evident giddiness of the two children, and the swimming motion of the whole group, produced upon me almost all the disagreeable effects of sea-sickness, and I was glad when, after about three-quarters of an hour, they ceased to spin round before my reeling sight. At a moment's notice, they all stopped and prostrated themselves before the Sheik Mévlévi, placing their foreheads frequently upon the ground, and reciting a prayer, with a sonorous but agreeable voice, which finished, they all arose, and the Sheik heading the procession, they marched once or twice round the area of the mosque, and departed as they came in. The Turks seemed to be much edified by

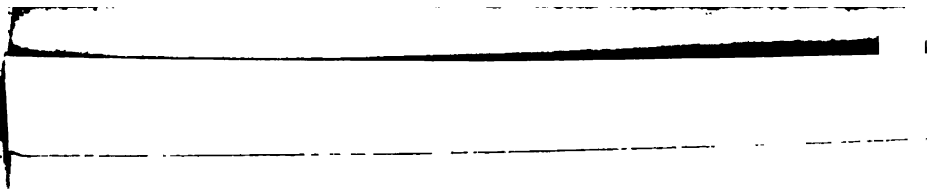
this spectacle, and there were many women in the latticed galleries, which ran half-way round the dome over the corridor. We met with no incivility while here, and gave away a few paras to some poor women Turks, who were awaiting our departure at the door.

We dined this evening at Mr. Turner's, the Secretary to the Embassy, and enjoyed very much his lively conversation and that of his agreeable English lady. Here we met a charming person, a Frank lady of Pera (i. e. born here, but of European parents). She is the wife of the Chancellor to the British Embassy, and is one of the prettiest women I ever saw. She speaks no English, but French, Italian, Turkish, and Romäik. Her husband is a very fine young man, a nephew of Mr. Black's.

From April 24th to May 4th, I have written nothing in my Journal, with the exception of two notes upon the conduct of some Turkish females to me, while employed sketching at Dolma Batchi on the 2d of May, and of some labourers upon the ground beneath the Sultan's

kiosk at that place, while I was looking at some horsemen employed in throwing the djerid at each other. I find, however, by my sketch-book, that on the 1st of May I made a sketch of the Seraglio Point, Scutari, Leander's Tower, Kadi Ku (or Chalcedon), the Islands of the Propontis, the mountains of Asia Minor, and the Thracian Olympus. My position was the wall of the Sultan's garden at Dolma Batchi, close to a little guard-house of the Nizam Djedid, many of whom came and looked over me as I drew, and good-naturedly pointed with their fingers at what they thought would be likely to attract my notice; occasionally, however, placing their dirty hands upon my book, and exclaiming, "Dobra Capitan, Stamboul, Serai, Pera, Caique," and so on, as the objects grew beneath my pencil. They seemed pleased by the confidence which I showed in them, and were delighted when I let them look at all the sketches my book contained.

I am averse to going about with an armed attendant, as this shows a suspicious and unconfiding disposition, and cannot be at



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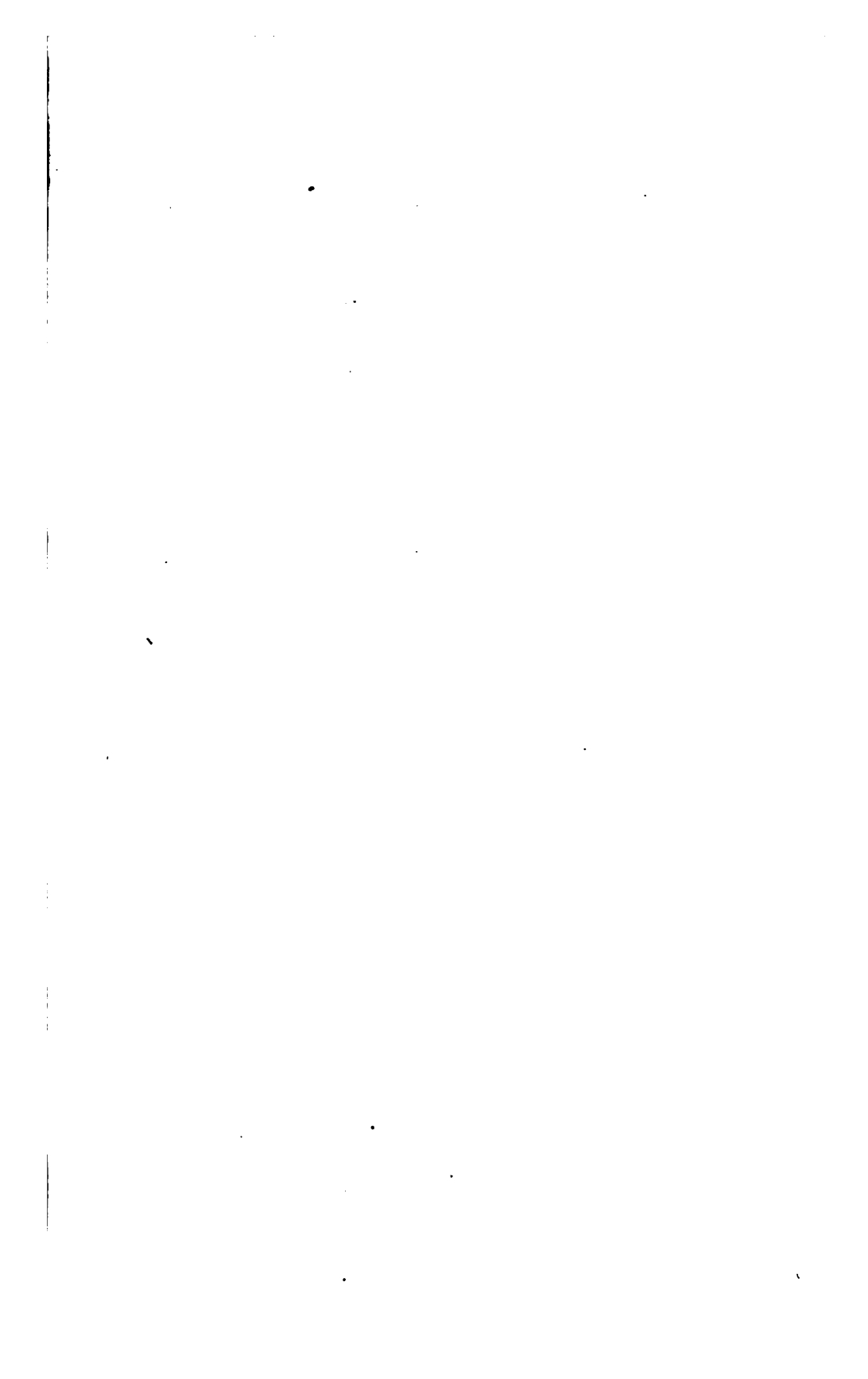
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all flattering to the Turks. I always, however, in my solitary rambles, carried my pocket-pistols, as the "ultima ratio" in the event of my personal safety being compromised. In the heat of the day, I either returned home or repaired to my favourite lounge in the Turkish and Armenian cemeteries, sketching women, men, and things. I likewise frequented, as much as I could, the parades and drills of the Nizam Djedid, and have been frequently astonished at the progress these troops make in the manual and platoon exercise, and the rapidity and closeness of their fire. I do not think much of their manœuvres or their marching, and they are evidently in want of superior officers. The topchis, or artillery, are a fine corps, and were organized *à la Franque* by Sultan Selim: their *materiel* is extremely good.

On the 2d of May, while I was employed sketching, sitting down on the roadside, over the plain of Dolma Batches, a young Turkish female, followed by a black slave and some children, came up to me, and after look-

ing a long while over my shoulder and talking to me, placed herself quite in front of me, and unveiled herself. I hardly dared to take any notice of this manœuvre, knowing that it is not customary in the East to speak to females in public. She, however, seemed to wish me to make a drawing of her, and signed to me to do so. I looked steadfastly at her for some time, and began to draw upon a spare piece of paper the outline of her figure. She was so pretty that I could not refrain from kissing the end of my pencil, and blowing the kiss to her, as one does in France to children. Upon seeing this, she coloured up to her forehead, made a sign as if she would draw a sword, and then a motion with her hand, as though she said, "if you dare do such a thing, I would have your head cut off." She was likewise very lavish of her epithets, some of which I had learnt were not very complimentary.

I now began to be apprehensive of the consequences of my indiscretion, and thought it best to continue my sketch of Scutari, and to take





**A VIEW OF SCUTARI FROM THE ROAD ABOVE
DOLMA Batches.**

no notice of her anger. She waited some time, then went behind me, looked over my shoulder, and seeing that I had ceased to make her portrait, patted me caressingly on the back, spoke softly, and then resumed her place in front of me, hoping that I should finish her likeness; but while this little coquetry was passing between us, some men Turks made their appearance, and she took the alarm, and walked hastily away, looking very significantly as she departed. The Turks passed on, and presently came some young girls, who after looking at my drawings, tipped my hat off my head and spit in my face. I could not bear such uncivil treatment as this, and rose and drove them off, while they began to arm themselves with stones and earth, and to throw at me with all their might. I do not know how this scene would have ended, had not some Effendi Turks passed by, who seeing how the matter stood, rebuked the women and drove them away. I was employed in wiping my face, arranging my clothes, and picking up my hat, when some Greek ladies,

who had likewise been spectators of my distress, came up, and consoled me by saying in Italian, "A Signore! son cattiva gente, gente barbara, canaglia, non turbatevi signore, son maladetta gente senza fede."

Upon another occasion, I was witnessing, with great pleasure, upon the plain at Dolma Batchi, the evolutions of some Turkish horsemen, who were exercising with the djerid. Suddenly I found myself assailed by a shower of stones, and looking upwards towards the hill upon which the Sultan's kiosk stands, the wall before which was crowded with Turkish females, I perceived on the left, at a little distance, two men who were amusing themselves at my expense, and pelting me as fast as they could. It was in vain that I shifted my ground; the more moderation I displayed, the more they pelted me; at length, I thought of my arms, and brandishing a pistol in the air, I pointed it at my opponents, in hopes of warning them to desist. It was not my intention to fire my weapon, but I thought that its display might be

productive of a good effect; and so indeed it was; for, upon the sight of its glittering steel barrel, my two assailants ran away, laughing. When I related this circumstance afterwards, in conversation at the embassy, I was informed, that if I thought I could identify either of the men who had insulted me, his Excellency would have them punished; and that the Sultan was determined to protect Franks in the most effectual manner: indeed, by disarming the populace of the capital, his Highness has taken the first step towards this measure, as the Turks are now no longer so prone as they were to insult Europeans, now that they feel they possess no loaded pistol, or sharp yatagan, ready to assert their superiority. His Excellency was so good as to offer me the protection of his own chaoushes at any time that I might think fit to ask for their services: of these, however, I never availed myself, adhering to my maxim of showing no fear of the people among whom I was; and of avoiding, upon all occasions, as far as I could, doing any thing that

might offend their prejudices, or shock their feelings.

Dolma Batchi, I believe, signifies the Garden of Gourds. "Batchi" is garden; and the Turks have a dish made of gourds, stuffed with minced meat, which they call "dolma." I have often eaten of this dish.* The Sultan has here a large country-house, or kiosk, from the windows of which, upon certain occasions, he witnesses the throwing of the djerid by the mounted eunuchs, who are extremely expert at this exercise. It was from this point that Mahomet the Second, in one night, caused his ships or galleys to be hauled upon platforms of greased plank over the hills of Pera, and launched into the Golden Horn, near the Tower of Galata; the Genoese, who at that time held that important position, receiving a sum of money for their neutrality upon the occasion, and stipulating for privileges to be enjoyed by themselves and their descendants, in the event of the Sultan's succeeding in capturing Con-

* In Syria, the Arabs likewise call it "Dolma."

stantinople. These privileges, whatever they were, are enjoyed by the mongrel descendants of those traitors to Christianity to this hour.

MAY 4.—Mr. Vane and myself, accompanied by our landlord, Giuseppe Vitali, embarked at the Admiralty stairs, in a caique, upon a trip to what are called in Pera the Sweet Waters (Ketkhana Sou). We passed close by the Ottoman fleet, as it lay rotting and falling into decay, and had a prodigiously fine view of both sides of this unique capital and scenery. Our landlord had been fourteen years chief cook in the Imperial Seraglio, and knew well the excellent Sultan Selim. He had been many years among the Turks, and was well acquainted with their character, and the personal history of many of the Imperial family and great men. His conversation was very amusing and instructive; he had imbibed, like almost all other Franks who reside among this extraordinary people, a great love and veneration for them, not a little heightened by his fear of their courage and prowess. He spoke of the present

Sultan in the highest possible terms, always styling him "Il Soverano," and throwing an air of respect into his countenance whenever he mentioned him. He knew likewise a great many anecdotes about the ladies of the Imperial blood, and the wives of the great men, some of which served to show that they were not always either faithful or obedient to their masters and husbands, and indeed by no means the engaged and watched captives which we Europeans are apt to imagine them.

We landed at the beautiful mosque and mausoleum of Ayub, or Eyoub, the friend and brother soldier of Mahomet. It is a magnificent building of the whitest marble, most tastefully gilded and ornamented, of perfect proportions, and in the best possible taste. It is indeed a lovely specimen of the Oriental style of architecture. It stands in the midst of gardens and fruit-trees. As in all other Turkish mausoleums, one can look through the latticed window, and see the funeral catafalque surmounted by the turban of the deceased. It

was a fête-day, and a great many Turks came as well as ourselves to see the mosque, and to pray there, which latter we were not allowed to do.

I learnt from Il Signore Vitali, that it is customary with the Sultans, upon the ceremony of their inauguration, which takes place in this mosque, to receive the sword of the Caliphs at the hand of the Sheik Dervish; and to gird it upon their thigh, as a pledge of their determination to maintain the law of the Prophet, and to subdue its enemies.

We now returned to our caique; and pulling up a narrow river, through a fleet of boats full of handsomely-dressed Turks, and women and children, reached with considerable difficulty the landing-place, under some very fine trees in a beautiful valley. Here stands, on the right bank, a kiosk of the Sultan, in a fine meadow, in which his Highness's horses, covered with rich housings, guarded by Bulgarian grooms, are picketed in the luxuriant pastures. The river is led over a succession of marble terraces, laid one higher

than the other, forming so many little cascades over their projecting edges, which are tastefully indented like the lips of a scallop shell. The soft murmuring sound of these beautiful rills, added to the gentle breathing of the zephyrs through the agitated leaves of the fine trees, the splendid groups of contemplative Turks, seated near the stream, enjoying their pipes and their coffee; the quiet, modest-looking knots of veiled females, retired to a little distance from the men; their beautiful and richly-dressed children, playing about the green enamelled with flowers, attended by negro women; the picturesque-looking Greek and Jew venders of trinkets and bonbons, gliding about; the Oriental façade and porticoes of the kiosk, the green hills on each side of the valley, the blue sky and bright sun, formed altogether a scene of fairy land, or Eastern romance, and will never be effaced from my memory.

The Perotes, with reason, are proud of this beautiful spot; and it is related of a lady of the noblesse (a dragoman's wife), that in speaking of

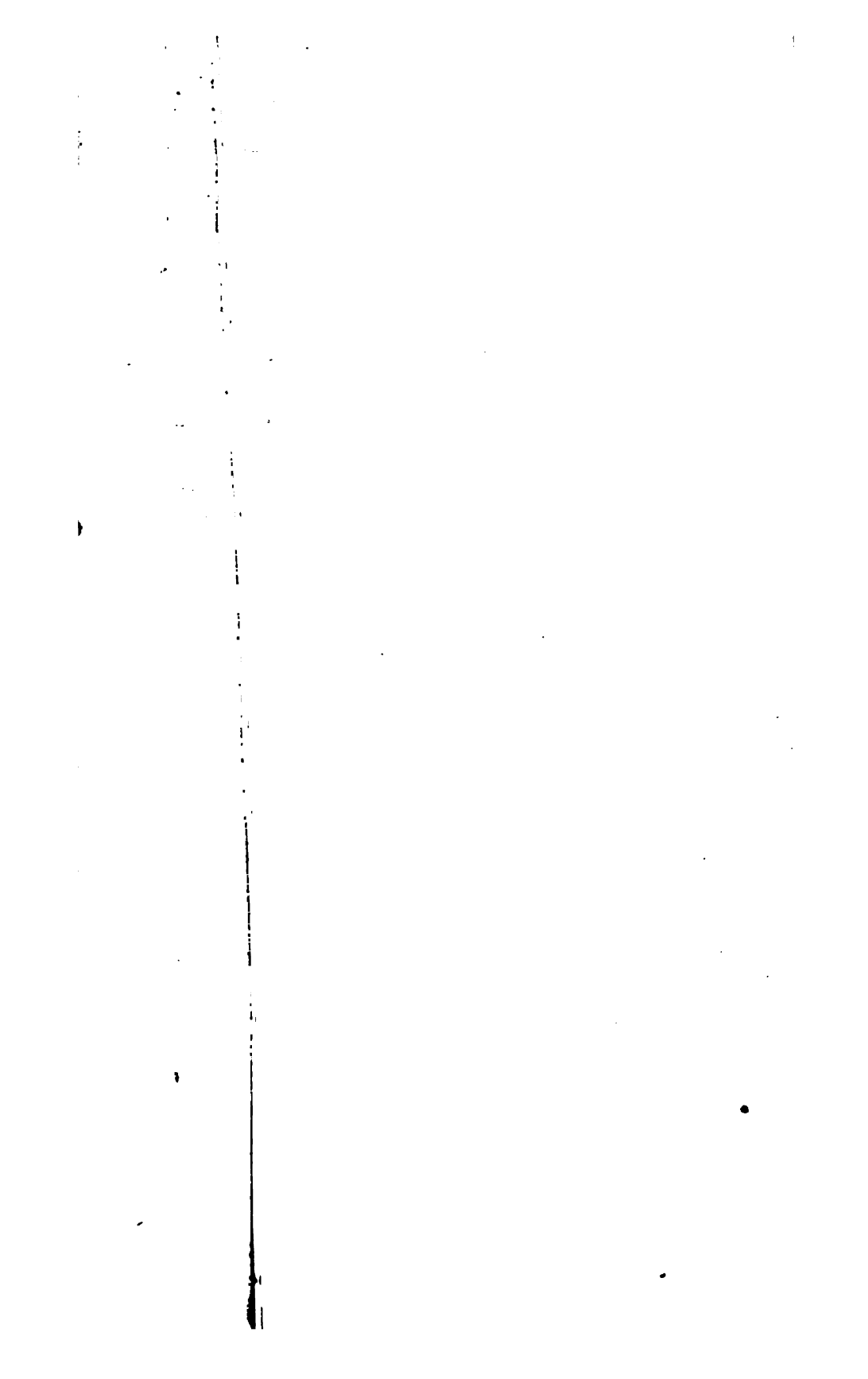
the return of a young *attaché* to the French embassy to his own country, she observed with much *naïveté*, “Qu'est-ce qu'il deviendra ce pauvre jeune homme à Paris?—à Paris, ou il n'y a point d'eaux douces.”

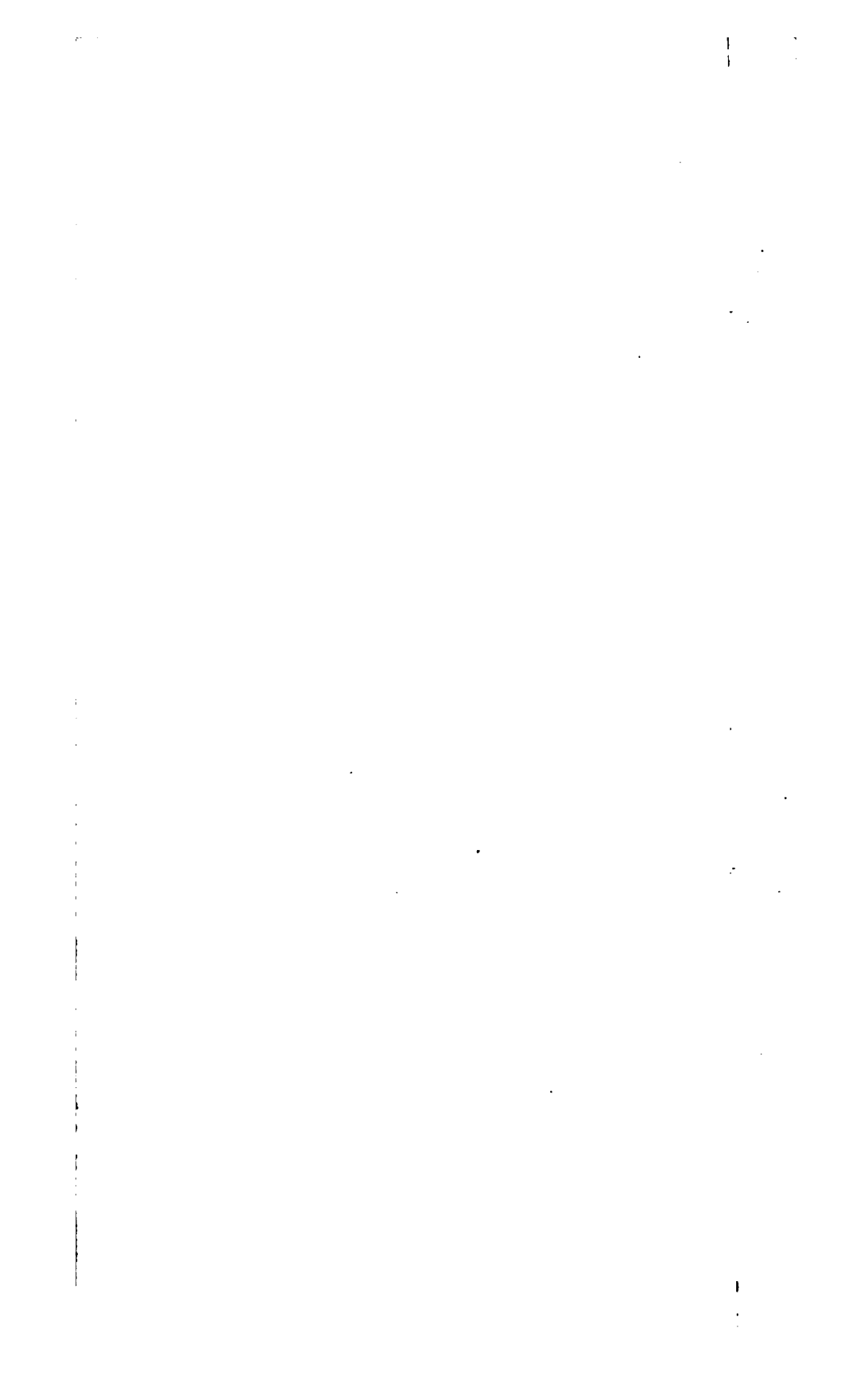
On a particular day of this month (I forget which), all the horses of the Sultan are brought in great state, and amidst discharges of cannon, to this meadow; and occasionally the favourite ladies of the Imperial harem are conveyed hither, to walk about, and enjoy the fine air of this lovely spot. Upon these latter occasions, the eunuchs of the seraglio are posted on horseback all around on the hills, to keep off the gaze of intrusive eyes; and woe be to the unlucky wight whose evil stars may have accidentally brought him within this prohibitory cordon!

These eunuchs are noted for their malicious humour, their skill in horsemanship, and in the use of their weapons; and they would not fail to exercise all these their talents, and to wreak their spite upon any one of the *male sex*

who should chance to fall into their hands. Vitali related an anecdote of an Englishman, who, in returning from Belgrade, (the road from which leads near the spot,) unaware that the sultanas were at the kiosk, found himself suddenly pursued by two of these sable guardians of the harem; he was fortunately well mounted, and armed with a heavy hunting whip. One of the eunuchs soon came up with him, and fired his pistol without effect; upon which the Englishman, before his adversary had time to draw his sabre, hit him over the face with the butt end of his whip, and brought him to the ground, not waiting to receive the second pursuer, who, seeing how his comrade had fared, reined in his Arab steed, and left the field of battle to the intrepid Briton.

After indulging for some time in the delicious sensations with which we were inspired by the nature of this scenery, we set out on foot for Pera, our way leading over the heights, covered with gum-cistus and wild-sage, and through the Hebrew burying-ground, looking





cold and desolate, upon the side of a hill, and being very full of large and timid hares, who started out every moment from the sepulchres.

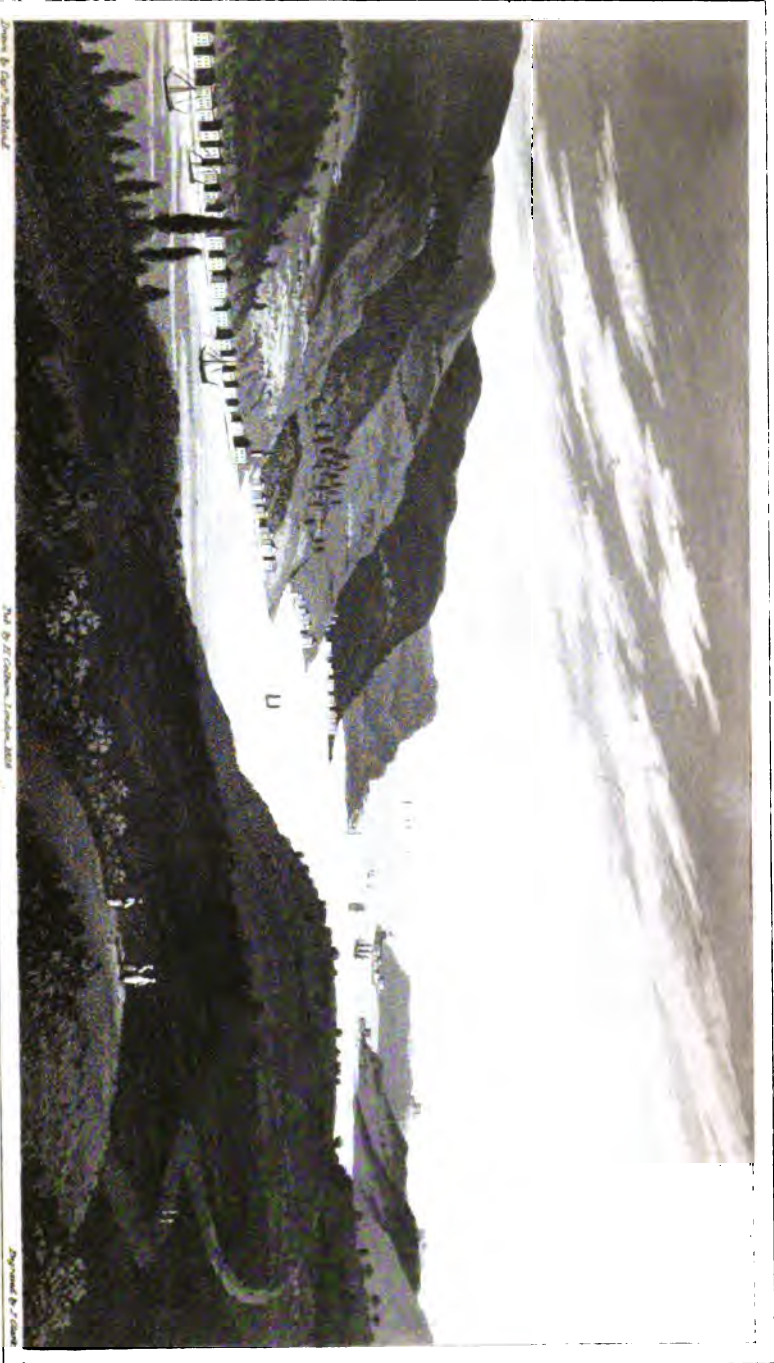
After crossing several hills and valleys, we came suddenly upon a magnificent view of Constantinople, having the Greek village of San Demetrio (over which we caught a glimpse of the Golden Horn), and the long row of cypresses which mark the immense cemeteries of Pera, the Tower of Galata, the top of the British palace, the Topchi and Nizam Djedid barrack, forming the outline of the foreground; behind this line came the domes and minarets of the various mosques, the Tower of the Fanar, and the Aqueduct of Valens; these in their turns relieved by the blue Sea of Marmora, crowded with shipping, and backed in the distance by the mountains of Asia Minor. I endeavoured to make a sketch of this beautiful view; but I quite despair of giving any thing like a true picture of the scene, either by the *trait de plume* or the *coup de crayon*. I wish that some eminent artist would come out to

this country, and give the European public some ideas of its picturesque merits.

MAY 5.—To-day I had the pleasure of making an excursion on horseback with the Turners, to their campagne on the Bosphorus, at Therapia; and made a sketch of Búyúk Deré, and the opening into the Black Sea, with the castles on either hand. "Therapia," I believe, signifies "fine air;" and to this spot most of the rich people of Pera resort in the summer, in common with Búyúk Deré, to breathe the refreshing breezes from the Euxine, and to bathe and indulge in retirement. The French ambassador has at present a fine house here, with a beautiful garden; this once belonged to some of the unfortunate Greek princes who fell victims to the sanguinary Moslem policy, at the breaking out of the Hellenic revolution. Alas! one cannot visit the lovely shores of the Bosphorus, without being struck with the ruin and desolation which this unhappy war has brought down upon the heads of the once thriving, happy, and elegant Greek princes.

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THE VIEW FROM THE HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

THE HILL

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“Búyúk Deré,” I believe, signifies “great quay.” Here, upon a long esplanade, are seated the country-houses of many European ambassadors, consuls, dragomans, and the noblesse of Pera; and here is a lively, little, and agreeable town. The Russian minister and the Austrian internuncio have delightful houses and gardens, but more particularly the Russian. I had received a very kind invitation from M. de Ribeaupierre, to come and pass a few days with him at this place; but I felt myself more in the centre of what was worth seeing at Pera, and with regret declined availing myself of his offer for the present time.

After visiting all the remarkable spots on this part of the Bosphorus, we returned by water in a light and graceful caique to Pera. I shall not attempt to describe the succession of fairy lakes of bright azure which this strait forms; their sloping banks covered with the red dwellings of the Turks, and the dark grey houses of the Rayahs; the gardens of gloomy cypresses, contrasted with the glowing flowers

of the Judas-tree, now in full blossom; the kiosks, the domes and minarets of the mosques; the villages, the creeks and harbours, the quays crowded with shipping of all nations and of all descriptions, the gliding caiques; the flocks of sea-birds, which, flying close upon the bosom of the water in myriads, make a whizzing kind of sound with their wings, and which, from their eternal motion, have been named by the French "les ames damnées;" then come the towers and turrets of the Castles of Darius on either hand, then the Peak of Bugerloo, and then Scutari breaks upon the enraptured sight, Leander's Tower, the Seraglio Point, Olympus, islands, mountains, sea, cities.

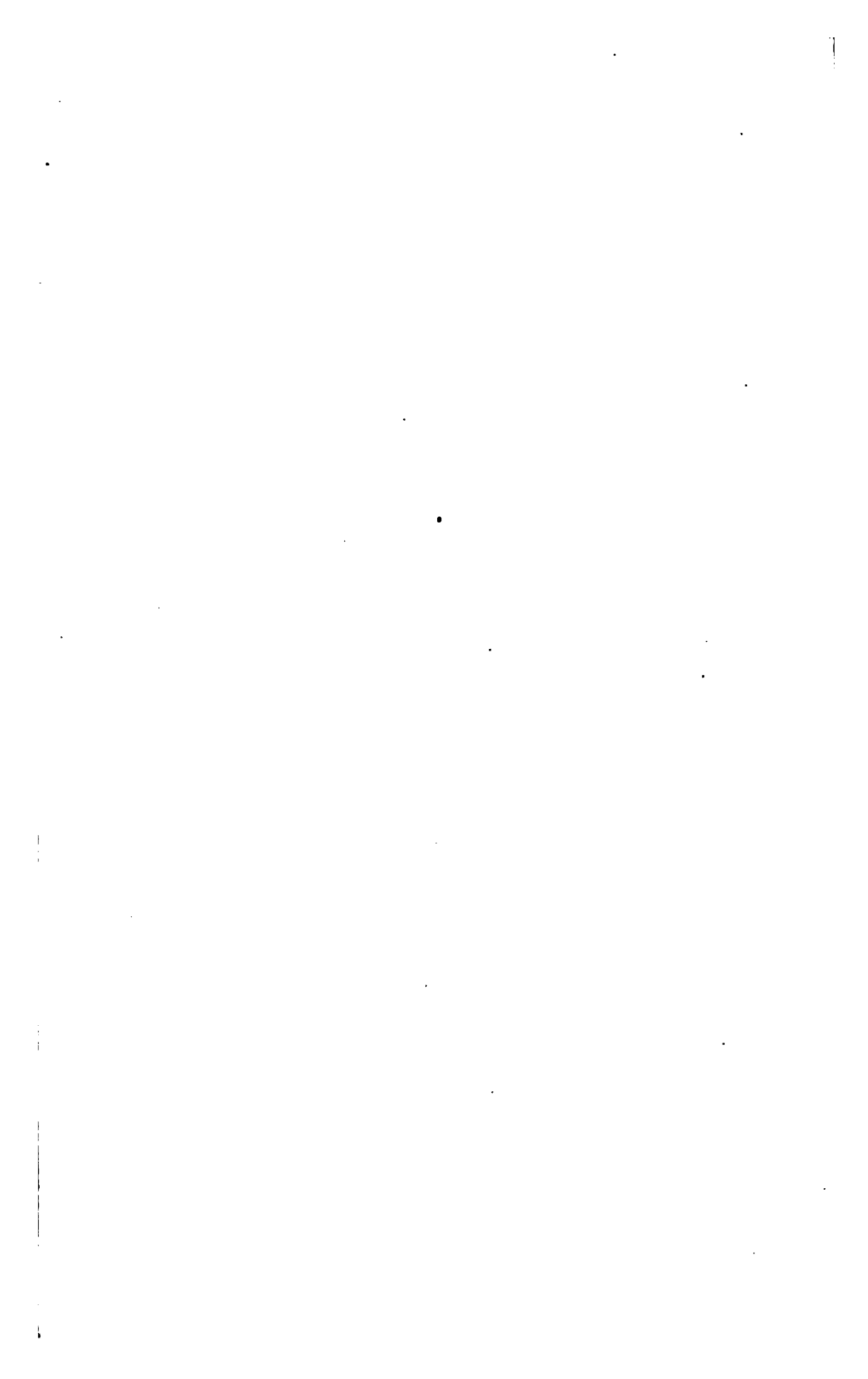
But I must pause, lest I should appear too enthusiastic. Go, reader, and see! If you have a soul, you will feel as I do; if you have an eye capable of appreciating the beauties of nature and of art, you will see as I have seen, and you will confess that I have not overcharged the picture.

For some days after my visit to Therapia, I have noted nothing of any importance. I mounted one evening to the top of the Tower of Galata, and enjoyed from thence the finest panoramic view in the world. But I will write no more descriptions. My evenings were generally passed at the Ambassador's, the Consul-General's, the Secretary Mr. Turner's, or Mr. Black's; and my mornings, in looking at the troops and ships.

CHAPTER VII.

Roumeli Hissar.—Excursion to Scutari and Fener Batchi.—
 Trip to the Islands of the Propontis.—Monasteries of
 Chalki.—Tombstone of Sir Edward Barton, and Inscrip-
 tion.—Papas.—Principo.—Pic-nic.—Turkish Musicians.—
 Romäika.—Convent and Shrine of Panagia.—Maniacs
 and Idiots.—Return to Pera.—Ball at the British Palace.
 —Pic-nic at DjoukSoyou, on the Bosphorus.—Reis Effendi's
 wife.—Conversation with her.—Excursion on the Bos-
 phorus.—Mosquito Fleet.—Sultan going to Mosque by
 Water.—Pic-nic at Hunker Eskellessie.—View from the
 Giant's Mountain.—Gouté at Búyúk Deré.—Return to
 Pera.—Farewell Visit to the Bosphorus.—Proposal from
 the Swedish Minister.—Disappointment.—Preparations for
 Departure.—Determination to go by Sea to Smyrna in an
 English brig.—Visites de Congé.

MAY 9.—I rode with Mr. Vane to see the
 European castle of the Bosphorus, "Roumeli
 Hissar." At this point Darius crossed over
 into Europe; and Mahomet II., following his
 example, fortified it, and made it his tête-de-
 pont. The three towers were built by his three





THE TOWN OF HAFNARFJÖRDUR AND THE PIER ON THE ICELANDERS.

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Viziers; and this castle has formed the subject of a fine opening to one of the chapters in Gibbon. On the opposite shore stands the Asiatic castle, "Anadoli Hissar," upon the banks of a little river. I made a sketch of this interesting point.

As fortifications, they are now quite contemptible, particularly that on the European side, which is commanded from the rear; on the water's edge, however, the Turks in later days have placed some heavy cannon in casemate; but, as usual, these works are in decay. Here, in the silence of the night, the secret executions of the Sultan's enemies, or rather victims, take place; the bowstring and the yatagan do their work, and the blue Bosphorus is stained by the bloody and headless corse which is consigned to its bosom. This "Roumeli Hissar" has, in the late judicial slaughter of the Janissaries, been the principal scene of the bloody tragedy. In the neighbourhood of this castle are some beautiful points of view, some of which we visited: of these I shall say nothing.

MAY 12.—A most delightful excursion to

Scutari, in company with many Frank gentlemen and two or three ladies ; here we landed, at what is called the Sultan's Scale (*scala*), and sent for our horses, which had been previously ordered. We went to examine a handsome fountain near the water-side; and here, as usual, found a great many Turkish women drawing water, who, perceiving a green veil upon one of the Frank ladies of the party, were exceedingly angry at what they deemed a profanation of the sacred colour, and abused her and all of us most heartily: indeed it is probable that they would not have contented themselves with words, but would have proceeded to *voies de fait*, had it not been for some young soldiers of the Nizam Djedid, who drove them off. I am sorry to say that I generally found the fair sex much more intractable than the other; being, I suppose, less in fear of the bastinado.

We rode through the immense cemetery of Scutari, and up to the top of Bugerloo, from whence we had a splendid view of Constantinople and of Pera, and of all their concomitant beauties of sea and land, of mountain and

plain, of islands and shipping. After reposing here some little time under a fine clump of trees, we descended by another road, passed by kiosks, fountains, gardens, and mosques, through shady lanes and smiling meadows, to the point of the lighthouse opposite the Islands of the Propontis, called by the Turks "Fener Batchi," the Garden of the Lighthouse. Here we found prepared, by the care of our friends, a plentiful and elegant pic-nic, spread upon the green-sward, beneath an immense clump of pine-trees; around us on all sides were groups of Turks enjoying their contemplative pleasures, seated on their handsome carpets, and there were as usual many women and children.

Along the beach opposite to the islands, some women, attended by their negro slaves, were bathing; and I regret to say, that my sketching propensities were the cause of my disturbing some of these aquatic nymphs, and of my getting a dreadful scolding from one of the enraged swarthy Ayahs, upon whom I accidentally stumbled. I have seen ladies in Ireland bathe in the same manner as did these

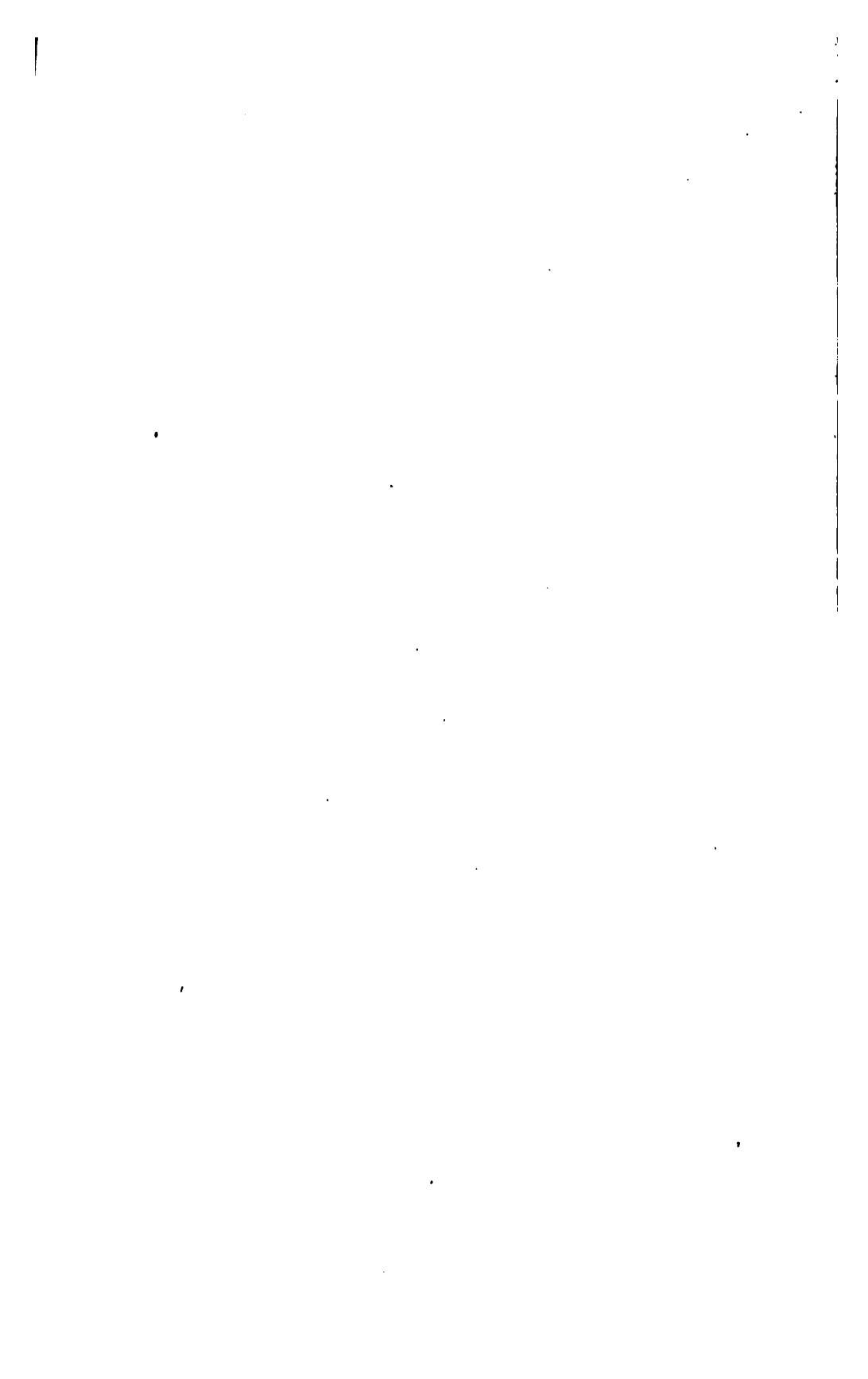
beauties of the East, clad in a large loose bathing dress, and without the convenience of a bathing machine, in which to unrobe and robe themselves.

After dinner, I wandered away to the point of the Fener; and seating myself at the foot of one of the large pines, made a sketch of Stamboul, during which occupation my book was struck out of my hand by a stone thrown at me by a passing Turk, which left its mark upon the page. We returned to Perà at sunset, *en bateau*, and spent the evening very pleasantly at the house of one of the ladies.

MAY 13.—I had the honour of accompanying the Ambassador, his lady, and suite, in his Excellency's splendid barge, manned by seven galiongees, (each pulling two oars,) and steered by a venerable old Reis, to the Islands of the Propontis. They are four in number, viz. Antigone, Protæ, Chalki, and Principo. We landed first upon Chalki, (copper, so called from that metal abounding there,) and wandered over hills covered with arbutus, myrtle, gum-cistus, wild-sage, thyme, and a variety of sylvan flowers, to a



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE FROM FENER BATCHI.







GREEK PAPAS AT CHALKI.

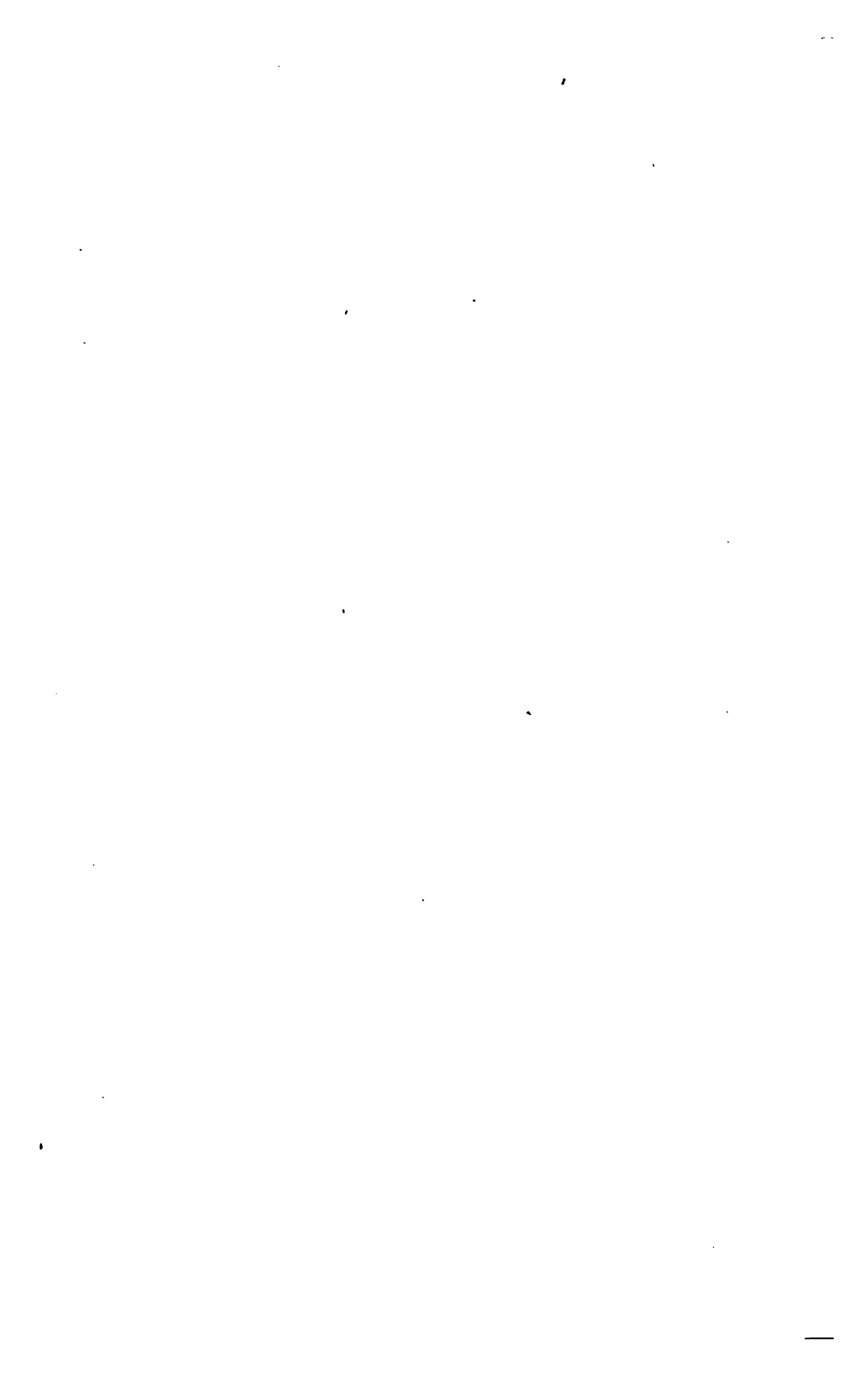
monastery of Greek Papas. Here, over the sill of the door, is the tombstone of Sir Edward Barton. I have copied the inscription, which I insert below.

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GLOR. REGINE. OR
ATORE VIRO. PRÆ
STANTISSIMO: QUI
POST REDITUM, A
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IMPERATORE: P
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SALUT VERO
ANNO MDXC.VII
XVIII. C. NÆ .

These Greek monasteries present nothing remarkable, unless I may except the presence of many women and children. The Papas are allowed, while in deacon's orders, to marry, and

they cohabit with their wives until their elevation to the episcopal dignity, which, as it falls to the share of comparatively few, does not often interfere with their domestic arrangements. They seemed to be mostly very ignorant and clownish men; but they were extremely humble, civil, and obliging. There is another of those convents on the top of a high hill in this island, whither we likewise went to enjoy from thence the fine view of the Sea of Marmora, and the distant minarets and domes of Stamboul. Here I made a sketch. In the monastery was a curious picture of the Last Judgment, with all its concomitant horrors and whimsicalities, equal to any thing of the sort in the celebrated performance upon that subject by Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel.

There is a pretty town on the south side of the island, with some good houses in it, whither many families resort in the heats of summer. The Austrian Internuncio has a villa here. We called upon the family of the first dragoman to the British Embassy, and walked





TURKISH MUSICIANS AT PRINCIPO.

about upon the quays of the place, with the belles of Chalki. We afterwards went in the barge through a heavy sea (for the sea-breeze had set in,) to the island of Principo; and here, after wandering about some time, we dined under an immense tree in the centre of a Greek village.

We were entertained during our repast by a group of Turkish musicians, and by about a dozen Greeks, who danced the Romäika to the barbarous sounds of the itinerant band. It consisted of three very droll-looking fellows, one of whom scraped away most zealously upon a species of violin, another strummed heartily upon a creaking guitar, while the third hammered away upon a tamborine; at intervals, they all joined their monotonous and discordant voices with the strangely uncouth sounds of their minstrelsy, while a large ape, which belonged to the party, frisked about, and looked as grave and consequential as his masters, no doubt imagining that he was a very important personage in the drama; which, in truth, he was, for he was

much the most amusing vagabond there. After dinner, we procured asses, and almost all the party rode up over the heights to obtain views, and to visit the famous shrine of the Panagia, contained in an old convent near the summit of the mountain. In the chapel we found two or three sick people lying upon mattresses on the floor: they told us, they had come hither to be prayed for by the Church; but, judging from their appearance, it would not seem that these prayers had been very efficacious. This is a common practice in the Greek Church, and is of great antiquity.

We saw some poor maniacs in the court-yard of the convent, chained like malefactors; and one wretched creature, who seemed to be merely idiotical, was under the same species of restraint. These miserable objects were likewise brought hither for the same pious purpose.

The Greeks believe in the old superstition of the possession of devils; and I rather apprehend that mania and possession seem to be in their eyes one and the same thing. Hence the

custom of bringing maniacs hither to the shrine of the Panagia, to be exorcised and prayed over. We cannot quarrel with their piety, although we may pity their ignorance. The island of Principo, on its southern shore, possesses many remains of antiquity, some baths, columns, fragments of altars, &c. &c. Coins of the Roman and Greek emperors are frequently found here.

We returned at sunset to the boats, and had a long and weary pull back to Tophana, where we landed at nearly midnight, and were pursued up the steep and uneven streets by the whole pack of Tophana hounds, yelping and barking at our heels nearly all the way to the Galata Serai. We were all weary and hungry, and I was glad to accept an invitation to sup at the palace.

MAY 17.—A splendid ball at the British palace, which was attended by all the corps diplomatique, the dragomans, the principal Frank merchants, and the strangers of condition. The suite of state rooms, which are very magnifi-

cent, was brilliantly lighted up, and there was a superb supper in the great hall. The mixture of all the costumes of the East and West that was here exhibited, produced a most striking effect; for there were many Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Dragomans, (*habillés à la langue*, as it is called,) and the wives and daughters of these latter, in the dress of their country; and then there was all the lace and embroidery, the silks, muslins, and feathers, the cocked hats, epaulettes, and decorations of Europe. The costume, however, of the ladies of Pera, is more to be admired than their dancing, *faute de bons maitres à danser*.

MAY 20.—I went with a large and agreeable party of ladies and gentlemen, to a picnic upon the banks of the Bosphorus, at a place called by the Turks, “Djouk Soyou,” upon the Asian side, and just opposite to the “Roumeli Hissar,” or the European Castle.

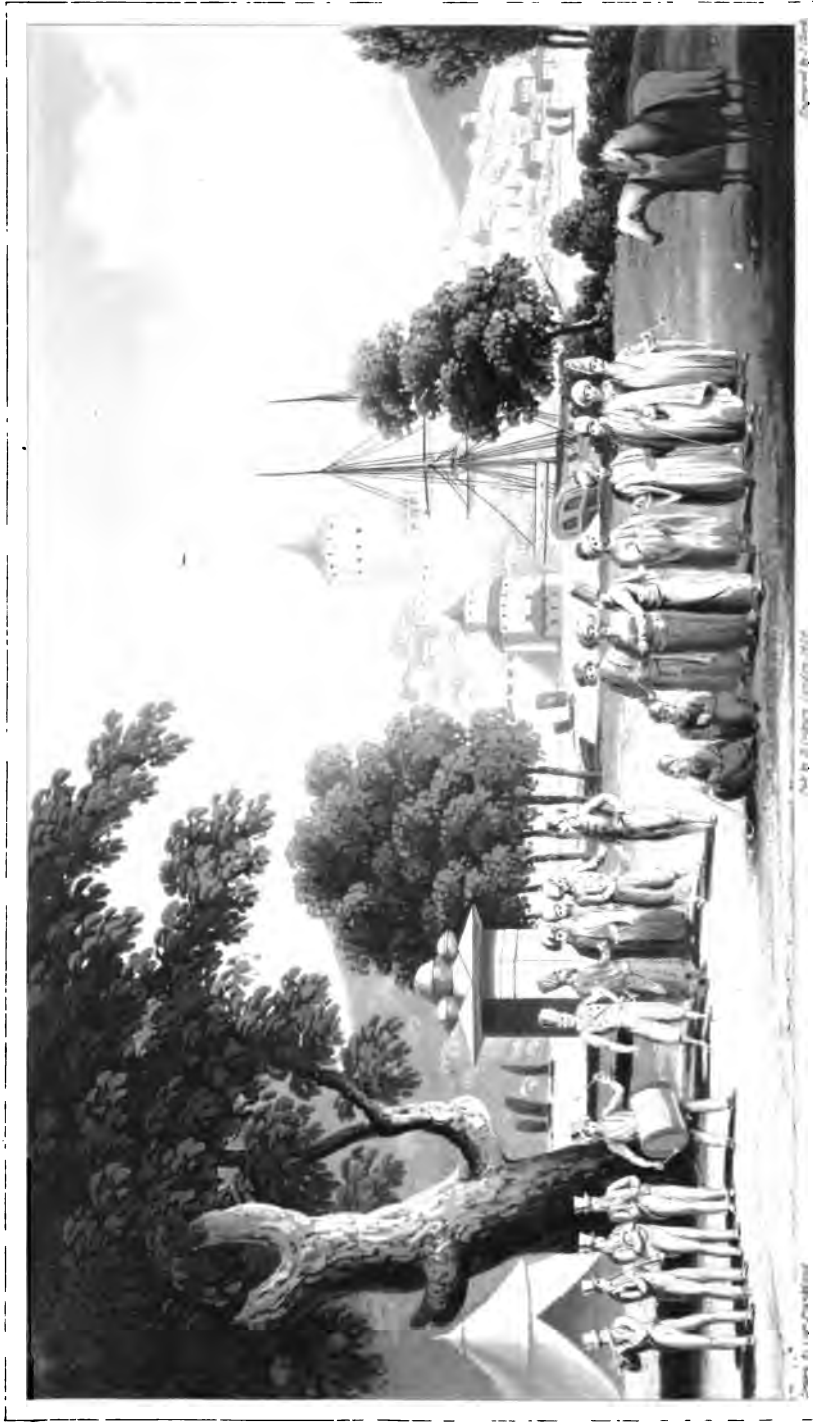
We first wandered about the delicious lanes and groves in the neighbourhood, and among fountains, kiosks, and gardens; and then returned to dinner, which we found spread upon

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This not only helps in tracking expenses but also ensures compliance with tax regulations.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used for data collection and analysis. These include surveys, interviews, and focus groups. Each method has its own strengths and weaknesses, and the choice of method depends on the specific research objectives.

The third section provides a detailed overview of the results obtained from the study. It highlights the key findings and discusses their implications for the industry. The data shows a clear trend towards digitalization, with a significant increase in online transactions over the past few years.

Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations for future research and implementation. It suggests that further studies should be conducted to explore the long-term effects of digitalization on the economy and society.



THE GREAT PORT OF THE EAST



a large table, underneath an immense Oriental plane-tree, with which this country abounds. After dinner, when the ladies retired, and left the gentlemen to their Champagne and Burgundy, I stole away to make a sketch of the beautiful scene. A Frank band of musicians had been stationed near the dinner-table, and attracted whole groups of Turks, who seemed to listen with much pleasure to the airs of Mozart and Rossini, and the occasional God save the King, Rule Britannia, and other national airs, called for by the loyal votaries of Bacchus.

When I had finished my sketch, I joined the ladies of our party, who were sitting together upon a kind of temporary divan near a handsome fountain, in the foreground, and not far from the banks of the Bosphorus. Close behind them was a group of Turkish females, apparently of consequence, as they were attended by two well-dressed chäoushes, who remained at a little distance, with their heads turned discreetly another way, and by several black slaves.

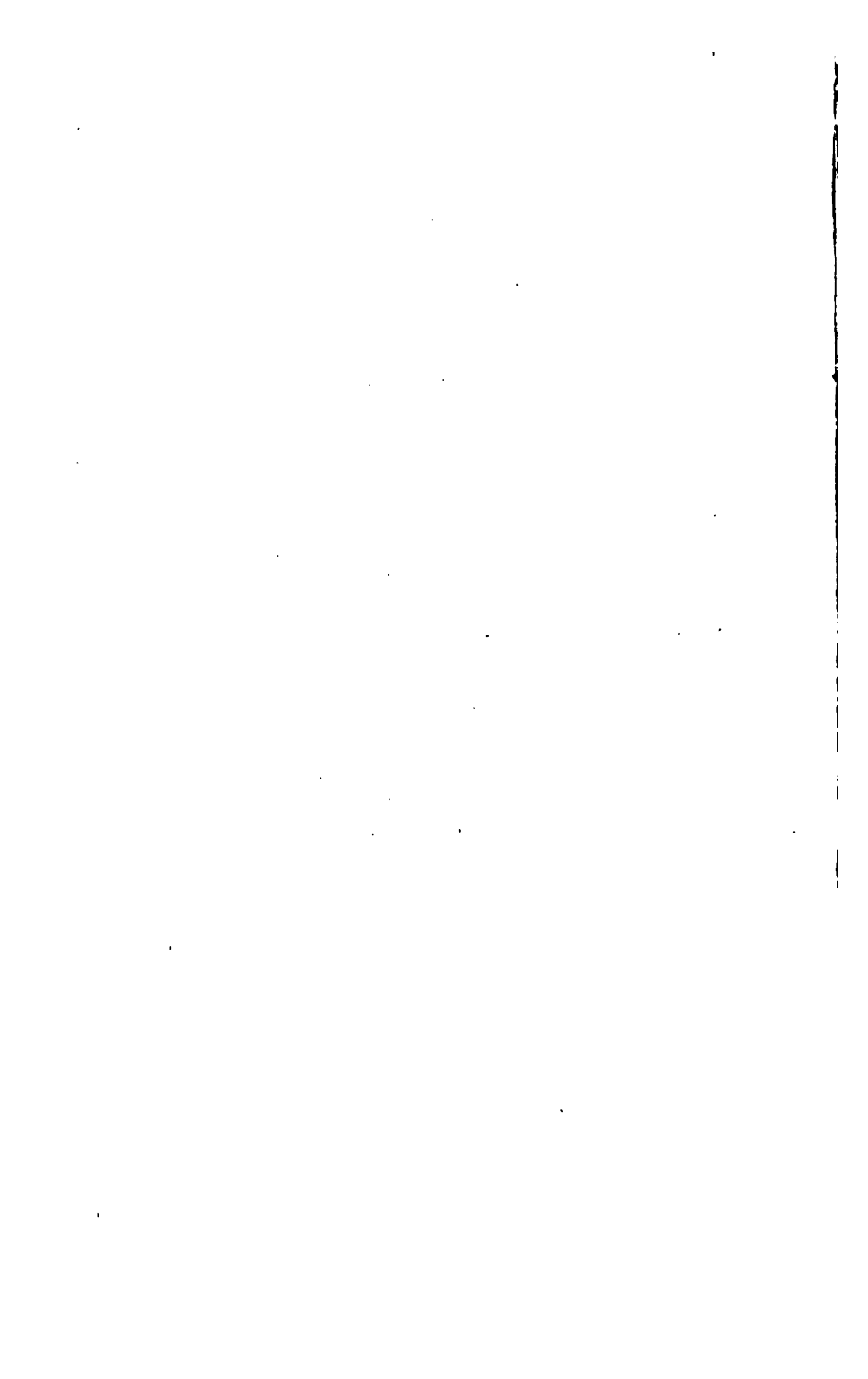
I was seated at the feet of one of the Frank ladies, and showing her the sketch I had just made. One of the Turkish dames was curious to see the book, and began to converse with the lady at whose feet I was sitting. She said, "Come here, I like your beautiful face, come and be acquainted with me; I wish to know you all." The fair Frank replied courteously to her, and they conversed very animatedly.

The Turk now unveiled herself, and said, "Who is that young man at your feet with the book? Is he your husband?" Which being answered in the negative, she replied, "Ah! how happy you ladies of Frangistan are, who can enjoy the society of the male sex without restraint!"

She was a very handsome and young woman, with fine large black expressive eyes, and arched brows: she smoked her chibouque, and ate bonbons, while she talked to us. We endeavoured to prevail upon another of her companions to unveil: she at first excused herself, and expressed fear of being observed; at length



TURKISH LADIES.



she sighed very heavily, and showed her face likewise; but she was not so young or handsome as the other, and was perhaps her mother.

The younger lady now said to the fair Frank, "Ask him to make my likeness." I immediately set about making a rough outline of the group; and when I had finished it, showed it to her. Meanwhile, a great many Turkish women of inferior grade had gathered about us, and the poor lady began to be alarmed, saying, "Tell him not to show the drawing to those other women, for they will know who it is. I am the wife of the Reis Effendi; and should it be known that I have unveiled before the Franks, I shall devour a great deal of grief."

The fair Frank explained all this conversation to me, and I have written it as nearly as I could remember its import, not however answering for its being verbatim. The Reis Effendi's wife, seeing that she had attracted the observation of her own countrywomen, now withdrew, saying many civil things, and casting many soft looks from her black eyes upon her Frangi

friends, some of which the draughtsman had vanity enough to think were meant for himself.

In the evening we embarked for *Therapia*, and spent the rest of a pleasant day in dancing, at the house of one of the ladies of the party. I and several others, indeed, passed the whole night there, upon sofas, beds, and divans, returning early the following morning, by water, to Pera, and enjoying very much, indeed, the beauties of the scene at this early hour.

MAY 25.—I had the pleasure of accompanying their Excellencies of the English Embassy in their barge to Dolma Batchi, and saw the manœuvres of the Sultan's Mosquito squadron, which formed line of battle, tacked, wore, fired salutes, and performed several evolutions to the beating of drums, and amid the clangour of cymbals. The boats were of all sizes and of all rigs, some as frigates, others as schooners, and some as sloops, &c. &c., each having at its mast-head a man placed to keep a good look-out, whose size was very much out of proportion to the pigmy vessel upon whose top-gallant yard

or mast-head he stood. They manœuvred, however, much better than could have been expected, and seemed to pay much attention to the movements and signals of the flag-ship, which remained in the centre of the weather line.

After witnessing with much pleasure the scientific efforts of the infant marine, we disembarked, and went into the palace of a great Turk, which was not quite finished, and from behind the latticed windows of the Harem we saw the Sultan go by in immense state in his beautiful galley, cutting like a swallow through the air, dashing the spray about the boat with its many oars, preceded by the black and white eunuchs of the Seraglio, in handsome barges, and followed by the Viziers, Reis Effendi, Capitan Pasha, and all the great dignitaries of the Ottoman throne, in richly ornamented galleys. I cannot attempt to describe this procession, it shot so rapidly past us, and was surrounded with so much state and splendour, that the dazzled imagination could not comprehend its

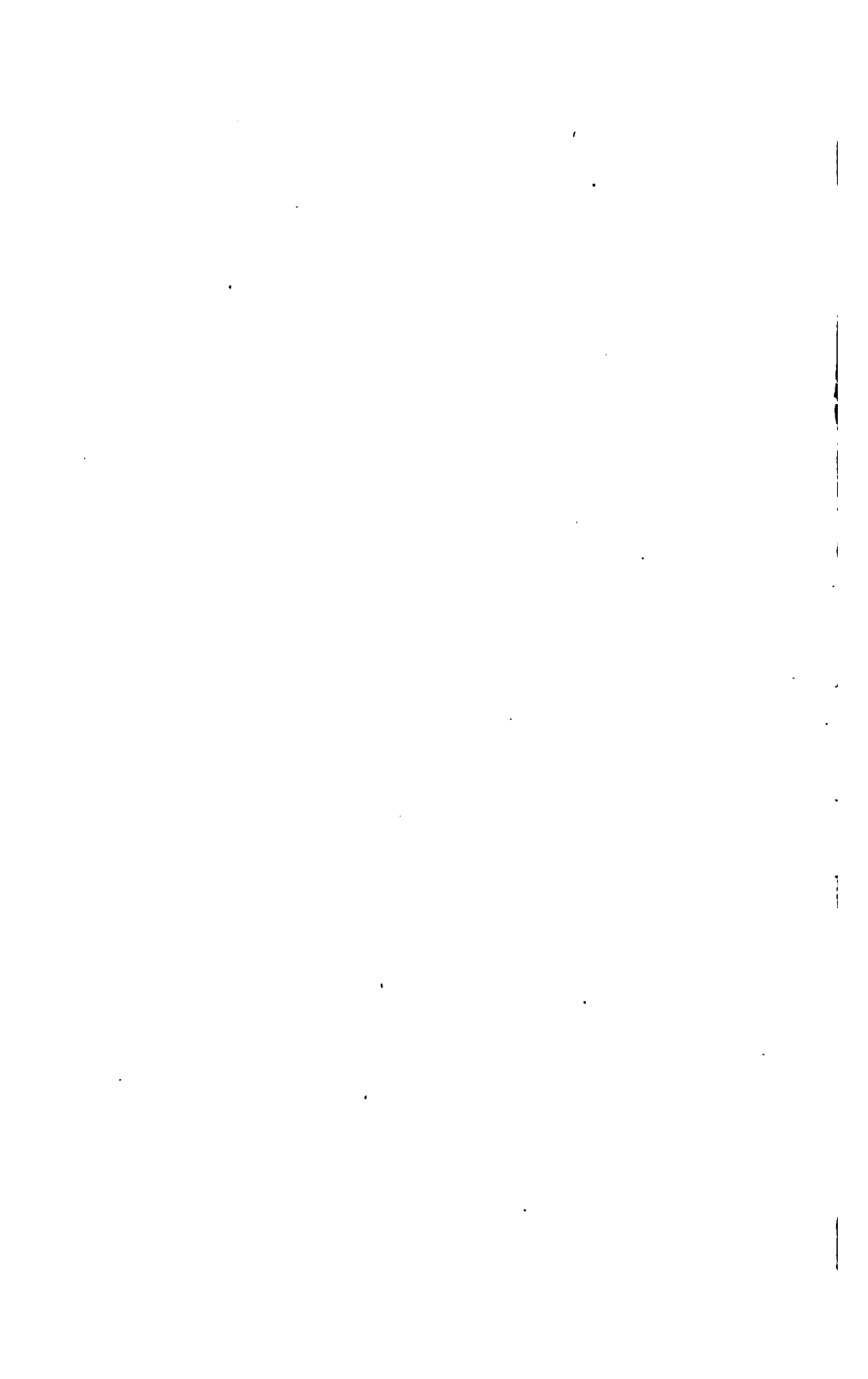
individual features, but could only seize the general effect.

We saw several men stand up in a caique, holding hand in hand, and calling out with a loud voice as the Sultan approached, one of the party having a large paper in his extended right hand. His Highness stopped a moment, and the Reis Effendi's galley, dashing up with the speed of an arrow, received the petition; while the Sultan proceeded and landed at a Mosque on the water's edge, amid the thunder of cannon and the smoke from the Mosquito fleet, which hovered about the Bosphorus. It was a lovely scene.

We now re-embarked, and had a delightful row up the strait to a valley on the Asian side, where we landed, and found M. de Ribeaupierre and suite. We pic-nic'd under some prodigious Oriental planes, opposite to a fountain, and near a kiosk of the Sultan's, which I believe is now converted into a paper-mill. The name of this delicious spot is "Hunker



**HUNKER ESKELESSIE, A FOUNTAIN ON THE ASIATIC
SHORE OF THE BOSPHORUS.**



Eskellessie." The Chäoushes killed a large serpent at the foot of our trees.

Here, as usual, we saw many groups of Turkish women, with their children and female slaves, some of whom unveiled themselves, and looked at the Elchia (Ambassadress) and our European party, with great interest and good humour. Indeed, I am sure that if we knew the language of this interesting people, and would try to become acquainted with them, we should find them more *traitables* and civilized than we are apt to imagine. But unfortunately there is a mutual repulsion existing between Frank and Turk; and I verily believe that we know almost as little of each other as if we had only been mutually viewed in a panorama, or in a camera obscura.

After dinner I made, as usual, a sketch of the fine trees, the fountain, and the blue Bosphorus gliding rapidly down and showing itself between the massive trunks of the planes. We walked up to the summit of a hill, near the

entrance into the Black Sea, called the Giant's Mountain, and from this lofty point of view I could not resist the temptation of making a feeble attempt to pourtray the beautiful prospect at my feet.

The Bosphorus here forms a wide and lovely lake. In the foreground was the valley of "Hunker Eskellessie," its fine trees, its kiosk, and the "Sultan's Scale." On the left was the wooded hill covered with villages and gardens, backed by the peaked mountain of Bugerloo, in front and in the distance the minarets and domes of the outskirts of Scutari; and on the right, upon a bold and woody promontory, stood the picturesque Castle of Europe—"Roumeli Hissar." The blue bosom of the Bosphorus, covered with the light forms and white sails of the boats and caiques, completed the picture.

We descended to the Sultan's Scale, and here embarking in the barge, pulled over to Búyúkeré, where we enjoyed an elegant *gouté* in the delicious gardens of the Russian palace,



View to Constantinople

View to Constantinople, 1872

Painted by J. G. G.

VIEW TO CONSTANTINOPLE FROM THE GARDEN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

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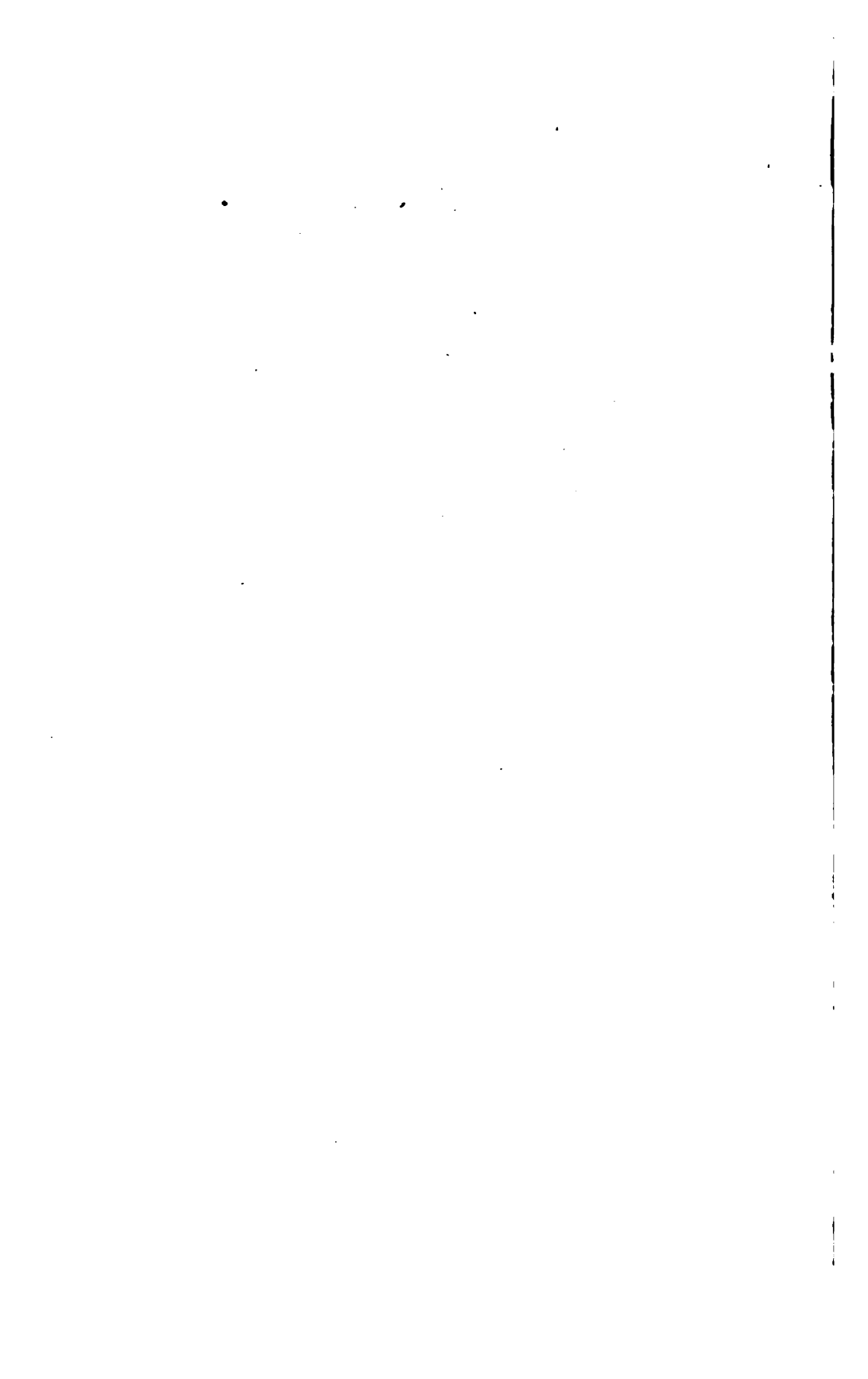


View from Cortina d'Ampezzo

View from Cortina d'Ampezzo

View from Cortina d'Ampezzo

THE DOLOMITES IN THE GREAT MOUNTAINS.



beneath the shelter of the finest trees, amid the fragrance of roses, soothed by the gentle splashing sound of fountains and the song of nightingales, while our eyes rested upon the purple lake before us, gilded by the departing tints of the setting sun.

We returned late at night to Tophana, and were pursued by our canine adversaries, many of whom we stumbled over in the dark, and who avenged themselves by barking and yelling at us in full concert through the streets.

MAY 27.—I made another excursion up the Bosphorus, with the British Consul-general, at seven in the morning, to his country-house near Therapia, and took a farewell view of the beauties of this unequalled Strait. I had now been about six weeks at Constantinople, and was desirous of recommencing my rambles, before the extreme heat should set in and prevent my prosecuting my tour.

MAY 28.—I received a proposal from the Swedish Envoy, M. de Löwenheim, to make with him a tour of the Sea of Marmora, Darda-

nelles, Troad, Pergamus, Mount Olympus and Broussa. I gladly accepted this advantageous offer. His Excellency is a great draughtsman, antiquary, and a scientific surveyor. Unluckily, he only gives me twenty-four hours to prepare for departure. In the course of the day I called upon him, and we sketched out together the outline of our excursion. He travels with tents, dragomans, a physician, and all the conveniences and luxuries of a Pasha. I fear, however, that the time necessary to make my preparations, get my firman, &c. &c. will render it impossible for me to be ready to start on the morning of the 30th, which is the period of his Excellency's departure.

MAY 29.—Occupied all the day in packing and getting ready for the Swede; but find to my great mortification, that I cannot have my firman till late to-morrow. The evening was entirely devoted to *visites de congé*.

MAY 30.—I determined upon setting off for Smyrna in an English brig, and to visit the Dardanelles, the Troad, and Tenedos, in my way



الكلمة زوارند او دته بينا صادر صاحب
 متر تراشكانه قو الجسم قو ودين الكتاب
 عطوققد افند رصونرا افتما عهدا ودين الدير اعاب
 العا سله بدغا زهر ررينه ودين
 دسما نور حاضنه ووزنه اذنانه
 ٤ ذاك



TESKERÉ, OR TURKISH PASSPORT.

ماندرم پتور دينا لفظه بيع برنقويه قصه سوطيه ادنيا ورف
 ٤٤٢



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INDORSEMENT UPON THE BACK OF THE TESKERÉ.

thither. I may thus perhaps meet M. de Löwenheim upon the plains of Troy, and then proceed to Smyrna by Pergamus overland. The brig is only waiting for her firman to depart. This evening I received my passport from Mr. Canning, and a teskeré from the Reis Effendi, a firman not being necessary, and requiring more time to procure than I had to spare.

MAY 31.—I took leave of their Excellencies of the British embassy, of the members of the suite, and consulate, and of all the rest of my friends in Pera; and I must confess, that I did so with a heavy heart, for I had been most kindly and hospitably treated by every individual of my acquaintance. To a person circumstanced as I was, thrown down by chance, as it were, among them, such kindnesses were indeed invaluable; and I shall long, I trust, think with pleasure of the delightful days I have spent among my countrymen in one of the most interesting quarters of the globe. I find I am to have the pleasure of being accompanied as far



as Smyrna by a young gentleman belonging to Mr. Black's house: he is a good Oriental linguist, and is fond of antiquarianism. I trust much in his assistance, and hope to derive great advantage from his society.

REMARKS AND NOTES.

London, Dec. 1828.

COURTEOUS READER,

BEFORE I take leave of Constantinople, perhaps for ever, you have a right to expect of me some general observations upon what I have seen, and, perhaps, a few "pieces justificatives" upon what I have written; and now that I am no longer upon the wing from one scene to another, nor under the continual excitement of constant variety, together with its accompanying fatigue, I have abundant leisure to write, (which while travelling I had not at all times,) and indeed good authority within my reach to refer to, by means of which I hope to correct any errors of mine own, and to convey to you

some authentic information, in the shape of notes and extracts, from an author whom I have consulted since the compilation of the few rough and ill-composed pages of my Journal, (which indeed was never in the first instance intended for publication, but merely for the amusement of mine own domestic fire-side, and that of my more intimate personal friends). The interest, however, excited by the events now passing in many of the scenes which I have feebly attempted to describe, has induced me to submit my narrative to the eyes of the public, in the pleasing hope of in some degree contributing to give it a little local information, and a faint idea of the habits of that extraordinary people, of whom, in general, Europeans know so little, and about whose fate, in their present magnanimous struggle for political existence, so intense an anxiety is shown by the nations of the West.

Our ignorance of their language, the abhorrence with which the good Mussulmans regard the Giaour, the manner of travelling, and short

time generally taken in passing through the country of the True Believers, are unfortunately so many obstacles to our gaining much insight into their personal character; and as to their domestic life, of this we must for ever remain in ignorance: for such is the inviolable sanctity of the harem, and such the mystery that envelops all that passes within its walls, that no traveller, with the exception of Lady M. W. Montague and Lady Hester Stanhope, has had opportunities of exploring its recesses, and becoming acquainted with the life and manners of its inmates. In short, all that we see of the Turks is their out-of-door existence, or their hours of idleness at the khans and cafés, while even these are avoided as much as possible by the Frank traveller, fearful of exciting the ferocity and wounding the prejudices of the Moslem.

European residents in general allow, that the Turks are humane and indulgent to their wives, slaves, and children; they are charitable to the poor; they endow and build hospitals, khans, caravanserais, and fountains, and that they dig

wells in the deserts to refresh and preserve the thirsty and worn-out traveller; that they are not totally devoid of a taste for literature and the arts, for that they endow colleges and public schools; that they have lately established printing-presses and paper manufactories, and that they construct splendid bends and aqueducts, hydraulic columns, and mosques. Although fanatics in matters of religion, still they are tolerant to all sects who profess the belief in a Supreme Being, and who can authenticate that belief by divine books. They are scrupulous observers of treaties, and respect the inviolability of the houses and persons of foreign ambassadors, political agents, and consular authorities; and hence it arises that the Franks in general enjoy much more liberty and many more privileges in the Ottoman empire than they do in their own countries.

Now let us reverse the picture, and we shall see that the Turk punishes infidelity and sometimes disobedience in his harem with death; that individuals erect khans, caravanserais,

fountains, &c. &c. because the Government does nothing of the sort ; and because these individuals have been perhaps prompted by the stings of conscience to make up in their latter days, by works of piety, for the evil doings of their youth, as was customary in Europe in the darker ages. If they endow public schools and colleges, these are very few in number in proportion to the extent of the empire and to the wants of the people ; and the literature there taught consists chiefly in the Khoran and the Arabian poets ; their chemistry degenerates into alchemy, their astronomy into astrology, and their natural philosophy into magic and sorcery. The merit of the bendts and aqueducts with the hydraulic columns, belongs not to the Turks, but to the ancient Greeks ; and it is a curious fact, that the men employed to this day in the construction and preservation of these great national works, are chiefly Greeks from a particular province in Albania, (Drinopolis, of which Agiro Castro is the capital : see *Andreossi*, chapter 7, du corps des Sou Yoldij.)

and the mosques, kiosks, and seraï's, are all built by Greek architects, as the ships of the fleet, and their principal fortresses upon the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, are under the direction of French engineers ; nay indeed almost all the artisans and artificers of the Ottoman empire, excepting in some few particular trades, are Rayahs, principally Greeks. For the Turk is the master, and his trade is the sword, or agriculture, in which latter he is but a sorry practitioner. They tolerate the Greek, Armenian, and Jewish religions among them, because of the obstinate adherence of these several races to their belief, from which nothing but death can separate them; and because, presupposing the total extermination of these sects, "what would the true believers do for slaves?" as was sagaciously remarked in full Divan, by one of its members, when upon the breaking out of the Moreote war, such an expedient was recommended. What would they do for bankers, dragomans, architects, engineers, artisans, merchants, &c. &c. ?

Again, the Turks are, personally, extremely brave, but so are all barbarians; and this quality is more than counterbalanced by their want of discipline, tactics, and activity. They are generally esteemed for their veracity; and yet no government has ever been stained by so many acts of perfidy and atrocity as theirs. They are said to be honourable in their dealings; and yet they worship gold, and are sordid and avaricious, and will have recourse to any measures short of actual theft, to obtain this sovereign good. Nay, they have a proverb, "Riches are power;" and it is notorious, that corruption has always been, and still is, the medium through which almost every thing is transacted in the Divan; that the Pachalicks and great offices are generally sold to the highest bidder, and that each great man has his agent at the Porte, to make a golden bridge to all his opponents in the council. Their hospitality is a thing much talked of, but I fancy very little known; for Europeans seldom put themselves in the way of experiencing it. Their humanity to animals is

strangely opposed to their cruelty to man ; and they would think less of beheading or bastinading a whole province, than they would of ill-treating a horse or a camel. In their exterior, they are remarkable for a decency and apparent propriety of conduct ; but yet we know that in secret they indulge in all sorts of abominable vices. They are apparently frank and cordial in their manners ; but are often known to disguise the most atrocious designs beneath the cloak of benevolence, and to be plotting the ruin and destruction of the unsuspecting victim of their duplicity, while lulling him into a false security, by a show of kindness and affection. The Mussulman justice is much vaunted ; but yet it is notorious, that in no nation upon earth so little of this commodity is dispensed in the courts of the magistrates, where, if Justice be represented holding the scales, it is to weigh, not the merits of the case, but the gold of the conflicting parties ; and that although the law punishes false witnesses with death, yet in no country

are they so numerous, or so easily obtained, as in Turkey.

If indeed it were a fair maxim to estimate the virtues of a nation by the measure of the acts and influence of its government, and by the effects produced by its policy, one would arrive at this conclusion: that the Ottoman nation is the bitterest enemy to the human race, and the severest scourge that ever was sent by Providence to chastise mankind. From the banks of the Danube to the shores of the Propontis, the traveller will find abundant cause to reason in this manner. He will see fertile provinces lying waste, well inhabited cities of the dead, but desolate and ruined abodes of the living. He will see the remains of the arts, and the civilization of a former and a better age, and but few marks of the present era, save such as denote barbarism and decay. The few towns that he will meet with in his long and dreary journey, are rapidly falling into ruin, and the only road (the great means of civilization) now existing, and which can

put in any claim to such an appellation, is either of the Roman age, or of that of the great Sultan Solyman, but even this pavement is now almost worse than nothing. Wherever the Osmanli has trod, devastation and ruin mark his steps, civilization and the arts have fled, and made room for barbarism, and the silence of the desert and the tomb. "Where the Sultan's horse has trod, there grows no grass," is a Turkish proverb and a fatal truth.

The great city of Constantinople, and the well peopled villages of the Bosphorus indeed present a contrast with the melancholy scene I have just described; but they owe their apparent prosperity to the desolation of the provinces, the miserable inhabitants of which, fleeing from the extortions and oppressions of the local authorities, herd together in and about the capital, where (as is the case in all countries) they less feel the hand of power and the persecution of petty tyrants. This plethora of the heart, I look upon as one of the strongest symptoms of the fatal disease which affects the whole system.

But even Stamboul, rich and beauteous as she is, verges towards her decay. By the alienation of the Greek nation, she has lost the brightest jewel in her imperial diadem; by it she has been bereft of the great bulk of her maritime, commercial, and literary population. She is now making an heroic struggle against accumulating evils; but it looks more like the convulsive effort of the dying Colossus; than the well regulated exertion of a healthy body.

We have no instance in history of the regeneration of such a people as this, who witnessing the advancing civilization, and the increasing power, moral and physical, of all the nations around it, remains nearly in the same condition as it did when first it forced its way into Europe, with this only difference, that it has long ceased by its warlike energies to terrify and to overcome the nations of the West. The personal character and magnanimous efforts of the Sultan may do much: but he stands alone; he has no followers in the race towards reform: should he fall, it is to be feared that the Otto-

mans will relapse into their old system, for they are constitutionally opposed to novelty, and regard all innovation as a dereliction from the precepts of their law.

But even Constantinople, although apparently well peopled, has in reality, within the last twenty years, rapidly decreased in this great essential to a nation's wealth. Dr. Walsh says, (in Chapter XI.) that she has in that period lost "more than half her population," by the plague and by massacres; and that the Greek population of the Fanar has since 1821 been reduced from 40,000 to half that number. We must add to this, the loss of life caused by the total extermination of the Jannissaries, which some estimate as highly as 45,000 persons. "If," says Dr. Walsh, "to these casualties be added, the frequent conflagrations, the Russian and Greek wars, which were a constant drain upon the Jannissaries of the capital, and the silent operations of the plague, which is continually active, though not always alarming, it will be considered no exaggeration to

say, that, within the period mentioned, from three to four hundred thousand persons have been prematurely swept away in one city of Europe." The Turks, from their fatalism, take no measures of precaution against either the plague or the fire. If it be fated, says the Moslem, that I shall die of the plague, I should in vain strive to avert the decree of Providence. If it be written that my house is to be burnt, it would be in vain for me to build it of stone, and presumptuous in me to endeavour, by human means, to avert a calamity which Allah has reserved for me, perhaps to chastise me for my sins; and my very presumption, in constructing my dwelling of an incombustible material, would doubtless draw down upon my offending head some greater and well deserved punishment. As long as the Turks continue to be fatalists (that is, as long as they continue to be Turks), there is little hope of their advancing in civilization, for the prostration of the faculties produced by this benumbing principle must necessarily unfit them for long

struggling against those difficulties and obstacles which they would meet with in their progress towards a better order of things, and in which they would not fail to read the decrees of fate.

Upon the policy of the war undertaken by Russia at the present crisis, and upon the probable success of the Muscovite arms, I shall not hazard an opinion, for this does not come within the meaning or compass of such a trifling work as mine; neither have I had opportunities sufficient to enable me to judge of the comparative means of the two great belligerents.

It seems to me, however, that the true policy of Europe is to drive out the barbarian Mussulman, the enemy to civilization and to the human race; and to restore, in its full extent, the European Greek empire, whose political existence might be guaranteed and fostered by the three great powers of Europe.

Such an act would be worthy of the age, and a proof of the magnanimity of the Christian world, which has tolerated too long the presence of the infidel in some of its finest pro-

vinces. Christendom is now united in the bonds of peace and mutual interest; she is now strong enough to repair the disasters of that fatal period of anarchy and weakness, by which the followers of Osman profited to bring fire and sword, pestilence and the khoran, into her very heart.

The Greeks are an active, enterprising, commercial, and improvable people. The Turks are neither. The mercantile interests of mankind would derive immense benefit from their holding the keys of Europe and Asia, while the barbarians from caprice or pride, so frequently close the Hellespont and the Bosphorus against the commerce of the world.

We are most of us in the habit of vituperating the Greeks, and identifying the crimes of a few with the merits of their cause: in so doing we commit an act of great injustice. The cause of Greece is the cause of freedom, religion, and civilization, against the most terrible slavery that mankind has ever yet seen,—against the khoran and against barbarism. That

the Greeks are vicious and degraded as a nation, I am not prepared to deny; but let not Europe forget that the neck of that suffering people has for four centuries bowed beneath the intolerable yoke of the Osmanlee; the slave is ever worse than the master; and of a verity the Greek was not likely to improve in virtue under the tutorage of the Turk.

No man visiting Turkey in Europe can help being struck with the air of intelligence and activity, the intellectual countenance of the Greek, as contrasted with the dull, slow, indolent-looking Turk; no man can observe that the Greeks are still the active agents in all such works of art and science as yet remain in this degraded country, without seeing that they are an improvable and a meritorious people, though suffering under adversity, and bowing the knee and the will at the beck of their haughty masters.

In the course of the unhappy Moreote war they have, among many atrocities, given abundant proofs of valour and enthusiastic devoted-

ness to the cause of their bleeding country, worthy of their better days ; and in palliation of their offences, let us not forget what provocation they received, and the horrid murder of their martyred Patriarch, followed by an indiscriminate massacre of the Greek people wherever the furious and armed Mussulman mob met them. Let us be just !

OF THE ARMENIANS.

This quiet but speculating people have contrived to slide in between the Turks and the Greeks, and silently to possess themselves of all the advantages once held by the latter. “ Resembling,” says M. Andreossi, “ the Mussulmans in their habits, which have made them adopt for their women the severity of the harem and the *gêne* of the Yachmak, (veil) they inspired the Turks with no distrust ; they were the most docile, the most faithful, and the most submissive of subjects. Leaving to the Boyards of the Fanal their intrigues to obtain the principalities, to which these sacrificed

the dearest ties, and abandoning to the remains of the Greeks the affairs of commerce, because they seldom traded with foreign countries, the Armenians attached themselves to the representative token of real riches. Sarraf or bankers to the men in office, and charged with the task of recoining the gold and silver money at the mint, the Armenians of Constantinople acquired immense fortunes. Beyond the capital the Armenian nation is not rich, but it is in easy circumstances; simple in its manners, it obtains a merited consideration, of which it knows how to profit, but which it does not overrate."—(See *Discours Preliminaire*, pages 33 and 34). How well the Porte has repaid the fidelity and utility of this people, has been lately seen by its cruel exile and proscription, in the middle of a rigorous winter, (that of 1827,) of the greater part of this community.

UPON THE STATE AND INFLUENCE OF
WOMEN IN TURKEY.

“There are few countries in which the

women express themselves with regard to the sovereign, with more liberty than at Constantinople. This sort of licence which is accorded to them, would seem to be in compensation for the state of *isolation* and neglect in which they are left. But although banished to the recesses of the Harem, and apparently enjoying no consideration, there, as every where else, they know how to profit by the ascendancy which their sex gives them; there, as elsewhere, when ambition has been able to make itself heard, the influence of women in affairs, sometimes useful to the Prince and to the country, may sometimes become fatal to the state.

“ The Turkish women are for the most part purchased slaves: if polygamy be injurious to population, which, however, has not been yet proved, it contributes, at least, to preserve that purity of the blood, and that beauty of the forms, which, on the other hand, marriages of interest or of policy often deteriorate: but if polygamy occasions under some circumstances considerable difficulties, it is in the interior of

the seraglio that they are seen to arise. The women of the Sultan, who are called *Kadines*, (ladies of the Palace,) destined to propagate the imperial race, are not married, and have not the title of Sultanas; they only take this title when one of their sons mounts upon the throne. They are then called *Sultana Validé*, or *Mother-Sultanas*, and go from the old seraglio to the palace of the Sultan; placed about the person of their son, they exercise upon him and upon the government an influence which is sometimes dangerous. A Sultan who dies and leaves young children and several *kadines*, leaves a field open to intrigues and seditions, from whence the greatest disorders result; and there is no country where minorities and regencies are so much dreaded as at Constantinople.”—*Andreossi*, p. 24.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF SULTAN MAHMOUD.

“Sultan Mahmoud has given himself a vizier without talents, and of ordinary capacity. He watches over his Divan with extreme care,

and leaves to it nothing but the symbols of power: he directs and regulates every thing himself: better and sooner informed than his ministers, by means of a secret and active police, his measures are taken before the reports of his grand vizier have reached him. Active, laborious, impenetrably secret, a zealous observer of his religion, faithful to his word, sober, and a respecer of morals, Sultan Mahmoud may be justly looked upon as a phenomenon for Turkey."—*Andreossi*.

CEREMONY OF INAUGURATION IN THE
MOSQUE OF EYOUB.

“ The fifth or sixth day after his accession to the throne, the Sultan, followed by all the grantees of the empire, and by the body of the ulemas, goes to the mosque of Eyoub, venerated on account of the tomb of Eyoub, a beloved disciple of the Prophet. Here it is that the Sheik of the Mevlévi, (or dancing Dervishes) or his deputy, girds him with the sword of Osman, with the customary ceremonies. This

solemnity, which holds the place of enthronement, dates from Mahomet the Second, after the capture of Constantinople in 1453."— *Andreossi*.

ON THE SERAGLIO OF THE SULTAN.

“ With respect to the situation of the Seraglio at the extremity of the Bosphorus, at the point where it joins the Sea of Marmora, having in front the Princes Islands, the eastern bank of the Bosphorus, and Bithynia, which is terminated by Mount Olympus, nothing can be compared to the view which it embraces.

“ The Seraglio has eight gates, three large, which communicate with Constantinople, and five on the side of the sea, which are more like wickets than gates ; these have been fatal to more than one victim. It was by the gates of the sea that the wives of Sultan Selim the Third were conducted to be thrown into the Bosphorus, for having participated in the murder of that prince. The principal gate looking upon Constantinople, is called “ Babi Humaïoun,” or the Imperial Gate. Although ornamented by

two columns of marble, it has nevertheless all the character of the entrance into a fortress; its heavy and massive style has something repulsive in it. But one cannot see without disgust two niches, in which are deposited and exposed to view, the heads of victims who have fallen by the orders of the Sultan," &c. &c.—*Andreossi*, p. 16.

UPON THE PUBLIC PROCESSIONS OF THE
SULTAN.

"When the Grand Seigneur goes out upon solemn occasions, or at the period of the Bai-ram, the variety of the costume, and the richness of the dresses of the great dignitaries, of the officers of the Empire, and those of the Court, give to this brilliant cortége an air of grandeur and magnificence of the most imposing description."—*Andreossi*, p. 25.

ON THE KISLAR AGHA.

"The service of the interior of the seraglio is confided to the Black and White Eunuchs: the most considerable of these situations is that

held by the 'Kyzlar Aghaçi,' or Master of the Women.

"This person is the 'Grand Black Eunuch;' he has the care of the women of the Sultan, and he enters into the harem whenever he pleases. This is the post of the highest rank in the seraglio: he is called by distinction 'Búyúk Agha,' Great Master, or Dar-us Siadet Aghaçi, Master of the Imperial House (literally, the Palace of Felicity.) He is the chief of the Black Eunuchs; his rank is that of Vizier, or Pacha with three tails, and he takes place immediately after the Grand Vizier, and the Capitan Pacha."—*Andreossi*, p. 26.

SILIH DAR AGHA.

"The Silihdar Agha is one of the first officers attached to the person of the Sultan; his principal functions are the *intendancy* of all the officers of the interior, who are not eunuchs. He carries, upon ceremonies of state, the sabre of the Sultan; and it is from this part of his duties that he has taken his title, which signi-

fies 'Sword Bearer.' The Silihdar performs the duties of 'Carver;' and he first tastes the food of the Sultan in the presence of his Highness."
—*Andreossi*, p. 29.

POUNDING THE MUFTI IN A MORTAR.

I remember to have seen in the outer court of the seraglio, at a distance, an object resembling an inverted mortar. I was, however, so short a time there, and had penetrated to so small a distance, that I did not make any observations upon it. I was afterwards asked by one of the British merchants, if I had seen the mortar in which it was customary to pound the Mufti when guilty of disobedience or rebellion. I imagined that this was a joke, or, at the most, some story founded upon an obscure tradition. I find, however, that *Andreossi* (p. 16.) says, in speaking of the outer court of the seraglio—
“ In the same court is to be seen an inverted mortar, which was formerly destined, as it is said, to grind therein the chief of the Oulema, (Ulema,) when he was guilty of infractions.

They had recourse to this expedient, in order to gratify that prejudice which does not allow of a hand being laid upon the sacred person of the Mufti," &c. &c. But it appears that this has been only invented to frighten the chief of the law, as history does not mention any instance of an execution of this nature.

RIGHT OF PETITIONING THE SULTAN.

When the Sultan goes to mosque on Fridays, in the suburbs of the capital, or to some of the villages of the Bosphorus, "the people have the pleasure of beholding their Sovereign, and appear very well satisfied. This circumstance is, besides, favourable for presenting their petitions to the Grand Seigneur; for the right of petitioning exists in all its plenitude in Constantinople. His Highness causes the *placets* to be received by the proper officers, who accompany him always upon solemn occasions. When he returns to the seraglio, he indorses them with his own hand, and sends them to the respective ministers, ordering that

an account should be given to him of the execution of the decisions taken respecting them."

—*Andreossi*.

TOWER OF LEANDER.

The Turks call this pretty little fort "Kiz-Koulessi," "the Tower of the Maiden," from some tradition relative to a young girl who was confined there by her parents, in order to separate her from her lover, who, like another Leander, contrived by night to swim across from the Scutari shore, and to visit his beloved; he, too, like the classic hero, was unfortunately drowned; and the similarity of the two melancholy stories has caused the name of Leander to be applied (no doubt, by popular error) to this tower; it contains a lanthorn or fanal, and is fortified and mounted with a few cannon.

ON THE ORGANIZATION OF THE NIZAM

DJEDID.

These troops are divided into bodies of one thousand men each, which number constitutes

a legion or regiment, commanded by a "Bin Bashi," "chief of a thousand." They are subdivided into hundreds and tens, commanded respectively by "Gius Bashi," "chief of one hundred," and "Om Bashi," "chief of ten." These latter officers are generally from the army of Mehmet Ali, and have learnt European tactics from the French "instructors" at Cairo. They seem to be indefatigable in drilling these troops; and, as far as the manual and platoon goes, have succeeded to a certain degree: but I doubt whether they are equal to the duties of manœuvring either battalions or large bodies. These troops are generally very young men and boys; and I remember to have seen a whole *corps de garde* of them at Pera, who were such children, that one felt as if one could, with the assistance of one's surrogee, have ridden over the whole of them as they defiled in the narrow streets. Nevertheless, I admire the wisdom of the Sultan in this arrangement. He well knew that the grown men and soldiers of the old system

could never be reconciled to the new one; and he felt that the rising generation presented the best subjects for forming a new army upon a new system of tactics. In the course of a few years, these boys will become men and good soldiers. It is calculated, that the Sultan can raise throughout the empire four hundred thousand of the Nizam Djedid; but those best informed upon the subject say, that the financial means of the country, which yet remain to be organized, will not support such an expense for any length of time. However this may be, the Sultan is taking every opportunity of assimilating, as much as possible, the new institutions to those of Europe; and, should he live, he will effect great ameliorations in the state of things in this country.

UPON THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Perhaps in no city in the world such strong contrasts between splendour and squalour, magnificence and meanness, meet the eye of the

traveller as in Constantinople. The swelling domes and lofty minarets of the mosques, with their marble fountain, and brazen portals, are strangely opposed to miserable tenements of painted wood, through which the daylight penetrates in all directions, and many of which are supported by a crumbling-looking post, or shored up by a crooked and tottering pole, or branch of a tree, looking as if indeed it were the protecting power of Mahomet alone that held it up. The streets are full of filth, and heaps of carrion; from time to time the stranger lights upon some marble palace or mausoleum, surrounded by the black and miserable remains of whole districts destroyed by those continual fires, which lighted either by the rage of conflicting parties, or by the carelessness of the predestinarian Mussulmans, so frequently lay waste the capital of Constantine. At one moment he will find himself amid groups of wretched and disgusting paupers and hungry curs, and at another he will perhaps meet with some magnificent-looking Emir, in green-robbed

and turban, mounted upon his spirited and richly caparisoned barb, preceded by beautiful led-horses, and followed by richly dressed and embroidered chäoushes and slaves.

Almost the only buildings of stone in Constantinople, are the Seraglio, Eski Seraï (or old Palace), the Palace of the Porte or Divan, the great Khans or Bazaars, the Mosques, Mausoleums, and, perhaps, a few Palaces of the great officers of state; the rest of this immense city is built of wood; and, I must say, that however beautiful and picturesque it is from a distance, it is, in its interior, one of the meanest and most filthily disagreeable cities I ever beheld. Its population is very variously estimated; but I believe, from all that I could learn from persons who had been many years resident at Pera, that four hundred thousand is about the number of its inhabitants, including those of the fauxbourgs of Pera, Galata, and Tophana.

UPON THE GREAT CISTERNS OF CON-
STANTINOPLE.

Andreossi mentions several of these vast works, but I only visited one, my guide not being aware of the existence of any others. I shall merely note the three first that he describes, as being sufficient for my purpose. They are called, first, “ *Yeré-batan-seräi*, or the subterranean palace; 2nd, *Bin-bir-dirèk*, or the thousand and one columns; 3rd, the cistern of thirty-two columns. The first of these still serves to contain water, and was originally called the imperial cistern: its vast vaulted ceilings are supported by columns of marble of different orders and sizes. The monograms and crosses which have been discovered upon the bricks of which it is built, indicate the epoch of its construction to be the middle age. This is the only cistern which still answers its original purpose, and it owes its preservation to its vicinity to the Seraglio.

“ The cistern of the thousand and one columns was originally called *philoxène*, and was exclusively reserved to the use of the Emperor.”

“ This cistern is situated behind the Hippodrome towards the south ; it consists of an immense subterranean of four unequal sides, one of which is an hundred and ninety feet long, another hundred and sixty-six feet. The thickness of its walls is nine feet. Its vaulted ceiling is supported by three stages of white marble columns, which correspond to each other. Each stage has two hundred and twenty-four columns, making in the whole six hundred and seventy-two. These of the upper stage are the only ones which show themselves in all their height, which is fourteen feet four inches. Only seven feet seven inches appear of the height of the second stage ; the rest, as well as of the lowest stage of all, is buried in earth and deposited sediment. A well of fifteen feet deep sunk in this stratum of deposit, and which is believed with reason to reach the ancient floor of the

cistern, appears to confirm the opinion that the cistern of Bin-bir-dirèk had three stages of columns, answering to which calculation it would have contained one million two hundred and thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine cubic feet of water!

“ The quantity necessary to supply the wants of Constantinople during twenty-four hours, being two hundred and sixty-seven thousand six hundred and seventy-eight cubic feet, it would be necessary, to fill this cistern, to bring into it all the water arriving in the interior of the city, and running during nearly five consecutive days: according to this calculation, it would then contain a reserve of more than sixty days' water, wherewith to supply the quarter to which the cistern belonged.”

“ The cistern of the thirty-two columns is supported by thirty-two Corinthian columns of white marble, disposed in four ranks; the bases of which are buried in the deposited earth which the water has left there. A stone stair-

case, as ancient as the cistern, conducts to its interior, and facilitates the means of measurement. Its length is one hundred and twenty-nine feet; its breadth, seventy feet six inches." —*Andreossi*, pages 442, 446, 447.

The traveller will not fail to observe, that these great national works were raised, not by the Turks, but by the Greeks; and that the barbarians (although in some instances they have had the good sense to follow up the ancient system of conducting water to the capital,) have in general let these magnificent monuments of a polite age and people fall into ruin, or converted them into baths, and sometimes gardens.

OF THE MOSQUES.

When I was at Constantinople, such was the impression still remaining upon the Mussulman mind, that the Franks were all, more or less, at the bottom of the Moreote insurrection; and

such the distrust and disinclination felt by the Franks to placing their persons much in the power of the fanatical mob, that no European had for some years ventured to enter the mosques of the capital; nay, the Government of the Sultan had intimated to the foreign ambassadors, that it would no longer give firmans even to their Excellencies, authorizing them to visit these edifices, fearing, as it said, some popular ebullition of feeling, against which it would not undertake to guarantee the persons of their Excellencies and those of their suite. Under these impressions, the ambassadors had ceased to solicit, as was their custom, a firman for this purpose once during their residence at the Sublime Porte; and travellers were obliged to content themselves with viewing the outside of these fine buildings.

They appear generally to have been copied from the great church of Sta. Sophia, which was defiled by Mahomet the Second, when he captured the city. Upon that occasion, he is re-

lated to have rode up through the nave of the church, and even to have profaned the high altar with the presence of himself and his steed. The victor had, however, the good taste to preserve this monument of the arts, although he converted it to the purposes of Islamism. He likewise preserved the church of St. Irene, now converted into an arsenal, standing in the outer court of the Seraglio.

“The cupola of Sta. Sophia, has served as a model to the cupolas of Saint Mark at Venice, to the dome of Pisa, and that of the church of Saint Augustin at Rome, &c. But the Italians, who are able decorators, have in the end (feeling the influence of perspective) constructed cupolas in such a manner as to produce externally a fine effect.

“The cupola of Sta. Sophia being only in height (de flèche) one third of its diameter, and being of circular exterior, appears too low.”—*Andreossi*, page 118.

I cannot say that I admire the exterior of

Sta. Sophia; its dome is low and heavy, and its architecture severe and sombre. I understand that its principal beauty consists in the splendid antique columns which support the nave. The church is built in the form of a Greek cross. It has nine gates of bronze in marble gateways; these are very splendid. Its long taper minarets give it a very singular appearance, and the effect of the Imaum's voice from the little gallery which runs round the exterior of those elevations is extremely striking.

These minarets have at a distance a very curious effect; they resemble long wax candles with an extinguisher upon them, for the shape of their pointed roof gives it exactly that appearance.

“ There are about three hundred and forty-six mosques at Constantinople, of which the most remarkable are called Imperial mosques. These are Sta. Sophia, Sultan Bajazet, Sultan Mahomet the Second, Sultan Achmet, the Suleïmanié, the Osmaïne, Sultan Selim the First, Mosque of Ayoub, Mosque of Laleli, two

Sultana Validés, Chah Zadé, and Abdul Hamid.”
Andreossi, page 124.

The mosque of Sultan Achmet is generally allowed to be the most beautiful; and indeed the superior height of its dome, its superb court paved with white marble, and its fine fountain underneath beautiful trees, give it a great advantage in its exterior over that of Sta. Sophia; its principal doorway is likewise very much to be admired; its minarets are distinguished from those of the other mosques by having two rows of galleries.

The Suleïmanié has four minarets, and is said to be full of fine columns and antique treasures; it is the largest and the loftiest of the mosques.

The Osmanie is said to contain the sarcophagus in porphyry of Constantine; but as there is another of these of verd antique in Constantinople, near the mosque of Kiliré-Djami, and likewise one in the Vatican at Rome of porphyry, which lay claim to this honour, I do not know which has the merit of truth.

From all that I could learn at Constantinople

respecting the mosques, from those persons who had seen them, it seems to me that their principal merit lies in the ancient columns and fountains which they contain; and if there be any beauty in the design of their architecture, it is derived from the Greek builders of Sta. Sophia.

BAÏRAM AND COURJAM BAÏRAM.

The festival of the Baïram nearly answers to that of the Easter, as celebrated by the Greek church. It is remarkable that the Turks eat "lamb" during this season. On the first Friday of this festival, the Sultan goes in immense state, and amid the thundering of cannon from the ships and forts, to mosque. I was prevented by a provoking circumstance from witnessing the ceremony. The Baïram lasts for forty days, and is a season of rejoicing and indulgence, after the privations of Lent or Ramazan, both to Turk and Greek. It is amusing to behold the Greeks, upon an evening during this period, wrestling, boxing,

pitching the bar, and throwing the pallum, in the manner described by the ancient writers as prevailing in their day. Thus, the supple Greek wrestler oils his limbs and rolls himself in the sand, and the player at the pallum guards his hand with a thick piece of leather; the boxer continues to wield the cestus and to inflict dreadful blows upon his adversary, whose face yields token of the cutting edge of the metal glove. The Turks have forbidden the use of the cestus, but it still continues in vogue.

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Constantinople.—Sea of Marmora.—Hellespont, and notice upon the castles of the Dardanelles.—Tenedos.—Greek Vice-Consul and his daughter.—Turkish Aga.—Nizam Djedid.—Visit to the Plains of Troy.—Locusts.—Sources of the Scamander.—Bournarbashi.—Cemeteries.—Simoïs.—Callicolone.—Hallil Elli.—Supposed Temple of Apollo Thymbrius.—Return to Bournarbashi.—Incivility of Turks.—Bivouack at Yeiklé.—Return to the brig.—Sail for Smyrna, escorted by an Austrian brig-of-war.—Arrival at Smyrna.—Reception from the British Consul.

JUNE 1, 1827.—I embarked at Galata about noon, on board the brig *Helme*, one hundred

and fifty tons, with Mr. Starbuck. We sailed about two, after carrying away some of our finery alongside of a Turkish lighter. The view, on leaving the port, was magnificent. The Seraglio Point, Pera, Galata, Scutari, and the Bosphorus, being all in a blaze of light and beauty. The breeze was at first fine and favourable; we shot rapidly past the Prince's Islands; but towards evening it failed us. I was very sick about nine o'clock; my fellow passengers, to the number of five, being all quite well, to my great mortification.

JUNE 2.—The morning broke upon a dead calm and glassy sea. We were just abreast of the Island of Marmora. The weather hot all day; towards evening a little breeze.

JUNE 3.—Calm and hot. I bathed alongside. Towards noon a little air; and as the evening advanced, we slid gently down past Gallipoli, Lampsaco, Sestos, and Abydos. The views superb, and the Castles of the Dardanelles opening upon us majestically as we moved on-

wards. We anchored at sunset just below Point Nagara, or old Abydos.*

JUNE 4.—Morning hot and calm. The views

* NOTICE UPON THE CASTLES OF THE
DARDANELLES,

BEGINNING AT CAPES GRECO AND JANNISSARY.

EUROPEAN SIDE.

SHAHIM KALESSI—Is an old battery, situated outside of the entrance of the Hellespont. It has about fifteen guns, and was in bad condition, but has lately been repaired.

SETILBAR KALESSI—Is an old castle situated upon a promontory at the entrance of the Hellespont. It has seventy guns and four mortars.

ESKI SARLICK—Is a little fort, about three miles from Setilbar Kalessi. It is situated upon an elevated place, mounting twelve guns.

NAUMATIA—Is a new battery, situated on the right hand of Killit Bahar.

KALESSI—At a little distance from it. It is mounted by thirty-five forty-pounders.

KILLIT BAHAR, the European Castle of the Dardanelles—Is an old castle, well fortified, and garrisoned. A governor resides in it. The town is inhabited by Turks only. It has sixty-four large guns, eighteen of which are of very large dimensions, and throw the stone shot.

DIRMAN BURUN—Is a new battery, situated on the left of Killit Bahar, and half a mile from it. It has thirty sixty-pounders.

all around beyond conception beautiful. I made some sketches, and reconnoitred the forts, while the Captain and other passengers went on shore

CHIAMLÝ BURUN—Is a new battery, situated on the south side of a Greek village, called Maitas. It has thirty guns.

BOVALLI KALESSI—Is a new battery situated upon the spot assigned to Sestos. It has fifty guns, and is the last place of defence on the European side.

ASIAN SIDE.

KOOM KALE'—Is an old castle, situated near the entrance of the Hellespont (between the Sigean Promontory and the Mouth of the Simoïs). It has lately been repaired. It has eighty guns, sixteen of which throw stone shot, and four mortars.

CHEMEN LİK—Is a very strong battery, annexed to the fort of Sultani Kalessi on its left, and is mounted by twenty-five heavy guns.

SULTANI KALESSI, the Asian Castle of the Dardanelles—Is a strong old castle, having about one hundred and twenty guns, eighteen of which are very large, (i. e. stone shot guns.) The distance between this fort and that on the European shore is about three quarters of a mile.

TABIA—Is a strong new battery, annexed to the fort Sultani Kalessi on its right. It has thirty heavy guns. The whole garrison of disciplined troops reside in it now.

KROSSI BURUN—Is a new battery, situated on the point

to their respective Consuls. At about noon I went on shore, on the Asian side, to the British Consul's house, to consult with him as to the means of visiting the Troad from Tenedos, and journeying by land to Smyrna, in case our brig did not wait at that island for convoy.

There are upon the European shore of the

of the Bay of Abydos, called Nagara Point. It has forty-four guns.

NAGARA BURUN—Is a new fort, and built seven years ago. It has eighty-four guns.

This is the last point of defence on the Asiatic side. Since the affair of Navarino, five hundred of the Nizam Djedid have been distributed among the batteries of the Hellespont. Mustapha Pasha, of two tails, defends the European side, and resides at Setilbar Kalessi. Pasha Sygern resides at Koom Kalé. Four hundred of the Nizam Djedid are added to the garrison of Sultani Kalessi. Pasha Hadjii Mustapha commands in chief in the Hellespont. Kafiss Ali Pasha, of three tails, commands at Tenedos about one thousand men. He has fortified the eminence which commands the town and fortress.*

* This notice, for which I am indebted to private friendship, was obtained from an official quarter after the battle of Navarino, and comprises the whole of the fortresses on the Hellespont.





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Hellespont two most formidable castles, mounting from seventy-five to ninety guns: besides these castles there are three very strong redoubts above, and two below the Castle of the Dardanelles. On the Asian shore are two castles, and two very formidable forts above the Asian castle of the Dardanelles. These upper castles are of old construction, but have been much strengthened and improved by new works. That on the European side mounts about eighty guns, whereof seventeen throw the large stone shot, of which Sir J. T. Duckworth's squadron received a specimen. That on the Asian shore mounts ninety guns, of which fourteen are enormous. The lower castles are modern, and are extremely formidable and beautiful; they must mount each from seventy to eighty guns, whereof, on the European side, seventeen are of the description above mentioned, and on the Asian shore are fourteen. These castles, and indeed all the upper redoubts on the European side, are attackable from their rear,

from whence they are all commanded by the heights; but the two lower forts between the castle upon Cape Greco and the European castle of the Dardanelles, are well situated, and not commanded. The ruins of Sestos* are still visible above the upper European redoubt; while those of Abydos are found a little below Sestos, on the Asian shore, just to the north of Point Nagara, upon which sandy tongue is built a very strong fortress, mounting about seventy

* Who can view the sites of Sestos and Abydos without emotion, and pass the blue strait which divides their shores, without remembering the pathetic and fatal loves of Hero and Leander?—

“ When first I swam the ford, while Cinthia’s beams [27
 Look’d pale, and trembled for me in the streams;
 My drooping arms, in hope they shall at length
 Embrace thy neck, feel fresh supplies of strength.
 The wond’ring waves to their new fury yield;
 Not Tritons faster plough the liquid field. [32
 Why is not Sestos to Abydos join’d, [80
 Since we united are in heart and mind?
 The same our hopes, our fears, and our desires;
 Love is our life, and one love both inspires.”

Ovid’s Epistles—Leander to Hero.

guns: here is a shoal running out about pistol-shot from the redoubt to the westward, and upon it is a beacon. I reconnoitred with my glass, as well as I could, all these works, but the Turks will not allow any Frank to enter them. I may be deceived as to the number of guns; but I cannot be much out when I say they are the most *formidable-looking sea defences* I ever yet saw. The *large guns* are all *à fleur d'eau*.

The Asian town of Dardanelles is celebrated for its pottery, and is supposed to stand near the site of the ancient Dardanus. I had not much time to look at the place, as the brig was drifting rapidly down with the current (although hove-to); and as we deemed it expedient to proceed as far as Tenedos in her, in hopes of there finding some vessel of war to protect us against the pirates who were swarming about, and who are by no means pleasant people to deal with. We remained hove-to for an hour and a half, waiting for the captain of the port's visit; he did not come: so, after we had drifted out of

gun-shot of the castles, we filled and made sail, passing by the tomb of Ajax, the mouth of the Scamander, three tumuli on the Asian shore, and the tomb of Esyetes. Towards evening it fell calm, and we proceeded merely with the current slowly towards Tenedos.

It is difficult to convey an adequate impression to the mind, of the sun setting upon a scene composed of the islands of Tenedos, Lemnos, Imbros, and Samothrace, with the shipping scattered about the Ægean Sea, and all this associated as it was with ideas created by the sight of the plains of Troy, that classic land, of which in my early youth I had so much read, with a tender and lamented instructor now no more.

JUNE 5.—We anchored about daylight off the town of Tenedos, N. N. W. one league, in ten fathoms. We found here a Sardinian frigate, *La Christina*, of forty guns. I went on board her to inquire of her commander if he was likely to give us convoy shortly to Smyrna. She is a nice little ship, in good fighting order,

quite à l'Anglaise. Her captain, Le Chevalier Serra, received me most kindly, and offered every assistance in his power upon the return of certain messengers from Constantinople.

About mid-day I went on shore with two of my companions, to look at the island, and see the Vice-Consul, who was instructed by his superior, at the Dardanelles, to assist us in our projected trip to the Troad. We strolled about the island, which is bare and desert towards the sea, but cultivated and smiling in the interior. At its northern extremity is a high conical hill, and upon this we mounted in despite of the broiling sun, and from thence enjoyed a very fine view of Mount Ida and the Plains of Troy, to the south-east, and of the islands of Imbros and Lemnos to the north and north-west, with a very distant view of the continent and Mount Athos.

Tenedos, as all the world knows, is famous for its wines. The little collection of mud hovels, called a town, contains about three hun-

dred Turkish and two hundred Greek houses. It has a respectable fortress to the north of its little harbour, of Turkish construction, mounting about forty-two pieces of cannon. It is completely commanded from the heights in its rear, and may be turned by disembarking in a little sandy bay, about a league below the town, to the south, from whence there is a road.

On our descent from the mountain, we took shelter under the refreshing shade of a wild fig-tree, from whence I made a sketch of the fortress. We found the Vice Consul,* a bare-legged and ordinary-looking Greek, at his house. We were received (up a kind of staircase, in a tolerable room) by a most lovely little Greek girl, her hair hanging in long plaits down her back, her head and neck ornamented with a profusion

* Let no one imagine this portrait of a Levantine Vice-Consul to be over or under-drawn. These authorities, if so they may be called, receive no salary or emolument from their office, but are contented to do the duty for the sake of the importance attached to it. They are always chosen from among the natives, usually Greeks.

of gold coins, her feet in a kind of embroidered cloth sock and yellow leather slippers. She soon disappeared; but came back again to offer us coffee, and sweetmeats, and flowers, according to the custom of the country. We made our arrangements for boats, horses, guides, &c. &c. for to-morrow's visit to the Troad.*

In the evening the Captain of the *Christina* came on board, and took myself and two fellow-passengers on shore for a walk. Here we found our friend the Aga superintending the drill and parade of the garrison, consisting of three hundred of the new levies. It is surpris-

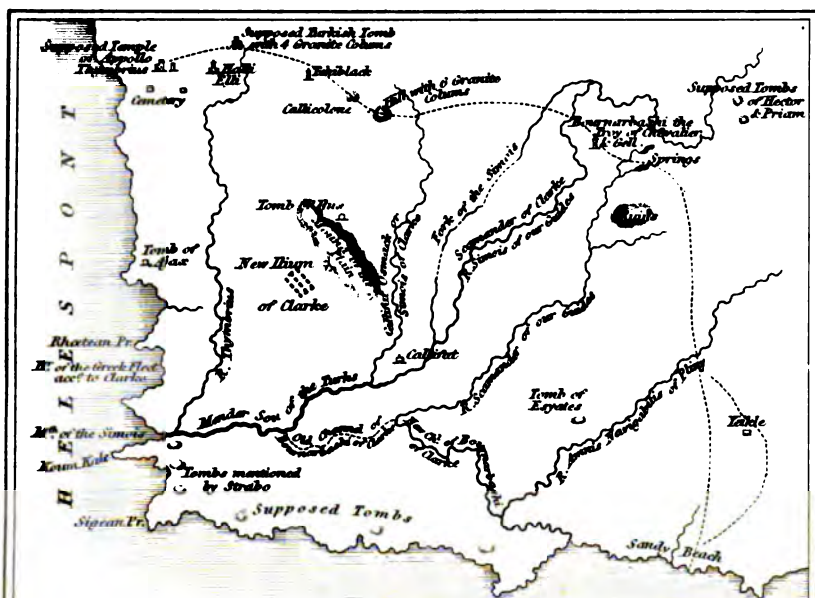
* Before we returned on board, we went to call upon the Aga of the island. We found him sitting, bare-legged, under a kind of shed, thatched with branches of trees, a mat spread all around the earthen floor, which was well sprinkled with water, situated close to the beach, and open on all sides to the breeze. Here he was employed smoking his pipe, while several of his officers were amusing themselves by playing at draughts, &c. &c. He wrote for us a *Teskeré*, and an order to the commandant on the other side of the water, to procure horses for us; and with this, and a pipe and some coffee, we passed away half an hour pleasantly enough. We now returned to our brig.

ing to see the facility with which these semi-barbarian Turks take to the European drill.

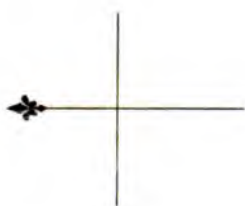
JUNE 6.—At daylight our caique came alongside, to convey us to the classic shores of Troy. We had a long passage, as the wind was scant, and the current strong against us. On landing, we found a Turk, with some horses and a mule; and after resisting the usual attempt at imposition, on his part, by threatening him with the vengeance of the Aga of Tenedos, we procured our cattle at ten piastres a-head, (about forty pence English,) and proceeded through groves of oak-trees,* called, in

* We had here a pretty good specimen afforded us of that terrible plague the locust, the ground being for many leagues covered with them, and the air swarming with them as they came flying over the mountains to the eastward before the wind. These animals desolate every thing as they pass: they cut the corn down as with a knife, alighting in pairs upon the ear, and eating gradually down the stalk; their track is marked as by fire, turning the bright green of the herbage and foliage into a deep brown. In reply to a remark of mine to our Greek cicerone, as to the means which might be adopted for destroying them, he said, "A! Signore, é un castigo di Dio bisogna soffrir lo con pazienza."

The country abounds with juniper, gum-cistus, prickly



EGEAN SEA OR ARCHIPELAGO



SKETCH
of the
PLAINS OF TROY
with the
AUTHORS ROUTE.

Wm. Hall Sculp.

London, Pub. by Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street, June 1828.

the language of the country, Valonia (*Quercus calyce echinato glanda majore.*) The acorns of this plant are much used in Europe for tanning, and frequent shipments of it are made here.

At about eleven we reached a pretty little grove* by the side of some springs,† near the source of the Scamander, and about a quarter of a mile from the Turkish village of Bournar-bashi. Here, spreading our horse-rugs on the ground, at the foot of some ancient olives, we breakfasted heartily upon salt beef and biscuit, which we had brought from the ship; after which we proceeded towards the source of the Scamander, near the foot of a large limestone hill. This hill, according to Le Chevalier, is the site of the Acropolis of Troy.

mimosa, Valonia oak, fir, myrtle, and here and there the pomegranate and wild-sage.

* This grove is completely in possession of the storks, of which we saw many hundreds standing, as is their custom, upon one leg. This reminded me forcibly of the story of Gianni Fillazio, in the Decamerone.

† These springs were called by the Turks "Kirk ios," or "forty eyes," and are considered as the sources of the Scamander. Their temperature, according to Turner, is about sixty-three and a half degrees of Fahrenheit.

We now were quite delighted with the beauty of the trees: olive, fig, mimosa, and dwarf oak, covered with wild vines in full blossom, and forming natural bowers and arcades, underneath which glided tranquilly the clear crystal waters of the Scamander.

Bournarbashi is a wretched village, inhabited by the most disobliging set of bigoted Turks imaginable. This appears to me to have been the site of the ancient city; for it is placed between the Simoïs and the Scamander, and answers to Homer's account, who mentions, that Troy stood near the source of the Scamander. There is close to Bournarbashi a burying-ground, full of broken columns, architraves, entablatures, &c. with which the Turks have ornamented their graves.

From hence we rode through a fine plain, north-westerly, and through some deep dells down the side of a range of mountains, to the banks of the Simoïs, which is here a considerable stream running down from Mount Ida, which we occasionally saw, with a little snow on

its summit. We crossed the Simoïs in two of its arms ; for it hereabouts divides into a kind of fork, the intermediate space being a bed of sand and clay, (with a few olive-bushes upon it,) which, no doubt, during the winter, is covered with the water, and then would form a formidable current. We drank of its classic waters.

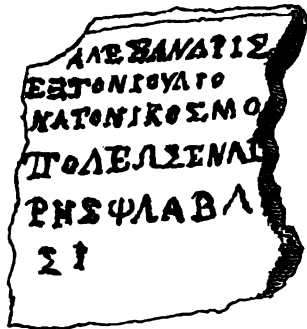
Upon leaving the Simoïs, we proceeded in a north-westerly direction, about three quarters of an hour, when, on our left hand, upon a gentle eminence, we discovered some columns standing erect. We rode up the hill, and examined them carefully. Three of them stand in a line facing the south-east : they are of grey granite, and are perhaps eight or nine feet above the ground. To the north, about a hundred yards, stood two more granite columns,* and about north-west stood a solitary one. All of them are of a plain Doric, without entablature. I could not discover their

* I cannot find that either Clarke or Turner has seen those six remarkable columns, as they make no mention of them.

bases, as the corn was high all around them ; but the quantities of stone, chiefly white marble and verd antique, scattered about, induced me to think that this must have been the site of some considerable city. To the left of these ruins is a remarkable burying-ground, situated upon a beautiful eminence, covered with fine oak-trees. This is called by the Turks Callicolone.* Here we found such immense quantities of broken columns, of all orders, of extreme beauty, entablatures, cornices, architraves, &c. &c., as to convince us that some great city must have formerly stood hereabouts.

I remarked only two inscriptions which I could copy upon the spot, one of which was upon the fragment of an architrave [see No. 1.], and the other upon an extraordinary-looking shaft of a fluted column, having thereon a tablet. [See No. 2.]. I have written the inscription of this latter apart from its appropriate

* Clarke has made a remarkable error respecting this spot, which he calls "Beyan Mezaley." This term, in Turkish, signifies "Deserted Burying-ground."



ΡΙΩΙΚΛΑΥΔΙΩΙΚΑΙΣΑΡ.
 ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΩΙΚΑΠΟΥΑ.....
 ΤΗΙΑΓΡΙΠΕΙΝΗΚΑΙΤΗΣ.....
 ΟΙΣΑΥΤΩΝΚΑΙΤΗΣΥΙ.....
 ΚΑΙΤΗΙΑΘΗΝΑΤΗΪΑΙΑ.....
 ΔΗΜΩ ΤΙΒΒΡΙΟΣΚΛ.....
 ΞΦΑΝΟΥΣΥΙΟΣΦΙΛΟΚ.....
 ΗΓΥΝΗΑΥΤΟΥΚΛΑΥΔ.....
 ΖΝΟΣΘΥΓΑΤΗΡΠΑΡΜΕ.....
 ΝΣΤΟΑΝΚΑΙΤΑΕΝΑΥΤ.....
 ΪΤΑΚΑΤΑΣΚΕΥΑΣΑΝΤ.....
 ΚΤΩΝ·ΙΔΙΩΝ·ΑΝΕΘΗΚ.....

INSCRIPTIONS FOUND UPON THE PLAINS OF TROY.



tablet, for want of space. [See No. 3.] Clarke and Turner have given both of these inscriptions.

Leaving this beautiful cemetery, we pursued our course towards a village called Tchiblack,* where we saw several remains of ancient masonry, and some beautiful capitals of columns of white marble. Here we endeavoured to procure some ancient coins, but in vain; a child offering a copper coin of Sultan Achmet's as such. From Tchiblack we rode over the plain towards Hallil Elli, observing as we went many immense vultures, and one large black eagle with a serpent in his claws. This circumstance reminded me forcibly of the omen seen by Hector and Polydimas, upon the attack by the Trojans upon the Greek lines :

“ A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
 Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
 Jove's bird, on sounding pinion, beats the skies ;
 A bleeding serpent of enormous size
 His talons truss'd.”

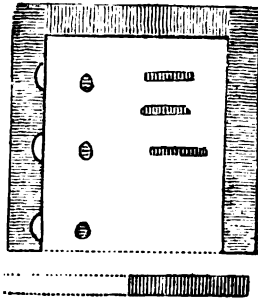
POPE.

* We met a good many Spanish Jews in the villages of the plain ; they spoke a corrupt Castilian.

We crossed a small river, called by Clarke the Thymbrius, just above a broken bridge; and rode up a gentle hill, towards the village of Hallil Elli, at 4 o'clock. To the right of this village we observed two columns, and upon approaching them found two others of a similar form lying upon the ground. These four columns were of plain Doric, about eight feet long; they appeared to me to have been placed there by some Turk, to mark his burial-place, as they were surrounded by a kind of low parapet of Turkish masonry, and had between the two erect ones a slab of white marble lying on the ground, as if to cover the grave.

A little beyond Hallil Elli, to the north-west, is an immense burying-ground having a profusion of broken columns, architraves, capitals, &c. &c. of all orders; and here we found very perfect remains of a temple, having three sides of its basement in very good preservation, and part of a flight of steps in its western front. Within its area we observed three erect granite columns of plain Doric, and three of a

• similar kind lying on the ground. On its northern side, we could plainly perceive the mark of three pedestals. No doubt, these columns had been removed by the Turks from their original bases, and placed in the centre of the area to mark a tomb.* Clarke places hereabouts the Temple of Apollo Thymbrius: probably this is it.



The Temple of Apollo Thymbrius.

There are several inscriptions among the tombstones at Hallil Elli, the most remarkable of

* *Query.*—Are not the four columns on the other side of Hallil Elli taken from hence?

which are given by Messrs. Turner and Clarke. We did not find the stone with the Car-borne victory in bas-relief described by these authors: the weather was so dreadfully hot, and there being no shade here, we could not roam much about in pursuit of it. We killed a large yellow serpent, of which reptile there is a vast number hereabouts.

The evening was now too far advanced to admit of our pursuing our rambles on to Ajax's tomb, and returning by the sea coast, by Achilles and Patroclus's and Eseyetes' tombs, as we should have done, had there been sufficient time, to our boat, which we had sent back to Alexandria Troas, to await our arrival there. Moreover, our cicerone and Surogee had eaten nothing all day, having brought no provisions with them, and not a piece of bread could be procured either at Tchiblack or Hallil Elli. We were therefore reluctantly compelled to return by the same route to Bour-narbashi, in the hopes of getting something for them to eat.

On our return, we were passing over myriads of locusts, which looked exactly like heaps of dead leaves upon the ground.

Upon arriving at Bournarbashi, we took up our quarters under the friendly shades, at half-past six, where we had breakfasted, and sent our people out to the village to procure bread, eggs, and milk. Meanwhile we were amused with some Greek women and girls, who came down to the springs for water. One of these girls was a most lovely little creature, very coy and coquetish. Our guides returned, and informed us that the Turks in the village had told them, that they would not sell to them (being Greeks) a loaf of bread, or an egg, even if they offered forty piastres for it. We had now no remedy but to divide our scanty supper with them, and proceed on our route towards Alexandria Troas. I enjoyed the splendour of a most magnificent sun setting upon Tenedos and the tomb of Esyetes, gilding the plains and sea for many leagues, and making the islands of Imbros and Samothrace and Lemnos

quite purple with his departing rays. We were, however, benighted within about two hours' ride of that ancient city, and deemed it better to take up our quarters under a fine oak-tree near a Greek village, called Yeiklé, at ten o'clock. Here we were more fortunate than at Bournar-bashi, procuring eggs and bread in abundance; and under shade of our friendly oak, spreading a mat and two horse-rugs, we slept until daylight very comfortably. We had taken the precaution of sending a messenger on to Alexandria Troas, to order our boat to come to us here, as we were anxious to return to the brig, lest she should get under weigh and give us the slip.

JUNE 7.—The morning most glorious, the sun rising from behind the long line of mountains, and tinging Mount Ida with gold. On looking to seaward, we perceived the horizon to the south completely covered by a large convoy of merchant-ships, which sight greatly enhanced the beauty of the scene, and rejoiced us much at the idea of soon getting an escort to Smyrna. We reached our boat about half-past five, having abandoned all idea of going on to Alexandria

Troas, for fear of missing our ship. We returned on board about half-past seven. The convoy consisted of seventy-one Austrian and Genoese vessels, escorted by a fine Imperial corvette the *Elmo*. After breakfast, we saw another fleet approach, which proved to be English, escorted by His Majesty's sloop the *Rose*, a pretty corvette. She, however, to our great disappointment, stood on for the Dardanelles; and then having seen her charge safe into port, hauled her wind for some other destination, and did not again come near us. It blew a gale from the south all the evening, and made me, as well as some of my fellow-passengers, extremely sick.

JUNE 8.—Fresh gales all day; very qualmish and uncomfortable from the vessel's pitching so heavily. In the evening arrived a French corvette.

JUNE 9.—More moderate; arrived an Imperial brig of war with convoy and a Sardinian corvette (*Le Triton*). I took a walk on shore and clambered over the highest hill in the

island. The evening more moderate, the wind changing a little more to the westward.

JUNE 10.—In the morning, finding that an Austrian brig-of-war was going to proceed to Smyrna, we took the advantage of that circumstance to get under weigh, keeping close to her for protection. About noon a man fell over-board from the Austrian brig-of-war, and in endeavouring to clear a boat away to pick him up, two others followed his example. Had it not been for the promptitude with which the seamen of the “*Helme*” lowered their little jolly-boat, I believe all three of the poor Austrians (or Venetians) would have been drowned; for such was the confusion created on board their vessel, and such the time taken to get their boat into the water and clear of the brig, that the Englishmen reached the struggling swimmers long before their countrymen were near them, and rescued them from their apparent fate.

The captain of the brig behaved very handsomely to the English crew, and sent his thanks

and compliments on board to the master of the "Helme." As the evening set in, we were becalmed off the Island of Mytilene.

JUNE 11.—Becalmed all day, between Mytilene and the devoted Scio.

JUNE 12.—Becalmed all the morning; haunted all the while by a suspicious-looking mistico. Towards evening a breeze from the south-east ran us along under the land towards Cape Karabournou. Two Austrian and one French schooner-of-war came out of the port. At nightfall a fine breeze from the north-west carried us rapidly in towards Smyrna.

JUNE 13.—At three A. M. we passed the Castle, and at four anchored in the bay of Smyrna, which is one of the finest ports I have ever seen. Here we found His Majesty's ships Cambrian and Parthian, the United States ship Constitution, and Warren corvette; his Imperial Apostolic Majesty's ship Bellona, and several others; a Dutch frigate and corvette, a French frigate and corvette and schooner, and a Sardinian brig; in all about thirteen sail. I called on the

British Consul to deliver my letters of introduction. He not only has given me a room in his house, but likewise two letters, one from England, and one from Vienna. I called on the Vice-Consul and Mr. Fisher. In the evening I had the pleasure of meeting Captains Hamilton and Martin, and Sir W. Eden, a traveller. I went to the Casino, which is a delightful establishment, and here read the papers until eleven o'clock.

CHAPTER IX.

Visits to the Cambrian.—Turkish bath.—Promenades in Smyrna, and lapidation by women and children.—Excursions to Bournabat, Boujât, and Sediqué.—Passage of locusts.—Remarks upon the Bay of Smyrna and its city.—Character of the Pasha Hassan.—Murder of the late Pasha, Mehmet Effendi, by Koshrew Capitan Pasha.—Cape Colonna.—Poros.—Mavrocordato and Tricoupi.—Hydra and Spezzia.—Napoli di Romania.—Reflections on the state of Greece.

JUNE 14.—This afternoon I went on board the Cambrian, to pay my respects to Captain Hamilton, and to see Mr. Wellesley, who was one of her lieutenants. Here I had the pleasure of finding two old shipmates. Captain Hamilton was so good as to show me some papers relative to the unfortunate capitulation of the Acropolis, and likewise some letters from

Prince Mavrocordato and Tricoupi, describing the miseries of Greece and the devastating progress of Ibrahim Pacha.

My heart bleeds for this poor sacrificed people; but I trust that Providence will ere long send them a deliverer and avenger, or they fall!

I dined in the evening at the house of Mr. Black's partner, Mr. Fisher, who has married a very charming Frank lady of Smyrna, of French extraction. It rained and thundered a great deal all the evening.

JUNE 15.—I passed a pleasant day on board the Cambrian with Captain Hamilton, who was so kind as to give me a great deal of interesting information relative to the state of the Morea, and the intrigues and quarrels of the various Primates and Capitani.

JUNE 16.—I went with Sir William Eden and Captain Martin to the principal Turkish bath, escorted by one of the Consul's chäoushes, a fat, jolly, red-bearded Turk. I will endeavour to

describe this extraordinary, and to me disgusting, purgatory.

We were first ushered into a large square antechamber, around which were numerous Turks squatting and lying down upon divans, smoking their chibouques and sipping sherbet. Upon these divans dirty-looking mattresses are spread, and each candidate for the bath is conducted by half-naked *bathing men* to one of these couches. Here he is to undress himself and leave his clothes: he is supplied with a wrapper, a large cloth or towel to tie around his middle, a large pair of wooden clogs raised upon two pieces of wood, at least six inches from the dirty and streaming floor, and he is then conducted to an inner apartment, (at the door of which he leaves his wrapper,) underneath a dome lighted at the top, and amid an atmosphere of steam. The sensation upon entering this horrible scene, is the most oppressive thing possible; for such is the heat kept up by the stoves and flues underneath this pandemonium, that at first, the bather

is entirely deprived of the power of breathing, and until he is relieved by the copious perspiration which soon bursts out all over him, he feels as if he were going to expire. The first thing that strikes his eye, when he has sufficiently recovered himself to be sensible of what is passing around him, is a number of naked figures with shaven heads, but long top-knots and long beards or moustaches, lying about upon boards, undergoing the various operations of rubbing, scrubbing, lathering, and shampooing. The Turk yields himself up entirely to the hands of the operator, who, leaning or stooping over him, turns him over as he would a dead body, first lifts one limb, and then another, letting them fall again as if they were masses of inanimate matter; cracks all his joints in succession, and thumps and kneads him as he would a lump of clay or a piece of dough.

Your unhappy self, meanwhile, is seated upon a wet and slimy board by the side of a fountain, into which hot or cold water can be conducted at pleasure by means of two brass cocks.

Your savage-looking and naked tormentor first begins his annoyances by scrubbing you all over with a kind of glove on his right hand, made of horse hair; your delicate European skin, not used to such a scarifying operation, peels off in rolls upon your limbs and person, to the great disgust of yourself and triumph of your infidel persecutor, who, calling your attention to these symptoms of effeminacy, knocks them off with his hand with an air of contempt. But how shall I describe the horror which I felt, when I found that I too was to be subject to the champoing and the kneading of my whole frame? I knew that it was in vain to resist, and yielded myself up, as I should have done into the hands of an executioner, with mingled feelings of disgust and resignation; but when the garlick-breathing Moslem, stooping over my prostrate person, rained down upon me torrents of his own perspiration, I felt that I should die with sickness and despair; but I had no remedy. I went through it all with the feelings of a martyr,

and was recalled from my dreams of death and infernus, by being seated in a corner, and covered from head to foot in a cloud of thick soap-suds, which streaming into my eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, awakened me into a sense of mundane existence, and comforted me, while I smarted all over, with a feeling of cleanliness. This was rapidly succeeded by copious ablutions of hot and then of cooler water. I now looked about me, and saw that my companions were, like myself, undergoing the latter stages of the process, and perceived through a dense cloud of steam, our friend the chäoush yielding up his fat carcass to the hands of the tormentors. We could now laugh at what we had gone through, and after a little while rose from our corners, and wrapping the friendly cloth round our waists, proceeded upon our clogs towards the door, where we were supplied with hot wrappers, (but were obliged to scrutinize them rather closely, not being all quite clean,) and were conducted each to our couch, where we reposed until the perspiration

had entirely subsided, drinking sherbet, coffee, and smoking chibouques. It must be allowed, however, that in spite of the disgust with which a stranger can hardly fail of being inspired upon his first experience of a Turkish bath, that the sensations produced, when it is over, and during his repose upon his couch, are of the most agreeable nature. His body feels quite restored to vigour and elasticity, and there is a *satiny* smoothness of his skin, to which he was before a stranger; he feels that all obstruction of the pores has been removed, and that he has been most thoroughly cleansed from all external impurities.

After the bath, I went on board the *Cambrian*, to dine with Wellesley; and in the evening went on board the *Parthian*, to call upon Captain Martin, and to see my cousin Pelham.

JUNE 17.—In the evening I took a delightful walk along the Marina and into the country, among gardens and villas, with Sir W. Eden. His Majesty's ship *Rose* had arrived this forenoon with four *misticoes*, which she had cap-

tured at Samothrace. In the evening they sailed again, being manned by detachments from the *Rose* and *Cambrian*, to decoy and capture some pirates off Ipsara.

JUNE 18.—To-day, Sir William Eden and myself lionized the bazaars and fountains of the town, and penetrated a long way into that part of the city which is exclusively inhabited by the Turks,—a wretched, ruinous, dirty, straggling place. Not being very well acquainted with the localities, we found ourselves suddenly in a *cul de sac*, terminated by a garden, attached to the house of some great Turk. At the garden-gate were some women, who at first showed no symptom of displeasure or alarm; but upon our approaching the gate, thinking to find a thoroughfare that way, they set up a great shouting, and thereupon began to arm themselves with stones; many other women and some children, alarmed by their cries, came out of their houses in our rear, and the stones began to whistle about our ears in all directions. As we were (although unintentionally) the

offending parties, we did not like to retaliate upon our assailants, and were quietly withdrawing, when some boys, being bolder than the rest, pursued us, and threw the stones so sharply and so near us, that we agreed we had better give them a sample of our *savior faire* in this description of missile warfare. Eden, who is an old Etonian, threw some pebbles in such a manner as quickly to disperse the light infantry, who had, until now, hung about us; and some Effendi Turks coming up, soon drove away the nest of wasps which we had drawn about our ears. We salaamed our friends, the Effendi, who smilingly returned the compliment, and we each went our way home.

JUNE 21.—To-day I made a very pleasant excursion with Captain Sotheby, of His Majesty's ship Seringapatam, who had arrived the day before yesterday, and Sir W. Eden, to Bournabat. We went in the Seringapatam's boats to the landing-place, a considerable way up the harbour, and past the careening ground. Here we found a little wooden pier and a water-

ing-place; and here, as is the custom of the country, we were mounted upon remarkably fine large asses, each of which has his bridle ornamented tastefully with shells and blue beads, to attract the *evil eye* to the bridle, but keep it from the animal,—the supposition being, that the evil principle delights in the colour of the turquoise, which these beads are made to resemble. Each of these humble animals is accompanied by his driver, generally a Greek, who belabours him all the way with a great stick, keeping him constantly upon a brisk trot, and being almost always close behind him, to animate him with his voice, or stimulate him with the stick, as the case may require.

We went through shady lanes, and a pretty country full of mimosa and olianders, and, indeed, were delighted with the scenery. The village, or rather town, of Bournabat, contains many fine houses, belonging principally to Frank and Armenian merchants, with some great Turks: it has a large bazaar, and a handsome mosque, with some magnificent Oriental planes in the





Photo by the Smithsonian Institution

THE GREAT RIVER VALLEY OF THE NORTHWEST

New Boundary Is Being Announced Commonly Called the "Line of Time"

It is a well-known fact that the world is divided into two parts, the Eastern Hemisphere and the Western Hemisphere. This division is commonly called the "Line of Time" and is based on the location of the Prime Meridian. The Prime Meridian is a line of longitude that runs from the North Pole to the South Pole, passing through the city of Greenwich in England. It is the starting point for measuring longitude and is the basis for the world's time zones.

The Prime Meridian is also the starting point for the world's time zones. Each time zone is defined by a specific longitude, and the time in each zone is based on the time at the Prime Meridian. For example, the time in New York City is 5 hours behind the time at the Prime Meridian. The time in London is the same as the time at the Prime Meridian. The time in Sydney is 12 hours ahead of the time at the Prime Meridian. This system of time zones is used all over the world and is the basis for our daily lives.

The Prime Meridian is also the starting point for the world's longitude. Longitude is measured in degrees, and the Prime Meridian is the starting point for measuring longitude. The Prime Meridian is 0 degrees longitude, and longitude is measured east and west from this point.

VOLUME 12 - NUMBER 1

8



court of it. Near Bournabat is a large mound or barrow, commonly called the Tomb of Tantalus.

Eden and myself strolled about to a little distance from the place, and made a sketch of the bay and distant city of Smyrna, its many and gloomy-looking cemeteries, and the old Genoese castle upon the hill behind the city, with the high mountains of the "Two Brothers," the Turkish castle at the entrance of the harbour, and the Cape Kara Bournou (black rock), terminating the scene. We dined very well at a neat little hotel, kept by a Frank of Smyrna, and passed a delicious evening in wandering about by the light of an Eastern moon, listening to the song of the bulbul, amid the gardens and villas of the place, and observing the happy-looking groups of Greeks and Smyrniote Franks, whom the beauty of the evening had called out to the threshold of their houses, or to saunter about amid the lanes.

JUNE 22.—We returned in the forenoon by the same route, to the Seringapatam, where we

spent the day and dined, enjoying much the cool sea-breeze.

JUNE 23.—Captain Sotheby, Sir W. Eden and myself, having made our arrangements over night, set out on horseback at half-past six in the morning, to visit the Consul's lady at a village some twelve or fourteen miles off, called Boujât. Our road led us over the heights behind Smyrna, and through some of the great cemeteries; we had some very fine views of the bay and adjoining mountains, as we rode along the hills. We passed by the remains of a Roman aqueduct, which seems to have been constructed for the purpose of supplying the old citadel which stood where are at present the ruins of the Genoese castle, which I have before mentioned, and which, although it has never been put in a state of defence since the Turks took it, is occupied by some of the Pacha's troops of the line (Nizam Djedid). It is melancholy to observe how completely the impending ruin of this nation is typified by the moral and physical decay of every thing which meets the eye of the traveller.

Boujât is a pretty spot, and contains some good-looking houses, with many gardens ; but most of these symptoms of prosperity arise from the circumstance of the Franks being the occupants of the houses,—they repair to this spot, to Bournabat and to Sediqué, to pass the hot months away beneath the shade of mulberry-trees, which here grow to an immense size, and to wile away the day by the side of murmuring fountains, fanned by the gentle breezes, which, at mid-day, set in from the sea. The Consul has a delightful villa here, with shady walks, blooming gardens, and fruitful vineyards. We dined ill enough at a kind of hotel, named, I know not why, “*la Société Philantropique.*”

In the evening, after our siesta, we returned to Smyrna by another road, and another aqueduct, stretching across a deep ravine full of olianders, cypresses, &c. &c. Here is a remarkable petrification, consisting of the stump of a large tree. The ground was covered with locusts in all directions, and these reptiles were

pursued by numberless storks, who pick them up in immense numbers.

I made a sketch of the aqueduct, and the hill, crowned by the old Genoese castle, as it was seen through the arches.

JULY 1.—I went early this morning with Sir W. Eden and Captain Dalling, of His Majesty's ship Raleigh, to visit the Vice-Consul and his Lady, at his villa at Sediqué, a village situated amid some pretty hills about twelve miles from Smyrna, on the road to Ephesus. The ride was extremely beautiful, through a very fine country, presenting all the varieties of hill and dale, plain and mountain, trees and streams. Here we passed an agreeable forenoon, enjoying the luxury of "il dolce far niente," upon soft divans, with long chibouques, fine Salonica tobacco, sherbets, sweetmeats, and books. In the evening we wandered about the round rough hills of the neighbourhood, and met some very agreeable young ladies, the daughters of the Swedish Consul, who were likewise passing the summer months here.

They related to us some curious facts respecting the predatory expeditions of their neighbours, the "Samians," who to this day, as in the time of Telemachus and Ulysses, frequently land in this quarter, in spite of the Turks, and carry off cattle, and sometimes men and women.

We returned to the Vice-Consul's at night-fall, and from thence we went to the Swedish Consul's, and danced away all the night, notwithstanding the height of the thermometer, eighty-nine or ninety.

JULY 2.—Early in the morning we returned to Smyrna.

The remainder of my stay at Smyrna was passed in continued parties of pleasure, on board His Majesty's ship of war, now and then varied by excursions to Bournabat and Boujât, at which latter place the two naval chiefs gave a great fête, with music and fire-works, to the great delight of the Greek, Turk, and Frank population. We danced all the day and all the night long, *comme des forcenés*, the thermometer in the shade ranging from eighty-five degrees

to ninety. The rockets set fire to some corn-stacks, to the great dismay of the people. We returned to Smyrna, mounted upon our trusty donkies, at half-past two in the morning.

Mr. Elliot, the Oriental Secretary to the British Embassy, had arrived at Smyrna about this time, upon some business of importance.

There was a *gay dejeuner à la fourchette* on board the Seringapatam, given by the Captain to a number of Greek and Smyrniote ladies, and a very pretty dance on board His Majesty's ship Zebra, which, in spite of the excessive heat, and the melting of the wax tapers, was kept up with the greatest spirit until an early hour in the following morning.

The weather continued to be dreadfully hot: the wind from the north-east has all the effects of a sirocco; it feels as if it had passed over burning sand; it enervates the body, and lowers the spirits most surprisingly; one cannot sit for a few minutes upon a chair or sofa, without wetting it through and through with perspiration; even wood and stone feels like

heated metal, and it is in vain that the fatigued and harassed sufferer seeks for refreshing sleep or repose; he rises from his couch more weary than he lay down, sodden, languid, and unhappy.

I wished much to visit Ephesus, but no one would join me in such an excursion, at this period of the year, fearful of the malaria, which always haunts that spot. I was, therefore, forced to relinquish the project.

I had the pleasure of meeting occasionally Admiral de Rigny, who strongly advised my not quitting the Levant at this crisis. "*Nous sommes sur le point des grandes événemens,*" he observed to me.

JULY 26 and 27.—I passed two delightful days in company with my two kind friends, Sotheby and Eden, at the house of an English merchant of Smyrna, at Bournabat. We had projected making an excursion to Sardis and its classical neighbourhood, which lays claim to the honour of having produced a Homer. We talked likewise of visiting the Tomb of Tantalus,

and other antiquities ; but the weather was so hot, that we each of us secretly wished that the other would internally abandon the project, and talk no more of it. This, indeed, proved to be the case ; for, as we always sat up late at night, enjoying the beautiful scenery from the window, and bright moon, none of us had much inclination to quit our couches at an hour sufficiently early to set off upon our tour, and thus the matter dropped ; and as will be seen in the sequel, no future opportunity presented itself.

While we were enjoying the hospitalities of Bournabat, the French Consul at Smyrna died, and was attended to the grave by all the Consuls of foreign nations, and the chiefs of the naval forces in the bay. At this period an immense flight of locusts (which indeed had for some days shown themselves in great numbers) passed over the city, falling upon the roofs of the houses, where they lay two or three inches deep, and tumbling into the sea in such quantities, that they could be traced in continuous streams for

many leagues from the land, resembling in colour and appearance so many millions of boiled shrimps. These insects, being brought by the sea-breeze into the harbour, were thrown upon the shores and against the quays in such masses, that their putrefied carcasses infected the air in all directions. The passage of these animals lasted during many days, and at night as they crossed over the disk of the moon, by reflecting the light as they shot across the face of the planet, they resembled so many flakes of snow, or almost as many shooting stars.

The heat of the weather at this period (87°) was so intense, that during the night I was always obliged to sleep with my window open, the consequence of which was, that the locusts used to tumble into my room and upon my musquito curtains, and by hopping about the floor and creeping up into my bed, generally annoyed me extremely. I observed that there was one description of locust which materially differed in shape from the rest; this animal was more like a large round moth, or beetle, in form, although

covered, like the rest, with a shining coat of mail; he was shorter and thicker and much stronger than the other sort, which in shape resembles the common grasshopper. These reptiles are amazingly powerful in their hoppings, but do not seem to fly very well. They are extremely salacious, and deposit their eggs in all directions in great abundance. Poultry of all sorts are very fond of eating the locusts, and particularly of devouring the ovæ, which however produce a very bad effect upon their own eggs, which, at such periods as these, are extremely strong, and quite red in the yolk; indeed the natives will not eat them at this time, saying that they are unwholesome.

I went one day with Mr. Elliot to call upon M. Fauvel, the French Consul, who had passed so many years at Athens, and whose antiquarian researches have brought so much to light of what remains of poor Athena's temples, Acropolis, and walls. He was so good as to show us some excellent models of that city, which were doubly interesting to me, as I hoped soon to visit Minerva's Fane.

On the 14th of July we took a farewell dinner on board the *Seringapatam*, where we met De Rigny and his staff, and at midnight sailed in His Majesty's ship *Cambrian*, for the Morea; Sir W. Eden, Elliot, and myself being quartered upon her hospitable and gallant captain.

The Bay of Smyrna is one of the finest harbours in the world; the fleets of the universe might anchor here in safety. It is perfectly landlocked, and is surrounded by high and picturesque mountains. The water is deep and the anchorage good, excepting opposite the Turkish castle at the entrance, where there is a shoal and quicksand to the north; the passage is however sufficiently wide to work a line-of-battle ship through it. (N.B. Keep the Castle as close aboard as you can.) There is excellent anchorage in eight fathoms close to the town, and good holding-ground.

Smyrna, in the time of the Byzantine empire, was considered as the most lovely of the Ionian cities, and was styled the "beauty of Asia." The Turks captured it in 1034; Tamerlane took it

from them in 1492, with great slaughter. It is one of the seven cities which contended for the honour of being the birth-place of Homer, and is one of the seven Asiatic churches named in the Apocalypse. It possesses several remains of antiquity, among the rest a Roman circus on the side of a hill, upon which stand the ruins of the citadel.

The modern city, as far as respects Frank Town, is comparatively well built and spacious; its houses are large and commodious and of stone. This part of it runs parallel to the sea, and has ready communication with a long quay, which of an evening becomes the promenade of the beau monde.

The Turk town is dirty, offensive, and ill-built: the bazaars are tolerable and well-stocked; the baths indifferent: some of the mosques are handsome; and Franks may enter them without fear, if accompanied by a chäoush, cavass, or dragoman. The population amounts to about one hundred and fifty thousand, whereof about

one hundred thousand are Mussulmans; the rest are Jews, Armenians, Greeks, and Franks of every name and nation.

The Smyrniote ladies are famed for their attractions: of these I must confess I saw but little. Some of the Greek women have superb heads, eyes, and hair; but their bust is too exuberant, their form too massive, and their hands and feet clumsy and coarse.

The garrison of Smyrna is at present very contemptible, consisting of a few hundred of the Nizam Djedid; and the place is not defensible either by sea or land.

On the whole, Smyrna is a pleasant place, and I should prefer residing here to Constantinople, on account of the presence of the formidable naval forces of the European powers, sometimes amounting to eighteen sail at anchor at the same time; chiefly French and Austrians. The demonstration of such a force serves to keep the barbarians in order.

The Pasha is by all accounts a clever and

well-disposed man : he protects the Franks with a strong hand, and is entirely devoted to the Sultan and his measures.

One day, while I was in Smyrna, a Capidgee Bashi arrived with his suite, bringing with him various orders, relative to the new mode of taxation, which it was to be apprehended would create a disturbance among a people not accustomed to regular modes of financial levies. The Pasha, however, took measures for securing the public tranquillity, and the thing passed off without much alarm. It is generally thought, however, that the people of Asia Minor will not submit to regular taxation, which will necessarily raise the price of provisions in spite of the arbitrary measures of the authorities, who insist that the butchers and bakers shall supply the people at the same price as before, although each kilo of wheat and each head of cattle shall be heavily taxed. This may be a very ingenious temporary method of meeting difficulties, but it cannot continue to be enforced for any length of time.

It is to be hoped that this faithful servant of the Porte will not meet that horrid fate which generally awaits all the great men of Turkey, and which so miserably befell his unhappy but excellent predecessor, Mehmet Effendi Pasha, who was treacherously entrapped on board the fleet, and cruelly murdered there by Koshrew Capitan Pasha.

I have heard this story related by our own venerable Consul at Smyrna, Mr. Werry,—a man whose long residence in the Levant has enabled him to appreciate the character of the Turks, and who was intimately acquainted with Mehmet Effendi.

It seems that the Porte entertained some suspicions relative to Mehmet Effendi's connexion with the Jannissary party; and the Sultan, who had, *de longue main*, determined upon the extermination of that body, thought that by cutting off that man whom he looked upon as its head, he should strike a salutary terror into the Ortas stationed at Smyrna and in the Pashalic, and render it easy for him to place in

the vacant seat a man devoted to his views. In Turkey, suspicion is equivalent to proof, and Koshrew Pasha Capitan was despatched with a fleet from the Dardanelles, under the pretence of visiting the islands of Mytilene and Scio, and levying the usual annual contributions.

This man had been the intimate friend and schoolfellow of Mehmet Effendi, and for this very reason was less liable to suspicion.

No great man in Turkey can however view the arrival of another in his government or Pashalic without distrust; and Mehmet Effendi felt very jealous of the Capitan Pasha's appearance in the bay of Smyrna, and for a while took such precautions as he deemed necessary for his own personal safety. Koshrew Pasha meanwhile was perfectly well informed by his spies of what was passing in the Serai of Smyrna; he affected at first to avoid coming on shore to see Mehmet Effendi, lest, as he hinted with true Turkish perfidy, he should give him cause of alarm or suspicion; but he said, as he recollected that during the days of their early friendship,

Mehmet Effendi had been fond of shooting, he begged he would accept from the hands of his oldest friend a gun of English workmanship, as a proof of his undiminished regard.

Mehmet Effendi was so much affected by what he deemed a proof of friendship, and a gentle rebuke for his own want of confidence in his old schoolmate, that he fell into the snare, as the Capitan Pasha had foreseen. He immediately sent off his Divan Effendi to compliment him, and to entreat him to come on shore with as many troops as he might deem necessary for his own body-guard, promising on his side, as a proof of good faith, that he would only keep an equal number of soldiers in Smyrna.

The Capitan Pasha felt now that his victim was caught in the toils; he had just reached that point of ill-placed confidence to which he wished to bring him; and with an affectation of magnanimity, which he well knew how to assume, said that he would come entirely alone,

and would place himself with equal confidence in the hands of his friend.

On the following day, Mehmet Effendi received the crafty Koshrew, who came merely attended by a few personal servants, to the Seraï, and here he overwhelmed him with proofs of affection and esteem. The Capitan Pasha remained here for some days, preserving in all his actions and words the appearance of perfect good-will and amity towards his unsuspecting victim.

In his turn, he invited Mehmet Effendi to come off to the flag-ship, and returned loaded with presents on board the fleet. So completely blinded was Mehmet Effendi by the artifices of the subtle Koshrew, that in an evil hour he embarked with a small suite in his boat, and repaired to the flag-ship, where he was received by the Capitan Pasha with all possible demonstrations of the liveliest friendship; but when he was conducted to the great cabin, he found that the doors were closed upon him, and a strong guard of Galiongees mounted outside.

He now saw that he was lost ; he begged to be allowed an interview with the Capitan Pasha, but was informed that it could not be granted.

Meanwhile the intelligence of what had been passing on board the fleet reached the shore, quantities of troops were landed from the ships, who, meeting with no opposition,—for the troops of Mehmet Effendi had all been marched out of Smyrna by previous condition,—took possession of the place and the Seraï, and the people were struck dumb with dismay and surprise.

The various Consuls repaired to the flag-ship and entreated the Capitan Pasha to spare the life of Mehmet Effendi; nay, indeed, Mr. Werry was so lively in his intercessions, that the crafty Koshrew at length reluctantly promised that “no evil should befall him on board of his ship.” Mr. Werry, delighted at this assurance, and believing in the inviolability of the Mussulman honour, rushed to the presence of Mehmet Effendi, and assured him of his safety.

“How did the Capitan Pasha look?” was his question. “He looked mild and tranquil, and

spoke in affectionate terms of your Excellency," was the reply. "Then," rejoined Mehmet Effendi, "I am a lost man." In vain his friend assured him that no evil was intended him. He immediately set about giving directions respecting his property, which he confided to Mr. Werry; charged him with his dying injunction to his wives and children, and prepared himself for death.

On the following day after this conversation, he was conducted to a boat, under pretence of putting him on shore in the island of Mytilene, but as he stooped to seat himself in the bottom of the boat, (as is the custom of the Turks,) his head was smitten off at one blow by a chäoush. Thus the perfidious Koshrew kept his word!

Instances of Mussulman treachery are so common, that it would be an endless task to attempt the relation of them: one or two such as these suffice to show us what is the character of their government, and what is meant by the profoundness of the Ottoman policy.

Two words explain the enigma;—perfidy and cruelty!

JOURNAL CONTINUED, ON BOARD HIS MA-
JESTY'S SHIP CAMBRIAN.

JULY 15.—This morning off Scio and Ipsara, we fell in with His Majesty's ships Glasgow and Rifleman, the former from Alexandria, and the latter with a convoy from the Dardanelles; we remained hove-to almost all the day, communicating with the Glasgow. The weather very fine.

JULY 16.—At daylight off Cape Colonna, and close under the beautiful temple dedicated to Minerva, which still braves the hand of time and Austrians; the officers of their ship, the Bellona, having profaned the architrave of this interesting relic, by writing upon it in immense black letters,

“BELLONA AUSTRIACA.”

Thirteen columns still attest the skill of the architect and the solidity of the structure. It was at this point that the divine Plato was wont to give lessons upon the immortality of the soul to his pupils; and in our days, an inspired poet

has rendered this spot familiar to our imaginations,* and shed an additional splendour upon the glorious halo which encircles Mount Sunium's classic height.

At noon we looked into the harbour of Poros, and took on board Prince Mavrocordato and the Ex-secretary to the Hellenic government, Tri-coupi. These distinguished and patriotic men were anxious to proceed, under the auspices of Captain Hamilton, to Napoli di Romania, where, in consequence of an intrigue of the elder Colocotroni's, a sort of civil war had broken out between his partizans, under the orders of the Capitani Photomaras and Stratos, (who held the town and lower forts of Napoli,) and Grivas, who with his followers was in possession of the impregnable citadel, the Palamide. These parties had been for several days keeping up a mutual cannonade and cutting each other's throats, as if there were not sufficient work of this sort to be found in the ranks of the Osmanli.

C'est autant epargné aux Turcs. Ibrahim

* See "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold."

Pasha has demolished the fortress and razed the town of Tripolizza, and lately pushed some of his marauding parties as far as Argos. He is said to have retired to the coast. What an extraordinary mode of warfare is this that has so long desolated the land of Minerva! Neither Turk or Greek seems to profit by any success which he may have obtained: but the one sits down and smokes his pipe, and lets things take their chance; while the other, doing what is worse, employs the precious time in quarrelling with his friends, instead of following up his enemy.

Mavrocordato is a man of much physiognomy; his black piercing eyes and the lines on his forehead bespeak talent and reflection. Tricoupi has less countenance, but his eye is quick and intelligent, and his general outline denotes frankness and honesty. One cannot behold and converse with these two men without feelings of the liveliest interest.

JULY 17.—We are off Hydra. The chiefs Sachtury, Mavromichali and Nota Bozzaris, with their suites, and some of the primates, are on

board, paying their respects to Captain Hamilton. It is delightful to see with what veneration and affection these rude but brave men regard the gallant Commodore. Talking upon this subject to Mavrocordato, he replied to my observation,—“Hamilton a su se faire aimer et craindre à la fois.” The Greeks, in their emphatic manner, style him, by way of excellence, “το ἡμίλτον:” they love him for his benevolence, and they fear him for his rigid impartiality. No man has done so much as he has to foster the growing virtues of Grecian liberty; but, at the same time, no one has done more to chastise the lawless and piratical practices which have so unfortunately taken their rise out of the circumstances of the times, and the fearful state of destitution and desperation to which the remnant of a famished and a slaughtered population has been driven.

In the afternoon we were off Spezzia. Hydra is a barren-looking rock, with a bad harbour and a good town. Spezzia is as barren, but less rugged than Hydra; its port and town better. Garden bay, on the opposite side of the gulf,

is a good roadstead, and its shores look green and tempting.

In the evening, as we proceeded slowly down the gulf, we fell in with the *Asia*, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir E. Codrington, who, after communicating with Captain Hamilton, put about and accompanied us towards Napoli di Romania.

JULY 18.—In the morning, running quietly up the deep and mountain-bounded bay of Napoli di Romania; His Majesty's ships *Asia*, *Raleigh*, and *Brisk* in company. We anchored about noon close to the town, and under the formidable-looking *Palamide*. Here we saw groups of miserable beings huddled together, about and under the shelter of the rocks, to avoid the fire of the citadel. Hundreds were crammed on board the vessels in the roads, and the nominal government, with many wretched creatures, have taken possession of a little fort, perched upon a rock in the harbour, called "*Bourgi*." Great numbers of the wealthier classes have fled across the bay in boats to *Argos*, being forced by the soldiers of *Stratos* and *Photomaras* to pay

a considerable sum for this privilege. Our gallant Admiral, with characteristic humanity and firmness, put an end to this infamous proceeding, by sending his boats well manned and armed, to protect the remaining fugitives against this shameful extortion.

The political state of the Greek nation seems to me to resemble pretty nearly the condition of the Highlanders during the system of clanship. Each Greek chief is the head of a clan, who makes war both upon the common enemy and his rival Capitano whenever he sees fitting occasion. These men never forget a feud; and although their natural hatred of the Turk insures their joint co-operation against him whenever he can be attacked with advantage, the Moslem is no sooner repulsed or defeated or inactive, than the Capitani employ all their energies in mutual destruction, by craft or violence. This was pretty nearly the case with the Highland chiefs, who, although upon the approach of the Saxon they united their forces against him as the common foe, persecuted

each other with long-cherished hatred and desire of revenge unto extermination.

It is, however, ~~some~~ source of comfort to the well-wishers of the Greek cause to reflect upon this known fact, that there is as yet no instance of a Greek chief of any importance having joined the ranks of the infidels. If, indeed, by their fatal and frequent broils they have done much to retard the bright epoch of their country's regeneration, their faults have arisen out of the state of society and those bad passions which a barbarous and feudal system has generated not only in Greece but elsewhere.

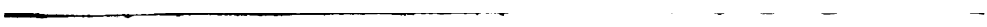
This people may indeed be annihilated by the sword of the Osmanli, the monuments of what they were may be swept by the contemptuous barbarian from the face of the earth, the "ashes of the Pelleponesus" may be scattered to the winds in the Seraglio of the Sultan; but Greece will never submit! Her suffering sons and ravished daughters may be consigned to the executioner and the pollution of the Harem; the stake, the sword, the fire, and the

atrocious practices of the Mussulman, may do their work; but can Providence look on and suffer such things? Will the day of vengeance never arrive?

It must come! arise, Europe, and blot out the foul stain from the page of history. Suffer not the land of fame to become one universal tomb; suffer not the classic soil of Hellas to be colonized by the Arab and the Nubian; the descendants of Leonidas and Themistocles to be swept from the face of the earth, and their once great name to be erased from the list of nations!*

JULY 19.—The anniversary of the coronation. Smoke and noise, and a few shots from the Palamide and town, *in token of amity*. (This is a way the Turks and Greeks have of paying a great compliment, sometimes rather dangerous.) The Admiral and Commodore are zealously employed in mediating between the conflicting parties, and endeavouring to persuade the one and the other to give up the forts and

* The treaty of Alexandria has since taken the Morea from the hands of the Egyptians.





W A T A B E H I L L S N A W B U Y I N I S N E C H M E A T I C A .

The S. M. Co. Collection, Cambridge, Mass.

View of Cape Providence

SUBJECT PURMANIA.

and to indicate the kinds of symptoms which he has observed. The symptoms, signs, and course of the disease, and the place and time of its occurrence, and the place and time of its observation.

The following description of the subject is given to show the nature of the disease. The subject is a man of the name of Purman, who is a native of the district of Purman, in the province of Bengal, and who is now residing in the city of Calcutta. He is a man of about 40 years of age, and is of a fair complexion. He is of a medium height, and is of a goodly figure. He is a man of a goodly nature, and is a man of a goodly mind. He is a man of a goodly character, and is a man of a goodly heart. He is a man of a goodly soul, and is a man of a goodly spirit. He is a man of a goodly body, and is a man of a goodly mind. He is a man of a goodly nature, and is a man of a goodly mind. He is a man of a goodly character, and is a man of a goodly heart. He is a man of a goodly soul, and is a man of a goodly spirit. He is a man of a goodly body, and is a man of a goodly mind.

The subject has been suffering from a disease of the mind for some time, and has been in a state of great distress. He has been unable to perform his usual duties, and has been unable to take any pleasure in his usual occupations. He has been unable to sleep, and has been unable to eat. He has been unable to see any one, and has been unable to hear any one. He has been unable to think, and has been unable to feel. He has been unable to move, and has been unable to speak. He has been unable to do anything, and has been unable to live. He has been unable to see any one, and has been unable to hear any one. He has been unable to think, and has been unable to feel. He has been unable to move, and has been unable to speak. He has been unable to do anything, and has been unable to live.

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citadel into the hands of some one nominated by the Government. Photomaras, Stratos, and many other chiefs, are on board the flag-ship.

Many Greeks came here to see their favourite ship the Cambrian. The young men are the most beautiful race I ever saw; their long hair, of which they are very proud, falling over their shoulders from under the red Greek cap, their embroidered jackets, vests, and buskins, their splendid arms and white kilts, compose on the whole the most graceful and becoming costume in the world. There is a fire in their eye; and an elasticity and dignity in their step and demeanour, which impress the spectator most forcibly in their favour. The older men are less vivacious in their manner, but equally splendid in their dress. Like the Turks, these people seem to lay out all their money in decorating their persons and in purchasing the most expensive arms. A great deal of wealth is thus, no doubt, lavished upon trifles that might have been rendered more available to the well-being of the state. But I must not

forget that this nation is still barbarous, and that it naturally copies and imitates the Turks in all their distinctive follies, and, I regret to say, vices.*

The bay of Napoli di Romania has excellent anchorage all over it, and there is a good harbour for smaller vessels within the island of Bourgi. On the western side stands the Acropolis of Argos, with its ancient town at its foot: near this is the tomb of Agamemnon.

There are some mills upon the shore of Argos, and here is an excellent watering-place for shipping.

The weather is too hot, and the state of the country too insecure, to allow of my making any excursion to Corinth, or elsewhere.

* Hadji Mickali, Zaimis, Count Metaxa, Nicetas, or Nikitas, the young Colocotroni, and many other Greek chiefs, came on board the Cambrian, off Hydra and Spezzia, and at Napoli di Romania, during my stay there.

CHAPTER X.

Visit to Bourgi, and to Lord Cochrane.—Rencontre with Colonel Heydeck.—General Church.—Visit to Grivas in the Palamide.—Departure in his Majesty's ship *Serिंगapatam* for Athens.—Dandolo fires into the town of Spezzia.—Bay of Salamis.—Visit to Athens.—Piræus.—Phalerum.—Delhis.—Interview with the Pasha Ibrahim's Divan Effendi.—Visit to the Pasha.—Dinner and debauchery of Turks.—Via Sacra.—Jupiter Olympius—Desolation and ruin of Athens.—Temple of Theseus.—Reflections.—Hill of Mars.—Recollections.—Musæan Hill, and tomb of Philopappus.—Conduct of Turkish sentinels.—Return towards the Piræus.—Greek Tambouri, and field of battle.—Apprehensions and conduct of Turkish escort.—Sunset upon the Bay of Salamis, and our re-embarkation for the ships.—Visit to Egina and its Temple.—Poros and its lemon groves.—Dispersion of our little Squadron.—Inner harbour of Poros, and visit to Prince Mavrocordato.—Departure on board the *Raleigh* for Cyprus.—Arrival at Larneca.—Change of destination, and new projects.—Visit to Larneca and the British Consul.—Cyprïotes.—Dinner at the Consul's.—Observations upon the Saracenic or Gothic architecture.—State of Cyprus.—Arrival of the *Mootselim*.—Grand dinner at the Consul's, and visit of ceremony to the *Mootselim*.—Departure for and arrival at Baruti, or Beirut.

JULY 21, 1827.—I went on shore upon the island of Bourgi, the temporary seat of the Government, and found there a number of persons

entassées les unes sur les autres, and the principal members of the executive and legislative departments, with many Palicari and Capitani.— I went on board of the *Hellas*, which immense frigate had arrived the day before: Lord Cochrane was sick, and unable to see me. I found my old acquaintance, the Bavarian Colonel Heydeck, on board a small schooner in the bay. The Admiral sailed in the evening, in the *Asia*, for Smyrna.

JULY 23.—I went in the evening to take a walk upon the plains between Napoli and Argos. Salt marsh full of quails, view of the Palamide and city on the left hand, sea and islands to the south, Argos and its Acropolis on the right, a brilliant sunset gilding and reddening the mountains.

JULY 24.—I dined on board the *Raleigh*, and in the evening went quail-shooting with Dalling and Anson:—bad sport.

JULY 25.—General Church came on board: he is come from Corinth with 1000 men, to put them to rights here. His dress most splendid. [That of the Greek light infantry once in our service.]

JULY 26.—Mavrocordato and Tricoupi returned to Poros in the *Brisk*: I visited Napoli in the

evening with Dalling and Eden:—ruins and misery.

JULY 27.—In the morning I went with Dalling and Martin to visit General Sir Richard Church, bivouacked at an old ruined monastery about three miles on the left flank of the Palamide—his troops lying scattered about under the wild fig-trees. We afterwards were mounted on his horses, and rode up to the Palamide, accompanied by about two hundred Palicari; about fifty of whom bestrode horses captured from the Egyptians. As we rode up towards the Palamide, the cavalry of the escort, wishing to give to their general and to the British officers a specimen of their skill in horsemanship, and of their efficiency in the use of their weapons, started out of the line in pairs, riding furiously at each other with drawn swords, exhibiting every method of attack and defence: then one affecting to be vanquished fled, the other rapidly pursuing him; as he wheeled his foaming steed round and round in a narrow circle, suddenly the pursued in his turn became the pursuer, with levelled pistol, and

loud shouts animating his horse and terrifying his antagonist. Nothing could give one a better idea of a single combat between Orientals. They seemed much gratified by our admiration of their dexterity. The foot soldiers, or *Tacticos* of the escort, were all well and uniformly clothed and armed, and were indeed a very fine set of men.

We entered the fortress under a salute, and were received and entertained by the famous chief *Grivas*.

When we had entered the gates of the *Palamide*, they were suddenly closed upon us with prodigious clangour. One could not help a sort of feeling that we might be betrayed. Many of the *Palicari* clinging to the saddles of *General Church* and of ourselves, got into the fortress, resolved to share our fate and to protect their chief and his friends to the last: *Nota Bozzaris* and *Mavromichali* were with us. I felt struck by this proof of their devotion; for it was evident that they suspected treachery.

When we were afterwards all assembled in

Griva's house, I watched most attentively the countenance of our gallant countryman ; but it defied scrutiny. I looked at Grivas, and beneath the appearance of respectful homage which veiled his fine features, thought I perceived a lurking distrust.*

Nota Bozzaris looked, as he has ever proved himself to be, a man prepared for any peril, and equal to any proof of heroism. General Church speaks Romäick fluently ; he is much beloved by the Greek chiefs, for most of them had served in the Albanian Greek regiment which he commanded in our service during the war.

We walked round the ramparts of this extraordinary fortress, but I was almost blinded by the dust flying about in all directions. The Lion of St. Mark, at one time the ascendant constellation of the Morea, still ornaments many parts of the old fortification.

* Some months after this remarkable interview, I was informed that, had it not been for the presence of the British officers upon this occasion, Grivas would have made prisoners of the General and all his suite.

It is curious to contrast the conduct of the present Venetians with that of the formerly conquering republic.

The assemblage of so many wild-looking chieftains and fierce vassals around an English officer, (dressed in the rich uniform of the Greek light infantry once in our service,) and acknowledging him as their general and deliverer, was striking and interesting.

We returned by a most precipitous and dangerous pathway on foot into the town, and I embarked with Dalling and Martin for the Cambrian, to meet General Church at dinner.

JULY 28.—I breakfasted with Martin, and dined with Dalling. Arrived His Majesty's ship Seringapatam.

JULY 29.—In the evening I walked with Sotheby, Dalling, and Martin, on the plain of Argos.

JULY 30.—I sailed in the Seringapatam for Athens: *Mes compagnons de voyage* are the Honourable Captain Law, Sir W. Eden, and a Mr. Williams of the Commissariat department at Corfu. Raleigh in company. At

night, when off Spezzia, nearly ran on board of the Imperial razee, Bellona.

JULY 31.—All the day beating through the gulf of Spezzia. When abreast of Hydra, the Austrian admiral in the Bellona, accompanied by a man-of-war brig, was seen to fire into the town of Spezzia, and to throw in several rockets.

AUGUST 1.—All the morning beating into the bay of Egina. We saw the temple (upon the island) very distinctly, and the Acropolis of Athens in the distance, but clearly defined. In the evening we anchored in the bay of Salamis. The Piræus on our right hand, Xerxes' throne on our left, and the island of Kalouri behind us. Raleigh and Parthian in company.

AUGUST 2.—A large party of us left the ship at about six in the morning, and pulled into the old harbour of the Piræus. The remains of the Pier are still very distinct and perfect. In former times there stood two immense marble lions, one on either hand of the harbour. The Venetians, from this circumstance, gave it the name of "Porta Leone : " they transported the lions to

Venice, where they still are to be seen, I believe, in the Arsenal.

We landed at the ruined monastery of San Spiridione, which was destroyed by Lord Cochrane, in the Hellas, and Hastings, in the Greek steam-boat, on the 6th of May. We saw many 68-pound shot lying about here. The Turks had intrenched themselves in this building, and defended it with characteristic valour, being a key to the position of their army employed in the siege, or rather blockade, of the Acropolis.

We walked to the height of the Phalerum, for the purpose of obtaining a good view ; from hence we could trace very distinctly the line of the old Piræan wall, immense masses of it stretching, like a gigantic skeleton, over the plain towards the Acropolis.

From this point the eye roams over the Acropolis, crowned with the matchless Parthenon, Mounts Hymettus and Anchesmus, Mars Hill (where stood the Areopagus), the Musæan and Pnyx Hills, the Tomb of Philopappus, the plains of Athens and its olive grove, and the Via Sacra, towards Eleusis.

As we gazed upon this scene, and some of us sat down to make a sketch of it, suddenly we saw the flashing of arms in the plain, and perceived a crowd of Delhis advancing with led horses for our party ; and as we stood admiring the view, an Emir, with but one hand, green turban, and black beard, galloped up to us and explained that the party of horse on the plain below was sent by the Pasha, commanding at Athens, to escort us up to his camp.

Our party consisted of eight or ten, besides servants : we were all soon mounted, *à la Turque*, and rode on towards a little eminence, at the foot of which we found the Pasha's Divan Effendi, and an Aga of Delhis, seated upon their carpets, smoking in the shade cast by the hillock (for the sun was yet low). We alighted to salute them, and soon squatted down cross-legged like themselves, smoking the long chibouques, and drinking coffee with them.

We were very fortunate in having the advantage of possessing an excellent interpreter in the person of Mr. Elliot, who speaks Turkish fluently. We learned that Reschid Pasha

was in Livadia, and that Ibrahim Pasha, of two tails, an Albanian, commanded at Athens. They did not give us much hope of seeing the interior of the Acropolis, unless we had a firman from the Sultan, authorizing the Pasha to allow us so to do. Mr. Elliot had one of these documents for himself; but unfortunately he had given it to his dragoman, who was, by some unaccountable mistake, not with the party.

The grouping of the Delhis, as they gathered round to stare at the Frangi, their savage faces, shaggy beards, grotesque armament, and splendid but uncouth dresses, formed a singular contrast with our fresh, rosy-faced, smooth-chinned and cheeked European-clad party; not much, I thought, to our advantage. The barbarians seemed very much to admire one or two pretty-looking *middies* who were with us.

We soon remounted, and rode in great state through the olive grove, watered by the river Cephissus, and saw several picquets of Albanian soldiers lying about under the trees; reaching the camp of the Pasha at about eleven o'clock,

situated at a village upon the *Via Sacra*, and about three miles from Athens. We found his Excellency ill-lodged enough, in a dirty Greek kiosk, seated upon his divan, smoking, and driving away the flies with a little instrument made of horse-hair, of different colours; and having, like his own insignia, two tails. He was a most sinister-looking and ferocious-visaged Turk, squinting fatally with both his eyes, his butcher-like face overgrown with a most enormous and goat-like beard of black frizzled hair.

We were, however, well received, and placed upon the same divan with himself,—an honour only conferred by Turks upon people of distinction. We smoked and drank coffee with him, and opened a negociation for seeing the Acropolis, but in vain. The Turk was offended because the frigate had not saluted him; and although this was satisfactorily accounted for, by the circumstance of the castle of the Acropolis not being in sight from the anchorage, still we saw that he could not overcome what

he looked upon as a breach of etiquette. In vain the Captain offered to send orders on board to fire a salute : His Excellency was inexorable.

But again, he had another and a fairer pretext ;—we had no firman to show, and Reschid Pasha was off the spot ; it was more than his head was worth, to show the fortress to the Frangi, without either a firman or an order from his superior officer. He offered to send a messenger to Reschid Pasha ; but we doubted his sincerity, and we knew that the Seraskier was too far off to allow of our waiting for his decision.

We had then no remedy but to wait until the Pasha had dined and slept his siesta, when we hoped to find him in a better humour, and that Mr. Elliot's firman might turn up. We agreed then, after much discussion, that we had better accept the offer made us by a poor miserable-looking Greek Papa, (who they said was a bishop, and detained by the Pasha as a sort of hostage,) to make use of his house wherein to repose and dine. The care of

Captains Sotheby, Dalling, and Martin, had supplied us with a most bountiful stock of cold viands, wines, and spirits ; and we resolved upon making the best of our disappointment about the Acropolis, by enjoying a cheerful dinner among ourselves, inviting likewise the Divan Effendi, the Aga of the Delhis, the Kehaya, and the Greek bishop, to partake of our fare.

The bishop's house was close by, and we soon attacked our provisions with a good appetite : we had almost finished them, when in came a number of the Pasha's servants, loaded with dinner from His Excellency's table, consisting chiefly of a lamb stewed, and stuffed with a suet-pudding and Pistaccio nuts, and of several dishes of ragouts and dolmas ; these of course we all partook of, some from curiosity, and others from hunger. The Turks, meanwhile, drank of our wine and brandy in such a heterodox manner, as soon to become extremely drunk, hiccupping, and attempting to sing, with countenances of the most ludicrous gravity ; nay, even the poor Papa appeared to

forget his captivity and his miseries, under the influence of the jolly god. The Aga of Delhis drank a tumbler of raw brandy at one draught; and we all agreed that we had never before seen such devout worshippers of Bacchus.

After dinner the Turks arose as they best could, and being very prodigal of their caresses and embraces, staggered away to their quarters, to sleep away the effect of their debauch; while we dispersed in various directions, some to stroll about the camp, or rude huts of the Albanians, and others to find a quiet and cool corner, wherein to repose during the heat of the day.

I and two others of the party had the good fortune to find a little wooden platform just under the Pasha's windows; here we established ourselves among lances, pistols, sabres, and yatagans, belonging to the guard on duty, and here we found a fine old Turk, the Pasha's Selictar, or sword-bearer. He invited us to share his carpets, and here we lay down for an hour or so, awaiting the auspicious moment of

the Pasha's rising from his siesta, when to renew our negotiations.

We succeeded in part; his Excellency ordered a party of Delhis, commanded by his Selictar, to escort us into the city of Athens, and to show us every thing we desired to see, with the exception of the Acropolis. The Delhis came to us with led horses as before, and off we rode over the remains of the Via Sacra, towards the city of Minerva.

We first made a half circuit of the walls, going to the splendid remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, the Stadium, the gate of Adrian, the grotto and spring of the Nymph Callirhoæ, and the bed of the Ilissus, in which there was just now but little water. The columns remaining of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius (so called) are sixteen in number, of beautiful Corinthian, of white marble, and sixty feet in height. I think, with all due deference to antiquarians, that this was never a temple, but a portico, there being too much length and too little breadth for the former of

these structures. A Fakir, or Dervish, had contrived to ensconce himself upon the remains of the Epistylia in one angle of the colonnade. How he could ever get up and down there is an enigma.

On the left hand of the Ilissus stands a pretty Greek chapel, but quite deserted and ruined: the poor fresco saints and virgins have been most dreadfully treated by the Moslem, who seem to have enjoyed the pleasure of figuratively executing these objects of their detestation, by decapitating them all.

We entered the desolate and ruined city through a gate, having an inscription over it. [*Imp. Tit. Cæs. Aug. Elius. Cos. &c. &c. &c.*] We saw no inhabitants, save the Turkish soldiery. The Greeks had all long since abandoned their Lares and Penates, and fled to the mountains of Bœotia and Epirus. The houses were mostly burned or knocked down; and the Turks seemed to live pretty much in the open air, and under the shelter of a few planks, which they had put together; or in the moul-

dering and tottering bazaar, where they had contrived to collect some few saleable articles, and established a sort of commerce.

We passed on amid the desolation of fallen Athena, and groups of the sleeping or yawning Delhis and Albanians of the Seraskier's army, apparently exciting but little interest, to the Temple of Theseus.*

This beautiful relic of antiquity is as perfect as if it had survived only twenty years instead of two thousand. The alti relievi, on its eastern and western fronts, on the frieze underneath the portico, are still sharp and prominent, and defy the hand of time, of Turk, and of civilized spoliators. The roof appears to have been repaired; and upon the marble pavement is the tombstone of Sir J. Watson, an English baronet. The fane of the Virgin. (Panagia) has usurped the shrine of the demigod; and the fanaticism of the Turks has induced them to deface the saints and virgins, which decorate in

* The Temple of Theseus was built by Cimon, not long after the battle of Salamis, 479 B. C.

gaudy fresco colouring the walls round the altar; while most unaccountably the bassi relievi of the friezes have escaped from their iconoclastic fury. Some of these, however, had lost their heads; but I thought I could clearly make out the story portrayed by them to have been the fights between the Centaurs and the Lápithæ.

The grouping of the barbarous Delhis and Arnäouts, as they leaned against, or sat at the foot of the Doric columns of the portico, was the most picturesque thing imaginable; one might in vain seek for a stronger illustration of the civilization and the arts of a former age, and the barbarism of the present. The mind was forcibly carried back over the lapse of ages, and beheld before its eye the Asiatics of Xerxes triumphing over the vanquished Athena.

The Temple of the Winds is close to that of Theseus; and most of our party, leaving their horses here, proceeded to examine it, and to look for the remains of Demosthenes's lanthorn. I sat under the colonnade of the temple, watch-

ing the barbarians, and indulging in a train of reflections, when the dragoman who had Mr. Elliot's firman made his appearance. This document was eagerly produced, and we hoped that the Selictar would allow the whole party to profit by it, and suffer us to enter the walls of the Acropolis. Unfortunately for us, the Selictar could not read a word of it, and, turning it over and over, regarded the signature of the Sultan with a most vacant stare. The Divan Effendi next examined it; but whether they had all their cue from the Pasha, or whether they were jealous of allowing so many of the Frangi to inspect their citadel, I know not: they made various excuses, talked of sending away a messenger to the Seraskier in Livadia, and, in short, did all they could to gain time, and to evade the question.

I took advantage of the discussion which ensued, to make a solitary visit to Mars Hill and the remains of the Areopagus. This spot had a much deeper attraction for me than the mere classical recollections associated with its name.

When I reached its summit, my feelings were of such a nature as nearly to overpower me.

I remembered, with the strongest emotion, a sermon which was preached by a tenderly-beloved but departed friend, upon the Quirinal Hill at Rome, in the year 1820. The subject was Paul before the Areopagites. I quote from memory.

“ Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, ‘ Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious :

‘ For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription,—To the Unknown God !

‘ Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.’ ”

Here, where by so extraordinary a coincidence my fate had placed me, I thought I heard the soft, mild, persuasive tones of that voice ; I again saw the eloquent expression of his countenance ; I beheld the mute attention of his audience ! * * * * *

The scene swam before my eyes, and I galloped rapidly down the steep path, and in my way to the Musæan Hill, I was joined by Cap-

tain Martin. Here we met with some other officers from the ships, and among them the Chaplain of the Seringapatam, who had with him one of those lithographic sketches of Athens, which are bound up in the little books of its panorama. This he was so good as to lend us, and a very correct thing it is. It was of great use to us in making our reconnoissance of the place.

On the summit of the Musæan hill stands the Tomb of Philopappus, and here is a Turkish advanced battery within six hundred yards of the foot of the Acropolis. From hence I had hoped to have enjoyed at my leisure a very near view of the Parthenon, but we were forced back by a Turkish sentinel, who seemed to be very much inclined to favour us with the contents of his musket. However, one of the escort coming up, explained matters to the soldier, who nevertheless drove us all away.

The Parthenon does not seem to have suffered much during the siege, and will stand as long as the world lasts, to attest the skill of the classic

and free ancestors of a barbarized and enslaved people.

Can Europe much longer tolerate the occupation of Greece by the hordes of Asia?

The soldiers in the Acropolis seemed to watch us with great attention, standing grouped round a great gun during our reconnoissance.

At about five o'clock in the evening we all reassembled, and returned towards the port by the old Piræan wall. The evening was very warm, and several of us, among the rest myself, drank of the water from a deep well by the road side, attributing a sort of putrified taste to the hide bucket out of which we drank it. We were afterwards informed by one of the Turks, with a sort of malicious grin, that forty Greeks had been thrown into it after the battle of the 6th of May.

No doubt the Moslem rejoiced in his heart that the dogs of Franks should drink the impure remains of their fellow Christians: but enough of this disgusting circumstance.

Our route lay through the Greek positions,

and the tambouri occupied by them during the fatal day before mentioned. The details of this action are too well known to need any repetition.

Upon our arrival at the Piræus, we found that by some mistake the boats had not yet arrived, and resolved upon proceeding to the bay of Kalouri, where the ships lay. In this, however, we found considerable difficulty and opposition on the part of the Turks, some of whom menaced and bullied a good deal. I believe they did not wish to go near the ships, from distrust of us, or from fear of falling into some ambuscade; for it seems that parties of forty or fifty armed Greeks frequently appear in the neighbourhood, and carry off or put to death such straggling Turks as they may fall in with. Nay, one of the escort even assured us that they seldom ventured far away from the camp, unless in great numbers, such was their fear of the exasperated and desperate Greeks.

We reached the place of embarkation about the setting of the sun, which indeed was a splendid sight, gilding the summits of the moun-

tains of the Morea (which threw their long shadows over the tranquil surface of the bay of Salamis,) as he descended.

“ Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
 Along Morea’s hills, the setting sun ;
 Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light.
 O’er the hush’d deep the yellow beam he throws,
 Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.
 On old Egina’s rock and Idra’s isle,
 The God of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
 O’er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
 Though there his altars are no more divine.
 Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
 Thy glorious gulph, unconquer’d Salamis !
 Their azure arches through the long expanse
 More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance ;
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;
 Till darkly shaded from the land and deep,
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.”

THE CORSAIR, CANTO III.

Here we found the boats, and returned to our respective ships, much delighted with our day’s excursion, although somewhat mortified in not obtaining access to the Parthenon. We consoled ourselves with the reflection that we had at all events seen a great deal which was highly in-

teresting, and we hoped that we had perhaps carried away a more general impression of the Acropolis from our external reconnoissance, than we could have done if we had merely seen its interior.

AUGUST 3.—I was employed all this day in collecting my ideas and writing my journal from the notes of yesterday. In the evening we went ashore on the island of Kalouri,* and rambled about the rocks and hills.

[The ship is anchored in eighteen fathoms, sheltered from all winds; holding-ground good. Town of Salamis, W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Heights over Athens, E. Island of Kalouri, S.]

AUGUST 4.—Weighed at day-break and ran down to the island of Egina. Raleigh and Parthian in company. At about nine we landed on the south side of the island, in a kind of natural dock or basin, upon a curious calcareous formation incrustated with shells of all sorts, and large blocks of a red stone like porphyry. We clambered over the heights through dwarf firs, juniper, and wild olives, with here and there a patch of

* Kalouri is the Turkish name for Salamis.

cultivated ground, to the summit of the island, where stands the beautiful Temple of Jupiter. Twenty-two columns of the Doric order, with part of the architrave, still remain erect. The temple has apparently consisted of twelve columns in each of the principal fronts, six in each side front, and two interior rows of ten each, making in the whole fifty-two. Its proportions are beautiful, and its preservation, considering its great antiquity, is astonishing. Upon a fragment of a fallen column, we found a sentence pencilled in French, stating that an inscription to the memory of Count Sta. Rosa (one of the Italian Philhellenes) had been engraved upon this stone, and that by a singular coincidence, the name of Karaiskaki, written on the 5th of May,* coupled with a fervent vow to achieve

* Karaiskaki died on the 5th of May, 1827, at the Phalerum; he was wounded on the 4th, near the banks of the Illyssus. Church was defeated before Athens, 6th May, 1827. Colonel Inglesi fell upon this occasion. His head was exposed at Constantinople while I was there; and from the name attached to it, it was considered to be that of an Englishman; many said it was that of Lord Cochrane, from the colour of the hair and beard. The Ambassador sent over to the Porte and made inquiries about it.

the liberty of Greece, had been found upon the same fragment. Some friend of Karaiskaki's had caused the end of the stone to be sawed off and sent to the Government.

The position of the temple is superb. It commands a view of the sea, of Hydra, of the Bay of Salamis, of the Piræus and the Acropolis, relieved in the background by its mountains.

We returned to our boats about noon. I went on board the Parthian, and in her ran down to Poros. In the evening we went on shore, to take a walk in a celebrated lemon grove.* The views superb, and the walk delicious. Eight million lemons are yearly exported from this grove to various parts in the Levant. The sunset the most magnificent thing imaginable; the island and town of Poros looking like a purple and gold Acropolis bosomed upon a fairy lake. O that some painter of celebrity would visit the lovely scenes of the Morea!

On our return on board the Seringapatam,

* In this grove Lord Cochrane swore upon the cross of his sword, never to desert Greece as long as she should continue faithful to herself.

we found that the Brisk had arrived from Napoli, and had brought orders for us all to disperse in various directions,—Seringapatam to Smyrna, Parthian to Scyra, Brisk to Napoli, and Raleigh to Cyprus and Corfu. Never was there so complete a break-up of a merry party. Nothing was heard on all sides but “which way are you going?” I determined upon embarking in the Raleigh with my kind friend Captain Dalling, and so did Mr. Elliot. Eden goes to rejoin the Commodore in the Brisk; Law and Dalgleish go in the Seringapatam to Smyrna, on their way to Constantinople, and Martin by himself in his little brig.

AUGUST 5.—I shifted my quarters to the Raleigh. At nine, sailed Seringapatam and Parthian. I went with Dalling into the inner harbour to see Captain Copeland, who had arrived in the Mastiff over-night from Smyrna. The harbour is one of the finest and most picturesque I have ever seen.* We found Captain Copeland and

* Monasterio Bay. Good anchorage; but open to the southward and eastward. Anchored in eleven fathoms. Cape Skilli, S. E. and E. Red cliff outside of the Monastery, E. S. E. Island of Stavro, S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.

his spouse on board, and returned to the town of Poros, to call on Prince Mavrocordato. At one o'clock we sailed for Cyprus; the Brisk sailing likewise for Napoli.

AUGUST 6.—At sea. Fine and pleasant weather.

AUGUST 7.—Off Candia. Fresh breezes and heavy swell.

AUGUST 8.—Fine and pleasant weather.

AUGUST 9.—In the morning, we made Cape Blanco, in the Island of Cyprus. All the day running with a fine breeze along-shore, towards Larneca. We passed Cape Gatto and Cape Salines, and made the point Chitti about sunset. At about nine, sounded off Cape Chitti in five fathoms. We anchored in the roads of Larneca, about 11 P. M. in eight fathoms. [N. B. Give Cape Chitti a wide berth.]

AUGUST 10.—In the morning, the British Consul came on board, and we found, to my great mortification, that our destination is changed from Corfu to Baruti in Syria, and from thence back again to Smyrna. I think of going into Egypt, being now so near Alexan-

dria. This move completely deranges all my projects, and will cause me to give up some of my most favourite plans. “ *L’homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*”

I went on shore in the evening with Dalling. The Marina of Larneca is a wretched place, consisting of a long row of mud-built houses with flat roofs: it has a bazaar and a castle. The palm-trees which are thinly scattered about the back of the town, give it a very Egyptian appearance, and I am told make it very much resemble Alexandria. The Consul sent his carriage for us, to convey us to his residence at Larneca, about three quarters of a mile from the Marina. It was an open kind of calèche drawn by one horse, just such a one as Gil Blas and his friend Scipion went down in to Andalusia, to take possession of his Quinta at Leria.

On our way out saw a few *Cyprians*. God only knows how this island ever attained its celebrity for beauty; for, to judge of it from the specimen we saw, one would have said it was the last place which Venus would have chosen

in which to fix her favourite residence. I am told, however, that in the neighbourhood of Paphos (whose temple still exists), *il y a le plus beau sang possible*. The male part of the population is handsome and robust; and perhaps the laughing and wanton Goddess had an eye to this circumstance. The Consular residence is spacious and cool. The old gentleman received us with much politeness and urbanity, offering us beds, &c. &c. He has several daughters; but I in vain looked for a Haidee among them. Indeed, as far as I have hitherto seen in the Levant, it strikes me that female beauty is a rare plant, and that all the poetical accounts which we have been in the habit of reading upon this subject, are gross exaggerations. Pipes and coffee employed the evening, and at about nightfall we returned to our bark.

AUGUST 11.—All the morning at the Marina with Dalling.—At noon, we drove out *à la Gil Blas* to Larneca.—We dined with the Consul, and saw several of the European Consuls.—Tutti, Illustrissimi Signori.—I observed at dinner that

the fair *Consuleses* had tinged their finger-nails with henna, *à la Turque*. It is curious to observe how much the Greeks, in their humiliation and slavery, imitate their masters in their fashions and absurdities. I should have remarked, that our Consul is by birth an Ionian, and that he had married a Greek Cypriote; his daughters, therefore, are Greek in costume, language, and ideas.

I observed that in most of the houses at Larneca, the ceiling of the large rooms is supported by a Gothic or rather Saracenic arch. The beams likewise rest upon such wooden projecting supports or buttresses as we see in old churches in England, under the wood work of the roof. Many of the houses have a kind of façade, extending half the height of the house, of stone, and of the same order of Saracenic architecture. I think that some antiquarians trace the origin of this style of building in England back to the days of the Crusaders, who are said to have found it existing in Cyprus and Palestine, and to have imported it

into Europe on their return. I observed likewise several columns with such capitals and pedestals as we see in cathedrals and churches of the Gothic style.

There are by all accounts about two thousand troops of Mehmet Ali Pasha in Cyprus, Albanians: the whole population consists of about twenty-five thousand souls, of which five-sixths are Greeks. The island remains in a state of uncultivation, owing to the rapacity and tyranny of the Government, and is depeopling very fast. The population, both Turk and Greek, are represented as extremely indisposed towards the yoke of the Sultan, and as ripe for revolt upon the appearance of any thing like an auxiliary force.

The neighbourhood of Ali Pasha is, however, a formidable obstacle to the emancipation of Cyprus; and I fear that, unless that tyrant should be blockaded in his port of Alexandria, there is but little chance of the Cypriotes shaking the Ottoman yoke from off their shoulders. Dalling and Elliot are purchasing Cyprus wines. The old and superior

wines are rare and dear, but the ordinary sorts cheap and abundant. The *Commanderia*, as it is called, is one of the best sorts. The *Muscat* is a perfect liqueur, but is about a dollar and a half the *okka*. The bread of Cyprus is excellent.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12.—*Il dolce far niente*.

AUGUST 13.—I was awakened by a salute from the fort, in honour of the arrival of the Governor of Cyprus, (*Mootselim*,) upon a visit to Mr. Elliot. The weather very hot. In the evening I walked with *Dalling* in a cotton plantation near the beach. We enjoyed the cool sea-breeze and the splendour of an Oriental sunset upon the picturesque mountains of Cyprus exceedingly.

AUGUST 14.—A grand field-day on board; exercising the ship's company in firing the great guns at a mark. Some very good shots. I received a contusion on both my knees in firing a *caronade*, the gun recoiling farther than I had calculated upon. I stayed all the evening on board, my knees being too stiff and uncomfortable to

admit of walking. Mr. Elliot came off, having had an interview with the Mootselim.

AUGUST 15.—My knees stiff, but the contusion subsided considerably. We exercised small arms at a target:—practice good. I remained on board all the day.

AUGUST 16.—His Majesty's ship *Raleigh* fired a royal salute upon the occasion of rehoisting the Consular flag, which had been struck, owing to some misunderstanding between the British Consul and the Governor of Cyprus (Mootselim); and indeed this misunderstanding was the cause of Mr. Elliot's being sent hither by Mr. Stratford Canning, with instructions to bring the Governor to his senses (backed as his representations would be by the thirty-two-pounders of the *Raleigh*). The Turkish fort saluted likewise with twenty-one guns, the last of which, according to their custom, was shotted, throwing the ball a little ahead of the ship.

At noon Captain Dalling and myself, both in uniform, went on shore to dine with and felicitate the Consul. After dinner, we all went to call

upon the Mootselim, in the house of the Cogia Bashi.

Our procession from the Consular residence to the Cogia Bashi's house was rather ludicrous, but appeared to produce a very grand effect upon the minds of the good inhabitants of Larnaca, who all came out at their doors to stare at us. I could hardly retain my gravity on witnessing the awkward attempts made by an old Turk of the Consulate, in his long scarlet robes, and grey beard, to stand up behind the rickety carriage of the Consul (*à la chasseur*) with a large truncheon in his hand, as an emblem of his office and dignity.

We found his Excellency seated upon his divan, and surrounded by his Albanian guards. We were ushered into his presence with considerable pomp, and invited by him to seat ourselves on his divan. He told us that we were welcome, and that he was delighted to make our acquaintance, and so forth.

As usual, we were regaled with pipes and coffee; after which, we were each presented with con-

serves in little filagree cups of silver, (closed at the top by a hinged cover); then followed excellent sherbet with embroidered napkins; and next, we were sprinkled with rose-water, and perfumed with incense contained in filagree silver censers. His Excellency was very desirous that Captain Dalling should go over to a port in Caramania, and take under his charge a vessel, on board of which his Excellency's charem was to be embarked. This unusual and extraordinary request was naturally declined. On taking our leave of the Mootselim, he requested Captain Dalling's acceptance of two casks of Commanteria wine and four bullocks.

In the evening, we paid some visits of ceremony to the various Consuls and their spouses, and re-embarked at about eight o'clock. To-day and indeed the day before yesterday, two vessels arrived, having been plundered by a piratical schooner on the north-east side of Cyprus. We read a proces-verbal, taken before the French Consul, of the treatment received by one of the passengers; it was indeed most atrocious. We

hope to fall in with the pirate on our return from Baruti. We hear from Alexandria that the Egyptian fleet, of eighty-nine sail, had sailed for the Morea; two ships of the line, nine frigates, twenty corvettes and brigs, and forty-eight transports with four thousand troops on board.

Average height of thermometer, 82° in the shade, on board. Much ophthalmia and fever at Cyprus.

Exports, silk, cotton, wine.

AUGUST 17.—We weighed at about 2 P. M. for Baruti. In the evening, we fell in with a French sloop-of-war, having a brig in company.

AUGUST 18.—At daybreak we saw the high land of Mount Lebanon. We were visited to-day by a beautiful hoopoe, which kept hovering about the ship all day, alighting from time to time upon the yard-arms; and at about nine P. M. we anchored in nine fathoms, in the roads of Baruti.

CHAPTER XI.

Description of Bairout.—Visit to the British Consul.—Excursion to Mount Lebanon.—St. George and the Dragon.—Description of the scenery in the Mountain.—Maronite Convent and Monks.—Consular quarter.—Remains of Phœnician Temple.—Ave Maria and Signor Fioravanti di Bologna.—Picturesque heads and figures of Maronite Ascetics.—Striking group at the Consul's.—Return to Bairout.—Head-dress of Maronite women.—Express from Lady H. Stanhope.—Sail for Seide.—Return to Bairout.—Departure of the Raleigh, and my disembarkation.—American Missionaries.—Venere Astarte and ancient coins and idol.—Occupations and incidents.—Warlike rumours, and Frank consternation.—My metamorphosis from Frank to Mameluke.—“Story Teller.”—Departure for the Mountains.—Encampment.—Antiquities.—Emir.—Sarcophagus and Aqueduct.—Sarcophagi.—Feast of the Cross.—Camelions.—Bee Eaters.—Message from the Emir Beshir.—Preparations for departure.

AUGUST 19, 1827.—I was surprised in the morning to find the little town of Baruti,* and

* Population about three thousand within, and two thousand without the walls.

its environs, so beautiful. It is surrounded by an old Saracenic wall, flanked at intervals with high towers and castles. The country in its immediate vicinity is covered with mulberry-trees, and prickly pears and fig-trees, all of which contribute to give it a very verdant appearance. The lofty tract of Mount Libanus (or Lebanon) backs the town to the northward. Upon its summits are scattered large pine-trees, and here and there a solitary monastery adds much to the picturesque nature of the scenery. So here I am in Syria!

This morning I bathed. The water was so hot and uncomfortable, that I came out of it in a perspiration, and with a sick head-ache. In the evening Mr. Abbott, the British Consul, came on board, and Mr. Elliot left the ship, to go upon a mission to Lady Hester Stanhope, near Seide, about seven hours from hence. I would fain have accompanied him, but I thought it probable, from what I had heard, that her Ladyship might deem my visit an impertinent intrusion, and not receive me. This day the

heat has been most oppressive. The thermometer in the shade about eighty-five degrees.

AUGUST 20.—The morning oppressively hot : the glass eighty-five degrees at eight o'clock. It is too hot to undertake long journeys, but I wish to visit Jerusalem very much indeed. We shifted our berth farther out, being rather too near the breakers, and in foul ground. In the evening I went on shore with Dalling to call upon the British Consul. I was surprised, on nearing the quay, to see a multitude of ancient columns piled promiscuously one over the other to form the foundation of the pier, many other columns standing erect, to serve as posts to make the ships' hawsers fast to.

We went through the narrow and dark labyrinths of this extraordinary little town. Each house is like a castle, built of solid stone masonry, with Saracenic arched passages, and corridors penetrating in all directions. It was like passing through a succession of cloisters, or aisles of a cathedral, but of a gloomier and larger style. This town stands near the *ancient Berytus*,

and many relics of antiquity are constantly found here; but, as I learn, the Turks are too jealous to allow of excavating, they always imagining that the Franks search for heaps of gold and silver, when they are looking for antiquities. This was one of the principal points held by the Crusaders under Richard Cœur de Lion, and thus becomes *doubly* classical.

Bairout was built and fortified by the Druses, the Emirs of which nation held it as their capital and only seaport, until the celebrated Djézzar Pasha of Acre expelled them from it, and subdued militarily the province of Mount Libanus. The walls are in excellent repair, yet contemptible as a fortification against regular forces.*

On quitting the town through the gate which looks towards Mount Lebanon, we pursued our way through very pretty plantations of mulberry-trees, for about a quarter of an hour, and found the Consul in a small flat-roofed stone

* On the south side of Bairout, the town is commanded from an eminence. In this part the wall, and a square tower which flanks it, have been a good deal battered with cannon shot, (said to be) by a Russian force, which landed here in the time of the last Muscovite expedition into these seas.

house, built of great strength, (as indeed are all the houses hereabouts, as a precaution against earthquakes.) He recommended me most strongly to remain here some little time, until the extreme heats are past; and then joining Lord Prudhoe, whom he expects here shortly from Cairo, go with him to Damascus and Balbeck. This idea flatters my taste for rambling, and I shall make my arrangements for putting this trip into execution.

We are to go to-morrow, before daylight, to the top of one of the lower mountains of Lebanon, to visit the Consules and her daughter, who are lodged in an old Maronitish convent; built out of the ruins of a Phœnician temple. We returned to the ship about eight o'clock, much pleased with our visit to the Consul, and the extreme beauty of the scenery about Bairout.

AUGUST 21.—I arose at four o'clock, and accompanying Dalling and the surgeon of the Raleigh, Dr. Dickson, disembarked in a small bay, outside of the town, to the left hand. We found the Consul ready to mount, and off we set before the sun was above the mountains.

Proceeding over an old Roman road, we came shortly to the river, over which is an ancient bridge of six arches. A little before the river, we came to the identical spot where (according to the tradition) St. George of Cappadocia slew the dragon, and close by is an ancient fountain, in which the *hero of England* is said to have cleansed his hands from the blood of the monster, the *soap* from his hands is still visible upon the front of the fountain (the soap is merely an incrustation of muriate of lime, the fountain being built of limestone.) A little to the left hand, but about one hundred yards farther on, is the first chapel dedicated by St. George to the Christian worship in this part of Syria. It is now converted into a mosque, but is still called by the Turks by the appellation of its founder (Mar Giurgius).

The face of the country is extremely beautiful; the soil rich and of a red loam. The mulberry-tree is cultivated with great care and success, silk being the principal article of export from Bairout. Mr. Abbott says, the soil is so

fine and good, that it would produce every thing. I was much struck with the skill and care displayed by these poor people in the irrigation of their plantations.

As we approached the mountains, the scenery became beautiful and grand beyond description; pines, arbutus, myrtle, wild-sage, and many other odoriferous plants and shrubs loading the morning air with perfume; the sun gilding the summits of the mountains, and lighting up the sea and sky in their brightest azure. The vegetation was surprisingly verdant and vigorous, and my imagination, which had previously recoiled with horror from the idea of Syrian sands and deserts, was delighted with the reality which here presented itself of smiling valleys, and huge rocks crowned with the sweetest smelling and most lovely-looking evergreens. The pine is here numerous and large, and there is likewise a great deal of that beautiful variety of oak, the Vellonia (Valonia). Our road, or rather our track, became, as we advanced higher up the mountain, very rugged

and even dangerous ; but the extreme beauty of the points of view, which burst upon us at almost every turn, made us think little of the difficulties of the route. I have seen some of the most picturesque parts of Europe and America, but I really think I have never yet beheld such superb scenery as here presents itself. Were I a painter, I would linger long in this neighbourhood, and by trying to do justice to the beauty of this comparatively little known region, induce travellers of every nation to visit it. One spot in particular attracted our notice ; it was a hummock starting boldly out of the side of the mountain, crowned by a group of *Claude's* pines, and looking down upon the fertile environs of Bairout, and upon the red, burnt-up-looking sands beyond, skirted by a bright blue sea, the picturesque and castellated town standing up amidst the green plantations upon its little promontory, like a city of the Genii, with the ocean bathing its feet. On either hand and over our heads hung in rich clusters the luxuriant vine, and far far up, as it

were in the sky, stood the melancholy, desolate-looking Maronitish convent, the object of our search, with groups of Ascetics, in long black robes and grey beards, standing like so many statues of the apostles, gazing down upon us, as we wound our way up the steep and tedious zig-zags amid the limestone rocks. At length we reached the convent, and were delighted with the little cherub voice of a child calling out "Papa, papa."

We were welcomed, upon alighting from our horses, by the Consules, an interesting young Italian, and the Consul's daughter by a former bed. Nothing could be more striking than meeting with European women and children in such a savage and remote spot as this. The apartment of our hospitable Consul consists of a large outhouse, in which the monks used to breed their silk-worms and attend to the process of silk-spinning. It is built, as I have before remarked, out of the ruins of an old temple, several of whose columns are stuck upright into the wall. It is roofed with the

pinces of Lebanon, and its ceiling is supported at intervals (in long rows) by fragments of columns placed one upon another. The Consul, by means of divisions made of reeds and curtains, has contrived to make several spacious and airy apartments; and as in this climate air is the greatest luxury, he may be said to be well lodged.

At right angles to the consular apartment, or barrack, stands the convent itself, having in front of its chapel, on the extreme right, the remains of a magnificent colonnade. This chapel is built upon part of the foundation of an ancient Phœnician temple, whose basement still remains entire. It apparently was decorated in front by a double row of immense Dóric columns of granite. Four of these columns still remain in their places erect, although not perfect, either in height or circumference. We measured one of them, and found it to be eighteen feet round. The base of one of the others had been hollowed out into a fountain; but it stands in its place, in front of the chapel. Mr. Abbott informs me that most

of the Phœnician coins have on the reverse a square temple, surrounded by a colonnade, six in each front, but having a portico with a double row of pillars. I could not, however, discover the basements of any other columns than those in the front, which appear to have formed a double row. I forgot to mention that one part of the chapel front is built over a prostrate column, whose end protrudes beyond the wall; the architect having found it more easy to make use of it as a foundation, than to place it in an upright position, or even to move it.

After dinner we entered the chapel during the celebration of the Ave Maria. The good monks, none of whom understand any language but Arabic, (although their service is performed in Syriac) handed to each of us a book, as I thought of devotions; but upon opening mine, I found it to be entitled, “*Il Tesoro della vita humana, scritto dal Ex^m and Illus^m Signore Cavalière Fioravanti di Bologna.*” This learned book treated not of saving the soul, but the body; being, as far as I had time to examine it,

a treatise upon curing the "Ethesie" and divers other troublesome and dangerous disorders.

These monasteries are very numerous in the mountains of Syria; the Maronitish Christians being estimated at two hundred thousand, and the friars bearing a large proportion (that is, one-tenth) to the working classes. They are subject in ecclesiastical matters to the Roman Pontiff. (I remember, when at Rome, being present at the consecration of a Maronitish bishop.) They seem to be a very poor and very harmless people. They never eat meat, or eggs, or poultry, but live chiefly upon vegetables and olives and oil, &c. &c. They are the proprietors of most of the land in the mountainous regions. We saw them occupied in beating out with stones the kernels of the pine cone, which is a great article of food with them. Their chapel was poor and meanly decorated. On one side of the altar, in the niche, stood a skull. I never saw any thing more primitive or apostolic than the head and face of one of the officiating friars, while leaning on his staff, as he

read the service, his loins girded up by a leather girdle; he looked like one of Leonardo da Vinci's saints. In the evening we sat out under a shady Valonia oak, enjoying much the sun-setting tints over the plains and the sea below.

I was much charmed with the patriarchal and simple style of the Consular establishment, and surprised and delighted to find that a man like him, who has lived many years in the gay world, can make himself happy and contented in such a place as this. But I cannot refrain from attempting to sketch a group which I saw. Figure to yourself a long, lofty, gloomy-looking barrack, such as I have described it to be; near the door, reclining against the wall, stood the lady, her long hair hanging down in ringlets from under her crimson turban: at her feet knelt the Greek dragoman, his dark eyes flashing from under his blue turban, looking up in her face, his white teeth shining beneath his large black moustache; he is measuring out the corn for the horses, which the Maronite, in his blue shirt, red Arab cap, wide blue breeches,

and bare brown legs, is pouring out of a sack into the measure, as he stoops over the kneeling figure of the dragoman. The beautiful pyramid is complete: add to this the colouring of the costumes, increased in vividness by the glare of a lamp as it falls through the straggling partition of canes, and you have some faint idea of a picture by Reubens, illustrative of some Scripture scene.

The good friars had appropriated the stranger's room in the convent to our use; and at about ten we retired to the couches spread upon mats, which the kindness of the Consul had prepared for us. The night was hot, a sirocco blowing, and the glass at eighty-nine degrees. The fleas, and the heat, and the midnight and matin-bell, prevented me from sleeping; add to these hindrances the apprehensions incident to a long and unexpected journey through Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, and my restlessness will be accounted for. At four o'clock of—

AUGUST 22.—We arose, and taking leave of

our kind host, returned by the same route to the town, enjoying extremely the beauty of the scenery as we descended from the heights of Lebanon. As we rode into the town, I observed the Turkish soldiers stationed at the gate, exacting money from the poor peasantry, as they drove their asses laden with fruit and firewood into the town. One of them, a good-looking fellow, in an Albanian dress, held out his hand to me but of course got nothing but a refusal.

By the bye, I must not forget to describe the curious head-dress* of the Maronitish women. It consists of a long horn of silver in the richer, and wood in the poorer classes, which stands out from the forehead, inclining upwards, and about fourteen inches in length: over this and the head is thrown a veil, or coarse black or white handkerchief, having its corners drawn under the chin, and leaving the face exposed or veiled, which, however, is usually very ugly

* This singular head-dress is called "Tantoura" by the Arabs.

and wrinkled. These women wear trowsers and slippers like the Turks.

We came off to the ship at eight o'clock, in a shore-boat, and had some difficulty in dislodging a number of Turks who had taken possession, and wanted to get a lift off to the ship* free of expense. Thermometer eighty-seven degrees.

AUGUST 23.—I was employed all the morning in writing a long letter to England. In the afternoon an Egyptian convoy arrived, escorted by two of Mahomet Ali's brigs-of-war. Thermometer eighty-six degrees.

AUGUST 24.—Employed in writing to F. W. W. at Corfu, and to Fisher at Smyrna,

* Anchorage good off the town in summer, but open from west to north-north-east; but the wind never blows home. The Raleigh anchored in eleven fathoms. Cape Bairout west by south; Cape Sicilia north-north-east half-east; fort of Bairout, south half-west, three-quarters of a mile. In the winter months, the best anchorage is off the mouth of the river, about two miles further to the eastward, round a low point, with a square tower on it, near which are some detached rocks above water. Anchor here in twelve fathoms. You can water in the river in fine weather, and likewise at a well on the cliffs, between the river and the town, when there is not too much swell or sea, which renders the waters at such times brackish.

and in making arrangements for my journey to Damascus, Balbeck, Jerusalem, and Cairo. In the afternoon, a despatch from Lady H. Stanhope arrived, informing Captain Dalling that Mr. Elliot had been taken ill of a fever and sore throat, owing to his having incautiously drunk cold water while he was heated; and requesting that Dr. Dickson might be sent to attend upon him. In the cool of the evening, therefore, Captain Dalling, accompanied by Dr. Dickson and myself, went on shore to the Consul's country-house, near the town; and after some difficulty in procuring a *Monture* for the Doctor, equipped him with a Damascus sabre and a pair of pistols, and saw him mount a fine mule, and set off for Djouni, her Ladyship's residence, attended by two guides. We returned on board about nine o'clock. Thermometer eighty-seven degrees.

AUGUST 25.—Il dolce far niente.

AUGUST 26.—An express from Dr. Dickson arrived, stating that Mr. Elliot was worse than we had anticipated; and requesting Captain Dalling to run down to Seide in the Raleigh, and

take him on board at that port, three or four hours' ride from Djouni. The two Captains of the Egyptian men-of-war came on board to pay their respects; jolly, well behaved, and intelligent Turks; Ali and Mustapha, speaking a little bad Italian.

In the evening, about eight o'clock, we sailed for Seide, wind right an end, and heavy swell against us. We learnt to-day that the Egyptian fleet had arrived at Rhodes.

AUGUST 27.—In the morning still off Cape Bairout; having made no progress, on account of impediments above stated. At sunset, off Seide. Stood off all night.

AUGUST 28.—At about nine in the forenoon, reached into the roads of Seide, and picked up a boat in which were Messrs. Elliot and Dickson, who had come down from Lady H. Stanhope's this morning. The Doctor appears to have been much pleased with his visit; but poor Elliot looks very unwell indeed.

Seide is a romantic, gothic-looking place, the roads open and dangerous enough. Many pretty

gardens surround the town. We returned to the roads of Bairout about one P. M., and at half-past three I took leave of all my kind friends in the Raleigh, and went on shore to the British Consulate, where a chamber was prepared for me; but finding the town too hot and gloomy, I retired to the *maison de campagne*, where I found the Consul, and there passed the night coolly and agreeably enough.

AUGUST 29.—I was occupied all day in buying the necessary articles of Mameluke equipment. I dined with the Consul at the house of some worthy and hospitable American missionaries, unobtrusive and good people; but I fear that their success in the great work is not commensurate to the expectations of their Society.*

* It is curious that Christianity, in the very country in which it was first planted, should have so degenerated and dwindled away, as to require the aid of foreign Missionaries to bring it back again to its own cradle; and that these very gentiles, who were converted to the faith by the ministry of the Apostles and Missionaries from this country, should now pay back the inestimable benefit of that conversion upon the heads of the benighted descendants of the primitive Christians.

We returned home about eight o'clock, the night sultry and disagreeable. Thermometer eighty-seven degrees.

AUGUST 30.—I agreed with a poor Maronist Arab to take him into my service. "Si chiama Giacomo o Yakoub, parla Italiano, Arabo, Turco, e Siriaco;" his wages three dollars per mensem. Mr. Abbott showed me a curious bronze and gilt bust of Venere Astarte, the patron Goddess of the Syrians. It is about four inches in height, and wears upon its head a mural crown; he showed me likewise many Greek coins found here, most of which had on the reverse a head of Astarte crowned in the same manner; likewise many Phœnician and Roman coins, some of which are very curious, and of merit; but what was still more interesting, was a little bronze calf, which he had obtained from some of the Druses.—Query, whether this worship be the remains of that of the golden calves of Bethel?

In the afternoon Mr. Abbott returned to his family in the mountains, and left me here.

Mr. St. John, a friend of Mr. Abbott's, came and dined with me, and in the evening we walked out together to the pines. The evening very hot and close. The country beautiful, and the mountains as viewed through the pines, with the convents and Maronite villages upon the sides and summit of Mount Lebanon, had a beautiful effect. The famous Emir Fakreddin had made a beautiful garden at this spot. The night hot and close.

AUGUST 31.—Employed copying a plan of Jerusalem from Jowett's Christian Researches in Syria and the Holy Land, and in tuning an old piano-forte, and stringing a guitar, both of which instruments I fortunately find here. When I sing I attract, like another Orpheus, all the *Feri* of the neighbourhood around the house; for these barbarians are little accustomed to harmonious sounds, much less to the airs of Rossini.

In the evening I walked out with my companion, old Ponto, an English pointer, left here by one of the lieutenants of the Raleigh. The poor old brute is so happy with me, and so

delighted to be in the company of an European, that he never leaves my side. At nightfall a fine breeze from the eastward, which kept me cool all night, and blew away the mosquitoes, which have dreadfully bitten me all over.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Fine breeze, and comparatively cool weather. I was occupied all the morning in copying a chart of the country through which I propose to travel. I just hear that Mr. Maddox, an English gentleman, has arrived from Damietta and Cairo by sea. He brings letters from the Foreign Office for Mr. Abbott, and as I am informed, news of rather a warlike nature. This is a sad bore, and I fear, if true, will oblige me to abandon all hopes of visiting Damascus and Jerusalem. It seems that Major Craddock is arrived at Cairo from England, upon some mission to Mehmet Ali, and has since gone on to Smyrna, as is Lord Prudhoe and his party.

I begin to regret having left the Raleigh; but suppose that some man-of-war will be sent here immediately to take away the Consul and the British subjects. *Il tempo vedra.* Mr. St. John

dined with me, and afterwards we took a delightful walk to the ruins of the ancient Berytus, to the westward of the modern town, or the port of that city. The remains are chiefly part of an aqueduct, a subterraneous cistern of peculiar construction, some Cyclopiian walls, a mosaic pavement, part of some baths, and a large oblong structure having a semicircular front towards the sea, where there has apparently been a colonnade. Further towards the Point of Beirout, is a large Turkish or Druse ruin of a fountain, in the massive walls of which are thrust in, endways, several granite columns. Oh! these barbarians!

The view, from the top of this ruin, of the modern town, backed by Mount Lebanon, and surrounded with old walls, and towers and gardens, and washed by the sea, is one of the most splendid and picturesque possible. I shall go there again and make a sketch. To the eastward of this old fountain, upon a sandy region, under the sand, lie the remains of the ancient city. I learn that several of the houses are still

entire, and that no traveller has as yet explored this spot. Here is then a new field for antiquaries. It is said that the Pasha will not allow of excavation in this spot; but I question whether his leave has ever been asked by any body likely to obtain it. Surely his covetousness might be satisfied by paying a price for this permission, or agreeing to share with him, or even giving up entirely to him, any treasure which might there be found, reserving to oneself the antiquities, and the satisfaction accruing from the discovery of any thing new. I must visit this spot, and satisfy myself of the probability of making any valuable discoveries. I observed in the course of my walk several of the Oriental sycamore, a species totally distinct from that of Europe. It bears a small fig, which is eaten by the natives. Its wood is yellow, and said to be very durable. At night a fine cool fresh breeze from the north and eastward.

My poor friend and companion, old Ponto, had been plagued to-day by a nasty horse-leech, which had got into his mouth while he was

drinking at some fountain. The poor animal bled most copiously all the day at the mouth, and would not eat any thing. It struck me that it might be a leech, and upon examining his mouth, I found an immense fellow under his tongue, and with the assistance of the Consul's servant, pulled it out. This was no easy operation, the animal being so tenacious and so slippery, that it was necessary to take a piece of shalloon in the hand, and by means of this, pull it out with great force. Old Ponto is now quite well.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.—This morning arrived a French man-of-war brig with a vessel under her escort, and sailed again. I took a walk with old Ponto before breakfast. The Franks here are in a great state of alarm, and are fleeing to the mountains. I think this is very imprudent, as it may give cause of suspicion to the Turks; at all events, such alarms are premature. After breakfast my tailor brought me my Mameluke dress, which is very handsome, and I think becoming. It consists of a silk shirt, loose vest of pink and white striped Damascus stuff

with wide open sleeves, braided all around with purple braiding; jacket of crimsoned cloth, trimmed and braided with narrow gold braid, made very loose, with short and wide sleeves; an immensely capacious pair of nether garments of the same crimson cloth, braided and flowered with purple braid; a sash of Sidon silk manufacture of many colours, very handsome and wide; and to complete the costume, a white muslin turban. Old Ponto does not know me at all. The Greek servants declare it is a superb dress, and that I make an excellent Mameluke.

In the evening I walked out to the sands, in search of the ancient Berytus, but could find no traces of any thing *ancient*; some indeed Turkish or Druse ruins I did find. If there be any thing here, it is most completely buried in the moving sands, which being piled up here by the prevalent winds, threaten some day to overwhelm the modern town likewise. The weather is becoming much cooler, and a few drops of rain have fallen. I was disturbed all night by the cries of jackals, but in the morning was delighted

by the song of the bulbul, which bird abounds hereabouts.

“This rose, to calm my brother's cares,
 A message from the bulbul bears ;
 He says, to-night he will prolong,
 For Selim's ear, his sweetest song ;
 And though his note be somewhat sad,
 He 'll try for once a strain more glad.
 In some faint hope his alter'd lay
 Will sing those gloomy thoughts away.”—BYRON.

SEPTEMBER 3.—The Franks and native Christians are all in the greatest possible agitation, and are fleeing to the mountains with great precipitancy. The Turks, meanwhile, know not what to imagine. They are confounded and quite thunderstruck at the idea of a war, which this absurd conduct on the part of the Europeans seems to indicate. They think that the combined fleets and armies are coming to take possession of all Syria and Palestine ; and one of the principal men among them went yesterday to a British merchant here, and observed to him, that in case of a war happening, he and his should seek protection at the hands of the English. As for me, I see no ground for alarm.

Several Tartars from Constantinople in eleven days, passed through Bairout yesterday, with despatches for the Pasha of Acre. They report that great agitation prevailed in the capital and in Damascus. I went into the bazaars of Bairout in search of various things, and was bitten by a dog in the inside of the right thigh. Mr. St. John dined with me, and after dinner we called upon my good neighbours the missionaries, who seem to look on with the greatest tranquillity, as people who were likely to suffer for righteousness' sake. One of them observed mildly to me, that he supposed the Pasha would imprison us all, but that he hoped we should not remain very long in prison.

We took a very pleasant walk down to the mouth of the river, and sat some time under a tree with an Arab, close to his little reed hut. The evening was cool, and our return to town by the sea-side delicious. We overtook a party of poor Maronites, who anxiously inquired of us what was the news, and what the cause of alarm. I assured them, as much as I could, that there

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View of the Mountains

View of the Mountains

View of the Mountains

THE MOUNTAINS - THE VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS







Photograph by T. Cook

View of San Francisco, California, 1900

was no ground for it, and that Turkey could not possibly go to war with the three Great Powers, *faute de moyens*.

SEPTEMBER 4.—I was occupied all the morning in drawing, writing notes for my itinerary, and purchasing various necessary articles for my travels. The panic among the Franks and Christians still continues. In the evening, I took a solitary ramble through some delicious lanes to the old ruined fountain near ancient Berytus, when clambering up into its interior, I made a sketch of the modern city, but unluckily for me, I broke my pencil before I had half finished it, and having no knife, was obliged to scratch away with the stump.

On my return homewards, I found sitting under an Oriental sycamore outside the walls, a "story teller;" he was seated upon a carpet, having a little tabouret before him, upon which was placed an open book; from one of the branches of the sycamore hung a lamp of oiled paper, throwing a dim light upon the book. He was reciting some apparently interesting story, and between the pauses played three or four

notes upon a kind of viol, which he rested on the ground before him. The story became very animated and droll, if I could judge from the various intonations and modulations of his voice, and was apparently interspersed with dialogue, during which he imitated the different voices with great effect. The Turks were squatting around him in great numbers, and seemed entirely absorbed in the interest of the story. I remained some while listening and observing the scene, which reminded me much of the Arabian Nights. It was one of the most characteristic scenes of Oriental manners which I have yet met with.

Do not let me forget to mention the quantities of that beautiful bird the hoopoe, which I see every evening of my rambles, and a curious description of king-fisher, grey with white spots, likewise the blue species.

SEPTEMBER 5.—This morning Mr. Maddox arrived from the mountains, and did me the favour to breakfast with me. He is dressed *à la Turque*, and looks extremely well. He

recommends remaining quiet, until we hear something definitive from Constantinople. He tells me, that our friends the Missionaries have likewise fled to the mountains.

This afternoon, having completed my Oriental equipment, I packed up all my European clothing, &c. &c. in my trunks, which I shall send by sea to Alexandria, and sent for a barber to come to shave my head, preparatory to putting on the turban. Shall I own my weakness, and say, that I felt grieved and annoyed at parting with my hair? While under the operation, I felt as if I had been in the hands of the executioner; this is so complete a *denationalization*, that one feels humbled and pained at suffering the process, which, after all, is a voluntary act of one's own. *Me voici donc travesti en Mamluc!* I feel awkward and uncomfortable enough in the immense nether garments, the copious involutions of which embarrass my limbs, and heat me.

My poor old companion Ponto is unwell, and won't eat any thing; he seems to have swallowed a leech, or something which sticks in his

throat. At nightfall I spread my carpet upon the flat roof of the house, and reposed *à la Turque* in the cool breeze and bright rays of the moon, immersed in meditation upon the past, and anticipation of the future.

SEPTEMBER 6.—This morning I employed myself in making preparations for departure. I hear that a Greek cruiser is off the port. The Turks are all in alarm. In the afternoon Messrs. Maddox and St. John dined with me. We killed a large adder in one of the bed-rooms. We spent the evening upon the roof of the house, lying down upon my carpets, gazing upon the moon, and playing upon the guitar to the airs of Rossini and the Troubadours.

SEPTEMBER 7.—I set off for the mountains at six o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Maddox and old Ponto. Our guide took us by the most execrable route imaginable, through rocks and stones. We saw an old aqueduct, apparently Roman, in a deep dell; it has now two tiers of arches, and has had three, one of the piers of the third tier still standing. We reached Mr.

Abbott's, at Deir el Kalaā, at about ten o'clock. I pitched a tent for myself just below the house, upon a platform, commanding a most splendid view of Bairout, the sea and plains, hills and dales. I slept very coolly and comfortably, old Ponto keeping guard.

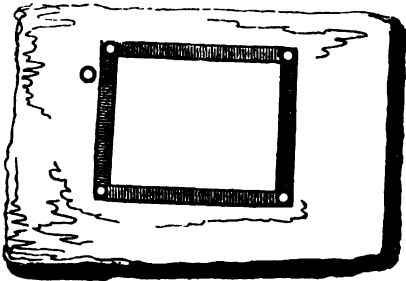
SEPTEMBER 8.—*Il dolce far niente*.—My right hand is disabled by a bite from Ponto, while pulling another leech out of his mouth; the poor brute did not bite me purposely, but his long tooth has quite divided the ligament which unites the thumb and forefinger; I can't draw or write.

SEPTEMBER 9.—The ladies of the house went to call upon some of the princesses of the mountain, (that is, wives and daughters of the Emirs, or country gentlemen.) We gentlemen walked about, and visited the Hakim, or doctor, and an Armenian bishop, Signor Dionisio, who has become a convert to the Missionaries: of his sincerity I know nothing; but I learn, that the chief motive for his becoming converted, was, *that he might marry*.

SEPTEMBER 10.—I was occupied all the morning in pitching Mr. Maddox's tent.

SEPTEMBER 11.—I went with Maddox in search of antiquities, and found indeed a vast heap of ruins, the remains of at least four temples, large and small ; about twenty columns of the Doric order, part of a frieze, cornices, pedestals of statues, bones and broken urns, and three altars, one of which is a beautiful *morceau* in perfect preservation ; its form is quadrilateral, and upon each of its faces is a rose, and underneath it a garland : it is three feet eight inches by two feet ten inches ; that is, three feet eight inches in height, and its base and top two feet ten inches each way. I wish much I had the means of transporting it to Europe ; but it is too heavy to be easily moved. Its material is a rough description of limestone, full of petrified shells and veins of reddish marble. We found no inscription ; but we came to a spot upon which, I have no doubt, the principal idol stood. It was an elevated square of large flag stones, the

centre one of which was grooved in a remarkable manner in the form of a square, having at each corner of the groove a deep cell, or chamber, and on one of its sides another cell. Here, I have no doubt, stood the principal idol, Venere Astarte. For the little bronze figure of the goddess, which I have seen, was just of such a form as, supposing it to have been colossal, would have fitted into this grooved square.



I have no documents by which I could guess at the date of these temples; but I have seen some Phœnician coins having the temple of Berytus upon them, on one side of which temple stands a smaller one.—(Query, is this it?)

SEPTEMBER 12.—I went with Messrs. Abbott and Maddox to call upon an Emir. These Emirs are improperly styled Princes by Europeans. He was ill-lodged in a dirty open kind of barn, having a few carpets and cushions placed upon the floor at one end of the room, a rusty musket and sabre hanging against the wall, his bed or mat rolled up in one corner, likewise upon the ground; himself good-looking, but shabbily dressed; his attendants, half Christians and half Druses, about a dozen in number, dirty and ragged, and lousy enough. We saw a Greek cruiser off the port, board and carry away a French brig.

SEPTEMBER 13 and 14.—*Il dolce far niente.* I measured the chief temple, forty-four paces by twenty-two; Cyclopean; stones enormous, some of them twelve paces in length. There is a tradition that the Crusaders fortified themselves in these ruins; and the word Kalaā, which signifies *castle*, bears out the story.

SEPTEMBER 15.—I strolled out with my dog to the eastward of the convent, and found an

ancient sarcophagus, hewn out of a vast mass of limestone, six feet six inches by three feet six inches; in height, four feet. It was open, and broken in the bottom; no inscription. There are several of these tombs in the neighbourhood of the ruins; six or seven at least. I wandered down a steep mountain, towards the bottom of the valley of Berytus, pursuing, as I approached it, a path through a noble forest of pines to my right hand. Finding that I was going in the direction of the old Aqueduct,* I determined upon visiting it; and after jumping over rocks, and sliding down precipices, at the risk of breaking my neck, I came full upon it. Here my old propensities for climbing and exploring were of great use to me. The Aqueduct is undoubtedly Roman, and is of great size: I should judge it to be one hundred feet from the river's bed, which it stretches over, to the summit of the second complete tier of arches:— I say complete tier, in contradistinction to one or two incomplete or imperfect tiers, which

* See page 356, September 7th.

formed the lower part of the structure as here represented.



After examining the source on the Deir el Kalaā side, which is still arched over, although dry, and finding the stone tunnels through which the water had run (resembling the boxes of waggon-wheels), I descended towards the river; but upon approaching the first arch of the Aqueduct, I was scolded away by an ugly old Arab woman, who had taken up her abode under one of the arches. She took me for a

Turk, and feared the "evil eye." Making a circuit to avoid the old ~~beldame~~, I reached the river, and there bathed my feet and washed my socks, which had got dreadfully dirty in the course of my scrambling descent. Opposite to me, at the foot of the lower row of arches, stood a little water-mill, where were two Arabs, who stared at me for a long while, wondering no doubt how I came there. When I was sufficiently rested, I crossed the river and went up to the mill, where, by dint of a little vocabulary, which I had written the preceding evening, I conversed in Arabic with them, asking if the Aqueduct were Roman, if they had any coins, &c. &c. I then scrambled up the opposite cliff to a row of arched caverns in the rock, which I presumed to be so many sources of water. I reached one and entered it. I could nearly stand upright in it, and walked about twelve or fourteen yards up it. No water is there at present. It is lined with a kind of vitreous substance resembling Dutch tile or mosaic, three layers in depth. I broke

off a piece of each layer for examination. In ascending these cliffs, I found the myrtle bushes of the greatest service, as I swang from rock to rock ; but my Turkish trowsers and slippers embarrassed me sadly, and I was sometimes left almost suspended upon the top of a projecting point by the copious folds of my nether garment. I remained about an hour here, examining very carefully all parts of the structure, but could find no inscription. I conjecture that there had been one large arch thrown across the river, over which the other tiers of arches have stood. I found, upon examining both banks of the stream above the Aqueduct, very strong and high walls or *revetemens* of the opus incertum, pierced at certain heights by rows of earthen pipes, laid apparently to serve as waste pipes, and prevent the waters from overflowing the opus incertum. I had not time to ascertain the direction in which the waters from the Aqueduct formerly flowed. This would probably have been an interesting experiment, for, by means of it, one might have discovered the site of ancient Berytus. I do not find that

any European but myself has ever visited this Aqueduct. It is certainly not mentioned in any book of this country which I have seen.

I quitted this spot about two o'clock, and returned by another tract to Deir el Kalāā, avoiding the precipices which I descended, as impossible to ascend. I followed the edge of a deep ravine, so deep and precipitous that I could not see its bottom in some parts, but throwing stones down, guessed, by the time elapsed in their fall, and by the crash they made in falling, that it must be very deep indeed. Here, in the rainy season, no doubt, is a fine cascade. I saw some owls and hawks, and one wood pigeon. The poor Fellahs are very industrious, for they have cultivated every spot of ground where it is possible for man to set his foot, and where there is an inch of soil; but their eternal rows of loose stones, which succeed each other like so many furrows in a ploughed field, make it most laborious walking. By and by I found myself in the track by which I last came from Bairout; and, wearily ascending the rocky pathway, reached by a cross cut some vineyards, where,

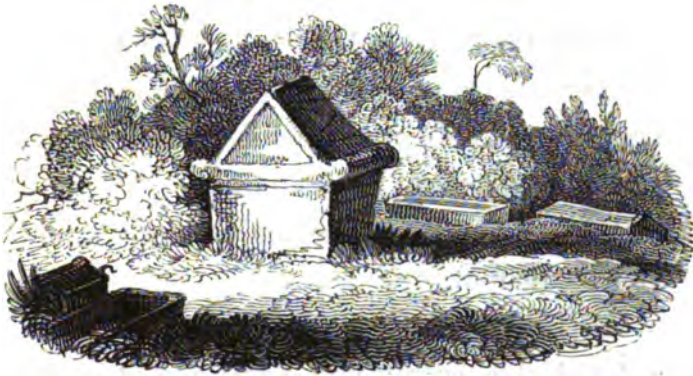
plucking the immense branches of luscious grapes, I refreshed my parched throat and mouth, and setting out with renewed vigour, reached my tent at thirty minutes past four, dreadfully fatigued by a ramble of six hours and a half, over ground part of which certainly was never trod by foot of man before.

SEPTEMBER 16.—Arrived a French brig from Cyprus and Smyrna: she had been plundered by a Greek cruiser, and is the same which we saw boarded and carried off a few days ago. No particular news. Likewise a French brig and schooner-of-war, from Alexandria, apparently.

SEPTEMBER 17, 18, 19.—Nothing remarkable but the discovery of more sarcophagi in the enormous blocks of limestone which are scattered in profusion hereabouts. They are all, unfortunately, opened and pillaged, and have no inscription, or any date from whence to judge of their antiquity.—A report from Cyprus of the death of Mr. G. Canning.

SEPTEMBER 20, 21, and 22.—More sarcophagi: seven altogether: in one, the bones of

a female or a youth. Tombs of limestone, six feet long, three feet six inches wide, and four feet high. All have been opened and rifled. Some of them are merely excavations in the rocks ; but generally they are as here represented.



SEPTEMBER 23.—The Emir Hyder came to dine with the Consul, accompanied by his Kehaya and Effendi, and some other fellows, all very barbarous and dirty :—much puzzled with knives, forks, &c. &c.

In the evening my servant Jiaccomo, who had been away a week upon some business of his

own, returned. In my evening ramble, I examined a remarkable spot, where I hoped to have found some antiquities. It was a circular heap of large blocks of limestone: each block shaped alike, and resembling an altar that had inclined a little out of the perpendicular. There were three classes of stones, and each stone had precisely the same angle of inclination towards the same point. Such a spot as this would have been attributed, by a superstitious people, to the agency of demons. It is in the summit of a high hill, and from it you command a splendid view of Bairout.

We hear of plague in the mountains: this is a formidable enemy and obstacle to tourists, and I fear will very much derange my plans. Lately, the weather has become much cooler; and the rains will now soon set in. I must be moving. We hear nothing from Constantinople. My tent now becomes rather too cool at night. I shall regret the beautiful scene which I have daily under my eye: and more particularly the morning view, as I open my tent, upon the plains, the woods, the sands, the sea, and the

mountains. At night the Greeks celebrated the vigil of the Feast of the Cross. The mountains and plains and valleys are illuminated with bonfires. The Maronites did the same twelve days ago.

SEPTEMBER 26, 27, 28.—Nothing remarkable, but some storms of thunder and lightning, and heavy rain. My tent at night is quite illuminated by the electric fluid, and rather damp from the *aquatic*.

I found on the 26th a large cameleon in a mulberry-tree, and was much amused with this strange but ugly animal, and more particularly with the construction of its singularly revolving eyes. Ponto was also much entertained, and smelt and turned it over and over, without attempting to hurt it. The animal itself spat and hissed at the dog, opening a most enormous mouth, underneath which is a large bag, similar to that of the pelican.

On the 27th I found another smaller cameleon, and shot a beautiful bird, of the fly-catcher tribe, called in this country a "bee-eater:" its back and wings of a greenish blue, and its belly and

thighs bright yellow; it has a long black bill, rather curved towards the point, and the black streak over the eye, characteristic of the fly-catcher species. It is gregarious, and flies rapidly in flocks after bees, and no doubt locusts, &c. &c. It is about six inches in length, from tip of the bill to end of the tail, and makes a loud and harsh kind of cry as it flies. It is very common in this country, and is good eating.

M. Chasseaud * discovered about thirty sarcophagi altogether. Maddox and I went to see them. They are all similar in shape and size to what I have already described, with these differences, that there were some double, (or for two persons side by side,) and some for infants. Most of these were cut in the solid rock. From the circumstance of there being no inscriptions upon any of these tombs, I judge them to be of very great antiquity, probably prior to the invention of letters in these regions. We can learn nothing from the priests respecting them.

We were a good deal amused, by observing

* This gentleman is the British Vice-Consul at Beirout, and had been partaking, as well as myself and Mr. Maddox, of the Consul's hospitalities.

that many of these tombs had been converted by the Arabs into reservoirs, into which to pour a kind of vinous liquid, called "dibs," made from the grapes of the mountains. They construct, in the vicinity of three or four neighbour-like tombs, a small platform of stones, having a little parapet all around it; close to this platform is a little boiler, and below the platform the tombs. Thus, the juice of the grape runs off from the platform into the tombs, and there it cools. This is rather a jovial way of dispossessing one's ancestors, and substituting *Bacchus for death*.

SEPTEMBER 29.—Mr. Abbott received a curious message from the Emir Beshir, (the nominal prince of the mountains,) informing him that he, the Emir, could afford the English no protection against the Pasha of Acre, in the event of this latter being ordered by the Sultan to seize upon our persons. So much for the boasted independence of the Prince of the Druses, and the much vaunted security of the Mountains of Lebanon!

SEPTEMBER 30, SUNDAY.—Maddox and

myself intend setting off for Solima to-morrow, a village about three hours from hence. We are tired of waiting for the Sultan's ultimatum, and I think of prosecuting my tour to Baalbec immediately. The Pasha of Acre has from time to time sent orders to put Beirout into a state of defence, and lately, to allow no *neutral* man-of-war to approach the town (as if he could prevent them). The Turks are all in great alarm, and the greater part of the inhabitants have fled into the interior, such is the dread they entertain of an European force. Indeed nothing would be easier (as I learn) than to drive the Mussulmans out of all these countries; they have no *physical force*, and are far inferior in numbers to the Christians and Druses, all of whom hate them, and would take up arms if an auxiliary force were sent to *appui* them. The Pasha of Egypt would not interfere, as he would be happy to profit by the weakness of the Porte, and declare himself independent of it.

During my residence at Deir el Kaláa, my usual lounge, accompanied by Maddox and my

faithful Ponto, was to a fountain on the side of the mountain near the Druse village of Betmerri. Here, beneath some venerable pines, we used to sit and observe the females with their remarkable costume come to draw water, and to wash their sheep. In general, I should say that the women of the mountain are not pretty. At first they took us, from our dress, to be Turks; and they usually veiled their countenances as they passed, staring however at us with their great fierce black eyes. Latterly, when they knew who we were, they became less afraid of us; and the younger ladies would frequently show their faces and display the graces of their persons, returning our salutation of "Sebah el hair," and "Taibine?" with "Taib," or "Mabsout ham'd Allah!" Good morning; how do you do? I am well, I thank God; are you well?

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

- Page 5, line 5, for 'Nomades,' read 'nationa.'
— 78, — 1, for 'tumult,' read 'tumull.'
— 124, — 15, for 'Turks,' read 'Greeks.'
— 222, — 18, after 'Killit Bahar,' insert 'Naumatin Kalesi.'
— 263, — 14, for 'grandes,' read 'grands.'
— 314, — for 'S.E. and E.' read 'S.E. by S.'
— 366, — for 'branches,' read 'bunches.'

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